

The
Nineteenth Century
Vol. — 28

1890

Sas.
Librarian

Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

appeal to us now, when the immense labours of the generation now passing away constitute one vast illustration of the power and fruitfulness of scientific methods of investigation in history, no less than in all other departments of knowledge. 'I

At the present time, I suppose, there is no one who doubts that histories which appertain to any other people than the Jews, and their spiritual progeny in the first century, fall within the second class of the three enumerated. Like Goethe's Autobiography, they might all be entitled 'Wahrheit und Dichtung'—'Truth and Fiction.' The proportion of the two constituents changes indefinitely; and the quality of the fiction varies through the whole gamut of unveracity. But 'Dichtung' is always there. For the most acute and learned of historians cannot remedy the imperfections of his sources of information; nor can the most impartial wholly escape the influence of the 'personal equation' generated by his temperament and by his education. Therefore, from the narratives of Herodotus to those set forth in yesterday's *Times*, all history is to be read subject to the warning that fiction has its share therein. The modern vast development of fugitive literature cannot be the unmitigated evil that some do vainly say it is, since it has put an end to the popular delusion of less press-ridden times, that what appears in print must be true. We should rather hope that some beneficent influence may create among the

quite a like healthy suspicion of manuscripts and inscriptions, how-

a bulletin may lie, even though it be written in

acters. Hotspur's starling, that was to be taught to

g but 'Mortimer' into the ears of King Henry the

ht be a useful inmate of every historian's library, if

were substituted for the name of Harry Percy's friend.

was the chief object of the lecturer to the congr

in St. Mary's, Oxford, thirty-one years ago, to

ny evidence gathered with no little labour at

skill, that one group of rical worl

and that the

any

My utmost ingenuity does not enable me to discover a flaw in the argument thus briefly summarised. I am fairly at a loss to comprehend how any one, for a moment, can doubt that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish Scriptures. The very conception of the Messiah, or Christ, is inextricably interwoven with Jewish history; the identification of Jesus of Nazareth with that Messiah rests upon the interpretation of passages of the Hebrew Scriptures which have no evidential value unless they possess the historical character assigned to them. If the covenant with Abraham was not made; if circumcision and sacrifices were not ordained by Jahveh; if the 'ten words' were not written by God's hand on the stone tables; if Abraham is more or less a mythical hero, such as Theseus; the story of the Deluge a fiction; that of the Fall a legend; and that of the Creation the dream of a seer; if all these definite and detailed narratives of apparently real events have no more value as history than have the stories of the regal period of Rome—what is to be said about the Messianic doctrine, which is so much less clearly enunciated? And what about the authority of the writers of the books of the New Testament, who, on this theory, have not merely accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands?

But these may be said to be merely the carpings of that car-
 reason which the profane call common sense; I have
 bring up the forces of unimpeachable ecclesiastical
 support of my position. In a sermon preached last 1
 St. Paul's Cathedral,² Canon Liddon declares:—

- Christians it will be enough to know that our Lord Jesus C.
- is infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament. II.
- on as we have it in our hands to-day, and He treated it as an
- discussion. Nay, more: He went out of His way—it
- to sanction a few portions of it which modern
- gainst the dangers of
- He would
-

ignorance, as well as to point out the inadmissibility of the other alternative, that he shared the popular ignorance. And to those who hold the latter view sarcasm is dealt out with no niggard hand.

But they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, if He could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as the value of the sacred literature of His countrymen, He can be safely trusted about anything else. The trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we believe that He is the true Light of the world, we shall close our ears against suggestions impairing the credit of those Jewish Scriptures which have received the stamp of His Divine authority (p. 25).

Moreover, I learn from the public journals that a brilliant and sharply-cut view of orthodoxy, of like hue and pattern, was only the other day exhibited in that great theological kaleidoscope, the pulpit of St. Mary's, recalling the time so long passed by, when a Bampton lecturer, in the same place, performed the unusual feat of leaving the faith of old-fashioned Christians undisturbed.

Yet many things have happened in the intervening thirty-one years. The Bampton lecturer of 1859 had to grapple only with the infant Hercules of historical criticism; and he is now a full-grown athlete, bearing on his shoulders the spoils of all the lions that have stood in his path. Surely a martyr's courage, as well as a martyr's faith, is needed by any one who, at this time, is prepared to stand by the following plea for the veracity of the Pentateuch:—

Adam, according to the Hebrew original, was for 243 years contemporary with Methuselah, who conversed for a hundred years with Shem. Shem was for fifty years contemporary with Jacob, who probably saw Jochebed, Moses's mother. Thus, Moses might by oral tradition have obtained the history of Abraham, and even of the Deluge, at third hand; and that of the Temptation and the Fall at first hand. . . .

If it be granted—as it seems to be—that the great and stirring events in a life will, under ordinary circumstances, be remembered (apart from memorials) for the space of 150 years, being handed down through a few generations, it must be allowed (even on mere human grounds) that the probability of the loss of the details of the Temptation and the Fall is to be determined by no more than four hands between him and Adam.

If 'the trustworthiness of our Lord' with the belief in the sudden transmutation of elements of a woman's body into sodium chloride, or the 'reality' of Jonah's ejection, safe and sound, on the 'Levant, after three days' sea-journey in the 'fish'—a marine animal, what possible pretext can there be for a doubt as to the precise truth of the 'Patriarchs? Who that has swallowed' will be guilty of the affectation of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?—nay midge—as the supposition that

story of the Flood by Jacob; who had it straight from Shem; who was on friendly terms with Methuselah; who knew Adam quite well?

Yet, by the strange irony of things, the illustrious brother of the divine who propounded this remarkable theory, has been the guide and foremost worker of that band of investigators of the records of Assyria and of Babylonia, who have opened to our view, not merely a new chapter, but a new volume of primæval history, relating to the very people who have the most numerous points of contact with the life of the ancient Hebrews. Now, whatever imperfections may yet obscure the full value of the Mesopotamian records, everything that has been clearly ascertained tends to the conclusion that the assignment of no more than 4,000 years to the period between the time of the origin of mankind and that of Augustus Cæsar, is wholly inadmissible. Therefore, that Biblical chronology, which Canon Rawlinson trusted so implicitly in 1859, is relegated by all serious critics to the domain of fable.

But if scientific method, operating in the region of history, of philology, of archæology, in the course of the last thirty or forty years, has become thus formidable to the theological dogmatist, what may not be said about scientific method working in the province of physical science? For, if it be true that the Canonical Scriptures have innumerable points of contact with civil history, it is no less true that they have almost as many with natural history; and their accuracy is put to the test as severely by the latter as by the former. The origin of the present state of the heavens and the earth is a problem which lies strictly within the province of physical science; so is that of the origin of man among living things; so is that of the physical changes which the earth has undergone since the origin of man; so is that the origin of the various races and nations of men, with all their of language and physical conformation. Whether the earth of the sun or the contrary; whether the bodily and mental of animals are caused by evil spirits or not—whether witchcraft or not—all these are pure. If them the Canonical Scriptures profess nothing is more common than the come into conflict only with the speculation physical science, no assumption can have less between natural knowledge and the Pentateuch speculations of our time had never been heard dictation upon matters of fact. The books are that certain events happened in a scientific authority say they did not. able truth has not yet penetrated vade and vitiate Mr. Wilfrid Ward's argu-

among many of those who speak and write on these subjects, it may be useful to give a full illustration of it. And for that purpose I propose to deal, at some length, with the narrative of the Noachian Deluge given in Genesis.

The Bampton lecturer, in 1859, and the Canon of St. Paul's, in 1890, are in full agreement that this history is true, in the sense in which I have defined historical truth. The former is of opinion that the account attributed to Berosus records a tradition—

not drawn from the Hebrew record, much less the foundation of that record; yet coinciding with it in the most remarkable way. The Babylonian version is tricked out with a few extravagances, as the monstrous size of the vessel and the translation of Xisuthros; but otherwise it is the Hebrew history *down to its minutiae* (p. 64).

Moreover, correcting Niebuhr, the Bampton lecturer points out that the narrative of Berosus distinctly implies the universality of the Flood.

It is plain that the waters are represented as prevailing above the tops of the loftiest mountains in Armenia—a height which must have been seen to involve the submersion of all the countries with which the Babylonians were acquainted (p. 66).

I may remark, in passing, that many people think the size of Noah's ark 'monstrous,' considering the probable state of the art of shipbuilding only 1,600 years after the origin of man; while others are so unreasonable as to inquire why the translation of Enoch is less an extravagance than that of Xisuthros. It is more important, however, to note that the universality of the Deluge is recognised, not merely as a part of the story, but as a necessary consequence of some of its details. The latest exponent of Anglican orthodox as we have seen, insists upon the accuracy of the Pentateuch history of the Flood in a still more forcible manner. It is one of those very narratives to which the authority of Christianity is pledged, and upon the acknowledged trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ's statements staked it upon the truth of the Gospels.

Now, when those who put their trust in science, certain the truth in the province of natural selves confronted and opposed on their own ground pretensions to better knowledge, it is, undoubtedly, their duty to make sure that their conclusions,

are not contradicted. And, if they put aside

and relegate the

bound

At the present time, it is difficult to persuade serious scientific inquirers to occupy themselves, in any way, with the Noachian Deluge. They look at you with a smile and a shrug, and say they have more important matters to attend to than mere antiquarianism. But it was not so in my youth. At that time, geologists and biologists could hardly follow to the end any path of inquiry without finding the way blocked by Noah and his ark, or by the first chapter of Genesis; and it was a serious matter, in this country at any rate, for a man to be suspected of doubting the literal truth of the Diluvial or any other Pentateuchal history. The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Geological Club in 1825, was, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which the late Sir Charles Lyell spoke to even so small a public as the members of that body. Our veteran leader lighted up once more, and, referring to the difficulties which beset his early efforts to create a rational science of geology, spoke with his wonted clearness and vigour of the social ostracism which pursued him after the publication of the *Principles of Geology*, in 1830, on account of the obvious tendency of that noble work to discredit the Pentateuchal accounts of the Creation and the Deluge. If my younger contemporaries find this hard to believe, I may refer them to a grave book, *On the Doctrine of the Deluge*, published eight years later, and dedicated by its author to his father, the then Archbishop of York. The first chapter refers to the treatment of the 'Mosaic Deluge,' by Dr. Buckland and Mr. Lyell, in the following terms:

Their respect for revealed religion has prevented them from arraying themselves openly against the Scriptural account of it—much less do they deny its truth—but they are in a great hurry to escape from the consideration of it, and evidently concur in the opinion of Linnæus, that no proofs whatever of the Deluge are to be discovered in the structure of the earth (p. 1).

And after an attempt to reply to some of Lyell's arguments, 'would be cruel to reproduce, the writer continues:—

upon such slender grounds, it is determined, in answer to universality, that the Mosaic Deluge must be considered as beyond the reach of philosophical inquiry; not only as to its truth, but also as to the effects most likely to result from its admission as an aspect of scepticism, which, however much it may be painful in the mind of the writer, yet cannot but produce the same effect upon those who are already predisposed to carp and cavil at the (pp. 8-9).

The courteous writer of these curious passages is to make the geologists the victims of general obvious consequences of their tendency to think of the fossil remains as mere accidents.

in 1863. For the doctrine of the universality of the Deluge is therein altogether given up; and I permit myself to hope that a long criticism of the story from the point of view of natural science, with which, at the request of the learned theologians who wrote it, I supplied him, may have in some degree contributed towards this happy result.

Notwithstanding diligent search, I have been unable to discover that the universality of the Deluge has any defender left, at least among those who have so far mastered the rudiments of natural knowledge as to be able to appreciate the weight of evidence against it. For example, when I turned to the *Speaker's Bible*, published under the sanction of high Anglican authority, I found the following judicial and judicious deliverance, the skilful wording of which may adorn, but does not hide, the completeness of the surrender of the old teaching:—

Without pronouncing too hastily on any fair inferences from the words of Scripture, we may reasonably say that their most natural interpretation is, that the whole race of man had become grievously corrupted since the faithful had intermingled with the ungodly, that the inhabited world was consequently filled with violence, and that God had decreed to destroy all mankind except one single family; that, therefore, all that portion of the earth, perhaps as yet a very small portion, into which mankind had spread was overwhelmed by water. The ark was ordained to save one faithful family; and lest that family, on the subsidence of the waters, should find the whole country round them a desert, a pair of all the beasts of the land and of the fowls of the air were preserved along with them, and along with them went forth to replenish the now desolated continent. The words of Scripture (confirmed as they are by universal tradition) appear at least to mean as much as this. They do not necessarily mean more.*

In the third edition of Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature* (1876), the article ‘Deluge,’ written by my friend, the present distinguished head of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, extinguishes the universality doctrine as thoroughly as might be expected from its authorship; and, since the writer of the article ‘Noah’ refers his readers to that entitled ‘Deluge,’ it is to be supposed, notwithstanding his generally orthodox tone, that he does not dissent from its conclusions. Again, the writers in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie* (Bd. X. 1882) and in Riehm's *Handwörterbuch* (1884)—both works with a conservative leaning—are on the same side; and Diestel,⁹ in his full discussion of the subject, remorselessly rejects the universality doctrine. Even that staunch opponent of scientific rationalism—may I say rationality—Zöckler,¹⁰ flinches from a distinct defence of the thesis, any opposition to which, well within my recollection, was howled down by the orthodox as mere ‘infidelity.’ All that, in his sore straits, Dr. Zöckler is able to do, is to pronounce a faint commendation upon particularly absurd attempt at reconciliation, which would make the Deluge to be a catastrophe which occurred at the

ry on *Genesis*, by the Bishop of Ely, p. 77.

at, 1876.

¹⁰ *Theologie und Naturwissenschaft*, ii. 784-785 (1876).

end of the Glacial Epoch. This hypothesis involves only the trifle of a physical revolution of which geology knows nothing; and which, if it secured the accuracy of the Pentateuchal writer about the fact of the Deluge, would leave the details of his account as irreconcilable with the truths of elementary physical science as ever. Thus I may be permitted to spare myself and my readers the weariness of a recapitulation of the overwhelming arguments against the universality of the Deluge, which they will now find for themselves stated, as fully and forcibly as could be wished, by Anglican and other theologians, whose orthodoxy and conservative tendencies have, hitherto, been above suspicion. Yet many fully admit (and, indeed, nothing can be plainer) that the Pentateuchal narrator means to convey that, as a matter of fact, the whole earth known to him was inundated; nor is it less obvious that, unless all mankind, with the exception of Noah and his family, were actually destroyed, the references to the Flood in the New Testament are unintelligible.

But I am quite aware that the strength of the demonstration that no universal Deluge ever took place has produced a change of front in the army of apologetic writers. They have imagined that the substitution of the adjective 'partial' for 'universal,' will save the credit of the Pentateuch, and permit them, after all, without too many blushes, to declare that the progress of modern science only strengthens the authority of Moses. Nowhere have I found the case of the advocates of this method of escaping from the difficulties of the actual position better put than in the lecture of Professor Diestel to which I have referred. After frankly admitting that the old doctrine of universality involves physical impossibilities, he continues:—

All these difficulties fall away as soon as we give up the universality of the Deluge, and imagine a *partial* flooding of the earth, say in western Asia. But have we a right to do so? The narrative speaks of 'the whole earth.' But what is the meaning of this expression? Surely not the whole surface of the earth according to the ideas of *modern* geographers, but, at most, according to the conceptions of the Biblical author. This very simple conclusion, however, is never drawn by too many readers of the Bible. But one need only cast one's eyes over the tenth chapter of Genesis in order to become acquainted with the geographical horizon of the Jews. In the north it was bounded by the Black Sea and the mountains of Armenia; extended towards the east very little beyond the Tigris; hardly reached the apex of the Persian Gulf; passed, then, through the middle of Arabia and the Red Sea; went southward through Abyssinia, and then turned westward by the frontiers of Egypt, and inclosed the easternmost islands of the Mediterranean (p. 14).

The justice of this observation must be admitted, no less than the further remark that, in still earlier times, the pastoral Hebrews probably had yet more restricted notions of what cons 'whole earth.' Moreover, I, for one, fully agree with Diestel that the motive, or generative incident, of the wh

to be sought in the occasionally excessive and desolating floods of the Euphrates and Tigris.

Let us, provisionally, accept the theory of a partial deluge, and try to form a clear mental picture of the occurrence. Let us suppose that, for forty days and forty nights, such a vast quantity of water was poured upon the ground that the whole surface of Mesopotamia was covered by water to a depth certainly greater, probably much greater, than fifteen cubits, or twenty feet (Gen. vii. 20). The inundation prevails upon the earth for one hundred and fifty days; and then the flood gradually decreases, until, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month, the ark, which had previously floated on its surface, grounds upon the 'mountains of Ararat'¹¹ (Gen. viii. 34). Then, as Diestel has acutely pointed out (*Sintflut*, p. 13), we are to imagine the further subsidence of the flood to take place so gradually that it was not until nearly two months and a-half after this time (that is to say, on the first day of the tenth month) that the 'tops of the mountains' became visible. Hence it follows that, if the ark drew even as much as twenty feet of water, the level of the inundation fell very slowly—at a rate of only a few inches a day—until the top of the mountain on which it rested became visible. This is an amount of movement which, if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore. But the Mesopotamian plain slopes gently, from an elevation of 500 or 600 feet at its northern end, to the sea, at its southern end, with hardly so much as a notable ridge to break its uniform flatness, for 300 to 400 miles. These being the conditions of the case, the following inquiry naturally presents itself: not, be it observed, as a recondite problem, generated by modern speculation, but as a plain suggestion flowing out of that very ordinary and archaic piece of knowledge that water cannot be piled up in a heap like sand; or that it seeks the lowest level. When, after 150 days, 'the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained' (Gen. viii. 2), what prevented the mass of water, several, possibly very many, fathoms deep, which covered, say, the present site of Bagdad, from sweeping seaward in a furious torrent; and, in a very few hours, leaving, not only the 'tops of the mountains,' but the whole plain, save any minor depressions, bare? How could its subsidence, by any possibility, be an affair of weeks and months?

And if this difficulty is not enough, let any one try to imagine how a mass of water several, perhaps very many, fathoms deep, could be accumulated on a flat surface of land rising well above the sea, and separated from it by no sort of barrier. Most people know Lord's Cricket-ground. Would it not be in absurd contradiction to

¹¹ It is very doubtful if this means the region of the Armenian Ararat. More probably it designates some part, either of the Kurdish range or of its south-eastern continuation.

our common knowledge of the properties of water to imagine that, if all the mains of all the waterworks of London were turned on to it, they could maintain a heap of water twenty feet deep over its level surface? Is it not obvious that the water, whatever momentary accumulation might take place at first, would not stop there, but that it would dash, like a mighty mill-race, southwards down the gentle slope which ends in the Thames? And is it not further obvious, that whatever depth of water might be maintained over the cricket-ground, so long as all the mains poured on to it, anything which floated there would be speedily whirled away by the current, like a cork in a gutter when the rain pours? But if this is so, then it is no less certain that Noah's deeply laden, sailless, oarless, and rudderless craft, if by good fortune it escaped capsizing in whirlpools, or having its bottom knocked into holes by snags (like those which prove fatal even to well-built steamers on the Mississippi in our day), would have speedily found itself a good way down the Persian Gulf, and not long after in the Indian Ocean, somewhere between Arabia and Hindostan. Even if, eventually, the ark might have gone ashore, with other jetsam and flotsam, on the coasts of Arabia, or of Hindostan, or of the Maldives, or of Madagascar, its return to the 'mountains of Ararat' would have been a miracle more stupendous than all the rest.

Thus, the last state of the would-be reconcilers of the story of the Deluge with fact is worse than the first. All that they have done is to transfer the contradictions to established truth from the region of science proper to that of common information and common sense. For, really, the assertion that the surface of a body of deep water, to which no addition was made, and which there was nothing to stop from running into the sea, sank at the rate of only a few inches or even feet a day, simply outrages the most ordinary and familiar teachings of every man's daily experience. A child may see the folly of it.

In addition, I may remark that the necessary assumption of the 'partial Deluge' hypothesis (if it is confined to Mesopotamia) that the Hebrew writer must have meant low hills when he said 'high mountains'—is quite untenable. On the eastern side of the Mesopotamian plain, the snowy peaks of the frontier ranges of Persia are visible from Bagdad,¹² and even the most ignorant herdsmen in the neighbourhood of 'Ur of the Chaldees,' near its western limit, could hardly have been unacquainted with the comparatively elevated plateau of the Syrian desert which lay close at hand. But, surely, we must suppose the Biblical writer to be acquainted with the highlands of Palestine and with the masses of the Sinaitic peninsula, which soar more than 8,000 feet above the sea, if he knew of no higher elevations; and, if so, he could not well have

¹² So Reclus (*Nouvelle Géographie Universelle*, ix. 386), but I find the statement doubted by an authority of the first rank.

meant to refer to mere hillocks when he said that 'all the high mountains which were under the whole heaven were covered' (Genesis vii. 19). Even the hill-country of Galilee reaches an elevation of four thousand feet; and a flood which covered it could by no possibility have been other than universal in its superficial extent. Water really cannot be got to stand at, say, 4,000 feet above the sea-level over Palestine, without covering the rest of the globe to the same height. Even if in the course of Noah's six hundredth year some prodigious convulsion had sunk the whole region inclosed within 'the horizon of the geographical knowledge' of the Israelites by that much, and another had pushed it up again, just in time to catch the ark upon 'the mountains of Ararat,' matters are not much mended. I am afraid to think of what would have become of a vessel so little seaworthy as the ark and of its very numerous passengers, under the peculiar obstacles to quiet flotation which such rapid movements of depression and upheaval would have generated.

Thus, in view, not, I repeat, of the recondite speculations of infidel philosophers, but in the face of the plainest and most commonplace of ascertained physical facts, the story of the Noachian Deluge has no more claim to credit than has that of Deucalion; and, whether it was, or was not, suggested by the familiar acquaintance of its originators with the effects of unusually great overflows of the Tigris and Euphrates, it is utterly devoid of historical truth.

That is, in my judgment, the necessary result of the application of criticism, based upon assured physical knowledge, to the story of the Deluge. And it is satisfactory that the criticism which is based, not upon literary and historical speculations, but on well-ascertained facts in the departments of literature and of history, tends to exactly the same conclusion.

For I find this much agreed upon by all Biblical scholars of repute, that the story of the Deluge in Genesis is separable into at least two sets of statements; and that, when the statements thus separated are recombined in their proper order, each set furnishes an account of the event, coherent and complete within itself, but in some respects discordant with that afforded by the other set. This fact, as I understand, is not disputed. Whether one of these is the work of an Elohist, and the other of a Jehovist narrator; whether the two have been pieced together in this strange fashion because, in the estimation of the compilers and editors of the Pentateuch, they had equal and independent authority, or not; or whether there is some other way of accounting for it, are questions the answer to which do not affect the fact. If possible, I avoid *a priori* arguments. But still, I think it may be urged, without imprudence, that a narrative having this structure is hardly such as might be expected from

a writer possessed of full and infallibly accurate knowledge. Once more, it would seem that it is not necessarily the mere inclination of the sceptical spirit to question everything, or the wilful blindness of infidels, which prompts grave doubts as to the value of a narrative thus curiously unlike the ordinary run of veracious histories.

But the voice of archæological and historical criticism still has to be heard; and it gives forth no uncertain sound. The marvellous recovery of the records of an antiquity, far superior to any that can be ascribed to the Pentateuch, which has been effected by the decipherers of cuneiform characters, has put us in possession of a series, once more, not of speculations, but of facts, which have a most remarkable bearing upon the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative of the Flood. It is established that, for centuries before the asserted migration of Terah from Ur of the Chaldees (which, according to the orthodox interpreters of the Pentateuch, took place after the year 2,000 B.C.) Lower Mesopotamia was the seat of a civilisation in which art and science and literature had attained a development formerly unsuspected, or, if there were faint reports of it, treated as fabulous. And it is also no matter of speculation, but a fact, that the libraries of these people contain versions of a long epic poem, one of the twelve books of which tells a story of a deluge which, in a number of its leading features, corresponds with the story attributed to Berosus, no less than with the story given in Genesis, with curious exactness. Thus, the correctness of Canon Rawlinson's conclusion, cited above, that the story of Berosus was neither drawn from the Hebrew record, nor is the foundation of it, can hardly be questioned. It is highly probable, if not certain, that Berosus relied upon one of the versions (for there seem to have been several) of the old Babylonian epos, extant in his time; and, if that is a reasonable conclusion, why is it unreasonable to believe that the two stories, which the Hebrew compiler has put together in such an inartistic fashion, were ultimately derived from the same source? I say ultimately, because it does not at all follow that the two versions, possibly trimmed by the Jehovistic writer on the one hand, and by the Elohist on the other, to suit Hebrew requirements, may not have been current among the Israelites for ages. And they may have acquired great authority before they were combined in the Pentateuch.

Looking at the convergence of all these lines of evidence to the one conclusion—that the story of the Flood in Genesis is merely a Bowdlerised version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant; that whether this is, or is not, its origin, the events asserted in it to have taken place assuredly never did take place; farther, that, in point of fact, the story, in the plain and logically necessary sense of its words, has long since been given up by orthodox and conservative commentators of the Established Church

—I can but admire the courage and clear foresight of the Anglican divine who tells us that we must be prepared to choose between the trustworthiness of scientific method and the trustworthiness of that which the Church declares to be Divine authority. For, to my mind, this declaration of war to the knife against secular science, even in its most elementary forms; this rejection without a moment's hesitation of any and all evidence which conflicts with theological dogma, is the only position which is logically reconcilable with the axioms of orthodoxy. If the Gospels truly report that which an incarnation of the God of Truth communicated to the world, then it surely is absurd to attend to any other evidence touching matters about which he made any clear statement, or the truth of which is distinctly implied by his words. If the exact historical truth of the Gospels is an axiom of Christianity, it is as just and right for a Christian to say, Let us 'close our ears against suggestions' of scientific critics, as it is for the man of science to refuse to waste his time upon circle-squarers and flat-earth fanatics.

It is commonly reported that the manifestō by which the Canon of St. Paul's proclaims that he nails the colours of the straitest Biblical infallibility to the mast of the ship ecclesiastical, was put forth as a counterblast to *Lux Mundi*; and that the passages which I have more particularly quoted are directed against the essay on 'The Holy Spirit and Inspiration' in that collection of treatises by Anglican divines of high standing, who must assuredly be acquitted of conscious 'infidel' proclivities. I fancy that rumour must, for once, be right, for it is impossible to imagine a more direct and diametrical contradiction than that between the passages from the sermon cited above and those which follow:—

What is questioned is that our Lord's words foreclose certain critical positions as to the character of Old Testament literature. For example, does His use of Jonah's resurrection as a *type* of His own, depend in any real degree upon whether it is historical fact or allegory? . . . Once more, our Lord uses the time before the Flood, to illustrate the carelessness of men before His own coming. . . . In referring to the Flood He certainly suggests that He is treating it as typical, for He introduces circumstances—'eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage'—which have no counterpart in the original narrative (p. 358-9).

While insisting on the flow of inspiration through the whole of the Old Testament, the essayist does not admit its universality. Here, also, the new apologetic demands a partial flood:

But does the inspiration of the recorder guarantee the exact historical truth of what he records? And, in matter of fact, can the record, with due regard to legitimate historical criticism, be pronounced true? Now, to the latter of these two questions (and they are quite distinct questions) we may reply that there is nothing to prevent our believing, as our faith strongly disposes us to believe, that the record from Abraham downward is, in substance, in the strict sense 'historical' (p. 351).

It would appear, therefore, that there is nothing to prevent our

believing that the record, from Abraham upward, consists of stories in the strict sense unhistorical, and that the pre-Abrahamic narratives are mere moral and religious 'types' and parables.

I confess I soon lose my way when I try to follow those who walk delicately among 'types' and allegories. A certain passion for clearness forces me to ask, bluntly, whether the writer means to say that Jesus did not believe the stories in question, or that he did? When Jesus spoke, as of a matter of fact, that 'the Flood came and destroyed them all,' did he believe that the Deluge really took place, or not? It seems to me that, as the narrative mentions Noah's wife, and his sons' wives, there is good scriptural warranty for the statement that the antediluvians married and were given in marriage; and I should have thought that their eating and drinking might be assumed by the firmest believer in the literal truth of the story. Moreover, I venture to ask what sort of value, as an illustration of God's methods of dealing with sin, has an account of an event that never happened? If no Flood swept the careless people away, how is the warning of more worth than the cry of 'Wolf' when there is no wolf? If Jonah's three days' residence in the whale is not an 'admitted reality,' how could it 'warrant belief' in the 'coming resurrection'? If Lot's wife was not turned into a pillar of salt, the bidding those who turn back from the narrow path to 'remember' it is, morally, about on a level with telling a naughty child that a bogey is coming to fetch it away. Suppose that a Conservative orator warns his hearers to beware of great political and social changes, lest they end, as in France, in the domination of a Robespierre; what becomes, not only of his argument, but of his veracity, if he, personally, does not believe that Robespierre existed and did the deeds attributed to him?

Like all other attempts to reconcile the results of scientifically-conducted investigation with the demands of the outworn creeds of ecclesiasticism, the essay on Inspiration is just such a failure as must await mediation, when the mediator is unable properly to appreciate the weight of the evidence for the case of one of the two parties. The question of 'Inspiration' really possesses no interest for those who have cast ecclesiasticism and all its works aside, and have no faith in any source of truth, save that which is reached by the patient application of scientific methods. Theories of inspiration are speculations as to the means by which the authors of statements, in the Bible or elsewhere, have been led to say what they have said—and it assumes that natural agencies are insufficient for the purpose. I prefer to stop short of this problem, finding it more profitable to undertake the inquiry which naturally precedes it—namely, Are these statements true or false? If they are true, it may be worth while to go into the question of their supernatural generation; if they are false, it certainly is not worth mine.

Now, not only do I hold it to be proven that the story of the Deluge

is a pure fiction; but I have no hesitation in affirming the same thing of the story of the Creation.¹³ Between these two lies the story of the creation of man and woman and their fall from primitive innocence, which is even more monstrously improbable than either of the other two, though, from the nature of the case, it is not so easily capable of direct refutation. It can be demonstrated that the earth took longer than six days in the making, and that the Deluge, as described, is a physical impossibility; but there is no proving, especially to those who are perfect in the art of closing their ears to that which they do not wish to hear, that a snake did not speak, or that Eve was not made out of one of Adam's ribs.

The compiler of Genesis, in its present form, evidently had a definite plan in his mind. His countrymen, like all other men, were doubtless curious to know how the world began; how men, and especially wicked men, came into being, and how existing nations and races arose among the descendants of one stock; and, finally, what was the history of their own particular tribe. They, like ourselves, desired to solve the four great problems of cosmogeny, anthropogeny, ethnogeny, and geneogeny. The Pentateuch furnishes the solutions which appeared satisfactory to its author. One of these, as we have seen, was borrowed from a Babylonian fable; and I know of no reason to suspect any different origin for the rest. Now, I would ask, is the story of the fabrication of Eve to be regarded as one of those pre-Abrahamic narratives, the historical truth of which is an open question, in face of the reference to it in a speech unhappily famous for the legal oppression to which it has been wrongfully forced to lend itself?

Have ye not read, that he which made them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh? (Matt. xix. 5).

If Divine authority is not here claimed for the twenty-fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, what is the value of language? And again, I ask, if one may play fast and loose with the story of the Fall as a 'type' or 'allegory,' what becomes of the foundation of Pauline theology?—

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Corinthians xv. 21, 22).

If Adam may be held to be no more real a personage than Pro-

¹³ So far as I know, the narrative of the Creation is not now held to be true, in the sense in which I have defined historical truth, by any of the reconcilers. As for the attempts to stretch the Pentateuchal days into periods of thousands or millions of years, the verdict of the eminent biblical scholar, Dr. Riehm (*Der biblische Schöpfungsbericht*, 1881, pp. 15, 16), on such pranks of 'Auslegungskunst' should be final. Why do the reconcilers take Goethe's advice seriously?—

Im Auslegen seyd frisch und munter!

Legt ihr's nicht aus, so legt was unter!

metheus, and if the story of the Fall is merely an instructive 'type,' comparable to the profound Promethean mythus, what value has Paul's dialectic?

While, therefore, every right-minded man must sympathise with the efforts of those theologians, who have not been able altogether to close their ears to the still, small voice of reason, to escape from the fetters which ecclesiasticism has forged, the melancholy fact remains, that the position they have taken up is hopelessly untenable. It is raked alike by the old-fashioned artillery of the Churches and by the fatal weapons of precision with which the *enfants perdus* of the advancing forces of science are armed. They must surrender, or fall back into a more sheltered position. And it is possible that they may long find safety in such retreat.

It is, indeed, probable that the proportional number of those who will distinctly profess their belief in the transubstantiation of Lot's wife, and the anticipatory experience of submarine navigation by Jonah; in water standing fathoms deep on the side of a declivity without anything to hold it up; and in devils who enter swine, will not increase. But neither is there ground for much hope that the proportion of those who cast aside these fictions and adopt the consequence of that repudiation, are, for some generations, likely to constitute a majority. Our age is a day of compromises. The present and the near future seem given over to those happily, if curiously, constituted people who see as little difficulty in throwing aside any amount of post-Abrahamic Scriptural narrative, as the authors of *Lux Mundi* see in sacrificing the pre-Abrahamic stories; and, having distilled away every inconvenient matter of fact in Christian history, continue to pay divine honours to the residue. There really seems to be no reason why the next generation should not listen to a Bampton Lecture modelled upon that addressed to the last:—

Time was—and that not very long ago—when all the relations of Biblical authors concerning the old world were received with a ready belief; and an unreasoning and uncritical faith accepted with equal satisfaction the narrative of the Captivity and the doings of Moses at the court of Pharaoh, the account of the Apostolic meeting in the Epistle to the Galatians, and of the fabrication of Eve. We can most of us remember when, in this country, the whole story of the Exodus, and even the legend of Jonah, were seriously placed before boys as history, and discoursed of in as dogmatic a tone as the tale of Agincourt or the history of the Norman Conquest.

But all this is now changed. The last century has seen the growth of scientific criticism to its full strength. The whole world of history has been revolutionised and the mythology which embarrassed earnest Christians has vanished as an evil mist, the lifting of which has only more fully revealed the lineaments of infallible Truth. No longer in contact with fact of any kind, Faith stands now and for ever proudly inaccessible to the attacks of the infidel.

So far the apologist of the future. Why not? *Cantabit vacuus.*

T. H. HUXLEY.

COMPENSATION OR—CONFISCATION.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, speaking on a recent occasion at Birmingham, said that no party ever had so much sympathy at its back as the Temperance party, and no party had done so little. The right hon. gentleman was strictly accurate in both his propositions. Naturally, the sympathy and good wishes of all right-thinking people go out to those who wage war against 'the only enemy which England has to fear.'¹ One does not need to be a total abstainer to see the havoc wrought by drink. It wastes the national resources, and poisons the national life. It wrecks innumerable homes, and blasts the fairest hopes. It is responsible for a frightful amount of the crime, the misery, and the human suffering which Church and State alike deplore and stand aghast before. All this, and much more, has been admitted for quite half-a-century. But still it is true, as Mr. Chamberlain has pointed out, that comparatively little has been done by way of applying a remedy to that which undoubtedly is a national scandal and disgrace. In thus confirming Mr. Chamberlain's observation, I am not ignorant, nor am I losing sight of all that has been done by the great Temperance Reform. Much has, in a certain sense, been done, but it has not been at all commensurate with the character and magnitude of the evil. The Temperance Movement recently celebrated its Jubilee. Two generations of men and women have been at work since Joseph Livesey signed the pledge at Preston, and since Dr. Edgar made his stand at Belfast. I joyfully admit the change since those days. Public opinion has been revolutionised. The Church—I use this phrase in its widest sense—has been turned upside down. The Press has come, at last, to 'see men as trees walking.' The medical profession has recanted many of its theories. 'The Legislature, even, recognises that something ought to be, and must be, done.' It is precisely at this point, however, that the justice of Mr. Chamberlain's remark is apparent. With all this force—force, be it noted, that has only been generated after a toilsome and uphill fight—comparatively nothing has been done to arrest the evil. The drink bill, steadily declining for some years, leaps up on the first sign of returning prosperity, and a sudden 'rush to alcohol' at once gladdens and saddens the heart of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why is it, so?

¹ The late Duke of Albany.

Why, since 1868, when we, at least, have had household suffrage in the boroughs has the result of all this moral force been so infinitesimal? Why, during the present Parliament, has not the Temperance party been able to force the hand of the Government.

I am afraid the answer is, in part, all too plain—all too sad. I shall be blamed for probing a sore wound, and for reviving controversies long since buried. I revive them at a time, however, when lessons may profitably be learned from the unwisdom of the past. The fact is, that the concession of household suffrage to the boroughs did force the Temperance question to the front. In all our large centres of population, and especially in the North of England and in Scotland, a large portion of the very *élite* of the working-men have long cared more for Temperance reform than for any other question. Statesmen were very well aware of this many years ago; and I well remember the late Mr. Forster declaring, in a speech on the Permissive Bill, that no political meeting could be convened at Bradford at which a majority of the working-men present would not vote for even that drastic proposal. And, knowing this feeling to prevail, Mr. Gladstone's Government—the strongest Government of modern times—introduced, in 1871, a measure of Licensing Reform which, probably, went beyond what the general public opinion of the country warranted. It was introduced by the then Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce (now Lord Aberdare). His speech, on the 3rd of April, 1871, in introducing the Bill, was a temperance speech. He acknowledged and deplored the evil with which his measure was designed to deal. He adopted, to a certain extent, the principle of popular control, going so far as to say that it would be impossible to deal satisfactorily with the question without bringing the principle of ratepayers' control into play. He reduced the hours of sale on Sunday and week-days, appointed special public-house inspectors, gave every existing publican a ten years' licence in lieu of whatever interest might be held to exist. At the end of this period all interest was to cease. Public-houses were to exist according to a certain scale, and the licence was to be for ten years.² If the justices proposed to license more than was authorised by the Parliamentary scale, the ratepayers might veto the issue of the excess licences. The licences were to be set up to auction, and the licence-duty was to be increased. The Bill did not deal with

² In a licensing district which is in a town, and contains a } One publican's
population which is under 1,500 } certificate.

Ditto which is not under 1,500, and is under 3,000 Two certificates.

Ditto which is not under 3,000, and is under 4,000 Three certificates ;

and so on, at the rate of one publican's certificate for every additional thousand of the population.

In a licensing district which is not a town, and contains a }
population which is under 900 } One certificate.

Ditto which is not under 900, and is under 1,200 Two certificates.

Ditto which is not under 1,200, and is under 1,800 Three certificates ;

and so on, at the rate of one certificate for every additional 600 of the population.

‘off’ licences—a concession, probably, to Mr. Gladstone—and it applied only to England and Wales, although it was perfectly understood that legislation for Scotland and Ireland would follow, on similar lines.

I have a very vivid recollection of these times. I was just then beginning my work in the Lobby of the House as the representative of the Irish Temperance party. I heard Mr. Bruce’s speech. I thought the Bill an enormous concession to Temperance sentiment. I was appalled and disheartened at the reception it met with. Sir Wilfrid Lawson damned it with faint praise. So far as it went in the direction of the Permissive Bill, it was good: where Mr. Bruce proposed to shorten the hours of sale, he had done well; and so on. But the hon. baronet never uttered a word during the debate tending to show that he realised the difficulties of the situation. Nor did he say a syllable calculated to lead the Government to believe that they would have the support of the Temperance party in their arduous and difficult task. Indeed, another representative of the party—Mr. Eustace Smith, M.P. for Tynemouth, if I recollect aright—denounced the Bill as one which created a vested interest where none existed (just what Mr. Cairne is saying to-day in reference to Mr. Ritchie’s measure), and threw cold water upon the entire proposals.

This was the attitude assumed toward Mr. Bruce by the Temperance party inside the House. How did the right hon. gentleman fare outside the precincts of Parliament? Not quite so well. The publicans were gifted with clearer sight. They saw the real character of the Bill. Their interest, whatever it was—and it had counted for much in the past—was to be defined as for ten years and no longer. Their Sunday was to be shortened. Local bodies were to operate on the week-day hours. The trade was to be whittled down to a certain number per thousand of the population, and thus practically annihilated as an electoral and political force. Special inspectors were to watch public-houses. And, besides all this, there were in the Bill a score of what ‘the Trade’ thought and called ‘harassing police regulations.’

Bung took fright. In ten days from the delivery of Mr. Bruce’s speech he was on the war-path. The Bill was denounced in every bar-parlour. Great meetings were held. Liquordom was roused from end to end of England. Meanwhile what was the Temperance party about? They alone could have exerted sufficient force to carry the Bill. They had the organisation. They had the money. They, also, had the enthusiasm. And, undoubtedly, the Government expected, and were entitled to expect, their aid. It was not a measure over which mere politicians were at all likely to go into ecstasy. Indeed, the mere politician, frightened at the publican outburst, began to shake his head almost at break

of day. I regret to say it, but all the facts warrant me in affirming that the Temperance party *quâ* party did little or nothing to support Mr. Bruce. The United Kingdom Alliance—the most formidable of the Temperance organisations—passed a resolution announcing that they would not oppose the second reading of the Bill! Generous Alliance! With the publicans in full-cry against the Bill, the leaders of the Temperance party announced that they would not join them; that they would not act as these wicked publicans—*i.e.*, they would not oppose the second reading! Individual Temperance men protested. I say it to his honour Mr. Caine was amongst the number, and he joined in convening a public meeting in Liverpool to support the Bill. I helped to convene a similar meeting in Dublin. A resolution was proposed in favour of the Government measure, and the chairman—the late Mr. James Haughton—left the chair rather than put the resolution to the meeting. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Alliance had their way. They thought, no doubt, the hand of the Government could be forced. They imagined that they had but to go on for a few years with the agitation to get all they desired. They have had a rude awakening. The Bill was withdrawn. In 1872 some of the police clauses were embodied in a separate Bill and passed. The beneficial effect of these clauses, however, was in a large measure undone in 1874 when the Conservatives came into power. Mr. Bruce, in fact, wrecked the Government. And the Temperance party have had abundant time for reflection since. They have been nineteen years toiling through the wilderness. I deeply regret to say it, but they do not appear to have learned the political wisdom such a discipline was so well calculated to teach.

I have frankly pointed out what I and, indeed, all but the official Temperance party, think of the great blunder of 1871. I scarcely know a Temperance man who does not regret the action of the leaders then—who would not gladly accept Mr. Bruce's Bill to-day. But I desire to go a step further. I want to bring this whole question down to the region of truth and soberness. If I am a partisan at all, it is on the side of the Temperance party. I scarcely know the taste of one liquor from another. From the year 1864 to 1885—the best years of my life—I devoted all my energies to the Temperance crusade. I owe much—but I do not admit, what some people are urging by way of reproach now, that I owe all—to the Temperance movement. But, at all events, I served it officially for twenty-six years; and before then, as since that time, I gave, and have given, freely of my strength to further its objects. If I am a partisan, I repeat that it is on the side of the Temperance party. Nor have I changed any of my convictions. I hate and loathe the whole drink system. But I wish to point out what the Temperance party, as a whole, are apt to overlook—what, indeed, I hold to be their fundamental error.

Those engaged in the heat and storm of the controversy may well be excused falling into the mistake. They live in an atmosphere of public meetings, great and small. They believe that Exeter Hall is London, that the Free Trade Hall is Manchester, that the Philharmonic Room is Liverpool, and that the sum-total of all their assemblies is England. They are entirely mistaken. The Temperance party is not a large—it is, speaking relatively, a small party. The teetotalers, or total abstiners, constitute its working strength. How many do they count all told? At the best it is mere guesswork. But suppose I admit that there are 1,500,000 *adult* abstainers in the United Kingdom—what then? If we take the population at 40,000,000, and count three out of six as adults, we get 20,000,000 adults in the United Kingdom. Now, even if I double the number of adult abstainers—and, as I have said, there are no *data* to go upon—the figures will still leave the Temperance party a small part of the total population.

The truth is, that whilst the teetotalers generate the force of the movement, it is the great sympathetic mass outside the teetotal ranks which lends the real strength to it. Now, how is it with these men and women? The Temperance party long ago devised two remedies for the evil against which they fight. Their motto was: ‘Total abstinence for the individual, and prohibition for the State.’ Since the launching of this formula, however, another plank has been added to the platform, and ‘Restriction of the Liquor Traffic’ is now announced as a distinct object, and forms part of all the direct-veto bills now before Parliament. It must be conceded that, whether it be prohibition or restriction, the party has devised most admirable and popular machinery for carrying out its ends. The traffic exists for the convenience of the public. Allow the public to decide what its own convenience is. The argument is unanswerable—and, because, unanswerable, it has come to be adopted, to a lesser or greater extent, by all parties in the State.

But, even were England subject to the direct veto—supposing every drink shop dependent upon the vote of the locality—what then? It is here the Temperance party, in my opinion, practises self-deception. They must know that in very few localities could the abstainers of themselves close a single public-house. They must appeal to the moral sense of the community. But the people to be appealed to are not abstainers. They are drinkers. Are they going to give up the use of drink merely because a plébiscite of this kind is taken in the neighbourhood? I know, indeed, that many people would vote the public-house out of their special locality, with the knowledge that they purchased their alcohol, not at the public-house in question, but at the wine merchant’s in another parish. But, as a simple matter of fact, the great bulk of the people of England are not going to become abstainers simply because the direct

veto has been placed on the Statute-book. The theory is absurd. And in the end it comes to this, that in almost every parish in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ulster—I exempt the rest of Ireland, where there is, practically, free trade in drink—restriction, not prohibition, would be decreed. I say this is the practical result of all the argumentation. In other words, with the power vested in the people, we should get back to something like what Mr. Bruce proposed in 1871, and which might have been secured in 1882. Of course I admit that there are places where a prohibition vote is possible. I am glad to think it is so. And I am for the will of the people being carried out whatever it may be. I am for preventing the Licensing Authority, be it county council or county justices, forcing drinkshops upon an unwilling community. But, in my opinion, such places would not be numerous at first, and restriction, severe restriction in many cases, would prevail.

This brings me to the crucial question of the present time. Supposing I am right, and that, out of 200,000 drinkshops in Great Britain and Ireland, 150,000 were suppressed by public vote. What about those that are suppressed? Parliament has set up a Licensing Authority all over the land. *This Authority granted these licences on the theory* that they were required for the public convenience. The public has now answered for itself, but answered after the publican has invested his capital, spent his money, and, perhaps, staked his all. Now I am not a lawyer, but I feel perfectly certain, after having read the Licensing Code, and studied most of the recent decisions upon it, that, so far as England, Wales, and Scotland are concerned, the publican has invested his capital on a mere chance. I do not believe he has any legal or vested interest in his licence, which is only a bit of paper authorising him to sell intoxicating liquors at a certain place for twelve months, and no longer. At any Licensing Sessions the privilege was capable of being revoked at the discretion of the justices. This, I have no doubt, is the law.

But the law and the facts are entirely different things. The law is as I have stated it. The fact is, that ever since the licensing system was devised the publican's licence has been renewed, provided that the applicant was a suitable person, and that the house had been properly conducted. By a Parliamentary Return issued last session on the motion of Mr. Caleb Wright, it appears that only in forty-six cases had public-house renewals been refused in five years on the ground that the house was not required, and in eleven of these the decision was reversed on appeal. This Return at once shows what the law is, and what the all but invariable custom has been in Great Britain. In Ireland the publican's case is much stronger. There the law was specifically tested in a stand-up fight between the Temperance party and the publicans in the year 1877. In 1876 the present Recorder of Dublin (Mr. F. R. Falkiner) succeeded the late Sir Frederick Shaw. Coming

to the Bench, where he is the sole licensing authority, Mr. Falkiner was shocked at the state of the city. He found that the Metropolitan Police District was responsible for more than half the serious crime of Ireland. He found also that the public-house was at the root of most of the mischief. I do not know that ever a judge found himself similarly placed before. On one day he had to license the publican; on the next he had to punish the victim of the public-house. Mr. Falkiner, at his first sitting, made a great effort to cope with the evil. There were many applications for new licences, and still more for transfers of licences already in existence. He refused every one of the new applications, and, holding that a transfer was, in law, a new licence, he refused five or six of these. There was great excitement amongst the publicans. Whatever the law might be, this was a view of it which had never been acted upon before. Property was at stake, and the publicans entered into a combination to test the decision in the Superior Courts. I was in the Recorder's Court as the representative of the Temperance party, and opposed one of the transfers as 'an inhabitant of the parish of St. Peter's.' I was accordingly forced into the Queen's Bench to defend the Recorder's decision. It was no sham battle; nearly all the eminent men at the Irish Bar were in the different cases. The late Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., and the late Mr. Macdonough, Q.C., with Mr. Holmes (now Mr. Justice Holmes), Mr. Monroe (now Mr. Justice Monroe), and Dr. Webb, Q.C. (now County Court Judge for Donegal), were for the publicans. The late Serjeant Armstrong, Mr. A. M. Porter (now Master of the Rolls), Mr. Fitzgibbon (now Lord Justice of Appeal), and Mr. Murphy, Q.C. (now Mr. Justice Murphy), were for the Temperance party. The issue to be tried was a clear one. Under the 3rd and 4th Wm. IV., c. 68, there are three statutable objections to the granting of a new licence in Ireland:

- (a.) The character of the applicant.
- (b.) The inconvenience or unsuitability of the premises.
- (c.) The number of previously-licensed houses in the neighbourhood.

In the Clitheroe case, which was the test case fought out, the question was whether the Recorder had a right to consider the third ground of objection as applicable to a transfer. The Court of Queen's Bench unanimously held that the Recorder had erred: that the third objection could not be pleaded against a transfer—that, in fact, a transfer could only be opposed on the first or second grounds. So far as the question of transfer was concerned, therefore, this decision was final; once a publican received a licence he could sell it, and if the new applicant was a person of good character, and the house was suitable, the transfer could not be withheld. I am told that this does not even touch the question, which is one of renewal, and not of transfer. Those who use this argument are not

familiar with the Irish Licensing laws; they differ entirely from the English Code. And as to renewals, these are not even granted by the Licensing Authority. In England and in Scotland the Licensing Authority sits every year, and, practically, grants new licences to all the publicans in the licensing district. It is not so in Ireland. Once a licence has been granted at Quarter Sessions, the work of that Court is done. It is renewed by an inferior tribunal—viz., at Petty Sessions, where the justices have merely to sign a certificate involving two questions—‘Is the applicant a person of good character?’ and has he ‘conducted his house in an orderly and peaceable manner during the past year?’ Outside those two questions the justices cannot go. Of course, it would be absurd to think that the Quarter Sessions should grant a licence, and that the Petty Sessions, an inferior tribunal, should have power to take it away without cause. So far as we have gone, then, the Irish publican has something very like a certainty. He may forfeit this; but it cannot be taken from him, save on statutable grounds. With transfer protected, and renewal assured on compliance with the law, the Irish publican is on sure ground.

I stated this in my place in Parliament during the debate on Mr. Ritchie’s Bill, and was told that I ought to allow the Irish publicans to make their own case. This might be so if those of us who happen to have seats in the House of Commons sat there as Temperance advocates. We do nothing of the kind: we are there to do justly by all classes in the community; and I cannot think I was wrong in simply stating the Irish law, and in pointing out how it differed from that of Great Britain. But the Temperance party are equal even to this emergency, and a writer in the *Alliance News*, the official organ of the United Kingdom Alliance, boldly argues that, if the Clitheroe case does decide the Irish law, it is not too late to alter it. I am afraid it is too late. It is quite possible, although, personally, I do not think it likely, that the Court of Appeal would undo the work of the Queen’s Bench in 1877. But, at any rate, until this is done the decision of the Queen’s Bench is final. Under it interests have grown up, money has been expended, and settlements made.

‘Oh,’ says the *Alliance News*, ‘it is not too late to alter the law.’ In what direction, may I ask? Are Temperance men prepared to adopt this suggestion? Are members of Churches ready for work of this kind? If so, I feel bound to tell them that the State has no more moral right to confiscate property which has grown up under the law, and which is protected by the decisions of the tribunals of the country, than it has to steal a man’s silver spoons. This is not morality; it is gross immorality, and the fact that the victim is a publican does not sanctify the transaction. Mr. Henry Fowler, in a recent speech on the Budget Bill, declared that Mr. Goschen knew much, but that he

was entirely ignorant of the moral sentiment behind the Temperance party. This may be so; but the morality of a party which

would not play false,
And yet would wrongly win,

is liable to be questioned in view of statements such as I have referred to, and against which I venture respectfully to enter a strong protest. It may as well be recognised now as later that, so far as the Irish publican is concerned—and along with him stands every English beer-dealer who got his licence previous to 1869—there is a vested interest to be dealt with. The fact will ultimately have to be faced. Where I differ with Mr. Caine and Sir Wilfrid Lawson is that I am for facing it now. They cannot deny its existence in the cases I have mentioned. They simply ignore it.

I come now to the English and Scottish publican, whose case differs entirely from his Irish brother. The British publican has not a scrap of vested or legal interest in his licence. He has invested his money on a chance—on a good chance, indeed, for licences, as I have shown, have been regularly renewed on the legal conditions being complied with. But still he has ventured all on a chance; and what is his case? If he resolves to fight this battle out as a matter of law, there can only be one end to it. The British publican's claim is one to be met on grounds of equity, and not of law. Now Mr. Caine and Sir Wilfrid Lawson deny even this claim. They stand on the letter of the deed, and demand their pound of flesh. Mr. Kinglake it is, I think, who tells a strange story of the Battle of the Alma, which runs in this way. At a certain position on the hill the fusillade, the noise, and the uproar were fearful; nothing could be seen for the smoke. It was part of the French position, and when the ground came to be examined on the following day, there were no signs of either killed or wounded on the scene of what appeared to have been the very heart of the battle. It was a sham fight. It was noise and smoke—nothing more. I am inclined to think that something of this kind is going on in the ranks of the Temperance party at present. They furiously repudiate the bare idea of compensation; they fiercely deny the publican's claim, whether based on legal or equitable grounds. But all the while they admit that the proposal of the Church of England Temperance Society, to practically revert to Mr. Bruce's plan, and give the licence-holder a ten years' lease in lieu of his interest, is not only discussable—they admit it could not be successfully resisted. I know this to be the case. During the past few weeks I have received hundreds of letters from temperance men, urging me to press this plan on the Government. Mr. Caine is right—such a settlement could not be successfully resisted by the Temperance party. But what is involved here? If the British publican gets a yearly privilege converted into a ten years' lease, he

gets what he is not entitled to at law. In other words, he gets his claim for equitable consideration recognised. The moment the Temperance party concede this point, the compensation question is settled in principle. It is a question of amount and manner of payment, not as to whether anything shall be paid.

I venture to say, further, that in resisting equitable compensation to dispossessed publicans the Temperance party will, in the end, stand alone; they will lose all their supports. I watched the debate on Mr. Ritchie's Bill very closely. Apart from Mr. Caine and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, not one Opposition speaker said a syllable that was not perfectly consistent with equitable consideration of the publican's claim hereafter. Sir William Harcourt has played a good many parts in his day, and has been on both sides of most present-day questions. In the olden days, when the right hon. gentleman was wont to take sweet counsel with the Druids at Oxford, he was not exactly a Temperance reformer. Speaking on the 30th of December, 1872, Sir William said:

There seems to be, day by day, a growing disposition more and more to invoke the interference of Government in every relation of social life. I believe this to be a most dangerous tendency, and one to which it is necessary to offer an early and determined resistance. . . . I am against the whole system of petty molestation and irritating dictation, whether by a class or by a majority. I am against forbidding a man to have a glass of beer, if he wants a glass of beer. I am against public-house restriction and park regulations.

From the Druids to the United Kingdom Alliance is a far cry. But even Sir William Harcourt—and I listened to his many speeches on the Budget Bill most carefully—did not say a single word which would preclude him in the future from considering the publican's case from the standpoint of equity. The right hon. gentleman was clear as to the law. So say we all. But—and I ask the Temperance party to realise this—no word escaped Sir William Harcourt's lips that would at all hamper him in treating the question fairly as a future Cabinet Minister. In fact, no statesman has ever taken any other view. Speaking on the 3rd of April, 1871, Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary of Mr. Gladstone's 1868 Ministry, used these words:

He could not assent to the proposition of his honourable friend (Sir W. Lawson) that these houses had no sort of interest. They had an interest, although it was of a qualified description. His hon. friend founded his proposition on the fact that these licences were annually renewed, and that the justices might any year refuse to renew them. But the fact was, that the justices renewed those licences, unless the holders of them, by bad conduct, had rendered themselves unfit to hold a licence.

Here, so far back as 1871, we have the legal right challenged, the equitable claim recognised and maintained by one who must have studied the whole case. Mr. Gladstone, also, has spoken out over and over again on this point. At Dalkeith, in 1879, the right hon. gentleman said:

But I must also add that I think, if it be necessary—if Parliament should think it wise—to introduce any radical change in the working of the liquor law, in such a way as to break down the fair expectations of persons who have grown up—whether rightly or wrongly, it is not their fault; it is our fault—under the shadow of those laws, their fair claim to compensation ought, *if they can make good their case*, to be considered, as all such claims have been considered, by the wisdom and liberality of the British Parliament.

I confess, if this were all that Mr. Gladstone had said, little could be built upon it. I say this because, right in the centre of a long and involved sentence, there are words which I have italicised, and which might make escape from the proposition easy. But Mr. Gladstone has said much more on the question, and the following words, spoken in the House of Commons on the 5th of March, 1880, leave nothing to be desired in the way of fulness or clearness:

We ought not to allow our prejudices with regard to this particular trade, or our sense of the enormous mischiefs associated with its working, to cause us to deviate by one hair's breadth from the principle on which Parliament has always acted in analogous circumstances—namely, that, where a vested interest has been allowed to grow up, the question of compensation should be considered when such vested interests were proposed to be interfered with by Act of Parliament. What I am prepared to say is neither more nor less than this—that the licensed victualler has the same right to fair consideration that is enjoyed by persons following every other trade or calling which is interfered with by Act of Parliament, and to whom compensation is awarded owing to such interference. We must not allow—I need not say that gentlemen on this side of the House will not allow—any political feeling or prejudice to interfere with the rectitude of our judgment, or to prevent us from giving the same measure of justice to licensed victuallers that we should give to any other class in the community.

If that be so, I am inclined to think that this Resolution, which is to be regarded as a sort of charter laying down the lines of our future conduct, ought, at least, to contain an allusion to the question of compensation. When Parliament enacted negro emancipation, it was preceded by a preliminary Resolution, in which the principle of compensation was recognised. My hon. friend (Sir W. Lawson) says we must wait until a claim for compensation is made. Parliament does not act on this principle. Where the facts presented the possibility of such a claim, the recognition of the possibility has, I think, taken place in the original proceedings of Parliament.

Mr. Bright held the same views, and was at issue with the Temperance party throughout the whole of his later career on this point. Indeed, no man making any pretence to statesmanship has ever taken any other ground. Sir George Trevelyan is considered, and rightly considered, the most sympathetic of Front-Bench men on the question. But even Sir George Trevelyan let fall words during the recent debates which clearly showed that he was prepared to consider the case of the individual publican fairly.

What, then, are we fighting about? The Temperance cause has practically entered upon a new phase. After years of labour, after 'hatred, scoffing, and abuse,' all parties have come to see that something must be done—that we must retrace our steps, that we must undo much of the work of the Licensing Authority. The

Temperance party in the past has worked, and worked nobly, for the rescue of the drunkard. Do they consider the ruin of the publican a necessary corollary to this beneficent work? Are they going to emblazon this motto on their banners? I say it is not a necessary adjunct to Temperance work at all. I deny that the question of Compensation or No Compensation is any part of the Temperance platform. At the best, or the worst, it is an open question—a matter of opinion. Why, then, should legislation be delayed? I know what the crowd think. I know what they say. There are many earnest and devoted Unionists in the ranks of the Temperance party.

But 95 per cent. of the Alliance and Good Templar hosts are fierce Gladstonians. They cannot even restrain themselves at meetings where no party sentiments have a right to enter. I know well what these men are saying and thinking: 'No good thing can come out of this Nazareth. The Government must be thwarted at all hazards. We must wait until Mr. Gladstone gets a chance again.' Well, everything is said to come to the man who waits. But, even were Mr. Gladstone back in power, I venture to tell my Temperance friends that there is one thing he will never do, one question he will never touch. He will never execute their behests; he will never touch the question of Temperance reform.

But Mr. Gladstone is not back in power yet; and, what is more, he may never again sit on the Treasury Bench. And if he were back, the work is cut out for him and his party—work that will keep them busy for many a long day. But, apart from all this, I am inclined to say to all such people: 'Great is thy faith.' Can any Temperance man show when and where Mr. Gladstone ever uttered a word that would go to show he appreciated the magnitude of the Temperance question, or that he really sympathised with it? There are not eighty-five votes behind it, regardless of all other issues, and without votes Mr. Gladstone rarely moves. Will any Temperance man—I don't mean any of the enthusiasts who have come into the fight after the running has been made, and who were busy drinking when the fight was sorest—will any of the 'old guard' deny that Mr. Gladstone's sympathies, so far as they have been expressed, go in the direction of free trade rather than in the direction of restriction? Will any Temperance man say why, during the Parliament of 1880-85, Mr. Gladstone allowed three Local Option Resolutions to be carried in the House of Commons, and by increasing majorities, without taking the slightest notice of them? Will any one say who is mainly responsible for, and who is the most persistent defender of, the off-licence system? Will any of my friends tell me who introduced the Light Wine Bill, which has turned almost every confectioner's shop into a public-house? I venture, in all seriousness, to say that, if there be a single public

man whose record unfits him for appreciating the Temperance question, or, for dealing with it, that man is Mr. Gladstone. But even assuming all that his thick-and-thin supporters contend for—assuming Mr. Gladstone back in office, and that, Hercules-like, he goes into this conflict between vice and virtue, what is to be the result? Here are his own words, on the 15th of May last.

Speaking in the debate on Mr. Ritchie's Bill, the right hon. gentleman said :

I do not feel called upon wholly to recede from what I have said on former occasions in regard to the position of the publican. But this I must say : I cannot conceive any state of things in which the State Authority would have the smallest duty or the smallest warrant for looking at anybody in these transactions except the man with whom it deals.

So that, even under Mr. Gladstone, we get back once more to the principle of recognising equitable compensation to the publican before anything worth doing can be done. I do not expect to be listened to by the extreme men of the Temperance party. But surely it is not too late to appeal to moderate men everywhere to look the facts in the face. If public-houses are closed to any great extent, compensation will have to be paid in some shape ; why, then, should the wreck and ruin of the traffic go on for a single year longer ? The Church of England Temperance Society appears to me to be playing a wise and a courageous part at the present moment, and one that history will vindicate. Are we, then, to spend another quarter of a century over the compensation difficulty ? Do the Temperance party think so lightly of the evil that they will not spend a shilling to get rid of it ? Is this to be their platform in the future ? If so, they may rivet the drink evil upon us, just as their predecessors did in 1871, for another twenty years. And the result will be the same. At the end of a couple of decades they will still find public sentiment against confiscation ; they will still find an old-fashioned and deeply-rooted prejudice in favour of common honesty pervading the public mind.

In all that I have written I have as yet said nothing about the proposals of the Government ; and, in dealing with them now, I must say frankly that I do not know why they were ever brought forward. Mr. Ritchie did, in 1888, make distinct proposals in regard to compensation. These proposals had to be withdrawn, and at some cost to the prestige of the Government. If the Government were anxious to deal with the Licensing Question, I could have understood the 'Suspension of New Licences' part of their Bill. This is a necessary preliminary to all such legislation, and preceded the proposals of Mr. Bruce in 1871, concerning which I have said so much. No one would have challenged such a proceeding. Temperance men generally would have welcomed it. The publicans would have done likewise, because, if for nothing else, it enhanced the value of their

monopoly. Why Mr. Goschen should have apportioned a comparatively small sum of money to the county councils, for the purpose of buying up what they might consider superfluous public-houses, passes my comprehension. The disadvantages of such a policy are clear. It settles nothing; but it provokes a fierce fight. It does not decide the question of compensation; but it lets loose the agitation even as if it did. The money could, *probably*, have been better spent, and a serious loss of Parliamentary time and temper avoided.

But having said this much as to the policy of the Government Bill, I feel bound to add that no measure in my time has been so grossly and persistently misrepresented and travestied. Some have described it as conferring a vested interest on brewers and publicans; others have maintained that it converts a yearly privilege into a perpetuity. It has been described as a Compensation Bill involving millions sterling, and as constituting the greatest blow ever levelled at the Temperance movement.

I take leave to say that all this is undiluted nonsense. The Bill, in the first place, does not alter the existing law at all. Magistrates, as a rule, have not declined to renew licences without cause. But the Bill does not alter their right to do so. They will be as free with it on the Statute-book to exercise their discretion as they are now. Yes, but—say Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt—how can you expect the justices to close public-houses without compensation when the county council is paying for those they wish to close? The answer is clear. In the first place, the justices, as a matter of fact, do not now close these houses without statutable cause. This is the great central fact of the situation; and one would imagine that Mr. Goschen proposed some unheard-of change in the law. There is nothing now to hinder any corporation or any county council purchasing public-houses and closing them. As a matter of fact, the thing is frequently done, and on a considerable scale. But if these houses are bought, they must be, and they are, paid for out of the rates. Now this is the law at present. Does it alter the legal status of the publican who is not bought up? Does it affect the justices' right to refuse renewal? Nothing of the kind. All that Mr. Goschen does is to provide a fund derived from the consumption of alcohol, which for this purpose shall stand in lieu of the rates. This is all. I maintain, therefore, that the *real* question of compensation is not even touched by the Bill, nor is the future consideration of the question prejudiced in the slightest degree. I have voted in every division with the Government, and I avow that I am in favour of equitable compensation. I said so when I moved the second reading of the Direct-Veto Bill for Ireland, in March last; and I offered in Committee, if the second reading came to be carried, to accept compensation clauses. But compensation is one thing—the scale of compensation is another and a very different thing.

Lord Randolph Churchill is credited with the idea that the dispossessed publican is entitled to twenty-four years' purchase of the difference between the value of his house as licensed premises and its value as an ordinary place of business. I think this a monstrous proposal; and I venture to say very few public-houses would be closed on those terms. The publican in Great Britain is entitled to 'compensation for disturbance,' and to nothing more. His legal interest is *nil*, and the equities, in my opinion, do not call for more. Nor should the compensation come out of the rates. If ever the rates are burdened with such an impost, we may as well bid farewell to all idea of closing a single one of these pest-houses. The Temperance party know this, and they are right in resisting the idea.

There are, it appears to me, only three ways of dealing with the question. First, it may be dealt with by a money grant on a specified scale. But I confess the difficulties in the way of such a general settlement appear almost insuperable. Temperance men may talk as they like, but the feeling of the general public toward the liquor traffic is not such as would lead them to tax themselves to any great extent for its extinction. This is a fact, and the Temperance party ought to lay it to heart. Secondly, there is the proposal of the Church of England Temperance Society, which practically harks back to the principle of Mr. Bruce's policy, to give every existing licence-holder a ten years' lease in satisfaction of whatever equitable claim he may have. The British publican has a yearly privilege now. In exchange for this he would get, under the Church of England plan, a lease for ten years. Of course, this lease would be subject to all the conditions now existing as to conduct of the premises, &c.; and if the ratepayers wished to close the premises at any time during the existence of the lease, money compensation on a specified scale would have to be awarded. The third plan is that, in localities where restriction is decreed, the publicans retained in the service of the public should compensate those doomed to extinction—this to be secured by means of a heavy licence duty and the fund derivable from the extra whisky tax. On some such lines as these, I am satisfied, the settlement of this vexed and thorny question will ultimately be found. The settlement may involve an amalgamation of all three plans; and they are not hostile the one to the other. In view of this, the discussions which have apparently wasted so much time in Parliament may not prove altogether useless. Fortunately, we have reached this point—that men of all parties are agreed as to the necessity of dealing with the great drink evil in a drastic fashion. We have even got further than this: all parties are agreed that the traffic in drink ought to be under the immediate control of the people in their several localities. The Temperance party contend for a direct vote, straight from the hearthstones of the people—what has come to be called the Direct Veto. Politicians on both sides of the

House are in favour of trusting this question to local bodies, elected by, and amenable to, the people. Clearly, therefore, we are nearing some settlement of this serious question. Compensation now blocks the way, and arrests all progress. It will not do so long. As I have said, the great heart of the people at large recoils from confiscation. Ay, and inside the ranks of the Temperance party itself there is a strong feeling that things must not be pressed too far. Outside what I call the official party this feeling is strong, and it will assert itself. The Church of England Society has already made its position clear. During the past couple of months I have received scores of letters from Alliance men, many of them not approving of my action, but all of them urging compromise on what is called the ten years' basis. Indeed, it is impossible that the fight can go on on a mere side issue; the interests at stake are too great, too awful to permit of it. If it be true that the combined evils of war, pestilence, and famine do not equal the evils arising from drink—and I, for one, believe this most heartily—then I say the leaders ought not, and they will not be allowed, to repeat the blunder of 1871. It is not a case for the cry of No Surrender! It is a case for the exercise of that calm wisdom which will seek and find the best way out of a difficulty that has brought untold mischief upon the country.

T. W. RUSSELL.

THE FRENCH OPERA. •

CARDINAL BICHI (a Papal legate and a *dilettante*), King Louis the Fourteenth, and Father Bourgeois (a monk skilled in mechanics)—these were the personages to whose talents and tastes the Académie Royale de Musique first owed its existence. This existence was inaugurated in Paris, 1646, under the auspices of Cardinal Mazarin, who writes his secretary, Naudé: ‘Invited over to France this year twenty Italian musicians from the chapel of Count Bentivoglio, in Florence.’ These musicians were under the leadership of Luigi Rossi, never mentioned by St. Evremond¹ otherwise than merely as ‘Luigi.’ Naudé goes on to say that ‘all those who have been in Rome are loud in praise of this manner of reciting comedies in music, as they are performed at the palace of the Barberini.’ The favour with which the Italian musicians were received incited the French artists’ emulation, and Cambert’s opera *Euridice* was brought out about 1647, principally because the Italians had obtained such success in *Orfeo*.

Up to these days in France, tragedy and comedy had been the only dramatic form of expressing human passions or human absurdities. Now the *comédie chantée*, as Naudé called it, was about to initiate French minds into the mysteries of a new emotional outlet, into a fresh mode of expression. That conventional type of lyric drama, however, the opera, where a personage mortally wounded, instead of bleeding to death, gives forth shakes and scales, was an art so far removed from what is natural, or even from what is considered natural on the stage, that some time elapsed before it became acceptable to French intelligence. The ballet, a more elementary form of art, where the pleasures rather than the storms of passion are represented, preceded the appearance of the opera at the Court of France.

To the really ‘lettered’ minds of the seventeenth century the language of music conveyed nothing, and though Madame de Sévigné was capable of emptying her inkstand in praise of a comedy by Molière or a tragedy by Corneille, neither she nor Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Rambouillet, nor Mademoiselle de Scudéry, were capable of perceiving in a musical composition anything more

¹ St. Evremond’s letters to Ninon de Lenclos and to the Duchesse de Mazarin mention not only events about his sojourn in England, but as well events of the past, such as remembrances of Louis the Fourteenth’s Court.

than an 'exercise' for *les violons du Roi*. That essentially modern and vibrative being, Rousseau, taught the eighteenth century the language of sounds in music, as he had already, and the first, turned French admiration to the beauties of nature and to the eloquent music of wind among trees. Henceforth Musset, Stendhal, Madame Sand, and Madame d'Agoût might proclaim Beethoven's art capable of expressing all thoughts and all emotions; they would be listened to, and understood.

Bichi, Mazarin, La Rovère, were the three Church dignitaries who in France became the sponsors of musical drama. As yet, however, the real public did not understand or appreciate these mixed 'musical comedies.' Beffara,² the author of the only manuscript we have to rely on for these early statements, says that neither *Armide et Renaud*, nor *Clorinde*, nor even the *Mariage d'Euridice* pleased the public, who delighted then, as now, in spectacular effects such as we find in *La Toison d'Or*, *Circé*, and *Psyché* in particular, where Perseus ascended to the skies in the last act mounted on Pegasus! These were the pieces which found favour in the eyes of the public of 1646, just as the *Poule aux Œufs d'Or* and the *Pied de Mouton*, &c., find favour with it now. The author of the *Pastorale* (Perrin), the first operatic writer who succeeded with the French public, was born at Lyons in 1625. After numerous and fruitless efforts to make a mark in the world, having come to the conclusion that 'money makes the man,' he sought and found money by marrying Madame la Barroyre, widow of a councillor at Court. This lady, says Tallemant des Réaux (the scandalmonger of the day), was sixty-one years of age, Perrin was twenty-seven. She had not the greatest brain in the world, but before marrying that 'Dada' (meaning Perrin) she might have passed muster. The 'Dada,' however, was disinherited when the lady awoke from her infatuation, and left as poor as before marriage. The Duc d'Orléans came to his rescue by naming him 'Introduit des Ambassadeurs.'

Chief among the patronesses of Perrin had stood the Duchesse d'Orléans, according to Michelet, 'the most attractive woman in France,' 'la seule qui sut distinguer les hommes et personne après.'³ The Duchesse loved Perrin's *Pastorale*, but alas! she loved Louis the Fourteenth also, and after him the Comte de Vardes; 'cet homme aux tours de chat,' as Michelet also characterises him, a man who gave the Duchesse *rendez-vous* at the Convent of Chaillot,⁴ and failed to keep them. Ill from grief and from neglected love, Madame (whom Guý Patin at her arrival in France had pronounced of 'small health') having no longer the heart to protect or actively help any

² MS. of Beffara, Bibl. Nationale.

³ *Histoire de France*, vol. xv. ch. ii.

⁴ The Abbess of the Convent of Chaillot was Louise Angélique de Lafayette, the former platonic flame of Louis the Thirteenth, who was all the more fitted to console Henriette d'Angleterre in 1665 for the neglect of Louis the Fourteenth because she herself had been abandoned by Louis the Thirteenth in 1636.

one, Perrin turned to the Duke, who at once obtained for him the privilege of founding the Académie Royale de Musique.

The next move for Perrin, however, after becoming titular of the privilege was to house the Académie. M. de la Haye's hospitality in giving up his house at Issy for Perrin's performance had provided but a temporary shelter. The Marquis de Sourdéac—an oddity whom Tallemant des Réaux describes as 'being so active that he used to make his tenants course him across his own park like a hunted stag'—offered his *hôtel*, but it was only a makeshift. Very soon a company was formed, of which the brother of the chronicler Tallemant became a member. The tennis-court of Vaugirard, close to the Hôtel la Trémoille, was rented, and towards 1668 the Opéra entered into its second residence, but only for a short time, as the situation was not found convenient. In 1670 it removed again, if not definitely, at least for a longer sojourn, to the Rue des Fossés de Nesles, now the Rue Mazarine. In this way the Institut de France is standing at present on the very spot where three centuries ago stood the first Académie de Musique.

Lulli inaugurated the new Opéra. His *Alceste* was a triumph, but his *Argane*, which followed, was a dead failure.

Campra, who succeeded Lulli as the organiser of Court festivities and manager of the Opéra, was not more fortunate with his *Carnaval de Venise* nor with his *Tancredi*. The moment was a bad one for art. Louis the Fourteenth hit upon a practical idea which saved it from bankruptcy. He invented the *bals de l'Opéra*, where each person paid an entrance fee of six *écus*, contributing thus to his own pleasure as well as to the general expenses. Still it was only at the arrival of the Regent in 1716 that these balls attained the apogee of their success. Mademoiselle Aïssé refers to them in her correspondence with Madame de Calandrini, and particularly mentions that the company was most select on 'Fridays,' as it has remained. Brought into France in 1710 by the Comte de Fériel, Ambassador at Constantinople, who had bought her at a sale of slaves, Mademoiselle Aïssé met the Regent at Madame de Parabère's, his favourite, about 1720. The novelty of an adventure with a woman of Mussulman faith, Mademoiselle Aïssé's enchanting grace, and, above all, the irksomeness of the now too regular irregularity of his relations with Madame de Parabère, helped to involve the Regent with the Greek girl. Mademoiselle Aïssé resisted, as she loved the Chevalier d'Aydie, and never loved but him, though she refused to become his wife. We will here quote a fragment of the Chevalier's portrait drawn by Madame du Deffand:

Just as it has been said of Fontenelle [writes the Marquise] that he had a second brain instead of a heart, it might be said of the Chevalier that he has two hearts. He acts entirely on impulse, and never borrows an idea or an expression from any one. He is not, however, either the most affectionate or the most passionate of men. He is stirred by too many sentiments to be deeply moved by one, and his

sensitiveness is distributed among all the faculties of his soul. In a word, the Chevalier seems more sentimental than loving. The freer a man's soul is, the easier it is to move it, and therefore those who are endowed with good qualities may expect to excite the feelings of the Chevalier. Morose and yet not sad, misanthropic and yet not uncouth, always true and natural in his changeableness, his very defects are pleasing, and one would be sorry if he were more perfect.

The real reason of Mademoiselle Aïssé's⁵ reserve, and the motive for her persistent refusal to marry her lover, the faithful and touching devotion of the Chevalier, to whom Voltaire applies the name of 'Bayard,' remain among the curious secrets and the mysterious sentimental delicacies of the eighteenth century.

The *bals de l'Opéra* became so fashionable that the stage was soon found too small, whence the intervention of the monk Nicolas Bourgeois, the clever mechanic to whom we referred on our opening page. By a device so skilful and rapid that it is still in use, Nicolas Bourgeois placed the stage on a level with the floor of the pit, doubling the space for the promenaders. The theatre was an octagon, formed of the boxes and the *salon* or *foyer*. As to the actual stage, during the performances it was precisely the same as in the *Maison de Molière*, where the public sat mingled with the actors. The greatest extravagance the *Opéra* indulged in was a chandelier of three hundred tallow candles, for which wax lights were substituted, thanks to the munificence of Law,⁶ the Scotch financier, who made a special allowance to this purpose.

The orchestra was then composed of thirty instruments, fifteen being grouped at the two extremities of the *salle*. The Regent, who delighted in enterprise and was full of intelligence, which he owed quite as much to his wonderful mother the Princess Palatine⁷ as to his paternal ancestry; the Regent, whom innovations found ever ready (he had proved it in adopting Law's schemes), wanted Paris to be gay, bright, artistic. His worst error was to die: 'Le pire des défauts est d'être mort,' according to Montalembert's saying. Used up by work and by pleasure, the rest which he scorned came to him uninvited. He fell asleep one day in the arms of lovely Madame de Phalaris, and never woke again, 1723. His death was a loss to art, as he thoroughly knew how to encourage it. It was above all due to the Regent that the *Opéra* was enabled to survive the competition of the *Bouffons Italiens*, who carried on a smart opposition in Paris in 1720.

When Rameau appeared in 1730, he found the French public prepared to appreciate a fuller orchestration than Lulli's, and making steady progress on the road to Gluck and to Mozart; and, moreover, the ballet, which we have seen helping to introduce the opera, began now to be employed only as an *intermezzo*, forming a kind of compromise

⁵ *Mademoiselle Aïssé*, by Sainte-Bouve, p. 23.

⁶ 'M. Law,' writes Dangeau, 'pays a monthly sum, so that wax candles may be substituted for tallow.'

⁷ See the letters and memoirs of the Princess Palatine, that German who murders our language so mercilessly, and yet who writes powerfully and generously.

between the *grand opéra* and the *opéra bouffe*. The Italian ballets came in after the Regent, between the *Euridices*, the *Aryanes*, the *Proserpignes*, the *Edipes*, and other mythological operas.

Dupré made his appearance in 1730. He was the ancestor of the Vestris dynasty, the model and master of Mademoiselle Camargo. This speaks volumes, as ballets were composed for Dupré, but more especially for his pupil. A dazzling, bewildering being if ever there was one, this pupil! so gifted that her mental capacities equalled her physical charms, and that her gallant episodes even after centuries have not effaced the memory of her talents! To produce such a prodigy, no less had been required than a Duc d'Albe and a Philippe the Second, as, without the will of the latter and the ability of the former, the Spaniards would not have remained long enough in Flanders for the violinist Cupis to marry the Spaniard Mademoiselle Camargo and become father to our *danseuse*. The Castilian had prevailed. She presented her daughter with the spiciness and *diablerie* she threw into her capers. In 1720 the little Camargo was dancing at an obscure theatre in Brussels. The child was only ten years old, but possessed such spirit that she soon pushed her way to Paris, where with a single bound of her elastic figure she turned people from their money preoccupations of the Rue Quincampoix* and soon brought more nobles to ruin than the most daring of Law's speculations had done. Voltaire writes:—

Ah, Camargo, que vous êtes brillante!
 Mais que Sallé, grand Dieu, est ravissante!
 Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux!
 Elle est inimitable et vous toujours nouvelle.
 Les nymphes sautent comme vous,
 Et les Grâces dansent comme elle.

And he adds: 'Tout Paris y passa.' Vanloo's portrait of Camargo exhibits her as a being worthy of such homage—with delicate features, a proud turn of the head, the sweetest eyes in the world, with the most tender and loving glance. Camargo, like Lekain, introduced a new era in theatrical costume. Her ballet dresses were short, scarcely reaching below the knees, a style on which Grimm congratulated her.

This idea is excellent [he says], as the amateurs are enabled from ocular demonstration to form an opinion of the legs of the dancer. Mademoiselle de Camargo has, however, created a schism, as the Jansenists in the *parterre* are shocked. The Molinists maintain that this change is only a revival of a primitive custom of the Church, but it will be some time before the Sorbonne of the Opéra is able to insist on the adoption of this wholesome doctrine.

* It will be remembered that, at the death of the Regent, Paris was ruined by the financial schemes of Law, and extreme distress took the place of former extravagance. Luxury had been carried to such a pitch, that one of Law's last fancies was to have a hand-rail of his staircase made of silver. (*Leu*, André Cochut, 1 vol. Hachette.)

Fired with enthusiasm, prone to love, but free from cupidity, Mademoiselle de Camargo,⁹ as she insisted on being called, thus sinking her paternal obscurity in her maternal descent, ended a life spent in a systematic round of pleasure by becoming profoundly pious.

'At her death,' writes Grimm, 'she exacted white hangings as a symbol of her purity.' (It is a custom in France for unmarried women to have the church draped with white at their interment.) She spent her later years in retirement in a corner of old Paris, when her dogs were henceforth 'her only admirers;' according to her, contrasting favourably with those that had preceded them.

Feminine influence was indeed so great during the first half of the eighteenth century, that the age might truly be called that of the *éclosion des femmes*. We see grace and wit everywhere. Not only do we find such social stars as Mademoiselle Aïssé, Madame du Deffand, the exquisite Madame Helvétius, whose house at Auteuil was later the *rendez-vous* of Morellet, Condorcet, and *tutti quanti*; but women as well distinguished in all arts—in painting, in music—Mademoiselle Duval, for instance, leading her own opera, *Les Génies*; Mademoiselle Valayer obtaining the highest praise from Diderot for her painting. That king of critics declares her work 'bon, viril, et l'égal des meilleurs.' Still, music remained yet far from what it would rise to.

About 1740 Rameau brought out *Hippolyte et Aricie*, a failure, soon followed by the outburst against him of a cabal as strong as that which the French school of music got up against Wagner in 1866.

Patience, genius, and above all Rameau's connections, enabled him to surmount obstacles and that systematic opposition which is always raised against any new form of merit.

The four Paris-Duvernet brothers, who came from Savoy with their sabots slung over their shoulders—those industrious and enterprising men, who, when they despatched Beaumarchais to Spain with money in his pocket to defray the costs of his mission, supplied him as well with materials for the *Barbier de Séville* and the *Mariage de Figaro*—these brothers who furnished Voltaire with funds, lent their moral credit and social influence to Rameau, and, playing the same part for him that the Princesse de Metternich did for Wagner in 1866, brought him at last before the Parisian public. Nothing daunted by his first failure, for as Rameau said of himself, 'Genius is superior to science!' his implicit faith in self led him to attain success in *Castor et Pollux*. He even made a convert of La Harpe, that pompous utterer of dictums, whom the Marquise du Deffand pertly speaks of as a *sot académique*!

From the days of the Regency to the end of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth—that is, from the time when the pursuit of pleasure was paramount, and love found a place in every play—we shall find only such titles as *Les Caprices de l'Amour*, *Les Voyages*

⁹ Mademoiselle de Camargo had a maternal great-uncle a cardinal and a papal legate, thanks to whom she replaced the name of Cupis by that of De Camargo.

de l'Amour, *L'École des Amans*, *Diane et Endymion*, *Anacréon*, *L'Amour Timide*, *L'Amour Discret*, *L'Amour Généreux*, *L'Amour Enjoué*, *L'Amour et Psyché*—in fact, lovè everywhere! Love was painted on porcelain, depicted on hangings, embroidered in tapestry. The Gobelins, that had formerly represented Biblical subjects only, substituted for these Boucher's Anacreontic conceptions. A little later still, towards 1760, after the publication of the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu, exotic names appear and replace love in ballets—*Les Incas du Pérou*, *Les Indes Galantes*, *La Vénitienne*, &c. Then comes the sentimental period—*Trianon*, *Bergeries*, *Lucas et Colinette*, *La Fête du Village*. With the Reign of Terror all titles are antique, and taken from ancient history—*L'Enlèvement des Sabines*, *Miltiade*. The Empire introduces *Les Fêtes Militaires*. The Restoration brings in neo-feodality—*Le Nouveau Seigneur*, *Le Droit du Seigneur*, *Jean de Paris*; in fact, a return to the conventional mediæval type, which is followed by the period of 'Romanticism' in 1830.

Though Rameau soared so high in 1760, his position was not gained without a struggle. Even La Harpe's laudatory comments did not present a lively competition between Rameau's company and the 'Bouffons.'

Although the Bouffons are detestable [says Rousseau in his *Confessions*], and though their musicians are very ignorant and murder their parts, they do much injury to the French opera. To compare these two musical companies in the same day opens one's ears, and no one would care to listen to the drawling of the French opera-singers after the crisp and marked accent of the Italians.

On the topic of music as well as on that of education, Rousseau admits of no rivalry; he mentions a pamphlet of his on the subject as a state event.¹⁰

The amazing effect produced by my pamphlet on Italian music is worthy of Tacitus [writes the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*]. Parliament had just been exiled, the fermentation was at its height, and a rising seemed imminent; but all this was forgotten in a moment, nothing was thought of but the danger to French music; so great was the animosity against me that the nation has never quite recovered, and the Court hesitated whether to send me to the Bastille or into exile!

However offensive it might sound to Rousseau, it must be noted that the burning of the Opera House so entirely diverted attention from his Tacitean writings that for a short while at least his recriminations were drowned in fire. This event was to afford a new and again favourable intervention of the Church on behalf of the Opéra.

Three Cardinals had formed the Académie. The monk Bourgeois had assisted the organisation of its balls. Two 'fathers' now saved it from utter destruction; and Favart, who records the matter, so far contributed to the heavenly glorification of these monks, by tending to their humility, that he fails even to name them. 'Nous sommes quittes de tout,' writes Favart, 'pour un Récollet et un Capucin!'

The Opéra now made its sixth move. It was installed in the

¹⁰ *Confessions*, p. 77.

Tuileries by the architect Soufflot, the designer of the Pantheon. The *Mercure Galant* declares that the 'grand vestibule is beautifully proportioned, and that cafés and shops are placed all round the Opera House in a way which will be fully appreciated during summer, when the spectators will be able to come out of the Opéra into the most beautiful garden in the world!'

The management of the Opéra in the Tuileries started with two-fold luck—luck in the shape of an incomparable dancer and an exquisite tenor, Legros. The dancer, whose *pirouettes* simply took men like a whirlwind, was Mademoiselle Guimard.

Thin, delicate, too tall, marked with small-pox, and gifted with a deep, hollow man's voice, Mademoiselle Guimard owed all her success to her wit and undaunted spirit. The suppers she gave were famous; her sallies and her repartees formed their chief attraction. Her *début* was made in *La Chercheuse d'Esprit*, where she introduced boldly a realistic peasant costume.

Two years after the burning of the Opéra, 1765, Rameau died, and if anything can prove the small notoriety of the musical art even at this time, it will be the fact that at Ferney neither Mademoiselle Clairon, who was then acting *Electre*, nor Voltaire thought the matter of Rameau's death worth more than a mere *sixain*:

Nous avons vu mourir Vanloo,
 Nous venons de perdre Rameau,
 Nous avons vu quitter Clairon:
 Quel sort funeste!
 Mais il nous reste
 Monsieur Fréron! [a very indifferent critic of the day].

Those who can recall the era of Romanticism know to what extent Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy were associated with it; how the new departure of thought in France found completion in music.

The philosophy of music would, however, come to us from Germany. Beethoven later revealed it; in 1765 the training of the French ear was to be achieved by Gluck. The passion contained in his works found its way to French hearts. Till music had learned to speak the language of love, of agony, of despair, as Gluck's *Orphée* does, it was to a French audience but a mere combination of sounds.

The Austrian composer had arrived in Paris in 1760, when he nearly died of hunger while his *Pyrame et Thisbé* was being played to empty houses. He returned to Vienna, where the Empress Maria Theresa assisted him to bring out his operas.

On the arrival of the Dauphine in France, he followed her, and, thanks to her support and his own genius, he soon rose to the heights of fame, and even after his death was a more dangerous rival to Piccinni than the living Rameau had been to the defunct Lully.

The seventh move of the Opéra was taking place. The theatre at the Tuileries had proved inadequate, and it was in the theatre of the

Palais Royal that Gluck gave the French public a grand entertainment with the performance of *Iphigénie* in 1774. All the entrances to the new theatre were blocked on that memorable night. 'Cordons-bleus et porteurs d'eau,' as Beaumarchais picturesquely says, kicked, hustled, and abused one another, for the crowd contained some of Piccinni's partisans, who thought of promoting the success of his *Roland* by creating a disturbance in the Gluck camp. Gluck's victory was tremendous. With generals such as Marie Antoinette, Mmes. de Bourbon and de Lamballe, a victory was to be expected. In the theatre that same night, sparkling with diamonds and radiant after her conquest over Gilbert the poet, was Mademoiselle Dutthé, a *danseuse* whose beauty was her greatest talent. Whilst her extravagance and luxury rose to fabulousness, her fame was such that not even the story ¹¹ of her having mistaken a *mascarille* for a *grand seigneur*, in any way diminished it.

Gluck, however, was not content with his own share of success; he wanted every one's share besides, and, above all, he wanted no one to be famous except himself. His satisfaction at the triumph of *Iphigénie* was not on a par with the annoyance he felt at the success of *Roland*, so he returned to Vienna, from whence he wrote: 'I shall not return to Paris until French people have made up their minds as to what kind of music they want. That volatile nation, after receiving me in the most flattering manner, seems to be losing its taste for my music. Let them go back to their own *Ponts-neufs*; they must have their own way!'

So it was all in vain that French society had given Gluck's music that warm welcome she only accords to works of the highest class! All in vain that French society had allowed Gluck to walk equal with a Voltaire! Gluck's gratitude expressed itself only by scornfully bidding the country of Pascal and Molière go back to its *Ponts-neufs*! Gluck never left Vienna again, where he died rich, not only thanks to his art, but to his industry, as he carried on a profitable traffic in diamonds besides *Orphée* and *Iphigénie*. Far more touching than Gluck's egotistical lament is the cry of sorrow uttered by the young musician Mozart at this time, when he was obliged to submit to the Directors.

About the year 1772, in order to bring himself before the public, he produced an operetta, *Les Petits Riens*. The wretched verses written on the occasion will serve better than anything to exemplify how completely Mozart was misunderstood:

Il vaudrait mieux rester porte close [at the Opéra],
Que de donner si peu de chose,
Accompagné de 'petits riens.'

¹¹ Among her visitors, a man handsomely dressed found his way into her drawing-room. He pressed his suit, and made wonderful promises, and when he left placed a large purse on the mantel-piece. Mademoiselle Dutthé rushed to see what the gift was. It consisted merely of big brass buttons, and the donor was only a valet.

Wounded by this condemnation before he had really been heard, and distressed at having to 'condescend to such trivial productions, Mozart opened his heart to his father: 'If I were in a place where people had ears and a heart, I could afford to laugh at the intriguing that goes on against me, but I am in a land of brutes, and I pray to God daily only to give me strength to remain in Paris and to do credit to my nation as well as to myself.'

If anything can soften the harshness of Mozart's remarks about us, it is surely the remembrance of Gluck's ungrateful recriminations. Between the man of genius gorged with success and the young musician so sublime, yet so scorned, sympathy does not hesitate to bear *Don Giovanni* within oneself, and to be submitted to operettas was no common form of martyrdom.

After Gluck's departure a second fire broke out at the Opéra, and with it an eighth move, of which we will give Sophie Arnould's amusing description:—

The girdle of Venus is consumed; the Graces will have to dispense with their veils; Mercury's cap has no longer any wings, and his wand [writes the brilliant actress] no longer exists; the 'chariot of the sun of nature' has not been spared; a quantity of linen has been burnt that draped some very *palpable* ghosts. . . . But I should never stop if I were to recount all our losses. However, they say money remedies all things.

It was owing to the representation of the flames in hell in Gluck's *Orphée* that the Opera House owed its second burning. The taste for the Opéra was now implanting itself in France.

To find a suitable lodging at once was no easy matter, and the theatre of the Menus Plaisirs (the Conservatoire of to-day) was the only one then available. On the opening night, Laïs and Chéron, the principal vocalists, were nowhere to be found. The birds were dissatisfied with their cage; they had flown! It was with great difficulty that the police succeeded in catching them again. They refused to sing in such a small theatre; 'it was not worthy of their talents!' The whim of these actors, whose notoriety made their word law, and the very limited size of the theatre obliged the management to make a *ninth* 'fitting,' and before long a new Opera House, far more splendid and more worthy of the Court than the last, was built at the Porte St. Martin. The rapidity with which it was brought into use was like magic. Begun in the early days of July, the new theatre opened on the 27th of October. 'I will give you till the 31st of October,' the Queen said to the architect; 'if on that day you bring me the key of my box, you shall have a pension of 6,000 francs and the order of St. Michel.' As a matter of fact, the Opéra opened on the 27th instead of the 31st; it had been erected in about eighty-six days and cost 400,000 francs instead of 200,000 francs. *Adèle de Ponthieu*, by Piccini, was the opera selected for the opening night at the Porte St. Martin in 1784. It will be remembered that about this time a great sensation

had been created by Chénier's *Charles IX.* and Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*. The monologue in the fifth act of *Figaro*, where the *Barbier* philosophises and destroys in the very face of the narrowest aristocracy all its most sacred privileges, coolly inquiring: 'Qu'avez-vous fait de plus que moi, Monsieur le Comte, que vous donner la peine de naître?' Such a monologue had shattered old beliefs even at the Académie de Musique. With this difference, however, that whereas at the Théâtre Français the insidious questions about Government money were asked by Figaro, at the Opéra the recriminations came from the audience.

Not only had huge sums been expended, but the spectators in that ill-constructed building sat in fear of the ceiling falling on their heads. Nevertheless, on the first night of *Adèle de Ponthieu* all Paris flocked to the theatre, and among the crowd the very soul of Parisian gaieties—the Duc de Lauzun,¹² surrounded by his victims. They nearly reached the number of Don Juan's—among them Mesdames d'Esparbès, de Beauvau, du Barry, de Gramont, and also Madame de Stainville, who, in despair at Lauzun's desertion, ran away with the actor Clairval—an escapade which carried her straight off to a convent. In a *loge grillée*, discreetly hidden, was also Eugénie, the Duke's Manon Lescaut, a young person who rather bored him by her too serious devotion. On that night, however, Lauzun had eyes only for Lady Sarah Lennox. Courted by the King of England and later married to Sir Charles Bunbury, the lovely Lady Sarah created a great sensation in Paris. The assertion, 'I will have no lover,'¹³ with which she greeted Lauzun's suit was soon modified, and the brief assurance 'I love you,' written on a slip of paper and put into his hand after a supper at Madame du Deffand's, altered the position of affairs. Lauzun knew not a word of English; to read this first *billet d'amour* of his British conquest he had to rush to a dictionary.

The lovers were often separated, as in her first interview with Lauzun Lady Sarah had predicted. 'We are bringing trouble upon ourselves; you will be here and I shall be in England!' It was not, however, absence which eventually separated them, but Lauzun's insatiableness. Lady Sarah had given him her whole heart. 'You would not accept an indissoluble tie. I have loved you too well, however, and the tenderest friendship will survive the rupture of our *liaison*, but you must leave England.' Thus did Lady Sarah dismiss Don Juan, who, in this exceptional circumstance, fainted. He says in his memoirs (p. 48): 'Such a blow came upon me like a thunder-clap. I fainted away. Lady Sarah bathed my face with her tears.

¹² Biron, who was afterwards created Duc de Lauzun, arrived in Paris when he was about ten years old. He became Madame de Pompadour's secretary. 'My talent for writing,' he says in his *Memoirs*, 'made me almost necessary to Madame de Pompadour. She used to make me read and write for her, and sometimes even for the King.'—*Mémoires de Lauzun*, p. 3.

¹³ *Mémoires de Lauzun*.

Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Saome, came to my assistance. I vomited blood and was very ill.' When once she had struck the blow, Lady Sarah Bunbury never faltered, but returned to her husband. As to Lauzun's fate, the Revolution made him first a general, then a corpse, cutting off his head! This man of pleasure died bravely; he had possessed two admirable qualities in no common degree—he was 'tender and he was true.' Not only did he sincerely love Lady Sarah Bunbury, but he never forgot the Princesse Czartoryska, who lived to the advanced age of ninety-two, and had, thanks to the publication of Lauzun's *Memoirs* in her lifetime, the painful experience of seeing her own heart laid bare before her very eyes.

Owing to the audience that we have just sketched and also to the merits of the performance, the inauguration of the new Opéra was a very brilliant one.

All through the years 1790, 1791, 1792, the Opéra made no attempt at anything but official appeals to public enthusiasm. The *Marseillaise* and the *Chants Patriotiques* of Mehul were the only performances.

On the 20th of March, 1793, the Opéra improves the *Noce de Figaro* by interspersing it with Beaumarchais' dialogue. The experience proved fatal, for though both Beaumarchais and Mozart had equally interesting things to say, they had to say them separately, as Figaro's speeches are forebodings of the 'coming' era; whilst Cherubin's voluptuous song, 'Voi che sapete,' is the quintessence of the past, of that past painted by Watteau, of those love adventures, exquisite, delicate, audacious, belonging to Latour's models (the pastellist of the eighteenth century), and for ever destroyed by the decrees of Robespierre and the grotesque reign of 'Reason.' Painting boasted in these days of Bouchers and Chardins; music had Grétry, Delayrac, Gosseck, Meline, &c. Aesthetic and art critics alone remained stationary, as the following passage from the *Journal Général de France* will prove: 'Beaumarchais' comedy,' says the critic, 'is enhanced by the splendid music of Mozart, a distinguished artist, who died two years ago in the service of the Emperor of Austria!' The music of the greatest of composers is but a mere accompaniment to Beaumarchais' comedy, and the highest praise bestowed on such a divine genius is that he was a distinguished artist!

As to Beaumarchais, he looked upon the addition of Mozart's music as detrimental to his play, and, far from congratulating himself on the combination, he made it still worse by introducing a ballet with the *farandole* we have already referred to; being besides barbarous enough to say, 'If you cannot warm up the piece, you may as well abandon it altogether!' 'Warm up' Mozart's music! It sounds very much like 'heating the sun'!

If Beaumarchais took his part of the reforms in 1789, and Joseph Chénier as well by writing his *Charles IX.* the Opéra in its turn

takes a place in history, not only by the partiality to ballets of the kings Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth, but also by the tragical events of which it became the witness. We see under the Consulate the Opéra become the scene of a plot against Bonaparte; under the Second Empire it was the centre of the Orsini plot, and now in 1820 it was at the Opéra the Duc de Berri was stabbed to death. The description of this event is too graphically given by Chateaubriand in the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* for us not simply to extract the quotation:—

On the 13th of February, 1820, the Opéra (then at its twelfth move), situated at Favart [the Opéra Comique which was burned three years ago], gave *Le Carnaval de Venise*.

Elie took the part of Polichinelle, which he had studied from the *Pupazzi* of Séraphin. About eleven o'clock Madame la Duchesse de Berri, who was *enceinte*, left her box; she was led to her carriage by the Duke; the Comte de Mesnard, the Duchess's equerry, offered her his left hand to step into the carriage, the Duc de Berri gave his right hand to the Comtesse de Béthizy. The Comte de Clermont-Lodève, the *gentilhomme d'honneur* in attendance on the Prince, stood behind him waiting till his Royal Highness re-entered the theatre in order to follow or precede him, when a man, coming in the direction of the Rue Richelieu, passed rapidly past the sentinel and the footman, who was putting up the step of the carriage, and, pushing the latter aside, threw himself on the Prince, who, on the point of re-entering the Opéra, turned to the Duchess and said, 'Adieu! we shall meet again soon.' The assassin, placing his left hand on the Prince's left shoulder, stabbed him with his right hand on the right side a little below the breast. . . . Pushed by the assassin towards the Comte de Mesnard, the Prince put his hand to his side, where he thought he had received a blow. He said, 'I have been stabbed! That man has killed me! . . . I am dying, I am dying. I have got the knife.'

The Duchesse de Berri, whose carriage had not started, hearing her husband's voice, tried to jump out of the carriage door that was partially opened. The Comtesse de Béthizy held the Duchess back by her dress; but she dashed out of the carriage, clearing the step at the risk of her life. Followed by the Comtesse de Béthizy, she ran to the Prince, who was supported by M. de Mesnard, M. de Clermont, and several footmen.

The Prince had drawn the dagger¹⁴ from the wound and handed it to M. de Mesnard, his companion in exile. The Duke said, 'Fetch a priest, I am dying. Come, my wife! that I may die in your arms.' The Duke became faint, the Duchess threw herself on him, and in a moment her gala dress was soaked in blood. . . . As his sight grew dim, the Prince kept asking, 'My wife, are you near me?' 'Yes, I am here,' replied the young Princess, 'and I will never leave you!' . . . Doctor Bougon, the Prince's surgeon, summoned in haste from La Salpêtrière, sucked the wound before the cupping-glasses were brought. The Duc d'Angoulême was sent for, and the meeting between the two brothers was heartrending. The wound was mortal, and it was impossible for the patient to be moved. When his daughter was brought to him the Prince raised his hand to bless her, saying, 'I trust you will be more fortunate than the rest of your family.'

He asked Dupuytren, whose hand he held, to tell him when death was near, and begged his wife to take care of herself for the sake of her unborn child.

¹⁴ This scene exactly reminds one of Michelet's description of the death of Henry the Third: 'Henri III tira de couteau qui était fixé dans la blessure. Il en frappa un coup au sourcil gauche de Jacques Clément: "Fi, le méchant moine," dit-il; "il m'a tué."'

The cowardly thrust of the assassin Louvel struck a blow at French monarchy in the person of its most favoured representative. The Dauphin (the Duc d'Angoulême) was taciturn and little known to the people. The Duc de Berri, on the contrary, though violent and impulsive but affable, was very popular. The tree had fallen in 1792; the younger branches followed, and in 1830 the destruction was complete. In vain did the *Journal des Débats*, under the great Bertin¹⁵ (the original of the famous portrait by Ingres), fight bravely for the monarchy without failing to impress upon the King that the ordinances had caused him to lose ground. It all availed nothing. The famous 'Article 14' against the liberty of the press was made law, and the barricades were the result. The Archbishop of Paris had fallen; Charles the Tenth had fled; the Monarchy of July was about to be installed, and the only Bourbon, Louis Philippe d'Orléans, able to profit by the experiences of the Revolution, was going to put his lessons into practice. Henceforth the *bourgeoisie* was to be the new *noblesse*.

In 1873 the Lepeletier Opera House was burnt down, and in 1875 the Académie Nationale de Musique (whose household gods were transported from Issy in 1646 to the Rue des Fossés de Nesles) was installed, thanks to M. Garnier's creative skill, in its fourteenth abode. This palatial home, which did not cost less than sixty million francs, forms indeed as striking a contrast to the cradle of the Opéra at Issy as the scene-painting of Séchan and Desplechins differ widely from Torelli's. Wide, too, is the difference between the musical critic of the *Gazette de France* in 1650 and the critic of modern times. The art of critic was the last born; it really is Diderot's child, and the outcome of the Encyclopædia and the eighteenth-century *salons*. After Romanticism and 1820, music had assumed its kingship!

The spirit of the seventeenth century in France had been essentially robust. It was spurred by Corneille towards sublimity, led by Descartes to logic, by Bossuet towards faith. The spirit of the eighteenth century was loquacious; its emotional outlet was free and abundant discussion and general satire. It jested with Fronsac, speculated with Montesquieu, ironised with Voltaire, cried with Manon Lescaut, and loved everywhere. The depths of pessimism were unknown to it; a trace of Rabelais and Montaigne still survived. France still smiled over her sorrows. The famous 'Anicrochemens du Pot aux Roses'¹⁶ of the author of *Gargantua*

¹⁵ Bertin had agreed to have his portrait painted by Ingres, who was puzzled as to what position would be best for his model. One day he entered the editor's room, and found Bertin sitting with his hands on his knees, and looking straight before him in the solid, intent manner of an active man pausing to think. 'That will do,' said Ingres, 'stay as you are.' And the portrait was a masterpiece.

¹⁶ An expression of Rabelais, which lightly summed up all the miseries incident to human nature. •

sufficed for the victims of Fouquier-Tinville just as they had sufficed for the victims of the Ligue and the Fronde.

The fact is that, at the period we are referring to, France was still thoroughly French, and Goethe's *Werther* had not introduced into literature that element of recrimination and lamentation borrowed from Jeremiah. After *Werther* had come *Lara*, then *Hernani* and *Didier*—all perhaps more or less Pascal's commentators, and yet not so much as they are supposed to be, for, though Pascal pathetically laments the sorrows of humanity, his pity is in the abstract, the sting of egotistic resentment is nowhere to be felt in it.

Once, however, moral torture admitted as a contingent in the world of art, music will more than any other art offer the suffering soul the temporary Elysium of repose.

Since the opening of the nineteenth century, Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Madame de Staël have worked for and led up to Beethoven. Henceforth that Pascal of the orchestra will lead René's grandchildren wherever their nervous excitability may carry them. For those who desire only to love and enjoy, Mozart and Rossini suffice. Those who think and suffer will find interpreters and comforters in Beethoven and Wagner. It is to these composers that our contemporaries the disciples of Darwin and Spencer listen so attentively every Sunday at the Conservatoire, following them in their musical flights to heaven or to hell.

Gluck will live, but later; when the calm and learned Virgil can touch a sympathetic note again in modern minds, when *névrose* and hypnotism have done their worst. For the moment, Beethoven, that Michael Angelo of music, that sublimely agitated spirit, responds more perfectly than all others to the sufferings of modern spiritual existence.

When the Lafayettes and Sévignés were named d'Agoût and Girardin, they became journalists; from that day psychology ceased to be Platonic; it ceased to belong solely to novel-writers; it entered into general circulation. A painter and a musician hence might be as passionate a psychologist as Balzac himself; hence also he had a right to ply his brush or his harmony to the purpose of soul-painting. Psychology is in our days everywhere, and psychology's domain is boundless—boundless as are the suggestions of the *Symphonie Héroïque*.

Psychology, at once the originator and the outcome of hyperner-
vosity, necessarily finds its only complement in music. Goethe has said it, 'Where speech ends music begins.'

YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

THE THREATENED DISFIGUREMENT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I VENTURED in a former number of this Review¹ to urge the undesirability of any interference with Westminster Abbey by way of addition to it, as proposed by Mr. Shaw Lefevre and others. I pointed out that there is still abundant space for all memorials which could possibly be required for more than a century to come, within the ancient fabric of the Abbey itself—namely, within the Cloisters—and referred in general terms to their unusual and intimate incorporation with the church.

I propose now to show, more in detail, from official plans and measured drawings, how thoroughly the Cloisters form part and parcel of the Abbey—being covered by its own roofs and lying within its own walls—and also how much greater is the superabundant space for monuments which still exists in them than had been ascertained when I last wrote. The ‘superfluity of naughtiness’ which any modern adjunct to or excrescence on the Abbey would be, will thus become the more obvious.

Many, perhaps most, people may have wandered about Poets’ Corner without observing the fact that, unlike all the rest of the building, it has only one aisle instead of two. If any reader will at his next visit there hunt for the missing aisle, he will find it *in the shape of the east walk of the Cloisters*, of which, by an unusual arrangement, it forms an integral part. This portion of the Cloisters is, indeed, the actual western aisle of the south Transept, and takes its place *inside the church*. The Cloister is thus brought, as a transformed aisle, within the walls of the Abbey and under the shelter of its roof, not by an afterthought, but as part of the original and deliberate plan and construction. There is no other roof to it than the roof of the church itself, which extends over it and covers it in, just as it covers all the other aisles—and there is no other pavement than the pavement (sunk down to a slightly lower level) of Poets’ Corner.

The east walk of the Cloister is in fact—and by no figure of

¹ March 1889.

para Jai Krishna Public Library
31273 Date 25/9/84

speech—both structurally and architecturally *the continuation and completion of Poets' Corner.*

Whatever may have been the motive for this unusual treatment of the transept, the result is that at Westminster the Cloister is more truly and absolutely a constituent part of the Abbey than is Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Henry the Seventh's Chapel belongs to a much later age, and might be removed without affecting the structure of the church, but the east walk of the Cloister could not be removed without the demolition of the fabric of the south transept of the Abbey, of which it is an inalienable member.

A monument, therefore, in the east Cloister is a monument in the south Transept, and more truly a monument under the roof of Westminster Abbey than if it were in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

Only a degree less intimate is the identity of the rest of the Cloisters with the ancient fabric of the church. The remainder of the east walk after it has emerged from Poets' Corner, as well as the Chapter House, with its exquisite entrance, was built under Henry the Third, when the church was built—of the same materials, at the same period, and in the same style. It was completed as early as 1345, by the Abbot Byrcheston, who was buried there. The north walk was built by Edward the First, when and so far as his portion of the Nave was erected and under precisely similar circumstances of close incorporation as regards plan, date, style, and material; while the west and south walks were begun by Abbot Langham in 1350, and completed by his successor Abbot Litlington.

A reference to the plan opposite (No. 1), taken from the Ordnance survey, will make clearer than any description could do the intricate manner in which the Cloisters are imbedded in and compose part of the Abbey. They lie, as will be seen, in the very heart of that geographical 'precinct' (shown by the red line) which surrounds the Abbey and its appendages and marks them off from the ordinary world beyond it. They are, in one word, as has been already said, part and parcel of Westminster Abbey itself in the fullest meaning of the name.

Any such excrescence in or near Abingdon Street as Mr. Lefevre's proposed burial chapel would not only be out of historical and artistic keeping with the Abbey, but would be even outside its geographical precinct, and would no more share its venerable associations than if built at Camberwell. It might almost as well be suggested to purchase the Aquarium and convert it into a chapel of the Abbey! 'Victory or Abingdon Street!' would hardly replace the sentiment of 'Victory or Westminster Abbey!' whereas burial or memorial in the Cloisters would be true membership of the great congregation of the dead which the Abbey enfolds.

In my former paper I called attention to the almost incredibly

disgraceful state in which the Cloisters at present stand—or rather totter. While fussy debates and discussions are being raised about concocting modern additions to our most ancient temple, some of its loveliest features are perishing rapidly and shamefully before our eyes, and no voice is raised in protest or appeal! Already much has irrecoverably disappeared, and year by year, almost month by month, decay and dirt are eating up the rest. The crisp and exquisite carvings have become bumps and ropes of black dust tumbling and crumbling into powder; the column shafts have in places vanished or left but thin drooping wires of soot to mark their places; the very walls are leaning and gaping from the vaults, preparatory to total collapse. It would be past comprehension, were there any genuine love of art in London, how such a state of things could be suffered to go on. Should the newly-appointed Commission end in saving the Cloisters from total ruin and in restoring them to their ancient use as well as beauty, we may bless the foolish projects in which it has had its origin.

Turning now to the question of the amount of space for memorials which the Cloister walls would furnish, the accompanying sheet of drawings (No. 2) which has been prepared from careful measurements of the actual state of things, exhibits at a glance the proportion of empty space to occupied surface. The black tint represents the architectural framework which (so much as remains of it!) supports and encloses the wall-space on or against which monuments, tablets, and other memorials could be placed. The blue tint represents the quantity of wall-space at present unoccupied. The white parts show the memorials already existing.

Less than one fourth part of the available wall-space is occupied, and three-fourths of it remain empty and available. About 1,700 superficial feet are covered by existing monuments, and more than 5,000 superficial feet are vacant. This is more than three times the total wall-space of Poets' Corner! And yet it is said there is no more space for more memorials in connection with Westminster Abbey, and that some new erection must be put up for them.

The space of five thousand feet could hardly be filled up—even at the present rate of memorial growth—in less than two hundred years, and we may reasonably hope that a higher standard of civic worth will presently prevail, and somewhat bar the entrance to the 'temple where the dead are honoured by the Nations.'

But the capacity of the Cloisters would not be exhausted with these five thousand feet. Round all the walls, and in front of all the vaulting shafts (restored as they would be to visibility), full statues of great men might stand on pedestals, just as they now do in St. Stephen's Hall of the Houses of Parliament—where Pitt and Fox and Burke, Clarendon and Pym and Hampden, make an impressive avenue of greatness through which few Englishmen can

pass unmoved. No less than fifty such statues might be similarly placed round the Cloisters, in addition to the scores, and even hundreds, of tablets, busts, and monuments which might cover the walls themselves.

Yet again: the Chapter House and its fine vestibule would furnish further space, and, as the ancient House of Commons, might fitly be devoted to memorials of 'great Commoners.' Nearly a hundred such monuments, including thirty full-sized statues (colossal, if need be), could be ranged around its walls with magnificent effect, and replace the poor little wooden show-cases which now recall a provincial museum of curiosities.

Finally—when all the Cloisters, the Chapter House and Vestibule were filled up with a monumental population—there would still remain within the Abbey precinct many other places consecrated by venerable associations, which could be well appropriated to similar purposes before the risk of new and barren buildings on new sites need be encountered. It is not necessary to enumerate them all; but mention may be made of one, the site of the great hall of the ancient Frater (or refectory), measuring about 130 feet long and 30 feet wide, now occupied by wooden sheds and heaps of rubbish which, might easily be recovered from Westminster School and devoted to some fit use again. It opens straight from the south walk of the Cloisters, of which it would make an extension ample for many generations.

The difficulty of actual interments is not by any means so pressing as it is often vaguely represented to be. At the present time there is room for nearly a hundred graves within the Nave and Transepts—space for nearly sixty in the Nave, and for over thirty in the north Transept alone. But besides this, the central grassplot of the Cloisters—the *garth*—offers a far better and more sanitary burial-place than any within the covered portions of the church. The floors of the Cloister *walks* are full of graves—for these have been a Campo Santo for eight hundred years—but its *garth* would hold the bodies of more heroes than England is likely to produce in the next thousand years.

No recorded burials have taken place therein at any time, certainly not for upwards of five centuries, nor has any coffin been ever found there, but only now and then in the clean sand loose and disjointed bones, dry as a mummy's, and with no sign or token whose they were, or when or how they came there. If any such were met with in the course of laying some great hero to his rest, they well might 'give this man place,' and be reverently laid within some sepulchre or sarcophagus, in some recognisable spot. Or the whole *garth* might be explored at one time for such pathetic relics, and a special re-sepulture given to them, leaving the grass as a 'God's acre' for such men as are at least worth naming by their fellow

countrymen, and not to be tossed, nameless and unconfined, to oblivion.

It will, I think, be clear to all who have cared to follow these few remarks, and to examine the drawings which illustrate them, that the resources of Westminster Abbey as our national Pantheon are as yet by no means exhausted, and that the 20,000*l.* which would amply effect all that is here advocated as regards the Cloisters ought to be forthcoming easily, either from Parliament, whose own sepulchre the Abbey is in so great part, or from some public-minded Englishman—that I say not American.

If such a sum would do so much, what need to spend 140,000*l.* on some new foolish and superfluous toy, which nobody but its projectors desire, which nobody would reverence, and which would interfere with and disfigure the noblest Building in the British Empire?

JAMES KNOWLES.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH: A MEMOIR.

(Concluded.)

THE fame of Charles the Twelfth now stood at its meridian. Thousands upon thousands of people gathered round his headquarters solely to obtain a glimpse of him. He was accessible to every one; he listened to everybody's counsel; but he showed himself impervious to all false representations, obdurate to all blandishments. From one person only did Charles recoil. This was the lovely Aurora Königsmark, notorious for her *affaires d'amour*, who was despatched on behalf of Augustus to save the throne of her royal protector. Indeed, the conditions of peace offered at Alt-Raustadt, as well as events connected therewith, remind us in more than one respect of Travendal. The capital of the foe lay open to Charles's victorious regiments, but he did not let them enter. Perhaps he feared a *Capua* for his warriors. For himself he desired no gain of territory nor any material compensation except sustenance for his troops. It may be argued that he carried his unselfishness too far, but chivalrous his conduct must at all events be called. The conditions to which Augustus was called to subscribe were: the acknowledgment of Stanislaus, the recall of all auxiliary troops from the Russian army, a promise to grant perpetual liberty of religion to all Lutherans in Saxony, the release of the Sobieski princes and all Swedish deserters, among them pre-eminently the unhappy Patkull. On the other hand, Augustus was to retain the title of king whilst Charles pledged himself to protect his Crown lands, and to assist him in obtaining favourable conditions of peace from the Tsar. It would have been happier for the vanquished if he had known how to appreciate Charles's reasonable demands, and by faithfully fulfilling his pledges understood his own advantage. But although Charles, upon the conclusion of peace, buried past injuries in oblivion, and showed him the sincerest friendship, Augustus only brooded upon revenge and treachery, and, it is even said, attempted to remove his confiding guest by assassination. Fortunately this plan, if entertained, was frustrated.

At this period of Charles's life we are compelled to refer to the regrettable trial and punishment of Patkull. And truly this must be considered a page in the history of Charles which cannot be read

with satisfaction. We should most certainly, however, not forget that the ideas of those times were different from our own, and, moreover, that the punished man was not only a traitor to his country, but one of the most dangerous and daring enemies of the land that bore him and of the authority to which he owed obedience. And yet, if any one is to be blamed, the conduct of Augustus is far more to be stigmatised than that of Charles; for, in order to ingratiate himself with his conqueror, the former caused Patkull to be arrested, although the actual envoy of the Tsar at the Saxon Court, and although treated with the greatest distinction.

But let us turn from the scaffold to more pleasing scenes. Among them must in the first instance be reckoned the enormous enthusiasm with which Charles and his Carolingians were greeted by the Protestants in Saxony and Silesia, whom they came to protect. When the army, after more than a year's inactivity, broke up from its quarters in the first-named country, the regiments were followed for miles by the population, manifesting in the most demonstrative way their sorrow at the departure of our good-natured and staunch soldiers, in whom they had found experienced and willing hands to assist in their manifold rural pursuits. In Silesia, too, the inhabitants were jubilant and grateful, for through a resolute, and even threatening, attitude towards the Court of Vienna, Charles had succeeded in gaining full freedom of religion for that province. And when during the progress the Swedes assembled for worship, and king, marshals, officers, and men humbly bent their knees to God, thousands upon thousands of voices long silenced through tyranny joined in prayer, and thousands upon thousands of unfettered hands were raised to heaven in praise of the noble Swedish king and his race. Infants joined in the prayer with their little hands clasped, women with men; and it may easily be conjectured, says a gifted historian, who the hero was towards whom the tearful gaze of the populace was directed in worship when army and people joined in the old psalms!

Moments like these remind us of the great Gustavus, the champion of the Protestant faith, and they must be reckoned as the most beautiful in the life of Charles.

The army with which the king at last took the field to attack his most dangerous enemy was about 44,000 strong, and the best equipped with which he had hitherto opened a campaign. Not only the officers, but even the privates had saved considerably, and the regiments possessed treasures of great value, some, we are told, amounting to as much as 10,000*l.* in current money. But in another respect this army had sustained irreparable losses. A portion of the old seasoned soldiers and many of the non-commissioned officers had obtained furlough, and were but ill replaced by young raw recruits. Amongst those in higher command, several of the

most distinguished of the king's early friends, such as Arvid Horn, Magnus Stenbock, Nieroth, Liewen, and others, had returned home in order to assume the duties of councillors of state or other posts of importance. Thus the number of tried generals had diminished, whilst at the same time the ranks of the old chosen troops had been thinned. Of those in higher command, Field-Marshal Rhenköld alone remained, and his influence was the more felt because it was unopposed. Even Count Piper, who was in the king's confidence more than any other person, was supplanted. By the side of Rhenköld some younger favourites certainly arose—as, for instance, Major-Generals Lagercrona and Axel Sparre; but, however brave, these inexperienced men could not exercise any real influence over the direction of the war. Sometimes, too, it must be said, their influence was injurious.

The campaign which now commenced in the east was not distinguished by any rapidity of action. Towards the end of the year 1707, the king left Poland and Stanislaus; the former he left for ever; the latter he never saw again, except as a refugee in a foreign land. General Crassow, with 8,000 men, mostly recruits, was left to guard the Polish king, and they soon became the only trustworthy support of his throne. Charles at length decided to turn against the Tsar with the main body, which consisted of not more than 33,000 or 34,000 troops. General Adam Ludvig Lewenhaupt, who had defended Liefland and Courland with distinction during the preceding campaign, was to bring to the king from the north all his available troops, about 10,000 men. These joint forces were considered the smallest with which an invasion of Russia could be attempted. The Tsar, who was in Lithauen, took so few precautions that he was nearly made prisoner at Grödno, and only escaped by sacrificing his rear guard. Anger at this may have strengthened him in his purpose, that in future he would avoid an open battle, and, instead, mercilessly lay waste the land between himself and the Swedes during his retreat. Charles, who was accustomed to a different and more chivalrous mode of battle, could scarcely curb his impatience. Now, as ever, he set an example to his soldiers of courage and self-denial; but he, as well as the whole army, discovered day by day that they were waging war with a more dangerous foe. A new decisive moment was approaching in the history of Sweden. The army had late in the year taken possession of bad winter quarters in the vicinity of Minsk, their headquarters being at Radoscowicz, and in the spring of 1708 very hot weather set in, causing illness among the troops to a dangerous extent. To remain was impossible, and to retreat was not consistent with Charles's temper, or, as a matter of fact, with that of any one else. 'Forward' was the watch-word, but whither?

Three routes might be chosen. The northern, the goal of which

was St. Petersburg, lay through Lewenhaupt's quarter, *via* Pleskow and Nowgorod, and here Charles could soon join hands with Lybecker's division, which could make an attack on the new city of the Tsar from the north.

The eastern route, the goal of which was Moscow, lay across immense bogs and the ravaged Podlesia, *via* Smolensk. This was the road chosen a century later by Napoleon.

The third, or southern route, the goal of which would also finally have been Moscow, Charles from the commencement had hardly thought of. His previous lines of march entitle us to treat this as almost certain, particularly as, at a meeting with Lewenhaupt in the spring, he had issued orders for the junction of the two armies. It was the Cossack hetman Mazeppa, who held out brilliant promises of support from powerful, free, and warlike tribes, suggested a rich district as a seat of war tempting to hungry troops, and thus first directed the king's eyes in this direction.

Which course became the sword of Brennus that weighed down the scale of fate? The question is one not easily answered, but it may be emphatically asserted that all the fierce blame heaped upon Charles for his decision is not warranted.

Let us remember, in the first place, that at the time he had but a choice of evils. Wherever he turned he necessarily encountered danger.

Eight eventful years had passed since the battle of Narva. The right moment to compel Russia to conclude an immediate peace had been lost, never to recur. St. Petersburg had been founded and provinces lost; the plans of the Russian autocrat had matured; his troops had become seasoned by six campaigns against armies whose bravery was greater than their numbers; and finally Charles found himself far from his original base of operations, whilst not a few in his army began to grow tired of the endless wars and privations. Many consider that the army ought to have been brought back to its original position in Liefland, and the campaign next directed against St. Petersburg, supported on the left wing by the Finnish Gulf. But the march to the coast was partly a long and risky one, in flank of, and near to, the enemy, and through tracts impoverished by the wars; and partly, the fortresses on which the army could lean were already in the enemy's hands or closely besieged. There are others again who complain that Charles did not take the direct route to Moscow. But these critics forget the enormous difficulties to be encountered, of having during the floods in the spring to wade through broad streams and traverse immense bogs with an army which, on such a long march through ravaged tracts, was obliged to carry with it all its requirements.

Few have approved of the march southwards in Ukraine. There was, however, some justification for this fatal step. Charles now

began at last to be convinced of the impossibility of *singly* extorting the much-desired peace from a neighbour whose strength he could not crush. He needed allies, and Mazeppa's offer must therefore have been very welcome to him. Political reasons induced him to accept it. But from this moment there was also an end to the freedom of his strategical movements. *Necessity* pointed with an unerring hand to those Steppes where his glory should fade. Not without hesitation did Charles follow its dictates, but the resolution once formed was carried out with a rapidity which would have been in better place during certain earlier phases of this campaign. Lewenhaupt was ordered to join the main force. He was close at hand, but it seemed that the order was not received in time, and this has been ascribed to Rhenköld's jealousy.

The king only waited three days, and then began his march southwards. He started thus without the reinforcements which were so much required, and this was the source of great reverses. During the march to Mohilew and Ukraine victory at times shone upon the Swedish arms. The battle of Holofzin is memorable beyond others, both through the masterly arrangements and remarkable courage displayed, which, both combined, wrested the victory from the hands of a superior force, which had the advantage of position. The cavalry charge at Malatitza, too, was as honourable and successful as it was sanguinary. However, the enemy continued to plunder and retreat, whilst the Swedes by degrees began to tire and to starve. The hopes of falling in with Lewenhaupt and Mazeppa sustained their courage in the beginning. But, alas, they were doomed to disappointment. Lewenhaupt, whose march was hampered by the heavy stores he was bringing, was attacked by the superior forces of the Tsar, which were thrown between the Swedish armies, and though he saved his honour, he was compelled to sacrifice these valuable stores, so that when he actually did join the king he became rather a fresh anxiety than real help. Mazeppa's magnificent promises, too, proved the more empty the nearer the goal was approached. His rich and fertile provinces had been ravaged by the Russians, the greater part of his Cossacks hesitated at the decisive moment, and even the lavish promise of an alliance with the Tartars of the Crimea came to nothing. Closer and closer, an unkind fate seemed to draw its chains of armour around Charles and his Swedes. An extremely severe winter cost thousands of lives, a spring accompanied by heavy inundations followed, whilst contagious diseases raged among the regiments, already thinned by the incessant wars.

Hesitation, discord, and intrigue prevailed within the general staff. Surrounded on all sides by bodies of the enemy pressing closer and closer, the army moved onward with growing difficulties.

It was nearing Pultawa, and soon commenced its siege. Here the Russians had amassed large stores, of which Charles hoped to gain speedy possession, as the town was but badly fortified. But the garrison was, on the other hand, just as strong as the Swedish army, and was led by a brave commander. In addition, the Tsar had amassed all his available troops in the vicinity of the fortifications for one decisive battle. He considered the time had at last arrived for victory, and he had indeed reason to think so. Probably he would have been disappointed in his hopes once more had not Charles's personal vigour at this unlucky moment been weakened by a shot in the foot which compelled him for the first time to leave the command of the battlefield in other hands. Field-Marshal Rhenköld led the army at Pultawa, when meeting the Russian attack on the 9th of July, 1709. His conduct, as well before as during the battle, bore traces of irresolution, and this was the cause of the defeat. There were wanting cohesion in the preparations and clearness in the plans. Lewenhaupt, who was to command the infantry, was left without clear orders, and later on without support, whilst a considerable portion of the cavalry did not act at the appointed points; some regiments are even said to have wandered entirely astray. The artillery was not brought into action at all, it is said, through want of ammunition. At the moment when our infantry, after a hard fight, had at length succeeded in storming the Russian camp, the Tsar began to attack with his trebly superior main force, supported by the garrison of Pultawa, and thus settled the fate of the day in spite of the great bravery on the Swedish side. Rhenköld lost his temper, cursed, gave orders and counter-orders, and at last rode in blind fury right into the enemy's lines, and was taken prisoner. Most of the remaining generals also lost their heads entirely. Lewenhaupt, accustomed to independent command, kept his men best in order, although he, perhaps, least of all knew the plans or had received clear instructions. The memory of Pultawa is a sad one, but it is not dishonourable to the Swedish arms; on the contrary, our troops behaved themselves on this day as true heroes, sacrificed in tragic and noble majesty. But they did not fight with their wonted confidence. Charles's guiding form was wanting. He himself, often very near being taken prisoner during the mad battle, into the heat of which he threw himself when fortune seemed to desert his arms, disdaining death, at last gathered together the remnants of his beaten army and commenced the retreat in the direction of the Dnieper. Wounds, exhaustion, and grief unhappily weakened his mental and bodily strength, so that he did not observe the dangers of this road of retreat, and he never even made arrangements for crossing that broad river. Therefore the capitulation at Perewolotchna, which surrendered into the hands of the Russians the most famous of the renowned armies of Sweden, was rather due to the king's illness and

the despondency of everyone than to defeat. This despair even went so far that proved warriors only saw, when too late, how little the pursuing Russians were in a position to renew the battle. With a prudence for which all honour is due, the Tsar succeeded in hiding from the Swedish negotiators the true state of his army; those who saw it were arrested. Even Lewenhaupt himself lost all strength of action. He convened a council of war, and, instead of commanding, asked the troops for advice, and this increased the general despondency. Here, perhaps, the intrepid Rhenköld would have been in his right place; but, alas, he was absent, and the fate of the unhappy army was sealed. Charles only with difficulty escaped being taken prisoner. Reluctantly he left his headquarters before the capitulation. He managed, accompanied by a few officers and men of his body-guard, to reach the opposite shores of the Dnieper on some oak timber, and, after many adventures, to escape in the Steppes.

It was as a refugee that the kingly hero, before whom the great of Europe had but recently bowed in fear or admiration, set foot on Turkish soil. What a striking example of the instability of human greatness and success! But there is a kind of greatness which shines more brightly in trial when all seems lost and others despair. This greatness Charles the Twelfth possessed, and it raised him above his contemporaries. His despatches home to the regency announcing the misfortune afford the most striking proof of his firmness of character. They revealed no trace of despair or fear. 'The loss is great enough, but the enemy shall not gain the upper hand or the least advantage,' he says; it is only 'necessary that we do not lose courage, nor leave the work undone,' he afterwards adds, as if foreseeing the feelings with which the news of his defeat would be received at home. His dangerous wound he characterises, in his letter to his sister, Ulrica Eleanora, merely as 'a little compliment paid to his foot.'

No one who had lost the belief in his lucky star could have employed such language whilst wounded and almost a solitary fugitive in a foreign land; and no one whose will and strength were broken could, in that foreign land, have been capable of creating and maintaining a position and an influence such as those gained by Charles the Twelfth with the Turks. History hardly boasts a parallel. The dreaded Carolingian army was annihilated, but, nevertheless, Sweden continued for some time to exercise so great a political influence, and to inspire such fear, that when, in 1709, General Crassow returned to Pomerania with his small force, it was sufficient to prevent for a while all operations against the German provinces of Sweden. Meanwhile the kings of Saxony and Denmark unhesitatingly broke their recently concluded treaties, thus showing how little they deserved the generosity of Charles; whilst, as for Augustus, it was very easy for him to overthrow Stanislaus, who was forsaken by the fickle

Polish nobility. But when Denmark attempted a *revanche* for the landing at Humlebäck, they found that Sweden still possessed vitality, her people patriotism, and her lieutenants skill. Posterity will remember with gratitude the name of Magnus Stenbock. Wisely turning to account the soldiers on furlough and the organisation of the standing army, this remarkable man created from these materials, within a very short time, an efficient body of troops, and since the memorable day at Helsingborg on the 28th of February, 1710, a foreign hostile soldier has never trodden the soil of Scania.

The lengthy sojourn of Charles the Twelfth in Turkey has generally been criticised adversely, and has by many been stigmatised as the outcome of a self-willed nature, or even as political madness. The absence of the absolute ruler from his country, beset with dangers, was certainly deplorable and dangerous; but are we not entitled to assume that a deeper political idea was at the bottom of his five years' stay? The true interests of Turkey coincided with those of Sweden as regards Russia, the growth of which constituted a common danger; but, unhappily, now, as at a later period, a misfortune attended our alliance with Turkey, one power drawing the sword, when the other, after a long, irregular, and unsupported war, was compelled to lay down its blunted weapon. Shortly before the commencement of the "great northern war" the Sultan had concluded peace with Russia; and now, after having left Charles to fight the giant singly for nearly ten years, and when his powerful aid could no longer be reckoned upon, Turkey prepared once more for war, and really commenced it, though after a year of hesitation. Unfortunately the war was but tamely carried on. It had already ended in a new peace before Magnus Stenbock, whose army was intended to extend to Charles a helping hand through Poland, had landed on the shores of Germany. But once the Tsar was almost on the brink of destruction when near the river Pruth, surrounded by the superior army of the Turks, and there seemed no other choice than imprisonment or death. Inscrutable are the workings of fate! His rescue was due to the astuteness of a *woman*, and that woman, so it is said, was the daughter of a *Swedish* soldier whom the Tsar had elevated to be his wife! Her jewels bribed a mercenary *grand yizier*, and the Tsar obtained a free passage. Charles arrived too late in the Turkish camp, from which religious scruples hitherto seem to have kept him, and it did not mend matters that the Sultan exiled his treacherous general. What was done could not be undone. Nor was it the fault of Charles that the help held out by the Crimean Tartars for the second time failed through the influence of Russian gold. Time passed in fruitless negotiations, hope faded, the friendship of the Sultan cooled in the same proportion as the personality of Charles awakened the highest admiration amongst the confessors of Islam, and at length the troublesome guest received unmistakable

hints to leave the country. When he refused on account of the conditions promised him not having been fulfilled, an open quarrel was at last inevitable, and the consequence was the so-called Kalabalik in Bender.

It was with reluctance that the Janitscharis and the Tartars attacked the Swedish king, and they spared his life in the fight. Although these considerations do not diminish the glory of this feat of arms, it explains how the king with a few officers and recruits could for a whole day defend himself in his frail house against 14,000 men and 40 cannon. At last he was obliged to quit it through fire, upon which he was immediately surrounded in the courtyard by overwhelming numbers and taken prisoner. But, even when he was conveyed from his burning headquarters to Demotica, his personal influence was still so great that a palace revolution was on the point of breaking out in Constantinople in his favour; and the Sultan, in order to calm public feeling, was forced to reprove and dismiss the Khan of the Tartars. A new war was within an ace of being declared against Russia, and if Charles, at last overcoming his religious scruples, had then taken the command himself, the course of events might have been different. However, Russian influence and the concessions of Peter prevented a breach of the peace; but it was on the point of happening; and we may fairly ask, 'By what means could Charles, after this, hope to inflict upon his powerful enemy greater injuries than by means of the Sultan? How could his own exhausted country be better protected than by an attack from Turkey?' We must acknowledge that this was no erroneous calculation, but the great and fatal miscalculation lay in Sweden itself. Charles forgot, or rather did not know, that the Carolingian Sweden was passing away, and that a new spirit hostile to himself had arisen in its place. This was the power which really conquered him, and shook the unity that constituted the strength of the country, and which might even then have called forth allies in Europe.

It cannot, however, be denied that the general situation in our corner of the globe after the year 1709 was far from favourable to Sweden. The power of France was broken after the unfortunate campaign anent the Spanish Succession. What Prussia wanted was to be gained at the expense of Sweden. Even the ruler of England became, by being also Elector of Hanover, a natural opponent to a country owning provinces round the mouth of the river Weser. As for Holland, where the Tsar had won personal influence by the promises of new commercial favours, that country could not be reckoned upon. Sweden stood, therefore, when even Turkey had deserted her, alone, dependent upon her own forces; and, in order to gather these once more, it was necessary for Charles to return.

We are, by the way, generally in the habit of looking upon this monarch as wholly a soldier. But this is a partial view of his

personality. As soon as the din of battle ceased, whether in Liefland, Poland, Saxony, or Turkey, Charles, with an ardour which is simply astonishing, devoted himself to questions concerning the internal administration of Sweden, as well as displayed the most lively interest for native culture and art. For instance, one of the most remarkable acts ever penned by Charles, namely, the new statute of regulation for the Swedish Chancellery, was worked out and signed in Turkey, and from his temporary chancellery there emanated also the ordinances relating to the embellishment of Stockholm, the continuation of the building of the royal palace, the support of *savants*, and many others. By the side of this unabated interest for the land which he, during his years of manhood, had never seen, we cannot, unfortunately, omit to notice, that ever since the defeat at Pultawa he bestowed his confidence more and more upon foreigners. For instance, one Fabricius and a certain Müllern seem completely to have replaced Piper, who was a prisoner in Russia. This propensity continued even after the king's return to Sweden. At this period the gifted and astute, though unfortunate, Görtz was the most conspicuous amongst the king's foreign favourites, but several others were to be found in the army as well as in the chancellery, and they all contributed to widen the breach that was by degrees beginning to form between the king and his people.

The return of Charles from Turkey was at last determined upon in consequence of the journey of Stanislaus to him in order to communicate his voluntary abdication, the news of the capitulation of Stenbock at Tönningen, and, finally, through the unexpected intelligence of the convocation of the Estates without royal command, as well as the summons of Princess Ulrica Eleanora into the council of state.

Except in legends of olden times no parallel can be found to the ride which the king, with a few followers, then performed right across Europe. Avoiding the more busy roads and populated districts, chased by paid assassins, often without food or shelter resting in the depth of forests during dark and chilly autumn nights, but never losing heart, never tiring, even when his most ardent followers sank down exhausted, he arrives, almost as if by a miracle, before the gates of Stralsund fortress at night on the 11th of November, 1714.

A thrill of delight shot through the land at the news of the unexpected arrival home of the king. Even the discontented took part in the rejoicings, whether from prudence or real enthusiasm. Hope once more returned, painting the future in the rosiest colours. Charles, too, came with faith and hope. But it soon became apparent that both sides were deceived. The country had suffered much through the wars and no less through internal discord. The greater part of Finland was lost after a brave defence; the two

best and largest armies of the country were captive; no ally held forth a helping hand; the general cry was 'Peace,' and to it was joined the silent yet audible sigh, 'Liberty.' But the king had no ear for either of these wishes; where everything else was changed he alone remained inflexible. Now, as before, King Augustus was to be dethroned, St. Petersburg destroyed, the powers of the council of state curtailed, and the aspirations after freedom that had arisen suppressed. But Charles did not succeed in this late struggle against the forces of the age. It wrought his ruin. The Sweden to which he returned was not the same which he had left. The men in whom he had put his faith in the happier days of the past were no longer true to him, whilst the people, although still idolising his person, had ceased to approve of his form of government, and it was to maintain this that he was frequently compelled to use foreign tools. It has been assumed on good grounds that the reports of the distress in the land during the last years of Charles's reign were greatly exaggerated, but the fact of this complaint affords indisputable evidence of the ill-feeling which prevailed against the king's mode of government. Under such conditions absolutism became a great misfortune. Another power in the state by the side of the king might probably have brought about peace, and thereby many of the calamities that followed would undoubtedly have been averted.

Peace might, indeed, have been obtained very cheaply. Esthland and Ingermannland, together with St. Petersburg, had long since been taken, and had, of course, to be sacrificed; likewise Stettin, with the surrounding parts of Pomerania. Stralsund might be saved through peace, but could no longer be protected by arms, although the king personally directed its defence up to the end. Negotiations for a capitulation at last became necessary, and in a small brig, forced through huge masses of ice, Charles, who fourteen years before had left the coast of Sweden on board a powerful fleet to hurry from one victorious campaign to another, was conveyed home in danger of his life!¹

The German emperor, who wished to negotiate peace, had summoned a general council of the realm at Brunswick. Charles was invited in the capacity of a German prince of the Empire. He declined, partly because he was now occupied with an alliance with France, who had made great promises, although unable any longer to give substantial support, and partly because King Augustus was invited to the congress, as Charles would not then have his right to the throne brought forward. Thus this opportunity for peace was also neglected. For the second time the dice of war was recklessly thrown into the scale, and the discontented party in the country was

¹ By Captain Christophers, who for his intrepid conduct on this occasion was ennobled with the title of Ankarcrona (the 'Anchor of the Crown'). The king landed near Trelleborg, in Scania, where a memorial marks the spot. •

not thereby diminished. Just as Charles at the battle of Narva undervalued his foreign enemies, so he now failed to gauge their power at home. The reasons were now, as then, to be found in the obstinate and self-willed disposition which temper and education had developed in this despotic ruler, and the natural consequences were the more to be deplored, as they were exaggerated by the power, genius, and force of his character.

When peace was rejected, war ought to have been waged on the most threatened frontier, viz. that of Russia. But a new idea was taking shape in the restless mind of Charles. This idea was no less than the conquest of Norway and its union with the Swedish crown! The war for carrying into effect this idea was Charles's last, and for this task he called up all the remaining forces of the country, and they were not as weak as has been asserted.

At the bidding of their beloved king, fresh men willingly joined the colours, and his third great army was formed. The king himself took up his residence at Lund. To Stockholm he never came. Discontent, which had chosen that city for its capital, seems almost with an invisible hand to have warned him away from the metropolis. Maybe it was repulsive to his noble nature to punish, and that he would rather put off the day of reckoning till happier times, when the voice of clemency could be obeyed without danger. Alas! the better times anticipated never came, whilst the defence of the eastern frontier still continued to be neglected, to the great advantage of the plans of Russia.

At Lund the king again gave many fresh proofs of his interest in peaceful callings and scientific research. He worked diligently with his new minister of finance, Baron Görtz. He employed his time in improving the laws, and associated much with the illustrious *savants* Swedenborg, Polhehemm, Rydelius and others, and his sojourn in the young university town must essentially have contributed to knit more firmly the tie between the educated classes of Scania and the Swedish crown.

The two campaigns against Norway bore the stamp of the same resolute bravery that distinguished all the exploits of the soldiers of Charles, but the successes were rather few. The climate, the nature of the country, the fierce inhabitants, with their strongly marked sense of independence, as well as the rawness of the king's troops, rendered their task highly difficult, and victory was always dearly purchased, sometimes impossible. Once the Swedes advanced as far as to pitch their tents on the mountain Egeberg, commanding Christiania, whence they threw a few shells over the fjord into the old fort of Akershus. This was in the year 1716, but want of provisions soon compelled them to retreat, and no particular object was attained by the whole campaign.

During the last years of this war of 1718 a new plan was adopted,

which would take longer to execute, but which would be more likely to attain the purpose. The line of advance was to be that along the Christiania fjord, the forts encountered were to be taken, the ammunition seized and collected for the further movements of the army, and, finally, a powerful fleet was to maintain an undisturbed connection with the province of Bohus. Thus Charles the Twelfth commenced a work which, a hundred years later, by the same road, but in a different manner, was destined to be completed, to the happiness of both nations, and to the dawning of a new future for the Scandinavian North. We may well own, when the annals of one hundred and fifty years lie before us, that this last idea of Charles the Twelfth bore the stamp of *greatness*. The idea could not be greater, but it might have been carried out more easily, had Charles yielded to the demands of peace from Russia. To face two powerful enemies is always a hazardous undertaking, and one which, as experience has proved, may fail and cause ruin to greater powers than the Sweden of 1718.

In the autumn of 1718 Görtz had at last, after lengthy negotiations at Åland, succeeded in obtaining peace with the Tsar, who was now greatly disposed for it, in order to secure his new possessions in tranquillity. He hastened with the news to the king's headquarters. But the shot at Fredrikshald upset all calculations. It has never been disclosed how far this subtle and astute minister would have been able to gain his master's assent for the proposals of which he was the bearer when arrested on the Norwegian frontier. But when we take into account the character of the king, and consider how seldom Görtz, even in internal and financial questions, carried his views when they did not fully agree with those of his master, we doubt whether Charles would have assented to them. However, this vague hope of a much-desired peace, and compensation in new conquests for what was lost, has cast an aurora in the dark sky on the closing night of the life of the hero of the North, and increased the poetical charm of Charles's eventful career.

The events of the era of liberty that followed, with all its excesses, errors, and party divisions, its *blasé* thirst for pleasure, its craving for gold, could not fail at last to cause a strong reaction of feeling in favour of the Carolingian era. The chivalrous but not always prudent king, whose ideas of Sweden were always those of greatness, as well as his incorruptible and simple soldiers, who followed him faithfully through victory or defeat, stood forth after a few decades in an almost supernatural halo. And more than a century passed before the Swedish nation was convinced that the bullet which, in the trenches before the Gyldeulöve redoubt, on the eve of that fatal day, had slain its idolised hero, was simply one fired haphazard from the enemy's lines in the dark. Suspicion and calumny, these sinister followers which have stood by the bier of several of our great kings,

again appeared and raised their voices, poisoning the last days of some of the most honourable of Sweden's sons, and became the only reward for some brave foreigners who had risked their life and blood under the Swedish banner, and against whose fidelity no valid proof has ever been adduced.

When we Swedes contemplate Charles the Twelfth at the head of his 'blue boys,' it is essentially his unconquerable and dashing bravery that arrests our attention. But too often we forget his real strategical talents. They were, however, so great, that a Frederick and a Napoleon the Great, not to mention other famous generals and military authorities, have not hesitated to uphold them as of the first magnitude; and having now followed our hero to the end of his illustrious career, some words about him as a soldier will not be out of place.

Charles the Twelfth had enjoyed a careful military education, and under the clever Stuart diligently studied the art of war and fortification. He was therefore by no means unprepared for assuming the leadership of the Swedish army, and he was fortunate enough to have around him lieutenants tried in warfare, partly under Swedish and partly under foreign standards.

The views of the age, but, even more so, the temper and disposition of the king, made him above everything else a prominent general of cavalry. Quickness of perception, rapidity of movement, vigour of attack—these are the three distinct features in Charles's character as a soldier. The Swedish cavalry became renowned not less for its rapidity of action and its superb service in the field than for its irresistible attack and formidable swords. Even the most prominent Prussian military authorities openly acknowledge that the cavalry of Charles the Twelfth was the model of Ziethen's and Siedlitz' regiment of horse, which at a later date became so famous. It was the delight of the king to be considered the most assiduous in reconnoitring and the foremost in the charge, and whilst the divisions of the Swedish army were stationed in different parts of Poland it often happened that Charles, with a few squadrons of cavalry, or perhaps only followed by his life-guards, made a forced ride for the relief of a threatened point or in order to reinforce some general, and joined unexpectedly in the attack. The cavalry at this period was the most important arm of the service in the armies of Europe. In the Swedish army in 1701 its strength amounted to sixty per cent. of that of the infantry, and when departing from Saxony the army numbered 44,000 men, 25,000 of whom were cavalry. If we further bear in mind that a large proportion of the infantry was stationed at certain fortified places, we may safely say that the strength of the infantry in the field was less than that of the cavalry. A portion of the latter, particularly the dragoons, however, often rendered, as is well known, good service on foot.

The infantry, whose gun was as yet so inferior that this branch

of the service could not be reckoned of the same importance as in after times, likewise grew in influence, and, during the commencement of the eighteenth century, our Swedish infantry was considered among the best in Europe. Its wall-like front made it feared, whilst its tactics, a work of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, and tested during many a hard battle, won general approval. Charles the Twelfth was skilful in the use of this branch of the service. He inspired it with his faith in the infallible attack by the bayonet, which so often resulted in almost incredible successes, and which has survived up to the present. A great portion of the infantry continued to be armed with pikes, although they were done away with in most other European armies, and with this long weapon Charles essayed and won an extraordinary superiority over the light Polish and Russian cavalry. He never ordered the infantry to fire until the enemy was close up, so that the effect might be more deadly.

In person he fought at the head of his infantry at the landing in Seeland, at the scaling of the ramparts around Narva, at the crossing of the river Düna, at Holofzin, and in many other less known but not less sanguinary engagements. Like Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Tenth, Charles the Twelfth thoroughly understood how and when the two arms might best co-operate and support each other with most effect. Among the cavalry, generally posted on the wings, were distributed small detachments of riflemen, who were by preference chosen from the rural regiments, which boasted the best shots. These severely harassed the enemy's cavalry, who, on seeing cavalry facing them, were unprepared for a well-aimed and effective musketry fire. Nor did Charles follow in any slavish manner the prevailing stereotyped order of battle; his martial genius scorned tactics which prevented him from taking instant and rapid advantage of the changing events of the day. We often find different forms of attack, for example at Narva, as well as the bold assaults at Klissow, Holofzin, and several other places. Similar independent tactics were employed by Stenbock at the battle of Gadebusch, and here the victory was won through the violence of the attack on the enemy's centre. The order of the infantry was generally six men deep, the order of the cavalry three lines deep. Charles did not entertain any special liking for artillery. However, this mistake, which he shared with most of the generals of that period, is explained by the fact that the guns of the day were very inferior and handled with difficulty, whilst their effect was small. In the army budgets of this period artillery does not figure at all, a proof of how little it was appreciated, and its function was as a rule restricted to bombarding the breastworks behind which the enemy's infantry sometimes sought protection. At Holofzin the most skilfully prepared of Charles's battles, this service was employed more than usual, but the ammunition must have run short, if we are to believe contemporary reports; and for this reason

the guns were left with the train and thus swelled the booty of the enemy. When the army broke up from Saxony in the year 1707, four light field-pieces were distributed to each regiment, but, as far as I can discover, they were not made much use of. It is a pity that Cronstedt's clever improvement of material and mode of charging, which so essentially contributed to the victory at Gadebusch, were not made known to the king before the defeat at Pultawa and the loss of his whole army.

Swedish soldiers have never hesitated to follow a beloved and respected leader, but, like the French, they expect much of their officers, most of their generals. A personality more fitted than that of Charles the Twelfth to kindle the ardour of Swedish soldiers and to lead them to victory has never existed. Noble, just, severe towards himself, brave as a lion, he appeared to them almost like a supernatural being. At each victory won, the troops gained more confidence in him; with each danger in which he shared they became more hardened to work. Their enemies lost faith in their lucky star, and it was only when the bow was too tightly strung that the string finally snapped. The sensation of the Swedish soldiers after Pultawa was perhaps more one of surprise at having been beaten than of grief at their defeat.

We should travel too far if we were to mention the many daring exploits in which Charles himself was the foremost; neither is it needed. The memory of them is engraved on the heart of every Swedish soldier. None of us are able, without emotion, to picture him forcing his way alone through the gates of Cracow with his riding-whip, like a magic wand, or scaling the strong and uninjured walls of Lemberg at the head only of some hundred dragoons. Who has not read with wonder how on horseback he waded through or swam the swiftest rivers, sank into bogs and marshes, and how he ventured, almost alone, into the midst of the enemy's outposts, paying as little heed to a hailstorm of bullets as to the coldness of winter or to the heat of summer? Who has not admired such proofs of his contempt for death as that displayed to his men when, at the siege of Thorn, he refused to let the soldiers throw up ramparts for protection around his bombarded headquarters, because others could not enjoy a similar advantage; or when he rushed out of the burning house at Bender into the courtyard amongst the Janitscharis, seeking at least to die a soldier's death; or when, in Stralsund, he heard a shell burst close by the table where he was giving out his orders without even turning round? Who must not honour the general that always shared the hardships of his soldiers, and who, in order that the lowest in the army might not suffer more than himself, carefully avoided headquarters in larger towns where he could enjoy the better rest and greater comfort, which he had fairly earned? And finally, who, with any knowledge of the Swedish character, can

be surprised at the affection and veneration, bordering on idolatry, which were entertained for him by that army?

He was the last Viking of the North, and he stands enveloped in the same halo as the heroes of the sagas. To tales of the heroic deeds of both the sons of Sweden listen with delight and pride to this very day.

But, although Charles the Twelfth was the object of so much affection from his soldiers, he did not possess the rare gift of at all times keeping his commanders together in harmony. The unhappy discord between Rhenköld, Piper, and Lewenhaupt has been already told, and several other examples might be cited. Arvid Horn, the most intimate friend of his youth, forsook his master and became leader of the opposition party at home; Stenbock, although faithful, pined away in the castle at Copenhagen, suspected by the king; Adam Ludwig Lewenhaupt shared the same fate as a prisoner in Russia; and when Rhensköld at last returned therefrom, he was but the shadow of his former self. The incessant wars sapped the energies and exhausted the ardour of Charles's best and most trusted men. In the end he stood alone in the midst of youthful soldiers, with only a few grey-headed officers and guards near him. He had not, during the progress of his campaigns, succeeded in moulding new great generals, capable of taking up the task left by those that succumbed under it. His power lay in his personality and faded with it. His life was like the light of a brilliant meteor, illuminating the heavens, dazzling the eyes, but followed by the heaviest darkness.

When, on that fatal day of December, the news of the king's death became known in the army, all ties of discipline and brotherhood-in-arms were immediately torn asunder. Men united for no worthier end than an ignominious retreat, the division of the war treasury between the commanders, parliamentary intrigue, and desertion. A sad reverse to Helsingfors and Anjala! Sad to confess, Charles the Twelfth was not only gone, but he was *forgotten*. How different is the spectacle presented by the Swedish army after the battle of Lützen, when its regiments, also with greatly thinned ranks, guarded the remains of a hero king! How is this contrast to be explained? In this way undoubtedly. The spirit of Gustavus Adolphus survived after his death amongst his splendid successors and faithful pupils. This was *his* greatest merit and honour, and the sixteen years that elapsed from the time of his glorious death to the peace of Westphalia bear witness of the fact to a grateful posterity.

Charles the Twelfth gained friends; he had admirers, and even worshippers; but he was not capable of creating either political or military disciples, and his history must therefore lack the final chapter of disciples. Not without justice has Geijer pronounced these significant words over his grave: 'It was a *closed* life.' And we might add, 'it was also the close of an eventful era in the history of our

country.' Its political and military golden age was now at an end ; Sweden had ceased to be a great power. Very characteristic of the descent of Sweden from its political position, and the commencement of a new era, are the following words by a contemporaneous but obscure poet, Cederhjelm :

King Charles just we buried, King Frederick now we crown,
The dial of the Swedish clock has moved from noon to one.

But the darkest shadows of this picture should not be the last which arrest our attention. Brighter sides are to be found, and the more the purely *human* personality of our hero comes into the foreground the more the shadows fade.

Of the Swedish people it must be said that they have generally borne adversity steadfastly, and that in misfortune they have exhibited greater qualities than in prosperity. However, no Swede has ever met adversity with more stoicism than Charles the Twelfth ; none ever remained so calm in prosperity and so undazzled by the temptations of success and glory. These qualities, although sometimes carried too far and to fatal lengths, must nevertheless be *admired*. They rested pre-eminently on a religious foundation. An earnest fear of God, a warm and ardent faith, as well as pure morals, were the fruits of a mother's care ; they were well sustained and developed in manhood through an assiduous study of the Word of God. The righteousness of his character scarcely ever failed to show itself. Even if we, from our modern point of view, should have wished for a softer temper on occasions, one cannot call Charles hard, far less cruel. Charges of cruelty have not been wanting, but generally they have emanated from by no means disinterested quarters, and they are still unproved. It is a fact that he had forbidden the employment of torture, even when the highest law-officers of the realm advised it, and from this we may conclude that Charles was, in certain respects, more humane than his contemporaries. In contrast to many of the most eminent men of his age, he evinced the clearest unselfishness. Here, too, is a story which shows that Charles the Twelfth was not wanting in humour. Amongst those who prayed for exemption from one of the many conscriptions were the gardeners in the park at the royal castle of Carlberg, and the governor seems especially to have endorsed their petition, under the impression that it would be granted at once, they being the king's servants. But in answer Charles's secretary writes : ' His Majesty sarcastically remarked that "it is better for the gardeners to prevent any *Russian* gardeners from coming over to attend to their gardens, which, from want of soldiers, might occur." ' .

Charles the Twelfth has been called a misogynist, but this is unjust. He was far from entertaining such unnatural feelings. In the correspondence with his younger sister, Ulrica Eleonora, still extant,

he shows on every page a true brotherly affection, which does not even desert him when 'Mon cœur,' as he called her, listened to his enemies, and with her name and rank strengthened the opposition party against her brother and lawful king. The ladies of the court are often mentioned in his letters with familiar or pet names, and he frequently sent them his greetings. Moreover, we have stories of his visits to Polish mansions, which depict in touching language the bearing of the thoughtful, simple, and almost bashful young king.

The news of the death of his eldest and most beloved sister, Hedvig Sofia, Duchess of Holstein, reached the Swedish camp a few days before the battle of Pultawa; but, as the king was at that time wounded, no one dared to communicate the sad intelligence, so as not to excite him, and he first knew of it after the crossing of the Dnieper. What all the great misfortunes following one upon the other had not succeeded in effecting this tidings of sorrow did: Charles shed bitter tears, and did not speak to anyone for a whole day. He therefore owned a deep love for his kin, and he could entertain affection even for women. But sensual desire seems to have been an utterly strange feeling to this singular warrior-prince. The seductive beauty of Aurora Königsmark made an altogether opposite impression upon him to that anticipated and intended.

To manly friendship his mind was very susceptible. Perhaps the most touching example of this is shown in his relation with the so-called 'Little Prince,' Max Emanuel of Würtemberg, a warm admirer and faithful companion during adventurous fights and expeditions of many years. For his courtiers, body-guard, and servants he entertained sincere attachment and undisguised sympathy, although at times concealed by a somewhat severe exterior. Even towards his enemies he willingly showed forbearance, of which his placable conduct towards the opposition after his return from Turkey is proof. But if anyone had ever incurred his deep displeasure through deceitful or dishonourable conduct he was difficult to soften, and his strong sense of right and wrong insisted upon a punishment which he regarded as proportionate to the crime. For this reason he refused the many petitions for the pardon of Patkull.

His mode of expression was brief and to the point, his orders plain, except at Pultawa, when the fever from the wound had reduced the strength and obscured the clearness of thought.

When his sword was sheathed, reading constituted his most favourite occupation. Besides religious works he delighted most in our ancient viking sagas and the classics, and during his lengthy stay in Turkey he became very fond of chess, a game in which he is said to have acquired extraordinary skill.

Much of what we know of the character of Charles the Twelfth entitles us to assume that, if he had succeeded in gaining for the country a happy peace, according to his own mind, he would in a

more peaceful sphere have shone as brilliantly as in the storm of battle, and, if he had not been entrusted at such an early age with the dangerous sceptre of absolutism, and if he had not been carried away so far from home by the mighty tide of events, that his rule would have been as beneficial to the people, whose weal and woe Providence had entrusted to him, as through glorious feats of arms and terrible calamities it proved to be the reverse.

Finally, let us glance at the external appearance of this remarkable man, the personification, as it were, of Swedish chivalry and nobility, as it is preserved in the statue reared to his memory in the heart of his birthplace, by the banks of the stream which roars round the foot of his sarcophagus.

The face bore the cast distinguishing the family of the house of Pfalz-Zweibrücken. No one who looks at the fiery deep-blue eyes, the high forehead—the home of daring thoughts—the slightly aquiline nose, the marked, almost obstinate lines around the beardless mouth, could for a single moment doubt but that his was no ordinary personality. In direct opposition to a custom prevalent in an age from which he differed so widely in other respects, Charles never wore a wig from the time that he came of age. In that memorable moment when, outside Carlshamn, he stepped on board to set out on his long campaigns, he threw it overboard, and since then the auburn, but soon somewhat thinned, locks were free to wave about the high-born head. He was not above six feet in height, but he was well made and slight, whilst his body, which dissipation had not weakened, enjoyed unbroken health, and was able to sustain the most incredible privations and hardships. His diet was a simple one; he rested on straw after the exertions of the day. During his campaigns he only allowed himself a few hours' sleep a day, and he was often found at work again by his table at two o'clock in the morning. His dress was Swedish in cut and colour. All of us are familiar with his blue coat, the turned-down collar, and the great smooth brass buttons, the buff waistcoat and black cravat, the rough felt hat and the high heavy riding-boots with their huge steel spurs. Outward signs of his position and rank he never wore. No medal for valour or any order adorned his breast, but within was concealed the most precious gem, the pulsating brave heart of a soldier, and in his hand gleamed the sword of which the Swedish 'Order of the Sword' must be regarded as a precious symbol.

Such is the portrait of Charles the Twelfth. What renders it so captivating in Swedish eyes? What has made him so dear to memory throughout the whole land, in spite of all the misfortunes which attended his reign, in spite of the errors of which it is impossible to acquit him? This is the reason: because, with his faults as well as his merits, Charles the Twelfth stands forth as a true son of his mother Svea. A mother willingly shuts her eyes to the errors

of a son and keeps his failures a secret, but she testifies rejoicingly to his good and great qualities, delights in his successes, and is proud of his fame and glory.

The era of Charles the Twelfth is no more. A younger generation dwells in the land which saw these heroes born. It sometimes happens that succeeding generations depreciate what the preceding one held great and dear. It is useless to deny that the drift of time changes many characteristic traits in a people; but as long as Sweden is free, as long as her sons do not forfeit the freeborn inheritance of their fathers, as long as nobility and manly courage, faith and virtue still reign in old Manhem, so long all that concerns 'King Charles, the young hero' of our ballad, will be held dear and sacred by his countrymen.

* * * *

On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles stood surrounded by some of the highest in the land in the cathedral of Riddarholmen, in the Carolingian vault, by the side of the open sarcophagus of his renowned namesake. A conscientious examination corroborated on this occasion how groundless were all the suspicions that our hero fell by the hand of an assassin. Let us thank God for the certainty that his life, so full of great deeds, had a better and, for him, more worthy ending.

I, too, was fortunate enough to be permitted to glance at the remains of this remarkable man, before whom Europe once trembled, and above whose blanched temples innumerable trophies float high up in the dome, so eloquent in their silence. The moment is as memorable as it was solemn, and the features of Charles the Twelfth are deeply impressed on my mind. Leave was given me to break off a leaf of the laurel wreath which shadowed his forehead and to cut off a lock of his hair, in remembrance of the day. To these treasures I can add two more symbolic of Charles, namely, one of the trusty swords with which he so often fought his way to victory, and his Bible, from the pages of which he derived those precepts that impart strength in all vicissitudes, and which are so beautifully expressed in the famous old war-cry of the Carolingians—'With God's help!'

OSCAR FREDRIK.

INCREASE OF CANCER: ITS PROBABLE CAUSE.

THE public mind has of late been considerably exercised upon the subject of a very frightful malady, Leprosy; and from the universal interest in all that concerns that repulsive and mysterious affection (interest promptly leading, as is customary among Englishmen, to an organised practical expression), as well as from the useful measures of investigation already initiated, it is impossible to doubt that large sections of our fellow-subjects—to say nothing of races not owning British sway—will derive vast benefit. Yet in this country the disease is of phenomenal rarity; not one medical man in a thousand has ever seen, or has even been within measurable distance of, a single case.

Towards a not very dissimilar plague (or group of such), no less agonising or less loathsome, over the origin of which a cloud of mystery is also supposed to hang, and which, claiming its victims abundantly at our own doors, would seem *prima facie* to possess higher claims on our immediate attention, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that a like intelligent curiosity, once directed, might be similarly productive of beneficent ends. Hence the purpose of this article.

Moreover, there are very strong grounds for the belief that the evil is advancing, and that with no halting step—on the other hand, with considerable rapidity, and with an annually accelerated rate of progression.

The following table, extracted from the Registrar-General's returns, shows the aggregate mortality from diseases of this class in England and Wales during the preceding twenty-five years.

Year	Male	Female	Total Deaths from Cancer	Year	Male	Female	Total Deaths from Cancer
1864	2,459	5,658	8,117	1877	3,988	8,134	12,122
1865	2,389	5,533	7,922	1878	4,207	8,457	12,664
1866	2,532	5,761	8,293	1879	4,183	8,616	12,799
1867	2,650	5,855	8,545	1880	4,461	8,817	13,278
1868	2,743	6,137	8,880	1881	4,611	8,931	13,542
1869	2,933	6,381	9,314	1882	4,685	9,372	14,057
1870	2,971	6,627	9,598	1883	4,967	9,647	14,614
1871	3,060	6,631	9,691	1884	5,346	9,852	15,198
1872	3,228	6,765	9,993	1885	5,195	10,065	15,260
1873	3,387	7,118	10,505	1886	5,754	10,489	16,243
1874	3,470	7,541	11,011	1887	6,262	10,851	17,113
1875	3,648	7,766	11,414	1888	6,284	11,222	17,506
1876	3,747	7,852	11,599				

It might naturally be objected that this large increase is to be accounted for by augmented population during the same period. That deaths from the cause in question have become relatively, as well as numerically, more frequent is, however, shown by the following computation given on the same authority; the population having progressed from 29,680,437 in 1864, to 37,440,494 in 1888.

Ratio of Annual Death-rate from Cancer to 1,000,000 persons living, through period 1864-1888.

Year	Ratio	Year	Ratio	Year	Ratio	Year	Ratio
1864	385	1870	424	1876	471	1882	532
1865	372	1871	423	1877	488	1883	546
1866	385	1872	429	1878	503	1884	559
1867	392	1873	444	1879	502	1885	566
1868	401	1874	461	1880	512	1886	583
1869	417	1875	471	1881	520	1887	606
						1888	610

The like returns from Ireland, and from 'that part of the United Kingdom commonly but erroneously termed Scotland' tell the same story. Thus in the former, the total population in 1864 amounted to 5,675,307; among whom the deaths from cancer are stated to have been 1,498 (males 664, females 834). In 1884 (taking a period of twenty years for the comparison), the population had decreased to 4,962,693; while the mortality from cancer had increased to 1,947 (males 836, females 1,111).

In Scotland the population in 1864 was returned as 3,118,701; from among whom cancerous maladies had claimed 1,300 victims (males 379, females 921). In 1884 it had increased to 4,962,693; and the cancer-mortality had advanced to 2,110 (males 789, females 1,321).

Again, it is stated, on the authority of Dr. Fordyce Barker, that in New York, the proportion of deaths from the above cause, to a million persons living, was, in 1875, 400; in 1885, 530.

In these statistics, we find death from such complaints as 'lupus' and 'rölypus' included in the total of those ascribed to cancer; although the number of instances is far too small appreciably to affect the net result. No attempt is made to specify the organ or tissue primarily attacked; and the several varieties of malignant disease (owning often a widely different exciting cause, as the general rule) are all classed under this single heading. Improvements in diagnosis, and in the mode of registration, may account in some slight measure for the apparent increase.

Of all the fallacies herein involved, the principal, however—one which must ever materially weaken the value of these returns as evidence on pathological questions—turns on the rarity, both absolute and comparative, with which autopsies are performed even in hospitals and kindred institutions; on the obscurity which frequently

overhangs the course and symptoms of visceral malignant disease; and on the impossibility of accepting the vast majority of medical death-certificates (which are required to record the cause of death only 'to the best of my knowledge and belief') as indisputable statements of fact.

In spite of these qualifications, and with all due allowance for the large measure of caution indicated, whenever complicated points of pathological causation are discussed on a purely numerical basis, the steadily progressive increase, both in the total aggregate and in the ratio of deaths to population, extending over so large a space of time, makes it hardly possible to doubt that the general assertion is correct; and that, for some reason or other, a greatly enhanced prevalence of cancer is a very noteworthy feature of the Victorian era.

Before entering upon an examination of the factors which seemingly account for the phenomenon, it is necessary very briefly to glance at the pathological nature of the more common kinds of malignant disease; at the ordinary cause, which in each of these appears more immediately to *excite* and determine the onset of the disorder; and at the morbid process (in all probability, substantially one and identical) which underlies the clinical course of all.

The term 'cancer' being technically included in that of 'tumour,' two principal classes of 'tumour-formation' in the body are apparent—the Benign, Simple, or Innocent; and the Cancerous, or Malignant. The former consist, as a rule, of organised and normal tissue, often in the nature of a redundant over-growth, or hypertrophy of some pre-existing structure; possess no properties of infectivity, and (unless indirectly) rarely involve a fatal result. Although originating from cells (as with the cancers, and with every portion of the healthy organism), these have undergone higher evolution; in proportion to the bulk of the whole, the cell-elements yet remaining are commonly few in number, and do not exceed the ratio of such in normal tissue. The cause of these 'overgrowths' is very obscure; as a rule, none can be ascertained; a much greater degree of mystery involves their first appearance, than is the case with malignant neoplasms.

In cancerous new-growths, on the other hand, a marked and extreme predominance of *cells* over the constituents, is observable, and is the common characteristic of the class. The majority of cases take rise in parts plentifully supplied with cells; and in each specimen, the origin of the new protoplasmic organisms from similar ones, proper to the tissue or organ attacked, can usually be more or less definitely traced. As soon, however, as the malignant process is initiated, the normal ratio of cell-elements to well-formed tissue is altogether lost; and, under conditions wherein higher evolution and organisation might naturally be looked for, no such development takes place, although partial attempts thereat are often discernible. The little specks of protoplasm which compose the main bulk of

every malignant tumour, have apparently thrown off allegiance to the central authority, are no longer subject to the laws which regulate the remainder of the organism, and which bind all its complex components into one harmonious whole. They proliferate luxuriantly; grow and are nourished, first at the expense of the parts immediately adjoining, which they erode and seem, as it were, to devour; subsequently at that of the body generally, whose vitality is, of necessity, gradually sapped. A cancer is thus, to all intents and purposes, an aggregation of parasitic, independent organisms; living, as parasites do, at the cost of the host which affords them shelter. (The pathological phenomenon of 'Auto-inoculation' may be pointed out as indicating that this parasitism is an actual fact, and not a mere figment of the imagination.)

As not inaptly termed by a distinguished surgeon, cancer is thus an *imperium in imperio*; and the cardinal feature of the malignant process appears to be the reversion of cell-elements to a primitive (amoebiform) type—i.e., devolution, in place of histological evolution. Hence the inefficacy of drugs; hence also the extreme and peculiar *infectivity* which characterises the most typical varieties, so that the parent growth is in these found more or less rapidly to generate numerous others, near or distant; each betraying the source whence it has sprung, not only by exact structural likeness to its progenitor, but also by indications of comparative youthfulness, commonly more or less conspicuous in proportion to its proximity to the latter. The path, moreover, by which the cells or protoplasmic particles thrown off by the primary deposit—carried either by lymph-currents or by the general circulation to other organs or tissues, subsequently taking root like plants, and growing wherever they have found a favourable soil—have travelled, is usually sufficiently obvious.

Now in a certain number of instances, we find this uncontrollable and exuberant cell-proliferation, which is the essence of cancer-formation, initiated by direct mechanical injury or irritation; the net result of which must be to lower local vitality, to promote degeneracy, and to abrogate more or less the normal physiological balance and mutual interdependence of the component tissues. But in by far the larger proportion of those varieties of cancer which furnish the bulk of the mortality statistics, no such mechanical exciting cause can be detected. And as, moreover, it can hardly be supposed that any greater proclivity to local injury or irritation exists in these than in former days, it is the source of the latter which now requires examination; and which, if ascertained, must furnish the answer to this inquiry.

When a rebellion takes place for which no local *rationale* is discernible, it is reasonable to suspect something wrong about the central government; so, in those cases of malignant disease for

which no adequate motor, in the shape of direct irritation or violence applied to the parent-tissue, can be found, we may naturally look for an explanation to the condition of the supreme authority—the nervous system. According to our precept lights, an exact analogy obtains between these two sets of phenomena.

When we investigate the personal history of cancerous patients, it is impossible to avoid being struck by the large number who speak of immediately antecedent trouble, worry, or mental anxiety. In particular, the face of the average woman-sufferer—careworn, pallid, thin, and anxious—constitutes a type well known at every general hospital; and, apart from the immediate effects of her disorder, bears the unmistakable impress of the long endurance of grievously heavy burdens.

But as most poor mortals (especially among the classes from whom hospital patients are drawn) would probably have a somewhat similar tale to tell, if they could be prevailed on to disclose it; and as, moreover, the suggested cause may, at first sight, seem totally inadequate to produce its supposed effect, the above would count for little, were it not that Nature occasionally performs, as it were, for us, a sufficiently crucial experiment, and develops a cancerous growth under such circumstances and conditions that we are fairly entitled to claim the sequence not as one merely accidental—as but a casual coincidence—but as one of direct and indubitable cause and effect.

Thus, when a lady (for the female sex furnishes by far the larger quota of cancer patients, and it is mainly of these that we are now speaking), previously of good physical health, who is in ease and comfortable worldly circumstances, and has led for years a fairly happy life, free from toil and care—is subjected to some grievous trouble, such as the loss of a near relative (or, indeed, the sorrow may seem to outsiders a very trivial one, yet is none the less real to, and keenly felt by, the subject thereof); and when, in the course of a brief period of weeks subsequent, symptoms of malignant disease become apparent, it is impossible to avoid suspecting that the mental emotions have played an important part in the phenomenon (the influence of every other conceivable agency having, of course, been previously excluded). And when such instances are multiplied, suspicion ripens into certainty; and we cannot but regard mental distress as, indeed, a *vera causa*, a real and immediate generator of cancer. (Such test-cases cannot, of course, be here detailed, but they must be more or less within the cognisance of every medical practitioner.)

We cannot explain the *modus operandi* of such agencies; but the immediate sequence is a matter of daily familiarity, insomuch that it may be laid down as an axiom, whenever the antecedents of any major cancerous growth are to be investigated: ‘Failing a mechanical

exciting cause, a neurotic is always to be found ;' provided only that sufficient evidence of previous history and surroundings is procurable. Moreover, it is to be noted that the female, the more neurotic and emotional sex, are the principal sufferers from cancer ; as also (a point of special importance in this connection) that the organs in them by far the most prone to diseases of this class are normally in health, specially and peculiarly influenced by emotional conditions, and by states of the central nervous system.

Conspicuous mental trouble is the most prominent of such neurotic factors, and that most seldom absent as an immediate antecedent in the cases alluded to. Others, however, are often encountered ; and failing the preceding, the patient gives an account either of long illness or of wearisome and exhausting bodily toil, preceding the appearance of the tumour. Numerous women date their malady from some period of continuous attendance upon a sick relative ; and laundresses appear to furnish a disproportionately large number of cancer-sufferers.

Then, again, in those instances of malignant disease owning direct mechanical irritation, or injury, as the exciting cause ; it is common to find that the individual has passed through an immediately antecedent period of specially harassing anxiety and care. It is, of course, impossible accurately to gauge the effect of these as merely *predisposing* cases of cancer ; but the analogy of the cases alluded to above, in which they are seen to act as *direct* excitants, makes their general influence much more than a question of probability only.

We may now briefly notice the principal varieties of cancer, with the average and ordinary *immediate* mode of origin traceable in each instance ; at the prominence attributable (in case of the most prevalent species) to neurotic antecedents, the value and importance of which may, to a certain extent, be estimated numerically. It is also desirable to allude to the supposed influence of other general causes which have been suggested in this connection : in particular to that of Heredity.

The most common kinds (to which alone for the purposes of this article it is needful to allude) of malignant new-growth are three :—

I. Epithelioma = Cancer originating in the epithelial cells coating skin or mucous membrane. Always owns a mechanical exciting cause ; as a general rule, *long-continued friction*.

II. Carcinoma or malignant adenoma = Cancer derived from the secreting cells of glands. In the case of the gland (female) most frequently attacked, about 11 per cent. of the total instances are attributable to *sudden* injury, as by a blow ; in the remaining 89 per cent. a neurotic causation (by mental distress, &c.) can alone be discovered.

III. Sarcoma = Cancer due to proliferation of the connective-tissue cells or corpuscles. Some mechanical injury (blow, or strain of fibres) is the usual antecedent ; but as many cases are extremely chronic in their course, and as the hurt may be

trivial in character; the exciting cause is often obscure, and difficult to ascertain, unless the growth happens to be of recent duration.

The male sex chiefly rank in Classes I. and III.; but those genera are by no means confined to them, and no hard-and-fast line of demarcation, either in respect of the direct excitant, or of the neurotic antecedents which appear to predispose, can be drawn between the several varieties. The *immediate* effect of these last is perhaps most unquestionable in the residual 89 per cent. of cases (female), referred to in Class II., wherein the sequence is a very general rule, and in which suspicion of mechanical injury, or of any other seemingly possible exciting cause, can be excluded with accuracy.

The returns above quoted indicate a considerable predominance of females among cancer sufferers, but fail to state any particulars respecting the species of malignant disease concerned, or to note the organ or tissue primarily attacked. The records of the Cancer Hospital, however, will serve to convey a fairly approximate idea of the ratio in which the organs above referred to (as specially under the control of the nervous system, and pre-eminently sensitive to phases of mental emotion) become thus diseased. Of 21,830 women treated at that institution between 1851 (the year of its foundation) and 1888, no fewer than 17,060, or 78 per cent., are recorded as afflicted with cancer here originating.

By way of roughly testing the proportion again between the aggregate of such cases, and those in which the influence of neurotic factors is more or less strikingly apparent; it is found that of the last 250 female patients admitted with the special forms of cancer referred to, forty-three gave some grounds for the suspicion of mechanical injury as the direct excitant; of whom, however, fifteen described themselves as having undergone much previous distress and anxiety in the period immediately preceding the appearance of the new-growth. In nineteen no obvious cause was apparent; thirty-two gave a history of specially laborious occupations, of hard work and privation; while in 156, or 62 per cent., an account of immediately antecedent mental trouble (to the exclusion of every other possible factor), often in very poignant and unmistakable form, was ascertained, on a necessarily somewhat cursory investigation.

It is hardly permissible to dismiss the subject of cancer-causation without glancing for a moment at an element which is popularly supposed to account for the appearance of a very large number of malignant tumours—if not, indeed, for that of all. Some years ago, the writer undertook an investigation into the validity of this reputed agency, the result of which can be only very briefly here referred to. Of 1,075 miscellaneous examples of cancer, ranking in one or other of the three classes above-mentioned, it was found that 169, or 15·7 per cent. (including twenty-two very doubtful cases), were all who could discover the previous existence of any cancerous relative what-

ever. (Almost all cancer-sufferers, as soon as the fact becomes apparent, seem to institute for themselves a widely reaching inquiry on this point.) On further analysis, the percentage in which a progenitor, or even a near relation, had been thus afflicted, and which, therefore, might be supposed to countenance some probability of ancestral taint, was again very materially reduced.

On performing a 'control-experiment,' and making inquiries among a sufficiently large number of persons in different classes, who were in no way cancerous, but who yet could point to one or more instances of 'cancer in the family,' it was found that of 78 medical practitioners, 15 (or 19.2 per cent.); of 79 patients in the Consumption Hospital, 9 (or 11.3 per cent.); of 175 individuals applying at the Cancer Hospital with various non-cancerous ailments, 46 (or 26.33 per cent.)—were able to do this.

The conclusion arrived at, therefore (on these and other grounds), was that, with the generation of malignant disease, inherited ancestral tendencies have really little or nothing to do (unless indirectly, by means of the mind, and the never-ceasing fear of this dread malady, in most people who have happened thus to lose one or other of their kin). So far, moreover, as the present question is concerned, it is obvious that Heredity (however it might be supposed to predispose in particular instances) can go but a little way towards accounting for an increasing ratio of cancerous complaints towards the aggregate mortality from other sources.¹

In favour of other general conditions which have been suggested as tending to promote the prevalence of cancers—*e.g.* considerations of soil, climate, race, diet, &c.—no even plausible evidence of validity, as countenanced by the history of particular cases, can be discovered. Some are manifestly, however, included in the sphere of the cause here put forth; such, for instance, as the reputed prevalence of cancer in 'large towns, situated on rivers which periodically overflow their banks'—presumably centres of busy trade or manufacture. No special exemption or the reverse, in point of race, is apparent; and we do not possess sufficient data for estimating the relative frequency of such maladies among the less civilised nations or tribes.

It does not, indeed, appear that any explanation of the phenomenon in question is forthcoming; excepting the one advanced, which, it may be remarked, is founded on what should surely be regarded as the only safe departure for an investigation dealing with questions of a pathological causation—clinical experience; and the close study of individual examples. We live in a transitional (it is to be hoped also in an evolutionary) epoch; when the social surroundings (more or

¹ The present very modified theory of cancer-heredity, current in some medical circles, holds that the exciting causes of cancer (whatever these may be) act especially on individuals predisposed by ancestral taint to malignant developments—a view not countenanced by the above inquiry.

less passive and vegetative) among which our forefathers' lot was cast have wholly passed away; and when (what is a still more important consideration) that robust *physique* which enabled them to bear their burdens, and so conspicuously in many respects to defy all the ordinary laws of health, has become almost a thing unknown. In the place of this sluggish animal existence, we behold on every side ceaseless struggle and competition (with the usual corollaries thereof among those wounded or vanquished in the strife, bitter suffering and privation), anxiety, and worry; felt most keenly, as a rule, by the weaker sex. Malignant disease is seen to be but one among many indications of the severe stress upon the nervous system which modern conditions of life involve; and of which the evil consequences are so immeasurably enhanced by that vicious principle of education which mistakes quantity for quality. Until society emerges into some calmer sea—or until the conditions under which men and women now commence their voyage are materially improved—a progressive increase in the prevalence of cancer, duly proportionate to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be predicted as a matter of course.

HERBERT SNOW.

OFFICIAL POLYTHEISM IN CHINA.

THE *Pekin Gazette*, which was established in the year 911 of the Christian era, has been regularly published since 1351 A.D., and is at the present time edited by a committee of six members of the Academy of Han Lin. Not only is it by far the oldest newspaper in the world, but it also is infinitely more instructive and interesting than all other existing official gazettes taken together. To the student of Oriental statecraft in particular, the yellow volumes in which these gazettes, translated into English, are bound up and issued annually, should be of remarkable value. For here, in the formal record of all the important ordinances, ceremonies, proceedings, judgments, opinions, and transactions of the Chinese Government, we can see partially unfolded the working constitution of the greatest native Asiatic empire and the oldest empire in the world; we can follow the movement of the administrative wheels and obtain a glimpse of the system upon which the machinery is constructed. It becomes thus possible to form some trustworthy conception of the principles that underlie this vast organisation—unquestioned authority; lofty ostentation of public morality; the affectation of profound reverence for churches, rituals, and all things pertaining to divinity; deep respect for tradition and ancestral usage coupled with steady encouragement of classic learning; entire religious toleration conjoined with the peremptory assertion of civil supremacy; provincial home rule controlled, at least in form, by a vigilant and despotic central executive; in short, the continuous experience of many ages applied to the management by a foreign dynasty of miscellaneous tribes and races and an immense mixed population. We are shown, of course, only the external aspect of things; we probably see no more than an astute and carefully calculating Government thinks expedient to disclose. And we may assume that nowhere are the *arcana imperii* more strictly withheld, so that the reality may be safely guessed to be very different from the outward published aspect of affairs. Nevertheless, in this ample chronicle of current events and transactions, in the notifications and orders, in their style and their substance, we can recognise a Leviathan Government in full play and power, dealing in a

masterful and apparently successful fashion with at least one problem that has long troubled the world, and still occasionally perplexes even European statesmen.

In Europe the relations of a State to religion have been usually determined only after much conflict over the issues involved; the balance of power has taken many centuries to adjust. In Western Asia the position was fixed by Islam—that is, by intolerant uniformity; in India political anarchy and a wondrous confusion in things divine were prevailing when the English came in to solve the question by cutting off all connexion with spiritualities. Whereas in China the civil power still holds a third and very different course; it not only tolerates all religions equally, but has placed them all under its own direct jurisdiction; the Emperor is supreme Pontiff as well as supreme Governor. Here we may see verified the saying of Hobbes, that the religion of the Gentiles is a part of their polity, and nowhere have his principles found stronger illustration than in the practice of the Chinese Government. ‘Temporal and spiritual,’ said he, ‘are but two words brought into the world to make men see double, and to mistake their lawful sovereign;’ an error that would be very speedily corrected by the Board of Worship at Peking, which steadily upholds the subordination, as by God’s law, of the ghostly powers to the visible sovereignty. This political philosophy combines naturally with a profound contempt for the popular superstitions, disguised under an imposing display of external respect for all forms of religion; and thus we may arrive at some conception of the attitude of the Chinese Government towards belief and worship, as it seems to be reflected in the *Peking Gazette*.

The *Gazette* deals indifferently with science and theology, with public instruction and superstitious usages, with the latest European inventions and the most primitive forms of worship. Rules for competitive examinations and the conferment of educational degrees alternate with regulations for sacrifice and orders for the deification of local worthies; high civil and military officers are promoted and decorated in life or after death indifferently; the establishment of free schools, the launching of steamships, irrigation works, post roads, legal decisions, the appointment of Imperial concubines, appear in company with orders touching the propitiation of ghosts, the worship of spirits, the canonisation of notables, and the promotion of efficacious divinities. We find decrees awarding incense sticks to river gods, tablets and titles to wonder-working shrines; prescribing the ritual for dead heroes, for deified abstractions, and for the deities who preside over State departments, natural forces, or human duties—over War, Wind, or Patriotism. The frequent references to ancestor worship and the offerings to the dead show the universality of these aboriginal customs; the decrees regulating the incarnation of the Buddhist Lamas recognise officially the great mystery of the

transmigration of souls. From the commixture of human with divine duties and actions, works and ways, reflected by these miscellaneous notifications, we may plainly discern the working of a Government which draws no fine metaphysical distinctions in treating the superintendence and authoritative direction of all beliefs and worships, the humblest as well as the highest, as an important department of Imperial administration. Nor need we go back to a classical dictionary, or collect from all parts of the outlying world the grotesque fancies and practices of savage tribes, for evidence and examples of the connexion between primitive and posterior forms of natural religion. We have here the chief stages and steps in religious evolution officially recorded and authenticated; we see the civil power dispassionately patronising the whole series of beliefs and institutions, on the sole condition of retaining supreme authority over all of them.

In selecting, from this point of view, a few out of many notifications in the *Gazettes* of the last seven or eight years, we may begin with a report that illustrates the widespread notion, which lies at the root of all ghost worship, that the spirits of those who after death are left without the proper obsequies must be laid at rest by propitiation. This belief may be supposed to be as old as the time when men first began to bury, burn, or otherwise dispose of their dead kinsfolk or companions; and in China, where the wandering ghosts and hungry demons are innumerable, it is probably one of the original ideas out of which has been developed the paramount importance attached to the rites of sepulture. The present example is furnished by an incident of the French war against China in 1884.

The Military High Commissioner at Canton writes that in the recent campaign on the Tonquin frontier a terrible pestilence broke out among the troops, who were obliged to live in holes dug in the ground in order to avoid the large shells that burst over them. From ten to twenty thousand men died and were 'laid in flocks like sheep' in great pits.

The memorialist would venture to remark that the soldiers in question, who were doing their duty in the ranks of battle and went forth on distant service with their lances on their shoulders, were the victims of a malignant poison, and died one after another, phantom fires playing over their lonely graves in a distant land into which their bones were thrown. The officers and men returning from Tonquin as they passed through Kuangsi, were unanimous in asserting that the cries of the ghosts of their dead men could be heard in the still watches of a cloudy night. Although their case may differ from that of soldiers killed in battle, they nevertheless gave their lives for their country, and are therefore certain of a place in his Majesty's compassionate heart.

In these circumstances it is proposed to require the regimental commanding officers to send up a list of all those who perished in this way, so that they may share in the marks of compassionate dis-

inction already accorded to the soldiers who were killed in action. It is added that their omission has caused a feeling of disappointment in the army generally ; and the object of the report is to obtain equal honours for those who died on service with those who were killed in action ; but the reason stated is the necessity of appeasing unhonoured ghosts. A subsequent *Gazette* announces that the Commander-in-Chief in Hunan has allotted the rent of lands towards defraying the cost of periodical rites performed to the memory of men who fought and died under his command. He himself has never allowed the anniversary to pass without sacrificing to the spirits of his departed companions-in-arms.

In this context may perhaps be placed, as relating to military hygiene, a decree exhibiting the imperial concern for the health as well as for the spirits of the Chinese army. The decree reviews and commends a report of measures taken to chastise certain rebels in Hainan, confers upon the general, as a special decoration, a white jade thumb-ring and a dagger hilted with jade, and concludes thus :

In view of the pestilential character of the country, as described by the Governor-General, in which operations are being carried on, her Majesty the Empress has been pleased to order that ten boxes of the pills known as *p'ing an tan*, or the pill of peace and tranquillity, which have been prepared for Imperial use, be bestowed on the officers and men of the force. These pills will be distributed by General Feng Tzutai, who will proclaim the Imperial will to the army under his command.

But since ten pill-boxes would scarcely go far against epidemic sickness among troops serving in unhealthy districts, it may be conjectured that her Majesty relied principally upon the honorific or possibly miraculous effects to be anticipated from this benevolent issue of medicine from her private dispensary.

If demon worship develops out of the fear of malignant ghosts, the following extract carries us a little further along the connecting line of superstitious usages. A memorial from the Governor of Formosa describes an outburst of pestilence in the island, where the savage tribes, who suffered severely from the disease, 'endeavoured, according to their ordinary custom, to avert it by putting people to death.' The victims were Chinese ; their heads were exposed in front of the houses of the murderers ; and these outrages became so frequent in parts of the island as to be suppressed only after a petty war. Here we have one of the earliest forms of sacrifice and expiation representing the belief, which seems to be indigenous among all primitive societies, that some virulent plague, like the small-pox in India, is the literal embodiment of the wrath of an offended demon, who goes about like a wild beast seeking what he may devour, and whose hunger must be satiated by victims. In a later stage of the same belief we have

the formal human sacrifice, when the victim is offered up according to settled ritual or custom. But the simple random killing of the first comer seems in the beginning to be sufficient; for in certain parts of India a mysterious and apparently aimless murder may be occasionally explained as the fulfilment of a secret vow to one of the fiercer divinities. From the expiatory assassinations of the Formosa savages, and from the universal Chinese practice of leaving out food to appease a ghost's hunger, up to the annual offerings and libations made by the Chinese emperors, to the sacrificial feasting and commemorative sharing of food, one may venture to trace in long succession the genealogy and gradual refinement of a natural religious idea.

That the plain unvarnished worship of ghosts, demons, and animals may be traced upward to the higher forms of anthropomorphic religion, is a well-known and well-evidenced theory, supported by the survival in the later stages of some incongruous habit or function obviously belonging to the earlier conceptions. A curious article in the *Gazette* seems to indicate that in China, as elsewhere, a man may be duly divinised according to advanced spiritual notions, while he retains an attribute or symbolic name that probably points backward to some anterior adoration of him under an animal form.

The Governor-General at Foochow reports receipt of a petition with regard to a temple erected to the honour of one Kô Chang Kêng, canonised as the 'White Divine One,' whose Taoist synonym is the White Jade Toad.

This individual was born in the Sung dynasty, and was skilled in literature and the art of medicine. In 1881 he was found responsive to prayer, and on application to his Majesty he was invested by imperial decree with the title of Divine Aider. Last year a long drought prevailed in the province, but after gatherings for prayer had taken place at his temple a bountiful rain was vouchsafed. The petitioners crave from his Majesty the bestowal of a votive tablet upon this saint, together with an additional title and the enrolment of his name on the list of worthies to whose manes sacrifice is offered.

The prayer is granted by decree; and thus, if any conjecture may be hazarded upon the indications afforded by such passages in the *Gazette*, the White Jade Toad of Taoism mounts higher in the order of divinities, becoming identified with a saint, assuming new titles and attributes that tend to disguise a humble or merely symbolic origin, and gradually dissolving connection with an obscure and somewhat ill-favoured animal. The toad is understood to have originally earned divine honours by his reputed power of living for centuries, and by certain miraculous qualities which he thereby acquires. The Frog god of China is known to be the symbolical impersonation, by an easy association of ideas, of Rain. It is clear that divine animals often become entangled in many accidental and arbitrary ways with legendary men; and since the fancies and queer incidents out of which fables shoot up among primitive folk are endless, any single

explanation of animal worship must be utterly inadequate. One can only say that it is characteristic of the primitive races of man to feel an instinctive affinity with the creatures around them; their strong belief in the interchangeability of shape and habits between man and other animals, may almost be thought to come from a kind of reminiscence of a common origin and cousinhood. Their minds accept no sheer division between monkeys and men, or between the manners of a bear and of some rude hunter clothed in a bearskin. Any accident or apparition would convert these floating impressions into the realisation of the presence of a familiar spirit in some animal; while the very common belief that the souls of living as well as dead persons transfer themselves frequently into animal bodies may account for many of the complex worships and some of the mythical descents. But in China the various shapes and significations of popular religion appear to be singularly complicated and interfused. The intelligent Chinese layman is understood to define his ordinary attitude towards the religions of his country by explaining that, not being a priest, he belongs personally to none of them, and consults impartially any saint or god, shrine or temple, whose response may be expected to remedy his grievance or fulfil his desire. Nor do the divine persons or emblems remain attached to a single liturgy; they are occasionally found crossing over into another rite, taking the higher or lower attributes and metamorphoses that are implied by the particular cult or conception; and representing different religious constituencies accordingly.

It is obvious, however, that at a period when the productive forces of Natural Religion are in full vigour, a Government which tolerates and even encourages a fantastic polytheism—undertaking only to regulate its practical operation, to run the spiritual electricity along manageable wires—must maintain strict watch over the manufacture and circulation of marvels, and upon pretenders to supernatural energy. The *Gazette* furnishes frequent examples of very vigorous dealing with unauthorised religious movements, such as are apt to breed tumults and sedition in all times and countries, particularly where the deities take an active part in all human enterprise. A bureaucracy which identifies the supernatural element so closely with administration must be prepared to find supernaturalism meddling with politics, and cannot afford to overlook the efflorescence of disorderly enthusiasm. According to Hobbes, the ‘feare of power invisible, feigned by the mind or imagined from tales publicquely allowed, is Religion; not allowed, Superstition.’ And ‘he that presumes to break the Law upon his own or another’s dream or pretended Vision, or upon other fancy of the power of Invisible Spirits than is permitted by the Commonwealth, leaveth the Law of Nature, which is a certain offence, and followeth the imagery of his own or another private man’s brain.’ These somewhat cynical maxims of

the Leviathan have apparently been adopted as guiding principles by the philosophic rulers at Peking, where short and summary ways are taken against the disturbers, upon any such pretext, of public order.

A memorial from the Governor of Kweichow reports the capture in that province of the chief of a seditious gang, and his execution. He was by trade a carpenter, who picked up in a ruined temple a mutilated book of incantations, and set up as a healer of diseases by the recitation of charms. He placed in his room a bowl of pure water, before which he engaged in worship, morning and evening, and further took to himself twelve disciples, who used to join him in daily worship. Having imbued these disciples with a number of theories and told them false stories which they took to be true, he ordered them each to take to themselves twelve other disciples, that these might again augment their numbers and raise a large following. Eventually it was decided to organise a rising, but before the movement could be well matured it came to the notice of the authorities,

who executed the unfortunate carpenter on the spot, leaving it doubtful whether the story of the intended rising was not invented as an excuse for getting rid of an enthusiast.

But in 1887 a religious impostor succeeded in stirring up an actual outbreak, which was put down by troops after a fight in which the leader of the insurgents was taken and immediately decapitated. From the subsequent examination of some prisoners before the judicial commissioners it appeared

that Chao the Ogre, as he styled himself, had persuaded his followers that he was gifted with supernatural powers and was in affinity with the spirit of a certain mountain. He told them that he could make fighting men and horses out of paper, and that he possessed a charm which, if eaten, would enable the partaker to do without food.

The inquiry closed with the decapitation of the witnesses as soon as their statements had been recorded; and although the imperial decree commends highly the promptitude of the local authorities, yet to those versed in the methods of Oriental officialism this remarkable alacrity in taking off heads suggests an uneasy suspicion that some tangible grievance or maladministration lay at the bottom of the commotion.

The Governor-General of Chihli reports that, in obedience to imperial edict, he has succeeded in capturing certain members of a heterodox sect, who have been in the habit of worshipping an imaginary being, and unsettling the public mind by other superstitious observances. The ringleaders of the sect, when examined, stated that their society was divided into four branches, named after the four cardinal points, and met together four times a year for worship. Nothing beyond this could be established against the sect. . . . The two ringleaders have been sentenced, according to the law on the subject, to be sent to Urumtsi as slaves to the soldiery; the rest to punishments less severe.

In this condition of the public mind, when the unbounded credulity of a vast population has to be humoured and yet to be controlled, a prudent Government will look closely to the promul-

gation of the laws against contraband wonder-working. The *Gazette* publishes a memorial from a member of the Court of Censors, referring to the laws enacted by the present imperial dynasty in severe prohibition of supernatural stories intended to delude the masses, and interdicting 'the fabrication of heterodox and strange wonders by a vicious priesthood for the bewilderment of simple folk.' His Majesty's attention is then drawn to a great assemblage of men and women that is held at a certain temple, where it is given out that the genii gather together, and where women sit at night in the corners of the building in order to see fairies. All this, the memorialist declares, is clean against faith and morals; and he asks 'how, in the centre of enlightenment and civilisation, can such doings be tolerated?' Upon this a decree issues, condemning and prohibiting them.

The fabrication of legends by the Buddhist and Taoist priesthood for the beguilement of the multitude, as well as the admission of women into the temple for the purpose of burning incense, are alike prohibited by law.

Returning to the orthodox views and practices, we may observe that the general aim and tendency of the *Gazette* notices is toward enlisting the divine influences on the side of public utility and public morals. If plagues and earthquakes occur, they are part of Heaven's design, to be interpreted, by reference to human sins and shortcomings. The Censor of the Fokien circuit, reporting on the casualties caused by a recent earthquake, shapes his conclusions upon the system of a *savant* of the Han dynasty, who, in explaining the operations of the five elements, traced all physical calamities to the actions of men. The Censor adopts this theory as reasonable and probable, seeing that ever since the Taeping rebellion frequent calamities have visited the empire, and that, in spite of the constant imperial exhortations, few of his Majesty's servants honestly do their duty. Of late years there has been so much especial laxity in the province recently afflicted, that the reporter cannot avoid suggesting this remissness of the executive as a probable cause of the disaster. One might have supposed that of all sublunary ills an earthquake would be most difficult to bring home to the account of a Government, unless it should be taken to indicate defective grasp of the situation and a certain degree of ministerial vacillation. Yet the Chinese *Gazette* finds in this incident an excellent occasion for reading the people a moral lesson against disaffection; so that between the caprice of the gods and the iniquities of men in this and previous existences, the share of responsibility for national misfortunes to be eventually accepted by the temporal ruler may be considerably reduced.

What, then, is the system upon which this immense structure of supreme authority in all departments has been built up and is main-

tained? In the Chinese Government the temporal and spiritual powers, instead of leaning toward different centres, meet and support each other, like an arch, of which the Emperor's civil and sacred prerogative is the keystone. The Emperor is himself the Son of Heaven; he performs the highest sacrifices as Pontiff for the nation; and the official hierarchy includes the chief Buddhist and Taoist ecclesiastics, graduated according to spiritual rank and attributes. The head of the Taoist priesthood is the Heavenly Master, in whose person the spirit of one of the earliest Tao mystics has its official residence. According to M. de Groot,¹ this High Priest from time to time revises the list of urban and municipal deities, striking out those whom he thinks fit to remove, and usually filling up the vacancies by the promotion of mandarins recently deceased. But these changes are all submitted for precedent sanction to the Board of Worship.

Tous les ans le pape communique au ministère la liste des mutations qu'il se propose de faire dans le personnel divin; et ce n'est qu'après avoir été nanti de la confirmation ministérielle de ses décisions qu'il porte celles-ci à la connaissance des autorités provinciales.

These urban gods are, it should be explained, neither more nor less than divinised men; they represent the post-mortem promotion of distinguished officials to the rank of tutelary deities; they are clothed in official dress, and are all in a manner subordinate to the spiritual Lord Mayor at Peking. They are consulted by the local judges, who pass the night in their temple for meditation over a peculiarly difficult case; and their importance as functionaries is in no wise diminished by death, since each municipal deity is the agent or chargé d'affaires within his municipality for the God of Hell, to whom all misdeeds are by him regularly reported. It is also his duty to arrest and despatch guilty souls to their appointed place of punishment below. A similar organisation presides over the village community, where one of the more venerated elders is first revered as an ancestor, and imperceptibly takes rank on the spiritual Board of Guardians. And just as these powerful local divinities virtually hold office at the State's pleasure, so also the Lamaist representatives of Buddhism depend for recognition of their successive embodiments upon the imperial mandate or *congé d'élire*.

We can now understand how this unexampled position of the Imperial Government enables it to exercise such formal and deliberate control, through the Board of Censors, over disorderly spiritualism and all undesirable manifestations of superstitious reverence for the dead. A decree, passed upon a protest by the Censors against certain sacrificial honours that had been unduly paid to a deceased magistrate, points out that these honours necessarily imply official

¹ 'Étude concernant la religion populaire des Chinois' (*Annales du Musée Guimet*, 1886).

recognition of public merit, and directs that no application for them be transmitted until the claims of the dead man shall have been carefully verified. And another decree publishes a long report in which the Board of Ceremonies make their recommendations as to the limitations to be placed upon the canonisation of deceased officials. They find, after consulting the dynastic institutions, that the erection of special temples in honour of defunct worthies is the peculiar prerogative of the throne, and that the privilege of doing worship to provincial officers within their own (late) jurisdiction was extended to the provinces by a recent order in council, having formerly (as it seems) been confined to the metropolis. Various suggestions follow regarding the class and kind of distinction to be conferred in ordinary cases, with special rules as to persons killed in battle or in resisting seditious revolts; so that one almost begins to doubt whether, after all, the Chinese system of posthumous honours differs greatly, except in outward form and treatment, from the pantheons, mausolea, epitaphs, and memorial statuary so common in Europe. But in the Western world these things have now become purely commemorative; nor

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death;

whereas in China the images, the tablets, the annual offerings of flowers, the *Gazette* notifications, are actually intended, according to their popular meaning, for the gratification of illustrious spirits, and to conciliate them by compliments. And since worship and wonder-working react upon and stimulate each other, the promotion of a notable spirit to be a demigod, and thence to the full rank of a divinity in charge of some great human interest, is found to be a simple matter of notoriety, popular credit, and court favour.

The meritorious official appears, indeed, in the *Gazette* nearly as often after death as before, with little change of duty or even of character; since the fact of titles and decorations being still showered upon him indicates that even by putting off this mortal body one does not always become perfectly incorruptible. The Special Commissioner for the survey of the Yellow River writes that 'the deceased high officers who have been canonised as saints of the river have appeared in different shapes on the water's surface at times of imminent danger from its rise.' While one particular breach was under repair, a deceased worthy, named Pai Ma Chiang, was constantly present; and at a critical moment, when the embankment was giving way, he calmed down the flood by a most timely apparition, whereby he has justly merited an additional title, 'in recognition of his services to mankind.' Another memorial claims honorary titles for a spirit who guarded the fields from a swarm of locusts; while a famous Virgin, who served in the army like Joan of Arc, and died in great

honour, is reported for decoration on the ground of having twice (since her death) saved a fort that was besieged by rebels. There is also a decree conferring honours on the original discoverers of a salt spring, who had for centuries become the tutelary deities of the locality and who are now officially recognised. And we have numerous edicts prescribing ritual, and insisting on the decorous and exact performance of the periodical sacrifices.

En Chine, donc, un dieu est l'âme d'un mort, qui au lieu de ne recevoir les hommages que des descendants du défunt, reçoit des honneurs et des offrandes de la nation entière ou d'une partie considérable de la nation, avec la sanction du grand prêtre de l'empire.²

We have here, in short, a strong corroboration of the theory promulgated long ago by Euhemerus, which was also positively affirmed by the Christian apologists who stood face to face with heathendom—that the gods of polytheism were deified men. The sources of superstitious phantasy are innumerable, fortuitous, and in the highest degree variable; nevertheless the Euhemeristic hypothesis does seem to gain ground with the extension of accurate inquiry; in India it is largely supported by direct observation, while in China it not only rests upon ample evidence, but is officially attested. We find there the earliest and latest stages of deification joined in a connected series; we have at the bottom a universal worship of ghosts, partly ancestral and commemorative, and in part propitiatory; while at the top we have the full-blown adoration of ancient men who now preside, as lofty deities, over the operations of Nature or the interests of society. No one contests the authentic descent, either of the ghost or of the god, from the common stock of humanity. The biographies of the God of War and the Goddess of the Seas, two deities of the first rank in the Chinese Pantheon, are said to be on record in the public archives; there appears to be no more doubt as to their human antecedents than as to the identity of the mandarin who died last year with the urban deity in whom his spirit now resides. The deities generally are no less historical personages than the saints of a European calendar, than St. Denis, St. Dunstan, or St. Thomas of Canterbury; and their earthly origin seems in no way to affect their popular reputation. But since in China the right of canonisation and the conferment of all celestial honours are retained by the State in its own hands, neither sanctity nor even supernaturalism appears to acquire for its possessors any political independence. And the foregoing extracts from the *Gazette*, which might easily be multiplied, show the vigilant solicitude with which the Imperial Government upholds its prerogative of supremacy and strict superintendence over polytheism in all its branches.

Against this vagrant and inorganic natural religion the Buddhist

² De Groot, ii. 637.*

Church stands out in strong relief as an organised sacerdotalism, with a fixed canon of scriptures, monastic orders, an imposing ceremonial, and a grand tradition. Yet over this Church the State exercises a superintendence that is in its outward aspect no less strict and imperious. It is well known that Tibet, the chief seat and sanctuary of Northern Buddhism, is a province governed by the Buddhist Lamas in political subordination to the Chinese empire; and the reality of the Home Rule vested in these priests has been proved by the recent war which they began and waged against British India quite independently of the Peking Foreign Office. Every succession to the chief offices in this hierarchy is in form the simple transmigration of a soul; nevertheless it is treated as an appointment requiring confirmation by the Chinese sovereign. The Dalai Lama, or Head of the Church, who is co-regent of Tibet, is chosen, as is commonly known, upon each vacancy by the process of discovering the mortal body in whom the spirit of his immediate predecessor, when evicted by death from his former tenement, has taken up its abode. Two or three very young children are produced, whose birth had been accompanied by marvellous sights and sounds, and in whom have been observed signs of preternatural wisdom and an air of strange unearthly dignity. The records of prodigies and miraculous indications are compared and duly verified by the Imperial Commissioners; the divine intention is also ascertained by casting lots; and finally a report is submitted not unlike the 'Relatio' of miracles drawn up by the Roman theologians when a Papal Bull is to issue for the canonisation of a saint.

Then comes, in the *Gazette*, the order for installation.

Memorial from the Imperial Resident at Lassa announces that a day has been fixed for the enthronement of the incarnation, and that the High Treasurer has respectfully solicited that the re-embodiment of the thirteenth generation of the Dalai Lama, having now attained the age of four years, and being possessed of extraordinary spirituality and intelligence, the spirits have now been reverently appealed to, and Buddha has been solemnly invoked by genuine and earnest divination. The result has shown that the only superlatively auspicious date is the 31st of July; and on this day it is proposed to go forth to meet the re-embodiment and bring him to Mount Potala for enthronement.

A decree follows, sanctioning the enthronement and the presentation of the usual gifts; whereupon the Resident reports that the imperial gifts have been placed under a yellow canopy in a certain temple, 'where they will be received by the Re-embodiment kneeling on his knees, and prostrating himself with his face to the Palace in thanks for the Heavenly Bounty.' In the meantime another decree finally disposes of the case of a re-embodiment that had *not* been officially authorised, for there had been some trouble about the reappearance in a certain person, with a very long name,³ of the spirit

³ 'Awang Chien-mulch'uch'engchiats'o.' This seems to be the man mentioned by the Al bé Huc, in his work on Tibet, as a wily intriguer.

of the Nomēn Han, or Prince of the Religious Law (a high Buddhist dignitary), who, in a previous reign, had committed offences so serious that the privilege of successive births into the world had been withdrawn from him for ever, and who 'perfected his repose'—i.e. departed this life—about 1844.

We have now received a memorial from the Military Governor of Ili, stating that the Tibetan Lamas with the chiefs of the tribes (who are willing to provide 1,000 horse for the public service) begged that we would allow Awang to become a Lama. We grant him permission to join the priesthood and return to Tibet, there to study the sacred writings; but the request that he shall be recognised as the embodiment of the Nomēn Han is refused.

Ili is that province in the far north-west of Mongolia which the Russians for some time occupied, but afterwards restored to China, and this semi-condonation of the spirit's iniquities in a preceding existence is evidently given upon political considerations. The case affords some measure of the vast territorial range of these pretensions to spiritual autocracy, and of their use in strengthening the imperial influence among the distant border tribes. Not the faintest hesitation on the point of authority can be traced in these decrees: the temporal sovereign deals absolutely with the ghostly chiefs; the embodiments are treated formally as sacred mysteries and practically as conventional fictions that are useful under due control; while the publication of all these proceedings in the *Gazette* keeps this aspect of the relations between Church and State well before the people, by whom it is probably appreciated and obediently accepted.

There can be little doubt that this system of bringing both the living and the dead, men, ghosts, and gods, equally within the imperial prerogative must help to confirm and perpetuate that fusion and intermixture of human and divine affairs, that indistinctness of the dividing line between the two spheres of existence, to which reference has already been made. A recent English writer has ingeniously twisted certain Scriptural expressions and metaphors into a chain of evidence to support an hypothesis of Natural law in the Spiritual world which would square very well, in many respects, with the popular Chinese notion of the subjection of spirits to human statute. For the Chinese also believe that the law of visible nature extends to the world of spirits; and if the imperial ordinances do not actually run in the realms below, they have at any rate to be obeyed by all who desire to revisit the upper regions. And one obvious consequence of being incessantly under such a dispensation, in such an environment, is that many of the Chinese myths and fables bear an administrative character, and are founded on the fancy, serious or sarcastic, of a Plutonic bureaucracy and a well-organised official system in Hades. A few years ago Mr. H. Giles brought out, under the title of 'Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio,' a translation of the most popular story-book in China. It opens with a tale headed 'Examina-

tion for the Post of Guardian Angel,' relating how a graduate having been mysteriously summoned before a board of examining deities, apparently presided over by the God of War, was appointed Guardian Angel in Hunan. As this was equivalent to promotion into the next world, because the qualification for Angelship is Death, he pleaded hard for a respite, and was allowed to put off joining his post for nine years; whereupon he awoke as out of a trance, tarried nine years longer in life, and passed away quietly at the appointed time. There is also an odd tale of a man whose degree was gained for him by a ghost; and another of certain *litterati* who were sent for by Yen Lo, the ruler of Hades, to compose an inscription for a tower that he had erected there, and who showed no alacrity in obeying this euphemistic summons to depart hence. From another story it appears that although devils are ordinarily commissioned by the Chinese Pluto to convey messages from below, yet since they are unable, like fish out of water, to endure beyond a short time the light and air of the earth's surface, the authorities of Hell and Purgatory are often obliged to press the souls of living men into temporary employ. It is also necessary to disembody a soul whenever some one is wanted to do an errand from earth to Hades, because the devils do not take orders from an earthly official; and while a diabolic messenger can only communicate with mortals, by assuming some phenomenal human form, so the soul cannot make its journey to the shades below except by leaving its body behind in a cataleptic condition, awaiting return. We have thus a constant interchange of states through the facility of disembodiment and the incessant re-appearance of spirits and wandering ghosts in various shapes and rôles, making personal identity uncertain, mingling apparitions and *revenants* with the palpable human crowd, and familiarising the mind with the sense of frequent passage to and fro, as if the gates of Life and Death stood always open.

Mr. T'aiing Ping, 'who took the highest degree in the year 1661,' had the misfortune to lose his soul, which escaped one day like smoke from a chimney, and was unable to find its way back to its mortal tenement. The lost spirit found a Buddhist priest sitting by the roadside, who recommended him, as a scholar, to apply to Confucius and the God of Literature, by whom the case seems to have been specially laid before Buddha himself, who at last gave him a guide to show him where his body still lay. The story is noticed here because it introduces the representatives of three religions as consulted in the matter, although the last and highest place is allotted to Sakya Muni, the Buddha. But perhaps none of these fables bears more instructively upon the point for which they are now quoted than the anecdote (in a note) of the Emperor T'ai Tung, whose soul visited the infernal regions and promised to send Yen Lo (Pluto) a melon.

When his Majesty recovered from the trance into which he had been plunged, he gave orders that his promise was to be fulfilled. Just then a man named Lin Chu'an observed a priest with a hairpin belonging to his wife, and, misconstruing the manner in which possession of it had been obtained, abused his wife so severely that she committed suicide. Lin Chu'an himself then determined to follow her example, and to convey the melon to Yen Lo, for which act he was subsequently deified.

Nor is this the only instance of deification for personal service to an emperor. It is related elsewhere that an emperor of the Ming dynasty, to whom shaving was most painful, was one day attended upon by a person who shaved him with such miraculous ease that a large reward was at once offered to the operator, who then revealed himself as an ancient sage canonised, and demanded admission to the higher order of State divinities. His claims to official apotheosis as the God of Letters were admitted, and the foregoing legend explains why he is also the patron saint of Chinese barbers.

Two distinct yet closely allied conceptions may be traced in these stories, which are mentioned here because they may be taken to represent the rudimentary forms of imaginative belief that expand later into the grand processes of deification registered in the *Gazette*. The first is the idea that a person who falls into a swoon or deep sleep has been possibly placed on some incorporeal duty, or is visiting that extra-mundane region which can only be reached by putting off this mortal vesture of humanity. It is the notion of the adventures of a soul in dreamland being real. The second conception carries us from the domain of Sleep to that of Death, his twin-brother and co-regent; for in one sense death is to a race no more than sleep is to the individual; there are incessant interruptions of consciousness as the generations pass, but the body corporate survives and is strengthened, while the ideas, feelings, and habits are transmitted unbroken. According to this latter conception, messages may be sent to Hades by men who shall have been specially despatched there by death, or who shall have departed this life on some particular duty in that quarter. We all know that these are two very ancient, almost ubiquitous, ideas, which have ramified widely into various modes and expressions of primitive superstition, and have had a long development in the history of religions.⁴ The notion that the soul leaves the body during a trance or lethargy lies, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, at the root of conceptions of a second life after death; a soul may go and return, until to the body it finally returns no more, but it nevertheless exists and can be communicated with in an invisible region beyond. To that region, whenever a message is to be sent, the second idea

⁴ From this ignorance of how to distinguish Dreams and other strong fancies from Vision and Sense, did arise the greatest part of the Religion of the Gentiles in times past' (Hobbes' *Leviathan*).

of liberating some unlucky soul from its body, naturally follows among those with whom human life is of no more account than spilt water. It is upon authentic record that human beings were formerly slain in China at the obsequies of great persons, though the practice, which was evidently the survival of earlier tribal customs, softened down into the milder form of voluntary self-sacrifice, usually by self-inhumation with the deceased. It then entered the symbolic and fictitious stage, when the custom of interring with a corpse images of wood or of straw became universal; until it now seems to have dwindled down into the burning of paper dolls at a funeral. And thus, from the bloody immolation of victims at the funeral of a savage warrior, up to the tranquil self-sacrifice of the Chinaman, who agrees in remorseful expiation to accommodate his sovereign by delivering a present in Hades, one may trace the upward modification in form and sentiment of this antique custom, which, in the present writer's opinion, indicates one of the principal and earliest motives of human sacrifice. In a ruder society poor Lin Chu'an would have been violently despatched to the infernal gods; while under the civilised Chinese *régime* it is at least assumed decorously that he happened to be going that way on his own affairs, and might do the Emperor's bidding without personal inconvenience. Among savages the 'other self' is occupied during a swoon in some congenial manner—usually brutal or absurd; among the Chinese it is passing an examination, discharging municipal functions, or engaged in some other business that accords with the daydreams of a highly-educated and much-governed people.

It is easy to perceive how all this vivid realisation of two existences with similar environment and occupations may fall in with and support the cardinal political theory of the subordination, for all administrative purposes, of things spiritual to the temporal authority. For if the two states of being so much resemble each other, if intercourse between the two worlds is not much rarer than between two strange countries, and if the spirits who haunt the visible world are merely disembodied men whose previous history is perfectly well known, and who are open, now as formerly, to official manipulation—this leaves little room for pretension on sacerdotal or supernatural grounds to independence of the sovereign power. Hades itself can be treated like Tibet, as an outlying province of the empire under a mysterious kind of hieratic home rule; and, within the Emperor's terrestrial dominions at any rate, any tendency of spiritual persons, disembodied or divinised, to insubordination or local disaffection would be inconsistent with their accepted position under his Government. As politicians who can command success do not always trouble themselves to deserve it, so a potentate who bestows distinctions upon divinities need not be at the pains of securing their approbation or mitigating their anger by any such self-humiliation as has

been practised by priest-ridden kings. A simple tribal chief may prostrate himself before the god of his family or his mountain; but a mighty emperor, though he shows all decent reverence to established images and worships, has in fact more dignified ways of dealing with a great multitude of deities, among whom it is obviously necessary to uphold the authoritative principle that order is Heaven's first law. Here again, it may be said, we may follow a primitive idea through the process of gradual refinement; beginning with the grotesque supplications of a savage to wandering ghosts or capricious sprites, and rising gradually to the high regulative ceremonial of the Chinese Government. We see the gods improve steadily in form and function; the rites are organised and subjected to proper control; in short, we see religion, politics, and society keeping step and marching abreast as they submit to discipline and go through their evolutions. The cardinal fact of the religious system, the line that strings together all these formal changes, is the apotheosis of man; 'the great idol of the pagans is deified humanity.'

The religious polity of the Chinese is thus a powerful pagan realisation of Hobbesism; and though it seems to have been carried further in China than among the empires of antiquity, we may conjecture that the principle has prevailed more or less in all governments that have had to deal with religion in its inorganic state—with Natural Religion, as it grows up out of the free exuberance of man's fears and fancies. In Western Europe, where we have been for centuries accustomed to treat religion metaphysically, it may be surprising to find that even towards polytheism a Government should be able to assume so dictatorial and cynical an attitude. But we have to remember, in the first place, that polytheism has in fact never been treated seriously by statesmen or philosophers, except possibly by the English in India; and secondly, that this practical way of handling it is warranted and partly explained by a right appreciation of the ideas which, from the day of classic paganism, underlie the popular worship.

Piety, says Euthyphro, in his dialogue with Socrates, 'is an art which gods and men have of doing business with each other.'⁵ And so in the *Pekin Gazette* we find the ritual and worships of polytheism treated as the Art of dealing with the unintelligible influences and incalculable forces by which the ignorant multitude finds itself to be surrounded. So long as these forces are believed to be more or less under the influence of the beings who rise to distinction in the domain of ghosts and spirits, this Art consists mainly of propitiation, by prayers, gifts, and honours; and when wider experience and more accurate observation of consequences prove this method to be at least uncertain, religion tends naturally to withdraw within the sphere of metaphysics and morality. For morality, being a generalised experience of the right way of living,

⁵ *Dialogues of Plato* (Jowett's Translation).

may in this sense be regarded as a wise and far-seeing appreciation of the conditions of the struggle for existence; the moralist utilises the blind forces reasonably instead of battling against them; they are made conducive to human welfare, like a river that is drawn off to turn a water-mill. In the same manner the Chinese Government, conscious of its inability to dam up or disregard the floods of superstition which saturate the Chinese people, endeavours to treat this kind of religion as a natural phenomenon like the rains or the shifting rivers, and makes the best of it by taking the matter under executive control in order to direct the inundations into fixed channels.

There has of late been much speculation, in books and lectures, regarding the origin and evolution of Natural Religion; and the outlying corners of the earth have been ransacked for any myth, legend, custom, or fanciful delusion that may be supposed to throw light upon the connection between the earliest and later superstitions. If it were possible for any one to make a comparative study, within the countries themselves, of the popular religions now existing in India and China respectively, the results would be probably far more instructive to the scientific inquirer than collections of dubious folklore or the idiotic stories told by Digger Indians and Esquimaux. Here in Eastern Asia we may see two societies of first-class magnitude, resting upon high antiquity and continuous traditions, in one of which Natural Religion has for centuries been under the moulding hands of a powerful priestly caste, by whom polytheism is fostered and humoured as the embroidered veil of certain profound inner truths and doctrines that lie behind it. In the other country the State, not the priesthood, has assumed the supreme direction of divine things, and the deep metaphysical background is necessarily wanting. In both countries the polytheism seems to have this common characteristic, that it has come down to the present day from time immemorial without essential change; that it has grown up and still flourishes freely and naturally, as it was in the *Juventus Mundi*. The primordial ideas as to the nature of the gods, and their ways with men, survive side by side with the loftiest liturgies, with philosophy, with rationalism; the simplest rites are practised more or less by all classes, indiscriminately and good-humouredly; it is like a religious fair open to all who cater for the amusement, the astonishment, or the credulity of the crowd. To the Chinese man of letters or the Hindu transcendentalist, as formerly to the cultivated Roman of the empire, the inconsistency and multiplicity of beliefs and worships present no administrative or intellectual difficulty. One explanation is found in the confluence of races and deities under a single great territorial dominion; for trade and conquest, military or commercial expeditions, the opening out of new communications, the annexing of new provinces, all tend to cross, complicate,

and multiply the myths and forms of worship, so long as the world practises free trade in religious things. We all know how the importation of strange gods and foreign rites produced the confused polytheism of the Roman empire; where, however, it fell so far below the rising intellectual level of civil society that it was easily swept away by Christianity. Then came a reverse process, when religion attained its highest elevation and civil society relapsed into barbarism. From the period when Christianity and Islam made a partition of the provinces of the dismembered Roman empire; these two great militant and missionary faiths have for centuries been treating all other worships in a manner unknown, it may be said, to the præ-Christian world; stamping out obscure rites and indigenous deities; extirpating them utterly by fire and sword. Remembering that the destruction of paganism and the tremendous conflicts of rival religions are facts of capital importance in the history of the nations from Ireland to the Indus, we may well regard with attentive curiosity the spiritual condition of a country like China, in which no such events seem ever to have happened on any great scale before the Taeping rebellion of our own era. And now that England has added to her Indian sovereignty a great Indo-Chinese kingdom, peopled by Buddhists, it may be worth her while, for reasons which concern our administrators, to consider whether the modern State policy of leaving a religion to shift for itself is universally applicable or particularly appropriate.

A. C. LYALL.

THE PRESS AND GOVERNMENT.

WHETHER the relations between the newspaper press and 'the Government of the day' are less intimate than they used to be, or rather than they were for a considerable period, may be questioned. Of course they vary from time to time, as Governments need or seem to need the aid of a party press. In periods of stress and excitement they naturally become more intimate than when a powerful Ministry is permitted to jog along upon comparatively untroubled paths. But when all due allowance has been made for that consideration, I believe it will be found that Governments are much more indifferent in their courtship of the press than they used to be. Still, the old relations continue. They are cultivated with some interest on both sides, though with caution on either, and not a little jealousy and dislike on one. For to suppose that in any country the influence of the press was ever a delight to the Government would be a complete mistake. It is a rival influence, often a conflicting influence, sometimes (as it has proved in our own country on various occasions) a commanding or destroying influence. Its natural basis is No respect of persons. Its business is criticism. Its natural sphere of operation lies between Government and people, with bearings upon both and a particular solicitude to please and benefit the latter. The Press is sometimes a nuisance to Ministers because it preaches triumphantly from imperfect information; at other times because it discovers too much of the truth, and makes inconvenient exposures of neglect, error, fraudulent pretence, and false principle. How should it be loved by those who suffer from the operation? Even in countries where journalism is most of a tool it is by no means loved in high places. There it is feared while it is despised; for no one can ever say how long it may be kept under control, and there is usually an independent print or two in most civilised nations to bring servility into relief and undo the work of journalistic hacks.

But we are not looking at home when we make that remark. In England we may boast of a newspaper press that could always be called independent on the whole and in the main. As much as that could be said for it at its worst and lowest point; and it has deserved a far less qualified praise as long as the oldest of us can remember.

Strong party journals there have always been, of course, since the days of gazettes that were mere distributors of news. All newspapers of the general sort belong more or less to the *Ins* or the *Outs*; and some have been established by politicians for the mere purpose of serving a party. Moreover, candour compels us to admit that it is no uncommon thing for journals of all denominations to push the spirit of partisanship to the verge of absolute dishonesty, or even a yard or two beyond; and to do so by such means as the suggestion of what is not true and the distortion of what is. Here, however, we should remember how feverish political partisanship may become. Love itself is not more of a madness than this other passion, when once well kindled; and then we are so fearfully and wonderfully made! Jesuitry: we all know what we mean by that, and all know how to start at its amazing self-deceits in men truly religious; but we do not all know when we practise the same outrageous error as burning patriots. Besides, there is a vast difference between the too enthusiastic or too Dalgettian service of a party (which is always supposed to embody an aggregate of principle necessary for the common good) and the valeting of half-a-dozen individuals who, while they are at the head of the State, may be much more false to it than neglectful of their own designs and ambitions. Of that kind of press-corruption there has never been much in England; and if something of the sort has been prevalent of late years, it is to be explained by a personal enthusiasm which is again a kind of madness: being very like that which seized upon all who came under the spell of that clever, fascinating, but unrighteous female, Mary Queen of Scots.

Party newspapers, however, are often in the dilemma of having to choose between party principles—or even something more important—and the party chiefs. Ministers are not always wise; they are not always good. Seeming wise and seeming good, they sometimes go off into fatal mistakes or culpable self-seeking. History mourns many such cases; and we may depend upon it that they did not cease to recur with the last change of costume. Yet there is a disposition to believe that it is mere romance to suspect gross political error, gross political iniquity in the plain polite gentlemen who govern us nowadays. Nevertheless, disturbing aberrations do occur from time to time—we have had fresh examples of them very lately; and then the difficulty of the party journalist arises. If he allows them to pass, or stands up in defence of the delinquent, he not only suffers self-humiliation at the moment, but knows that he may assist the perpetuation of mischief. Or, should he think of denouncing them, he is immediately shaken by the fear that, in weakening the Government, he may weaken ‘the party’ and open himself to accusation on that score. It is a sad case, and only those who are acquainted with the inner world of journalism are aware of how fre-

quently it happens, and what pain and grief, what wrath and what cursing it evokes in editorial offices. But the matter may be worse. It may not be a mere bad blunder that has to be dealt with: It may not even be—(though that is more serious)—a false step which at the same time reveals a telling imperfection of character. It may be something that bespeaks treachery to political principle: in other words, to the hopes, the expectations, the beliefs, the efforts, the trust of the party. What is the party newspaper to do then? What 'line' is it to take? This is not a question to be settled offhand, because there are always a certain number of men in every party who believe that their leaders must have some profoundly clever motive in going wrong, or else lie under irresistible compulsion. The world-worn journalist has a very small share of such delusions; but what course is he likely to take under the supposed circumstances? Most of us would agree, I think, as to what he ought to do by good rights. He should follow the bent of his inclination; pursue the natural course of his trade; stand up for the party, its principles, and its trust against the selfishness, the cowardice, the treachery of its leaders, endeavouring either to restore their courage and their sense of duty or to place them in retirement.

Yes, but with what prospect of success? We are obliged to consider that, the more so as it is a fixed article of policy in all newspaper offices never to drive at any point, small or great, unless there is a good chance of carrying it. Failure even in the best of causes is accounted too humiliating to be lightly risked. Now, in such a case as we are considering, the prospect of success is a feeble one. Again we come back to the very different 'influence of the press' to-day and when it spoke in simpler times with a few strong voices, and not in a babel of competitive roaring that dulls and confounds attention. When the press was a newer and more unembarrassed power in political affairs, it did not much doubt what was to be done with a really great occasion. It knew what was expected of its springing virtues, seized the opportunity of displaying its independent might, and made itself more feared and powerful in doing a good stroke of work. The same attempt might in these days go for very little, and perhaps (an awful consideration) for nothing. No single newspaper, however powerful, nor any two or three together, can reckon on controlling or 'destroying ministries' (as the old boast ran) by mere force of criticism, and both parties are aware of it. The result is that the one has less occasion to fear and the other is less disposed to venture attacks which can always be described as inconsiderate and injudicious.

But, of course, every Government is willing to cultivate good relations with the greater newspapers. The reputation of no public man is quite beyond the range of their influence, and public men are naturally more solicitous of standing well in popular estimation than

they were when place, power, and privilege were almost entirely in the hands of the Crown and a few great families. Indeed, the considerations that drive Ministers and men of ministerial rank to the platform forbid them to neglect a friendship which they would gladly do without. The relation between them may be likened to that of rival beauties compelled to mutual civility, when one of them is scornfully conscious of a patrician rank which the other cannot pretend to, and is careless of acknowledging in her superior. However, civility has to be maintained; for when the statesman has no doubtful measure to propose, no dubious experiment to try, no unexpected opposition to overcome, he has generally some blunder to cover or some misfortune to repair; and in all such cases the aid of two or three great newspapers is valuable. Even when the measure seems worse than doubtful, or the blunder simply vicious, the one may be 'let down' and the other palliated by a friendship which is not merely inspired by party preference, but is personal also. Besides, there are many things which a Minister may wish to have said without being able to say them himself. Here, again, a friendly press is useful, and is put to use. But it would be an entire mistake to imagine that the statesmen of any party stoop to cajole or to 'noble' the gentlemen of the press, or even those who, standing foremost in their profession, seem most worth the pains. It is not uncommonly believed to be done; but nothing in my knowledge, which is neither very recent nor very limited, justifies the belief. Here and there an advertising politician may adopt such tactics and in some measure succeed. It would be easy to name one or two such personages, but they are small—consciously small, perhaps. Generally speaking, they are well seen through by the able editors who yet give them a hand; they rarely come to anything, and, after a little flutter of notoriety, sink into the place that befits their character and their parts. The capable strong man with his foot on the ladder is more punctilious; and of flattering and nobbling, where the process could be most hopefully plied, there is so little that I am inclined to say there is none at all. A good deal of intercourse, no doubt, there is; and, very possibly, it is not less smooth and frequent when the journalist is at the same time powerful and yielding.

For that he sometimes is; and, of course, when we are considering the relations of Government and Press, we must look to the part that is commonly played by both. It is quite conceivable, for instance, even in a country like this, that a great Minister need not trouble himself much, where the press is concerned, to flatter or cajole. Admission to the social courtesies that are due to his own 'set'; the familiar howd'ye do; occasional dinner invitations; quiet little talks on public affairs, about as confidential as those which the great man holds with everybody about him—such amenities as these might be enough to win subserviency. But is subserviency often won?

When the good reader has listened to all that the satirist within him has to say on the subject, he will do well to believe nothing of the kind. Of course; we are not to suppose that social influences which have their effect on everybody else are powerless in the case of newspaper editors; and it will occur to all who are sufficiently interested in the matter to think about it, that State secretaries have much more to offer for newspaper friendship than dinner invitations and cards for evening parties. They have information at their disposal; hot news; hints as to policies, native or foreign; high gossip, harmless but eminently fluttering; and these things are the very commodities of the journalist's trade. They are as good as money, and are, indeed, precisely the sort of material which he spends vast sums every year to obtain. We may have something to say about the possibilities of traffic on this ground presently; but first let this be remarked. While a very respectable pride, a perfectly intelligible jealousy, and the smart of irritations not infrequent, straiten the relations of high official persons with the gentlemen of the press, the journalist has his own points of pride too. If journalism must be called a profession—though I do not allow that it is, any more than statesmanship itself—then we may say that there is no profession so essentially and thoroughly democratic. In no other body of men can be found so strong a spirit of independence, or a more watchful jealousy of every seeming encroachment on it. Perhaps I may be told that I am only speaking of the bettermost sort of journalism—and perhaps I am. But the bettermost sort is no small part of the whole; it is really all that is worth speaking of; while as for the rest, I am sure of this: in no other 'profession' is dishonesty practised with a keener or more constant sense of shame. When we reflect, however, upon the functions of political journalism, we shall see that this is only in the nature of things. It is in the nature of things that diplomacy should be (though not altogether) an art of lying; and when that is understood, not only do its hypocrisies, concealments, and deceits become respectable, but the diplomatist who is the best hand at such tools ranks high in our estimation. Journalism has its *raison d'être* too, and it is a totally different thing, root and branch. Of that every man employed in it is aware; and though he may sometimes violate his duty he can never forget what it is, and what is expected of him by the public whom he pretends to guide and inform. Without independence he is nothing, unless it is something to be an impostor. Independence is his grand point of pride. In him it is a quality that cannot be put off and on, as some other kinds of independence may be. If it goes, it is gone; and it can hardly be bartered secretly. In most cases the loss of it may be traced by any observant reader of what he writes, while the lapse is, of course, well noted by the pleased but contemptuous personage whom it is meant to serve. These are safe-

guards and preventives of considerable force, and they operate efficiently. Not always with complete efficiency, however, and we shall presently discover some of the reasons why.

It may be asked whether, after all, the 'information' advantages which every Government can offer really fail to seduce; whether it is not natural and right that a party newspaper should follow the lead and support the tactics of the party chiefs; and whether, as a matter of fact, that is not the practice of the more important journals, though party tactics do often savour of the diplomatic arts.

The answer is that no doubt the information advantages are seductive, and no doubt they are of substantial value. But they are not so valuable as the world without may be inclined to suppose, or as most novices in editorial work fancy them. Moreover, they are of least importance to the most important journals; for nowadays the greater newspapers have wide means of obtaining every sort of information. Besides, whatever information the Government offices have to bestow must now be shared pretty evenly by a dozen newspapers in country and town, which is no particular favour; and in order to avoid jealousy important news must be distributed to the whole dozen at the same time. It is yet more to the purpose that Ministers are chary of imparting information of moment unless it be to serve some design of their own, by which I do not mean a personal or selfish design. For, in the first place, it is rather against the dignity of the ministerial office to do so. In the next, what seems perfectly clear and settled to-day will sometimes take a sudden change and wear a totally different complexion to-morrow. In the domain of foreign affairs this often happens. There is always some degree of danger, therefore, in communicating news of impending events (the journalist's most coveted commodity), however certain of occurrence they may seem to be; for the highest authorities may find themselves mistaken, and they never like to appear so. As for events of public importance that have already happened, not many of them remain anybody's secret long; and wherever there are reeds to rustle, there the press has ears to hear. Much that Governments intend or propose, much that is actually going on (*e.g.* Cabinet dissensions and changes), cannot possibly be told for publication, even by a hint.

But yet a good deal of this sort of matter can be communicated, and often is—on conditions of dubious advantage. Assured of the trustworthiness of this or that newspaper editor, a Minister will admit him to information of grave importance or telling significance; but this he will do saying, 'You understand that this is merely for your own guidance; not a word of it, not a hint of it, must appear in your journal.' To the newspaper editor who cares for nothing but sensational 'items' such a communication would probably appear ridiculous. But for the man who seriously concerns himself with

the conduct of affairs, and would far rather be dull than go wrong, it is very valuable indeed. It supplies him with an inner light by which a whole series of events, perhaps, may be more accurately judged, either as they recently unfolded themselves or as they begin to develop under his eyes. He cannot say in his newspaper what he is forbidden to say, but the error of what he might have said is avoided. How great an advantage that is need not be told, and it is one that journalists of a certain standing often profit by. But the same men can tell you that communications of this kind are sometimes a mere burden and vexation. It occasionally happens, indeed, that the moment they are uttered the recipient would gladly hand them back, with a request that the donor would be good enough to consider that he had never opened his lips on the subject. That, of course, it is impossible to do. But what if the embarrassed editor has already received the same intelligence—received it, too, from no improper source, and quite unhampered by conditions of secrecy? In that case he finds himself in an unpleasant corner. It would be injudicious, unseemly, and unavailing to say that he knew all about it before. He can only thank his second informant, and studiously refrain from making any public use of what he had gained from the first. To be sure, this is an accident of comparatively rare occurrence; but it is by no means an uncommon thing to be told in strict official confidence one day what you learn under no restraint of secrecy the next. In that case, of course, the one communication cripples the uses of the other completely. You may be strongly persuaded that the public should not remain in ignorance of what has come to your knowledge, and yet you are bound to abstain from throwing out the merest hint of the matter. And if it should occur to you that the prime intention of your ministerial informant was not to inform, but to put every possible source of information on that subject under the seal of ‘confidence,’ your case remains unimproved.

Spite of all such diminutions and drawbacks as these, however, it is generally believed in newspaper offices to be a very advantageous thing to have good relations with great official persons, and perhaps it is. Information is obtained, for public use or private guidance. Besides, a means of correcting intelligence gained in other ways is afforded; though here, too, the journalist is not always blest. For while he is told that his news is perfectly true, he may be enjoined to keep it to himself at present; or the exigencies of political convenience may even oblige the official who listens to your intelligence to put a false colour on it or cover it with a cloud of doubt. A greater advantage than all, perhaps, is one that may be described as ‘generally educational’; for the journalist of every grade is a man of quick perceptions, and it is something to view at close quarters the sort of personage by whom the government of affairs is

carried on. When all is said, however, it may be doubted whether there is any considerable balance of profit to the journalist in the relationships we are dealing with. To be sure, if he and his newspaper are strictly devoted to the leaders of his party, he will be of a different opinion. But, for my own part, I think that kind of devotion an error in him, and a very unfortunate one. Of course, when a newspaper editor chooses to put himself at the service of a particular statesman or group of statesmen, he does no worse than many another politician whom we should have small right to blame for the preference. But I do not know that the House-of-Commons man who so devotes himself is most worthy of esteem, and feel pretty sure that the newspaper editor is not. Unless they are both party men, they are probably parasites; and if they are party men, their first duty is to the *party*, and not to the individuals who may happen to stand at its head at any particular moment.

It is easy to understand what a party is. It is the embodiment of certain principles, certain beliefs, which are commonly held by all who belong to it as essential to the right conduct of public affairs. Now if personal ambition, personal spleen, distortion of judgment, false or even immoral calculation, never misled governing statesmen into the betrayal of the party they were appointed to guide and sustain, there would be nothing in the distinction of duty which I have just pointed out. But we know that statesmen are liable to such aberrations; and therefore the distinction holds good, just as a similar distinction holds good and is sternly maintained in every Church till it is about to fall to pieces. And there is a difference in the position of the House-of-Commons man and the newspaper editor. Partisan though the latter may proclaim himself to be, he is always understood by the public to stand aside as an independent judge; with a strong bias towards this body of principle or that, maybe, but wearing no man's livery, however splendid. That, indeed, is his own pretension invariably; and he not only does something to be ashamed of, but something that may be extremely mischievous, when he falsifies it.

To one of the questions in a previous paragraph I answer, then, that it is by no means always right, but sometimes very wrong, for a party newspaper to follow the lead of the party chiefs. How often it is wrongfully done in a 'thick and thin' way is another question; and according to my observation it seldom is, and never without bringing down the punishment of suspicion and neglect. Honest endeavour to be faithful to principle and the public good, without regard to individuals, is rarely absent from the conduct of an English newspaper. That may be said with perfect confidence and sincerity. Nevertheless, the question remains whether the endeavour is not hampered a little in various ways, of which the one

immediately before us is intimate relationships between Ministers and leading men in the press.

It is so hampered, and must be in the very nature of men and things. To go back to the 'information' business, there is a seduction in it that is rarely withstood, not merely because news is a saleable commodity, but because good information is necessary to the establishment of sound opinions. To seek it wherever it can be found is therefore the duty of every careful journalist, apart from all question of marketable advantage. But what is the sort of 'information' to be obtained in the highest quarters, what are the conditions that accompany its receipt, and what are the obligations it imposes on the recipient? We have seen something of this already. It remains to be said that of mere matter-of-fact publishable news comparatively little comes from that direction. Much more is told about the difficulties of the Government here, the difficulties of the Government there; the course it intends to take in consequence of this or that; the measures it means to propose and hopes you will be able to support, or the measures it means to abandon, hoping you will approve of the abandonment: with other matter of a like kind. Now, suppose the difficulties are the consequence of downright unpardonable error—and occasionally they are nothing else. Suppose the intended course of action prompted by cowardice masquerading as discretion—and such 'policies' have been known even in our own generation. Suppose the intended measure is one of those 'surprise' moves, one of those melancholy 'dishing' Bills, for which assistance is very much wanted indeed, unless the Cabinet is to be upset? Why the influential editor should be told of them is easily understood; but not what the poor man is to do with credit and comfort to himself after he has been told. Indifferent to the assistance in his calling by which he has only lately profited, perhaps, is he to go straight from the great man's cabinet or his dinner-table and denounce the blunder or the 'move' the particulars of which have just been imparted to him in friendly conversation? Would not that be an excessively embarrassing thing to do? He is certainly not expected to do it; he hates the thought of doing it; and the natural result is that, though he is conscious of treachery to the public his clients, and very much ashamed of it, he compromises by silence as long as silence can be maintained, and then enters on a see-saw of *pros* and *cons* in which an expression of doubt may possibly be detected, and even a faint appearance of blame. That is the usual course of things at the best. In any case, the unhappy man would not have written very fiercely—the conduct of the leaders of his own party being in question; but if he had not been hampered by their confidences, and by restraints of courtesy imposed by friendly personal intercourse, he would have been a little more faithful to duty and conscience.

There is the further danger of being drawn in too far to the support of mere party tactics ; tactics in which—as we well know by much that has happened of late, and is happening now on both sides—principle and probity are occasionally sacrificed in the most daring manner. In moderation, this may be all very well for party leaders and party managers. They live in a constant state of war, and may fairly be allowed all the licence of trick, surprise, and ambush which a general in the field permits himself, and all the arts (or nearly all) that are sanctioned in diplomacy. With these, however, the newspaper press has nothing to do ; and to my mind, about the worst journalist conceivable on this side of absolute venality is the man who, being forcible, adroit, well-informed, carries on the representation and discussion of public affairs by diplomatic methods. By that I do not mean cautiously, judiciously, and with a vigilant eye to whatever advantage the enemy might take from excessive candour : not that diplomacy of course, but the other sort.

Place-men and party managers may have to resort to concealment, subterfuge, misrepresentation, and may even feel justified in adopting policies which they were appointed to oppose, and which their own judgment condemns, for the one grand purpose of keeping their opponents out of office and themselves in. Under pressure of what all Governments learn to regard as a fundamental duty, this they have often done in the past, and are more likely to do in the future ; for the reason that they confront their political foes with far greater frequency and bitterness—contending from rival platforms as much like pugilists as politicians. But however much a journalist may desire to support a Government or its opposites, he is under no obligation to adopt their views of party exigency, or to aid them as confederates when the concealment, the subterfuge, the ‘dishing’ and the dishonesty come into play. In my humble judgment, he should never consent to become a portion of the party machinery, to be worked like the rest of it by party leaders and managers ; and therefore should avoid as much as possible every obligation, every temptation, that may draw him into that position. The journalist has his own distinct place in the body politic ; and the only way to maintain it in honour and usefulness is to test every policy, every measure, and the men who propose or advocate it, by the doctrine he believes in : taking full account, of course, of the time and the temper of the time. All through this paper I have dealt with the newspaper editor as a party man—though a party man he need not be, without being either a trimmer, a weakling, or an ‘impracticable person.’ But the more of an honest party man he is, the more he is bound to stand by the party, or rather the general body of doctrine it embodies. The leaders of a party, however exalted, are merely its ministers ; and to take the doctrine from them and follow them by preference has all the effect of servility, with or without the intention.

Besides, there is a vast deal in the conduct of affairs that is quite independent of party principle; and inasmuch as the newspaper press is drawn by personal solicitation, obligation, or regard, to cover faults of judgment, defect of courage, crimes of neglect, it is false to its calling and treacherous to the country.

Farther we might go, and say that the maintenance of political probity for its own sake, and quite apart from the special mischief which any particular violation of it may occasion, is an essential part of the business of the newspaper press. If, indeed, it is not cared for there, where are we to look for its defence? The pulpits have nothing to do with political morality. The party associations have much to do with it; but we know how they are managed in a general way, and how promptly a rising grumble is suppressed by the practical persons who direct them. The party chiefs are its most frequent violators, with any considerable power of mischief; and the newspaper press is the only strong means of keeping in check that prodigious evil, the decomposition of political probity. Whether it is as much devoted to that work as the common good demands may be decided pretty accurately by anyone who is in the habit of reading the journals of either side. All that I have to say on the subject is that the newspaper editor who is most embarrassed in doing what he knows to be a primal duty—and one, too, which in nine cases out of ten is most to his taste—is not the man who studiously keeps himself free from the constraints, restraints, and obligations imposed by intimate relations of a certain character. That such relations cannot be altogether avoided in some cases, and that it is undesirable to avoid them quite, is obviously true. But I am sure of this: that the country is not best served, nor party either, when the newspaper press shifts from its natural position of complete independency to become part of ‘the political machine.’

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE CRISIS IN THE POST OFFICE.

THE postmen have determined that they will have a trade union. The heads of the Post Office Department have determined to the contrary. The postmen, having got six months' start of the Postmaster-General, are already, at least in London, very well organised, and Mr. Raikes has a tough task before him if he really intends to fight the matter out. The postmen are very enthusiastic and very determined. The Postmaster-General is very powerful and very obstinate. That the greater strength is on the side of the postmen there cannot be the least doubt, but the effectiveness of that strength depends entirely upon how far the postmen have imbibed the spirit and mastered the methods of trade unionism. There is perhaps no other occupation in which a struggle between paymasters and wage-earners more immediately and vitally affects the entire population than this.

In the first place, what is the matter in dispute? Mr. Raikes has very persistently and skilfully endeavoured to avoid the real issue. His answers to questions in Parliament amount to this: that he will not allow outsiders to dictate as to how the department shall be administered, and that the postmen have been misled into defying and breaking the regulations of their superior officers. He admits, and has repeatedly asserted during the past few years, that postmen are not forbidden by the terms of their employment to form and join a combination for mutual benefit and redress of grievances; but he denies them the right of explaining their grievances to the public, either by meeting or through the press; he denies them the right of taking counsel amongst themselves unless a departmental shorthand writer is present; he declines to discuss with a union, no matter how fully it represents the men, questions in dispute between the postmen and the department; and, finally, he objects to their selection of a secretary. This means that in the opinion of Mr. Raikes the postmen may have a trade union on condition that its secretary is appointed by the department, that it holds no meetings, that it makes no appeal to the public, and that it makes no attempt to better the condition of its members. If Mr. Raikes thinks that postmen should not be allowed to form a trade union, and if he will say so and tell us why, that matter may be worthy of serious discussion. But while

he continues to admit that they may have a union on condition that it does not meet, speak, or act, he can only be treated with ridicule.

Mr. Raikes ignores the point altogether when he protests that he will not be dictated to by any combination of employés as to how the department shall be conducted. The question is not whether the postmen shall conduct the Post Office, but whether they shall have any voice in settling the terms on which they sell their labour to the Post Office. A Postmen's Union will be not only an advantage to the postmen but to the heads of the Post Office Department and to the public also. There has been discontent in the Post Office ever since the institution began, and the discontent is greater now than ever it was. The past fifty years has seen enormous improvement in the Post Office, but very little improvement in the condition of the workers in it. The discontent is greater now, not because the men are worse off, but because they are getting more intelligent and because they are keenly participating in the desire for improved conditions of life and labour and increased leisure, which is now so strongly taking hold of all ranks of labour. Hitherto this discontent has had no proper mode of expression. The men have had no means of appealing to the public, and the only method of approaching the Postmaster-General was by petition. These petitions, too, must be sent through the postman's immediately superior officer, who is not always content to merely forward them, but often takes it upon himself to dictate little alterations. Very often no answer at all is given, frequently six months will elapse before a reply is received, and generally the petitions are dealt with in the supercilious and contemptuous manner which such a mode of address is sure to encourage. Since the Union (which proposes to discard the petitioning method) has been formed, the petitions have been much better received, and the heads of the department have put themselves on their good behaviour. In consequence of the Union agitation, they have raised the minimum wage of established postmen from 16s. to 18s. per week; certain classes of unestablished men who were doomed to work out their lives on 18s. a week have got 19s.; unestablished men now get half pay when ill where they got none before; established men get full pay when ill (if for over a week) where they got only two-thirds before; and the Union proposal that the postman's day's work should not extend over twelve consecutive hours is also being carried out, though in a very dilatory and ungracious manner. Small as these improvements are, they are appreciated by the postmen, not only for the good they are in themselves, but for the fact that they indicate that the authorities who turn a deaf ear to petitions are very attentive when confronted by an organised Union.

My reasons for stating that Trade Unionism would be an all-round good for the Post Office are these:

1. It will reduce the rumbling, indefinite discontent to outspoken demands, formulated in an intelligible manner so that all concerned may test the reasonableness, or otherwise, of them.

2. It will place the men on such a footing that they can discuss matters in dispute with their chiefs in a dignified and effective way; and the knowledge that this is being done, and that the case for the men will be fully and fairly stated, will allay irritation and discontent during the progress of the dispute.

3. It will enable the public to become acquainted with the real and substantial grievances of their employés. It is generally admitted now that Government employés should have the opportunity of laying their grievances before the public and before Parliament; but it is equally generally admitted that for individual employés to be lobbying and writing to members of Parliament, and getting questions put on their own behalf, is the best conceivable way of doing a minimum of good to the individual at a maximum of bother to the public. A trade union would sift out these questions, would settle them with the heads of the department where possible, and would only bring really important matters before the public at all. Its officers would know that the appeal to the public is a right which must only be exercised when absolutely necessary, and that vexatious abuse of it would lead to its real usefulness being injured.

It is difficult to see what the heads of the Post Office are aiming at in the present struggle. It seems hard to accuse such able and business-like gentlemen as those who preside at St. Martin's-le-Grand of pursuing any course of action through sheer prejudice. And yet this is the most charitable construction that can be put upon their conduct. Can they be filled with the ridiculous idea that trade unions wantonly provoke and embitter disputes; that they are never happy but when a strike is on hand; that their greatest delight is to disorganise work and encourage incompetent workmen? Surely they must be aware that where trade unionism prevails there are fewest disputes, that there disputes are easiest settled, that every effort is made to avoid strikes, that the general conduct of workmen is improved, and that capable workmanship is encouraged! If they have not yet learnt this, the sooner they do learn it the better.

It is to be hoped that this crisis in the Post Office may be got over without public inconvenience and without serious ill-feeling between the heads and the rank and file. Whether or not, the Postmaster-General will either have to give way, or to so increase the severity of his methods that he can break up the Union. So far he has only raised the spirits of the men and strengthened the Union. The London postmen are practically unanimous in their adhesion to it, and they will certainly not yield without a very hard fight. They are full of enthusiasm at the good the Union has achieved so far; they are full, too, of the memory of how shabbily their

claims for redress of grievances were treated before there was a union, and they are conscious of the enormous power which lies in their hands. A strike in the Post Office would put practically every inhabitant in the country to the greatest inconvenience, and to some it would mean serious pecuniary loss. It is to the very people who would thus suffer that the postmen must look for the redress of their grievances, and therefore they will, as a matter of self-interest, be chary of taking such a step.

Would they be justified in taking such a step at all? If the public understood and approved of Mr. Raikes's action they most undoubtedly would. But the general impression is that the public is in favour of the postmen, and that Mr. Raikes has the feeling of the people against him. At all events the postmen are in common sense bound to wait until the public declares against them before they make war upon it. If this were a question of wages or hours of work the postmen might well wait, and in the meantime educate public opinion as to their demands. But the contest which Mr. Raikes has thrust upon them raises the almost desperate issue of the right of the postmen to put their demands before the public at all. The net outcome of the Postmaster-General's regulation is that it is absolutely forbidden to postmen to place their grievances before the public in any way whatever.

I want to emphasise this point: that giving in to Mr. Raikes is not to wait for the settlement of a grievance; if that were all the postmen might wait—they are certainly well accustomed to doing so. But to give in is to give up the possibility of having their grievances even discussed! What those grievances are it is not for me now to enter into. I only wish now to impress upon the public that whatever steps the postmen are driven to they will take, not in their hurry to secure some pecuniary benefit, but entirely to maintain their right to combine for their mutual interests and the betterment of their position.

J. L. MAHON.

THE TRUE FUNCTION AND VALUE OF CRITICISM;

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING
NOTHING: A DIALOGUE

Scene.—THE LIBRARY OF A HOUSE IN PICCADILLY OVERLOOKING
THE GREEN PARK.

Persons.—GILBERT and ERNEST.

Gilbert (at the piano). My dear Ernest, what are you laughing at?

Ernest (looking up). At a capital story that I have just come across in this volume of *Reminiscences* that I have found on your table.

G. What is the book? Ah! I see. I have not read it yet. Is it good?

E. Well, I have been turning over the pages with some amusement while you have been playing, though, as a rule, I dislike modern memoirs. They are generally written by people who have either entirely lost their memories, or have never done anything worth recording; which, however, is, no doubt, the true explanation of their popularity, as the English public always feels perfectly at its ease when a mediocrity is talking to it.

G. Yes: the public is wonderfully tolerant. It forgives everything except genius. But I must confess that I like all memoirs. I like them for their form, just as much as for their matter. In literature mere egotism is delightful. It is what fascinates us in the letters of personalities so different as Cicero and Balzac, Flaubert and Berlioz and Madame de Sévigné. Whenever we come across it, and, strangely enough, it is rather rare, we cannot but welcome it, and do not easily forget it. Humanity will always love Rousseau for having confessed his sins, not to a priest, but to the world, and the couchant nymphs that Cellini wrought in bronze for the castle of King Francis, the green and gold Perseus, even, that in the open Loggia at Florence shows the moon the dead terror that once turned life to stone, have not given it more pleasure than has that autobiography in which the supreme scoundrel of the Renaissance recounts the story of his splendour and his shame. The opinions, the character, the achieve-

ments of the man, matter very little. He may be a sceptic like the gentle *Sieur de Montaigne*, or a saint like the bitter son of *Monica*, but, when he tells us his own secrets, he can always charm our ears to listening and our lips to silence. The mode of thought that *Cardinal Newman* represents—if that can be called a mode of thought which seeks to solve intellectual problems by a denial of the supremacy of the intellect—may not, cannot I think, survive. But the world will never weary of watching that troubled soul in its progress from darkness to darkness. The lonely church at *Littlemore* where ‘the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few,’ will be always dear to it, and whenever men see the yellow snapdragon blossoming on the wall of *Trinity* they will think of that gracious undergraduate who saw in the flower’s sure recurrence a prophecy that he would abide for ever with the *Benign Mother* of his days—a prophecy that *Faith*, in her wisdom or her folly, suffered not to be fulfilled. Yes; autobiography is irresistible. Poor, silly, conceited *Mr. Secretary Pepys* has chattered his way into the circle of the *Immortals*, and, conscious that indiscretion is the better part of valour, bustles about amongst them in that ‘shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and looped lace’ which he is so fond of describing to us, perfectly at his ease, and prattling, to his own and our infinite pleasure, of the *Indian blue petticoat* that he bought for his wife, of the ‘good hog’s harslet,’ and the ‘pleasant French fricassee of veal’ that he loved to eat, of his game of bowls with *Will Joyce*, and his ‘gadding after beauties,’ and his reciting of *Hamlet* on a Sunday, and his playing of the viol on week days, and other wicked or trivial things. Even in actual life egotism is not without its attractions. When people talk to us about others they are usually dull. When they talk to us about themselves they are nearly always interesting, and if one could shut them up, when they become wearisome, as easily as one can shut up a book of which one has grown wearied, they would be perfect absolutely.

E. There is much virtue in that. If, as *Touchstone* would say. But do you seriously propose that every man should become his own *Boswell*? What would become of our industrious compilers of *Lives* and *Recollections* in that case?

G. What has become of them? They are the pest of the age, nothing more and nothing less. Every great man nowadays has his disciples, and it is invariably *Judas* who writes the biography.

E. My dear fellow!

G. I am afraid it is true. Formerly we used to canonise our heroes. The modern method is to vulgarise them. Cheap editions of great books are always welcome, but cheap editions of great men are detestable.

E. May I ask, *Gilbert*, to whom you allude?

G. There is no necessity to mention names. You know perfectly

well the sort of people I mean, the people who, when poet or painter passes away, arrive at the house along with the undertaker, and forget that their one duty is to behave as mutes. But we won't talk about them. They are the mere body-snatchers of literature. The dust is given to one, and the ashes to another, and the soul is out of their reach. And now, let me play Chopin to you, or Dvorák? Shall I play you a fantasy by Dvorák? He writes passionate, curiously-coloured things.

E. No; I don't want music just at present. It is far too indefinite. Besides, I took the Baroness Bernstein down to dinner last night, and, though absolutely charming in every other respect, she insisted on discussing music as if it was actually written in the German language. Now, whatever music sounds like, I am glad to say that it does not sound in the smallest degree like German. There are forms of patriotism that are really quite degrading. No; Gilbert, don't play any more. Turn round and talk to me. Talk to me till the white-horned day comes into the room. There is something in your voice that is wonderful.

G. (*rising from the piano*). I am not in a mood for talking to-night. How horrid of you to smile! I really am not. Where are the cigarettes? Thanks. How exquisite these single daffodils are! They seem to be made of amber and cool ivory. They are like Greek things of the best period. What was the story in the confessions of the remorseful Academician that made you laugh? Tell it to me. After playing Chopin, I feel as if I had been weeping over sins that I had never committed, and mourning over tragedies that are not my own. Music always seems to me to produce that effect. It creates for one a past of which one has been ignorant, and fills one with a sense of sorrows that have been hidden from one's tears. I can fancy a man who had led a perfectly commonplace life, hearing by chance some curious piece of music, and suddenly discovering that his soul, without his being conscious of it, had passed through terrible experiences, and known fearful joys, or wild romantic loves, or great renunciations. And so, tell me this story, Ernest. I want to be amused.

E. Oh! I don't know that it is of any importance. But I thought it a really admirable illustration of the true value of ordinary art-criticism. It seems that a lady once gravely asked the remorseful Academician, as you call him, if his celebrated picture of 'A Spring-Day at Whiteley's,' or 'Waiting for the Last Omnibus,' or some subject of that kind, was all painted by hand.

G. (*lighting his cigarette*). And was it?

E. Gilbert, you are quite incorrigible. But, seriously speaking, what is the use of art-criticism? Why cannot the artist be left alone, to create a new world if he wishes it, or, if not, to shadow forth the world which we already know, and of which, I fancy, we would each one of us be wearied if Art, with her fine spirit

of choice and delicate instinct of selection, did not, as it were, purify it for us, and give to it a momentary perfection. It seems to me that the imagination spreads, or should spread, a solitude around it, and works best in silence and in isolation. Why should the artist be troubled by the shrill clamour of criticism? Why should those who cannot create take upon themselves to estimate the value of creative work? What can they know about it? If a man's work is easy to understand, an explanation is unnecessary. . . .

G. (flinging himself down on the sofa). And if his work is incomprehensible, an explanation is wicked.

E. (smiling). I did not say that.

G. Ah! but you should have. Nowadays, we have so few mysteries left to us that we cannot afford to part with one of them. The members of the Browning Society, like the theologians of the Broad Church Party, or the authors of Mr. Walter Scott's Great Writers' Series, seem to me to spend their time in trying to explain their divinity away. Where one had hoped that Browning was a mystic, they have sought to show that he was simply inarticulate. Where one had fancied that he had something to conceal, they have proved that he had but little to reveal. But I speak merely of his incoherent work. Taken as a whole, the man was great. He did not belong to the Olympians, and had all the incompleteness of the Titan. He did not survey, and it was but rarely that he could sing. His work is marred by struggle, violence, and effort, and he passed not from emotion to form, but from thought to chaos. Still, he was great. He has been called a thinker, and was certainly a man who was always thinking, and always thinking aloud; but it was not thought that fascinated him, but rather the processes by which thought moves. It was the machine he loved, not what the machine makes. The method by which the fool arrives at his folly was so dear to him as the ultimate wisdom of the wise. So much, indeed, did the subtle mechanism of mind fascinate him that he despised language, or looked upon it as an incomplete instrument of expression. Rhyme, that exquisite echo which in the Muse's hollow hill creates and answers its own voice; rhyme, which in the hands of a real artist becomes not merely a material element of metrical beauty, but a spiritual element of thought and passion also, waking a new mood, it may be, or stirring a fresh train of ideas, or opening by mere sweetness and suggestion of sound some golden door at which the Imagination itself had knocked in vain; rhyme, which can turn man's utterance to the speech of gods; rhyme, the one chord we have added to the Greek lyre, became in Robert Browning's hands a grotesque, misshapen thing, which made him at times masquerade in poetry as a low comedian, and ride Pegasus too often with his tongue in his cheek. There are moments when he

wounds us by monstrous music. Nay, if he can only get his music by breaking the strings of his lute, he breaks them, and they snap in discord, and no Athenian tettix, making melody from tremulous wings, lights on the ivory horn to make the movement perfect or the interval less harsh. Yet, he was great: and though he turned language into ignoble clay, he made from it men and women that live. He is the most Shakespearian creature since Shakespeare. If Shakespeare could sing with myriad lips, Browning could stammer through a thousand mouths. Even now, as I am speaking, and speaking not against him but for him, there glides through the room the pageant of his persons. There, creeps Fra Lippo Lippi with his cheeks still burning from some girl's hot kiss. There, stands dread Saul with the lordly male-sapphires gleaming in his turban. Mildred Tresham is there, and the Spanish monk, yellow with hatred, and Blougram, and the Rabbi Ben Ezra, and the Bishop of St. Praxed's. The spawn of Setebos gibbers in the corner, and Sebald, hearing Pippa pass by, looks on Ottima's haggard face, and loathes her and his own sin and himself. Pale as the white satin of his doublet, the melancholy king watches with dreamy treacherous eyes too loyal Strafford pass to his doom, and Andrea shudders as he hears the cousin's whistle in the garden, and bids his perfect wife go down. Yes, Browning was great. And as what will he be remembered? As a poet? Ah, not as a poet! He will be remembered as a writer of fiction, as the most supreme writer of fiction, it may be, that we have ever had. His sense of dramatic situation was unrivalled, and, if he could not answer his own problems, he could at least put problems forth. Considered from the point of view of a creator of character he ranks next to him who made Hamlet. Had he been articulate he might have sat beside him. The only man living who can touch the hem of his garment is George Meredith. Meredith is a prose-Browning, and so is Browning. He used poetry as a medium for writing in prose.

E. There is something in what you say, but there is not everything in what you say. In many points you are unjust.

G. It is difficult not to be unjust to what one loves. But let us return to the particular point at issue. What was it that you said?

E. Simply this: that in the best days of art there were no art-critics.

G. I seem to have heard that observation before, Ernest. It has all the vitality of error and all the tediousness of an old friend.

E. It is true, Gilbert. Yes: there is no use your tossing your head in that petulant manner. It is quite true. In the best days of art there were no art-critics. The sculptor hewed from the marble block the great white-limbed Hermes that slept within it. The waxers and gilders of images gave tone and texture to the statue, and the world, when it saw it, worshipped and was dumb. He poured the glowing bronze into the mould of sand, and the river of red metal

cooled into noble curves and took the impress of the body of a god. With enamel or polished jewels he gave sight to the sightless eyes. The hyacinth-like curls grew crisp beneath his graver. And when, in some dim frescoed fane, or pillared sunlit portico, the child of Leto stood upon his pedestal, those who passed by, ἀβρῶς βάλοντες διὰ λαμπροτάτου αἰθέρος, became conscious of a new influence that had come across their lives, and dreamily, or with a sense of strange and quickening joy, went to their homes or daily labour, or wandered, it may be, through the city gates to that nymph-haunted meadow where young Phædrus bathed his feet; and, lying there on the soft grass, beneath the tall wind-whispering planes and flowering *agnus castus*, began to think of the wonder of beauty, and grew silent with unaccustomed awe. In those days the artist was free. From the river valley he took the fine clay in his fingers, and, with a little tool of wood or bone, fashioned it into forms so exquisite that the people gave them to the dead as their playthings, and we find them still in the dusty tombs on the yellow hillside by Tanagra, with the faint gold and the fading crimson still lingering about hair and lips and raiment. On a wall of fresh plaster, stained with bright sandyx or mixed with milk and saffron, he pictured one who trod with tired feet the purple white-starred fields of asphodel, one 'in whose eyelids lay the whole of the Trojan War,' Polyxena, the daughter of Priam; or figured Odysseus, the wise and cunning, bound by tight cords to the mast-step, that he might listen without hurt to the singing of the Sirens, or wandering by the clear river of Acheron, where the ghosts of fishes flitted over the pebbly bed; or showed the Persian in trews and mitre flying before the Greek at Marathon, or the galleys clashing their beaks of brass in the little Salaminian bay. He drew with silver-point and charcoal upon parchment and prepared cedar. Upon ivory and rose-coloured terra-cotta he painted with wax, making the wax fluid with juice of olives, and with heated irons making it firm. Panel and marble and linen canvas became wonderful as his brush swept across them, and Life, seeing her own image, was still, and dared not speak. All life, indeed, was his, from the merchants sitting in the market-place to the cloaked shepherd lying on the hill; from the nymph hidden in the laurels to the king whom, in some long green-curtained litter, tall Nubian slaves bore upon oil-bright shoulders and fanned with peacock fans. Men and women, with pleasure or sorrow in their faces, passed before him. He watched them, and their secret became his. Through form and colour he re-created a world.

All subtle arts belonged to him also. He held the gem against the revolving disk, and the amethyst became the purple couch for Adonis, and across the veined sardonyx sped Artemis with her hounds. He beat out the gold into roses, and strung them together for necklace or bracelet. He beat out the gold into wreaths for the victor's helmet, or into palmates for the Tyrian robe, or into masks for the

silent dead. On the back of the silver mirror he graved Thetis borne by her Nereids, or love-sick Phædra with her nurse, or Persephone, weary of memory, putting poppies in her hair. The potter sat in his shed, and, flower-like from the whirring wheel, the vase rose up beneath his hands. He decorated the base and stem and ears with pattern of dainty olive-leaf, or foliated acanthus, or curved and crested wave. Then in black or red he painted lads wrestling, or in the race: knights in full armour, with strange heraldic shields and curious visors, leaning from shell-shaped chariots over rearing steeds: the gods seated at the feast or working their miracles: the heroes in their victory or in their pain. Sometimes he would etch in thin vermilion lines upon a ground of white the languid bridegroom and his bride, with Eros hovering round them—an Eros, Gilbert, like one of Donatello's angels, a little laughing thing with gilded or with azure wings. On the curved side he would write the name of his friend. ΚΑΛΟΣ ΑΛΚΙΒΙΑΔΗΣ or ΚΑΛΟΣ ΧΑΡΜΙΔΗΣ tells us the story of his days. Again, on the rim of the wide flat cup he would draw the stag browsing, or the lion at rest, as his fancy willed it. From the tiny perfume-bottle laughed Aphrodite at her toilet, and, with bare-limbed Mænads in his train, Dionysus danced round the wine-jar on naked must-stained feet, while, satyr-like, the old Silenus sprawled upon the bloated skins, or shook that magic spear which was tipped with a fretted fir-cone and wreathed with dark ivy. And no one came to trouble the artist at his work. No irresponsible chatter disturbed him. He was not worried by opinions. By the Ilyssus, says Arnold somewhere, there was no Higginbotham. By the Ilyssus, my dear Gilbert, there were no silly art congresses, bringing provincialism to the provinces and teaching the mediocrity how to mouth. By the Ilyssus there were no tedious magazines about art, in which the industrious prattle of what they do not understand. On the reed-grown banks of the Cephissus strutted no ridiculous journalism monopolising the seat of judgment when it should be apologising in the dock. The Greeks, Gilbert, had no art-critics.

G. (rising from the sofa). Ernest, you are quite charming, but your views are terribly unsound. I am afraid that you have been listening to the conversation of someone older than yourself. That is always a dangerous thing to do, and if you allow it to degenerate into a habit you will find it absolutely fatal to any intellectual development. As for modern journalism, it is not my business to defend it. It justifies its own existence by the great Darwinian principle of the survival of the vulgarest. I have merely to do with literature.

E. But what is the difference between literature and journalism?

G. Oh! journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read. That is all. But with regard to your statement that the Greeks had

no art-critics, I assure you that that is quite absurd. It would be more just to say that the Greeks were a nation of art-critics.

E. A nation of art-critics?

G. Yes, a nation of art-critics. But I don't wish to destroy the delightfully unreal picture that you have drawn of the relation of the Hellenic artist to the intellectual spirit of his age. To give an accurate description of what never occurred is not merely the proper occupation of the historian, but the inalienable privilege of any man of parts and culture. Still less do I desire to talk learnedly. Learned conversation is either the affectation of the ignorant or the profession of the mentally unemployed. And, as for what is called improving conversation, that is merely the foolish method by which the still more foolish philanthropist feebly tries to disarm the just rancour of the criminal classes. No: let me play to you some mad scarlet thing by Dvůrák. The pallid figures on the tapestry are smiling at us, and the heavy eyelids of my bronze Narcissus are folded in sleep. Don't let us discuss anything solemnly. I am but too conscious of the fact that we are born in an age when only the dull are treated seriously, and I live in terror of not being misunderstood. Don't degrade me into the position of giving you useful information. Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. Through the parted curtains of the window I see the moon like a clipped piece of silver. Like gilded bees the stars cluster round her. The sky is as a hard hollow sapphire. Let us go out into the night. Thought is wonderful, but adventure is more wonderful still. Who knows but we may meet Prince Florizel of Bohemia, and hear the fair Cuban tell us that she is not what she seems?

E. Gilbert, you are horribly wilful. I insist on your discussing this matter with me. You have said that the Greeks were a nation of art-critics. What art-criticism have they left us?

G. (*walking up and down the room*). My dear Ernest, even if not a single fragment of art-criticism had come down to us from Hellenic or Hellenistic days, it would be none the less true that the Greeks were a nation of art-critics, and that they invented the criticism of art just as they invented the criticism of everything else. For, after all, what is our primary debt to the Greeks? Simply the critical spirit. And this spirit, which they exercised on questions of religion and science, of ethics and metaphysics, of politics and education, they exercised on questions of art also, and, indeed, of the two supreme and highest arts, they have left us the most magnificent system of criticism that the world has ever seen.

E. But what are the two supreme and highest arts?

G. Life and Literature, life and the perfect expression of life. The principles of the former, as laid down by the Greeks, we may not realise in an age so marred by false ideals as our own. The

principles of the latter, as they laid them down, are, in many cases, so subtle that we can hardly understand them. Recognising that the most perfect art is that which most fully mirrors life in all its infinite variety, they elaborated the criticism of language, considered in the light of the mere material of that art, to a point to which we, with our accentual system of reasonable or emotional emphasis, can barely if at all attain; studying, for instance, the metrical movements of a prose as scientifically as a modern musician studies harmony and counterpoint, and, I need hardly say, with much keener æsthetic instinct. In this they were right, as they were right in all things. Since the introduction of printing, and the fatal development of the habit of reading amongst the middle and lower classes of this country, there has been a tendency in literature to appeal more and more to the eye and less and less to the ear, which is really the sense which, from the standpoint of pure art, it should seek to please, and by whose canons of pleasure it should abide always. Even the work of Mr. Pater, who is, on the whole, the most perfect master of English prose now active amongst us, is often far more like a piece of mosaic than a passage in music, and seems, here and there, to lack the true rhythmical life of words and the fine freedom and richness of effect that such rhythmical life produces. We, in fact, have made writing a definite mode of composition, and have treated it as a form of elaborate design. The Greeks, upon the other hand, regarded writing simply as a method of chronicling. Their test was always the spoken word in its musical and metrical relations. The voice was the medium, and the ear the critic. I have sometimes thought that the story of Homer's blindness might be really an artistic myth, created in critical days, and serving to remind us, not merely that the great poet is always a seer, seeing not with the eyes of the body but with the eyes of the soul, but that he is a real singer also, building his song out of music, repeating each line over and over again to himself till he has caught the secret of its melody, chaunting in darkness the words that are winged with light. Certainly, whether this be so or not, it was to his blindness, as an occasion if not as a cause, that England's great poet owed much of the majestic movement and sonorous splendour of his later verse. When Milton could no longer write, he began to sing. Who would match the measures of *Comus* with the measures of *Samson Agonistes*, or of *Paradise Lost* or *Regained*? When Milton became blind he composed, as everyone should compose, with the voice purely, and so the pipe or reed of earlier days became that mighty many-stopped organ whose rich reverberant music has all the stateliness of Homeric verse, if it seeks not to have its swiftness, and is the one imperishable thing of English literature, sweeping through all the ages, because above them, and abiding with us ever, being immortal in its form. Yes: writing has done much harm to writers.

We must return to the voice. That must be our test, and, perhaps then we shall be able to appreciate some of the subtleties of Greek art-criticism.

As it now is, we cannot do so. Sometimes, when I have written a piece of prose that I have been modest enough to consider absolutely free from fault, a dreadful thought comes over me that I may have been guilty of the immoral effeminacy of using trochaic and tribrachic movements, a crime for which a learned critic of the Augustan age censures with most just severity the brilliant if somewhat paradoxical Hegesias. I grow cold when I think of it, and wonder to myself if the admirable ethical effect of the prose of that charming writer, who once in a spirit of reckless generosity towards the uncultivated portion of our community proclaimed the monstrous doctrine that conduct is three-fourths of life, will not some day be entirely annihilated by the discovery that the pæons have been wrongly placed.

E. Ah! now you are flippant.

G. Who would not be flippant when he is gravely told that the Greeks had no art-critics? I can understand it being said that the constructive genius of the Greeks lost itself in criticism, but not that the race to whom we owe the critical spirit did not criticise. You will not ask me to give you a survey of Greek art-criticism from Plato to Plotinus. The night is too lovely for that, and the Moon, if she heard us, would put more ashes on her face than are there already. But think merely of one perfect little work of æsthetic criticism, Aristotle's *Treatise on Poetry*. It is not perfect in form, for it is badly written, consisting perhaps of notes jotted down for an art-lecture, or of isolated fragments destined for some larger book, but in temper and treatment it is perfect absolutely. The ethical effect of art, its importance to culture, and its place in the formation of character, had been done once for all by Plato; but here we have art treated, not from the moral, but from the purely æsthetic point of view. Plato had, of course, dealt with many definitely artistic subjects, such as the importance of unity in a work of art, the necessity for tone and harmony, the æsthetic value of appearances, the relations of the visible arts to the external world, and the relations of fiction to fact. He first perhaps stirred in the soul of man that desire which we have not yet satisfied, the desire to know the connection between Beauty and Truth, and the place of Beauty in the moral and intellectual order of the Kosmos. The problems of idealism and realism, as he sets them forth, may seem to many to be somewhat barren of result in the metaphysical sphere of abstract being in which he places them, but transfer them to the sphere of art, and you will find that they are still vital and full of meaning. It may be, that it is as a critic of Beauty that Plato is destined to live, and that by altering the name of the sphere of his speculation

we shall find a new philosophy. But Aristotle, like Goethe, deals with art primarily in its concrete manifestations, taking Tragedy, for instance, and investigating the material it uses, which is language, its subject-matter, which is life, the method by which it works, which is action, the conditions under which it reveals itself, which are those of theatric presentation, its logical structure, which is plot, and its final æsthetic appeal, which is to the sense of beauty realised through the passions of pity and awe. That purification and spiritualising of the nature which he calls *κάθαρσις* is, as Goethe saw, essentially æsthetic, and is not moral, as Lessing fancied. Concerning himself primarily with the impression that the work of art produces, Aristotle sets himself to analyse that impression, to investigate its source, to see how it is engendered. As a physiologist and psychologist, he knows that the health of a function resides in energy. To have a capacity for a passion and not to realise it, is to make oneself incomplete and limited. The mimic spectacle of life that Tragedy affords cleanses the bosom of much 'perilous stuff,' and by presenting high and worthy objects for the exercise of the emotions purifies and spiritualises the man; nay, not merely does it spiritualise him, but it initiates him also into noble feelings of which he might else have known nothing, the word *κάθαρσις* having, it has sometimes seemed to me, a definite allusion to the rite of initiation, if that indeed be not, as I am occasionally tempted to fancy, its true and only meaning here. This is of course a mere outline of the book. But you see what a perfect piece of æsthetic criticism it is. Who indeed but a Greek could have analysed art so well? After reading it, one does not wonder any longer that Alexandria devoted itself so largely to art-criticism, and that we find the artistic temperaments of the day investigating every question of style and manner, discussing the great Academic schools of painting, for instance, such as the school of Sicily, that sought to preserve the dignified traditions of the antique mode, or the realistic and impressionist schools, that aimed at reproducing actual life, or the elements of ideality in portraiture, or the artistic value of the epic form in an age so modern as theirs, or the proper subject-matter for the artist. Indeed, I fear the inartistic temperaments of the day busied themselves also in matters of literature and art, for the accusations of plagiarism were endless, and such accusations proceed either from the thin colourless lips of impotence, or from the grotesque mouths of those who, possessing nothing of their own, fancy that they can gain a reputation for wealth by crying out that they have been robbed. And I assure you, my dear Ernest, that the Greeks chattered about painters quite as much as people do now-a-days, and had their private views, and shilling exhibitions, and Arts and Crafts guilds, and Pre-Raphaelite movements, and movements towards realism, and lectured about art, and wrote essays on art, and produced their art-historians, and their archæologists, and all the rest of it.

Why, even the theatrical managers of travelling companies brought their dramatic critics with them when they went on tour and paid them very handsome salaries for writing laudatory notices. Whatever, in fact, is modern in our life we owe to the Greeks. Whatever is an anachronism is due to mediævalism. It is the Greeks who have given us the whole system of art-criticism, and how fine their critical instinct was, may be seen from the fact that the material they criticised with most care was, as I have already said, language. For the material that painter or sculptor uses is meagre in comparison with that of words. Words have not merely music as sweet as that of viol and lute, colour as rich and vivid as any that makes lovely for us the canvas of the Venetian or the Spaniard, and plastic form no less sure and certain than that which reveals itself in marble or in bronze, but thought and passion and spirituality are theirs also, are theirs indeed alone. If the Greeks had criticised nothing but language, they would still have been, what indeed they are, the great art-critics of the world. To know the principles of the highest art, is to know the principles of all the arts.

But I see that the moon is hiding behind a sulphur-coloured cloud. Out of a tawny mane of drift she gleams like a lion's eye. She is afraid that I will talk to you of Lucian and Longinus, of Quintilian and Dionysius, of Pliny and Fronto and Pausanias, of all those who in the antique world wrote or lectured upon art-matters. She need not be afraid. I am tired of my expedition into the dim, dull abyss of facts. There is nothing left for me now but the divine *μονόχρονος ἡδονή* of another cigarette. Cigarettes have at least the charm of leaving one unsatisfied.

E. Try one of mine. They are rather good. I get them direct from Cairo. The only use of our *attachés* is that they supply their friends with excellent tobacco. And as the moon has hidden herself, let us talk a little longer. I am quite ready to admit that I was wrong in what I said about the Greeks. They were, as you have pointed out, a nation of art-critics. I acknowledge it, and I feel a little sorry for them. For the creative faculty is higher than the critical. There is really no comparison between them.

G. The antithesis between them is entirely arbitrary. Without the critical faculty, there is no artistic creation at all, worthy of the name. You spoke a little while ago of that fine spirit of choice and delicate instinct of selection by which the artist realises life for us, and gives to it a momentary perfection. Well, that spirit of choice, that subtle tact of omission, is really the critical faculty in one of its most characteristic moods, and no one who does not possess this critical faculty can create anything at all in art. Arnold's definition of literature as a criticism of life, was not very felicitous in form, but it showed how keenly he recognised the importance of the critical element in all creative work.

E. I would have said that great artists worked unconsciously,

that they were 'wiser than they knew,' as, I think, Emerson remarks somewhere.

G. It is really not so, Ernest. All fine imaginative work is self-conscious and deliberate. No poet sings because he must sing. At least, no great poet does. A great poet sings because he chooses to sing. It is so now, and it has always been so. We are sometimes apt to think that the voices that sounded at the dawn of poetry were simpler, fresher, and more natural than ours, and that the world which the early poets looked at, and through which they walked, had a kind of poetical quality of its own, and could pass almost without changing into song. The snow lies thick now upon Olympus, and its steep scarp'd sides are bleak and barren, but once, we fancy, the white feet of the Muses brushed the dew from the anemones in the morning, and at evening came Apollo to sing to the shepherds in the vale. But in this we are merely lending to other ages what we desire, or think we desire, for our own. Our historicial sense is at fault. Every century that produces poetry is, so far, an artificial century, and the work that seems to us the most natural and simple product of its time is always the result of the most self-conscious effort. Believe me, Ernest, there is no fine art without self-consciousness, and self-consciousness and the critical spirit are one.

E. I see what you mean, and there is much in it. But surely you would admit that the great poems of the early world, the primitive, anonymous, collective poems, were the result of the imagination of races, rather than of the imagination of individuals?

G. Not when they became poetry. Not when they received a beautiful form. For there is no art where there is no style, and no style where there is no unity, and unity is of the individual. No doubt Homer had old ballads and stories to deal with, as Shakespeare had chronicles and plays and novels from which to work, but they were merely his rough material. He took them, and shaped them into song. They became his, because he made them lovely. They were built out of music,

And so not built at all,
And therefore built for ever.

The longer one studies life and literature, the more strongly one feels that behind everything that is wonderful stands the individual, and that it is not the moment that makes the man, but the man who creates the age. Indeed, I am inclined to think that each myth and legend that seems to us to spring out of the wonder, or terror, or fancy of tribe and nation, was in its origin the invention of one single mind. The curiously limited number of the myths seems to me to point to this conclusion. But we must not go off into questions of comparative mythology. We must keep to criticism. And what I want to point out is this. An age that has no criticism is either an age in

which art is immobile, hieratic, and confined to the reproduction of formal types, or an age that possesses no art at all. There have been critical ages that have not been creative, in the ordinary sense of the word, ages in which the spirit of man has sought to set in order the treasures of his treasure-house, to separate the gold from the silver, and the silver from the lead, to count over the jewels, and to give names to the pearls. But there has never been a creative age that has not been critical also. For it is the critical faculty that invents fresh forms. The tendency of creation is to repeat itself. It is to the critical instinct that we owe each new school that springs up, each new mould that art finds ready to its hand. There is not a single form that art now uses that does not come to us really from the critical spirit of Alexandria, where these forms were either stereotyped, or invented, or made perfect. I say Alexandria, not merely because it was there that the Greek spirit became most self-conscious, and indeed ultimately expired in scepticism and theology, but because it was to that city, and not to Athens, that Rome turned for her models, and it was through the survival, such as it was, of the Latin language that culture lived at all. When, at the Renaissance, Greek literature dawned upon Europe, the soil had been in some measure prepared for it. But, to get rid of the details of history, which are always wearisome and usually inaccurate, let us say that the forms of art have been due to the Greek critical spirit generally. To it we owe the epic, the lyric, the entire drama in every one of its developments, including burlesque, the idyll, the romantic novel, the novel of adventure, the essay, the dialogue, the oration, the lecture, for which perhaps we should not forgive them, and the epigram, in all the wide meanings of that word. In fact, we owe it everything, except the sonnet, to which, however, some curious parallels of thought-movement may be traced in the Anthology, American journalism, to which no parallel can be found anywhere, and the ballad in sham Scotch dialect, which one of our most industrious writers has recently proposed should be made the basis for a final and unanimous effort on the part of our second-rate poets to make themselves really romantic. Each new school, as it appears, cries out against criticism, but it is to the critical faculty in man that it owes its origin. The mere creative instinct does not innovate, but reproduces.

E. You have been talking of criticism as an essential part of the creative spirit, and I now fully accept your theory. But what of criticism outside creation? I have a foolish habit of reading periodicals, and it seems to me that most modern criticism is perfectly valueless.

G. So is most modern creative work also. Mediocrity weighing mediocrity in the balance, and incompetence applauding its brother—that is the spectacle that the artistic activity of England affords us from time to time. And yet, I feel I am a little unfair

in this matter. As a rule, the critics—I speak, of course, of the higher class, of those in fact who write for the sixpenny papers—are far more cultured than the people whose works they are called upon to review. This is, indeed, only what one would expect, for criticism demands infinitely more cultivation than creation does.

E. Really?

G. Certainly. Anybody can write a three-volumed novel. It merely requires an absolute ignorance of both life and literature. The difficulty that I should fancy the reviewer feels is the difficulty of sustaining any standard. Where there is no style, a standard must be impossible. The poor reviewers are apparently reduced to be the reporters of the police-court of literature, the chroniclers of the doings of the habitual criminals of art. It is sometimes said of them that they do not read all through the works they are called upon to criticise. They do not. Or at least they should not. If they did so, they would become misanthropes, or womanthropes, if I may borrow a phrase from one of the pretty Newnham graduates, for the rest of their lives. Nor is it necessary. To know the vintage and quality of a wine one need not drink the whole cask. It must be perfectly easy in half an hour to say whether a book is worth anything or worth nothing. Ten minutes are really sufficient, if one has the instinct for form. Who wants to wade through a dull volume? One tastes it, and that is quite enough—more than enough, I should imagine. I am aware that there are many honest workers in painting as well as in literature who object to criticism entirely. They are quite right. Their work stands in no intellectual relation to their age. It brings us no new element of pleasure. It suggests no fresh departure of thought, or passion, or beauty. It should not be spoken of. It should be left to the oblivion that it deserves.

E. But, my dear fellow—excuse me for interrupting you—you seem to me to be allowing your passion for criticism to lead you a great deal too far. For, after all, even you must admit that it is much more difficult to do a thing than to talk about it.

G. More difficult to do a thing than to talk about it? Not at all. That is a gross popular error. It is very much more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it. In the sphere of actual life that is of course obvious. Anybody can make history. Only a great man can write it. There is no mode of action, no form of emotion, that we do not share with the lower animals. It is only by language that we rise above them, or above each other—by language, which is the parent, and not the child, of thought. Action, indeed, is always easy, and when presented to us in its most aggravated, because most continuous form, which I take to be that of an earnest industry and honest toil, becomes simply the refuge of people who have nothing whatsoever to do. No, Ernest, don't talk about action.

It is a blind thing, dependent on external influences, and moved by an impulse of whose nature it is unconscious. It is a thing incomplete in its essence, because limited by accident, and ignorant of its direction, being always at variance with its aim. Its basis is the lack of imagination. It is the last resource of those who know not how to dream.

E. Gilbert, you treat the world as if it were a crystal ball. You hold it in your hand, and reverse it to please a wilful fancy. You do nothing but rewrite history.

G. The one duty we owe to history is to rewrite it. That is not the least of the tasks in store for the critical spirit. When we have fully discovered the scientific laws that govern life, we shall realise that the one person who has more illusions than the dreamer is the man of action. He, indeed, knows neither the origin of his deeds nor their results. From the field in which he thought that he had sown thorns, we have gathered our vintage, and the fig-tree that he planted for our pleasure is as barren as the thistle, and more bitter. It is because Humanity has never known where it was going that it has been able to find its way.

E. You think, then, that in the sphere of action a conscious aim is a delusion?

G. It is worse than a delusion. If we lived long enough to see the results of our actions, it may be that those who call themselves good would be filled with a wild remorse, and those whom the world calls evil stirred by a noble joy. Each little thing that we do passes into the great machine of life, which may grind our virtues to powder and make them worthless, or transform our sins into elements of a new civilisation, more marvellous and more splendid than any that has gone before. But men are the slaves of words. They rage against Materialism, as they call it, forgetting that there has been no material improvement that has not spiritualised the world, and that there have been few, if any, spiritual awakenings that have not wasted the world's faculties in barren hopes, and fruitless aspirations, and empty or trammelling creeds. What is termed Sin is an essential element of progress. Without it the world would stagnate, or grow old, or become colourless. By its curiosity, it increases the experience of the race. Through its intensified assertion of individualism, it saves us from the commonplace. In its rejection of the current notions about morality, it is one with the higher ethics. And as for the virtues! What are the virtues? Nature, M. Renan tells us, cares little about chastity, and it may be that it is to the shame of the Magdalen, and not to their own purity, that the Lucretias of modern life owe their freedom from stain. Charity, as even those of whose religion it makes a formal part have been compelled to acknowledge, creates a multitude of evils. The mere existence of conscience, that faculty of which people prate so much nowadays,

and are so ignorantly proud, is a sign of our imperfect development. It must be merged in instinct before we become fine. Self-denial is simply a method by which man arrests his progress, and self-sacrifice a survival of the mutilation of the savage, part of that old worship of pain which is so terrible a factor in the history of the world, and which even now makes its victims day by day, and has its altars in the land. Virtues! Who knows what the virtues are? Not you. Not I. Not anyone. It is well for our vanity that we slay the criminal, for if we suffered him to live he might show us what we had gained by his crime. It is well for his peace that the saint goes to his martyrdom. He is spared the sight of the horror of his harvest.

E. Gilbert, this is terrible. Let us go back to the more gracious fields of literature. What was it you said? That it was more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it?

G. (after a pause). Yes: I believe I ventured upon that simple truth. Surely you see now that I am right? When man acts he is a puppet. When he describes he is a poet. The whole secret lies in that. It was easy enough on the sandy plains by windy Ilion to send the notched arrow from the painted bow, or to hurl against the shield of hide and flame-like brass the long ash-handled spear. It was easy for the adulterous queen to spread the Tyrian carpets for her lord, and then, as he lay couched in the marble bath, to throw over his head the purple net, and to call to her smooth-faced lover to stab through the meshes at the heart that should have broken at Aulis. For Antigone even, with death waiting for her as her bridegroom, it was easy to pass through the tainted air at noon, and climb the hill, and strew with kindly earth the wretched naked corpse that had no tomb. But what of those who wrote about these things? What of those who gave them reality, and made them live for ever? Are they not greater than the men and women they sing of? 'Hector that sweet knight is dead,' and Lucian tells us how in the dim underworld Menippus saw the bleaching skull of Helen, and marvelled that it was for so grim a favour that all those horned ships were launched, those beautiful mailed men laid low, those towered cities brought to dust. Yet, every day the swan-like daughter of Leda comes out on the battlements, and looks down at the tide of war. The greybeards wonder at her loveliness, and she stands by the side of the king. In his chamber of stained ivory lies her leman. He is polishing his dainty armour, and combing the scarlet plume. With squire and page, her husband passes from tent to tent. She can see his bright hair, and hears, or fancies that she hears, that clear cold voice. In the courtyard below, the son of Priam is buckling on his brazen cuirass. The white arms of Andromache are around his neck. He sets his helmet on the ground, lest their babe should be frightened. Behind the embroidered curtains of his pavilion sits Achilles, in

perfumed raiment, while in harness of gilt and silver the friend of his soul arrays himself to go forth to the fight. From a curiously carven chest that his mother Thetis had brought to his ship-side, the Lord of the Myrmidons takes out that mystic chalice that the lip of man had never touched, and eleanses it with brimstone, and with clear water cools it, and, having washed his hands, fills with black wine its burnished hollow, and spills the thick grape-blood upon the ground in honour of Him whom at Dodona bare-footed prophets worshipped, and prays to Him, and knows not that he prays in vain, and that by the hands of two knights from Troy, Panthous' son, Euphorbus, whose love-locks were looped with gold, and the Priamid, the lion-hearted, Patroklus, the comrade of comrades, must meet his doom. Ernest, I tell you that there are moments when one can see them all. Targe clashes against targe. The leaping lightning runs from morion to morion, and splinters. The helm-crests sway. The whizzing lances hurtle through the rent air, and the great white-starred falchion rings upon casque and visor, while the thick arrows of the Lycians darken the shuddering sky. There is a wail of mourning from the camp, and a shout of joy from the walls, as back to the Scaean gate, in harsh and clanging mail, tall Hector strides. Phantoms, are they? Heroes of mist and mountain? Shadows in a song? No: they are real. Action! What is action? It dies at the moment of its energy. It is a base concession to fact. The world is made by the singer for the dreamer.

E. While you talk it seems to me to be so.

G. But, Ernest, it is so really. On the mouldering citadel of Troy lies the lizard like a thing of green bronze. The owl has built her nest in the palace of Priam. Over the empty plain wander shepherd and goatherd with their flocks, and where, on the oily, wine-surfaced sea, *οἶνοψ πόντος*, as Homer calls it, copper-prowed and streaked with vermilion, the great galleys of the Danaoi came in their gleaming crescent, the lonely tunny-fisher sits in his little boat and watches the bobbing corks of his net. Yet, every morning the doors of the city are thrown open, and on foot, or in horse-drawn chariot, the warriors go forth to battle, and mock their enemies from behind their iron masks. All day long the fight rages, and when night comes the torches gleam by the tents, and the cresset burns in the hall. Those who live in marble, or on painted panel, know of life but a single exquisite instant, eternal indeed in its beauty, but limited to one note of passion or one mood of calm. Those whom the poet makes live have their myriad emotions of joy and terror, of courage and despair, of pleasure and of suffering. The seasons come and go in glad or saddening pageant, and with winged or leaden feet the years pass by before them. They have their youth and their manhood, they are children, and they grow old. It is always dawn for St. Helena, as Veronese saw her at the window.

Through the still morning air the angels bring her the symbol of God's pain. The cool breezes of the morning lift the gilt threads from her brow. On that little hill by the city of Florence, where the lovers of Giorgione are lying, it is always the solstice of noon, of noon made so languorous by summer suns that hardly can the slim, naked girl dip into the marble tank the round bubble of clear glass, and the long fingers of the lute-player rest idly upon the chords. It is twilight always for the dancing nymphs whom Corot set free among the silver poplars of France. In eternal twilight they move, those frail diaphanous figures, whose tremulous white feet seem not to touch the dew-drenched grass they tread on. But those who walk in epos, drama, or romance, see through the labouring months the young moons wax and wane, and watch the night from evening unto morning star, and from sunrise unto sun-setting can note the shifting day with all its gold and shadow. For them, as for us, the flowers bloom and wither, and the Earth, that Green-tressed Goddess as Coleridge calls her, alters her raiment for their pleasure. The statue is concentrated to one moment of perfection. The image stained upon the canvas possesses no spiritual element of growth or change. If they know nothing of death, it is because they know little of life, for the secrets of life and death belong to those, and to those only, whom the sequence of time affects, and who possess not merely the present but the future, and can rise or fall from a past of glory or of shame. Movement, that problem of the visible arts, can be truly realised by Literature alone. It is Literature that shows us the body in its swiftness and the soul in its unrest.

E. Yes; I see now what you mean. But, surely, the higher you place the creative artist, the lower must the critic rank.

G. (laughing). Why so?

E. Because the best that he can give us will be but an echo of rich music, a dim shadow of clear-outlined form. It may, indeed, be that life is chaos, as you tell me that it is; that its martyrdoms are mean and its heroisms ignoble, and that it is the function of Literature to recreate, from the rough material of actual existence, a new world that will be more marvellous, more enduring, and more true than the world that common eyes look upon, and through which common natures seek to realise their perfection. But surely, if this new world has been made by the spirit and touch of a great artist, it will be a thing so complete and perfect that there will be nothing left for the critic to do. I quite understand now, and indeed admit most readily, that it is far more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it. But it seems to me that this sound and sensible maxim, which is really quite soothing to one's feelings, and should be adopted as its motto by every academy of Literature all over the world, applies only to the relations that exist between Art and Life, and not to any relations that there may be between Art and Criticism.

G. But, my dear Ernest, Criticism itself is an art. And just as artistic creation implies the working of the critical faculty, and, indeed, without it cannot be said to exist at all, so Criticism is really creative in the highest sense of the word. Criticism, in fact, is both creative and independent.

E. (*lighting a cigarette*). Independent, Gilbert?

G. Yes; independent. Criticism is no more to be judged by any low standard of imitation or resemblance than is the work of poet or sculptor. The critic occupies the same relation to the work of art he criticises that the artist does to the visible world of form and colour, or the unseen world of passion and of thought. He does not even require for the perfection of his art the finest materials. Anything will serve his purpose. And just as out of the sordid and sentimental amours of the silly wife of a small country-doctor in the squalid village of Yonville-l'Abbaye, near Rouen, Gustave Flaubert was able to create a classic, and make a masterpiece of form, so, from subjects of little or of no importance, such as the pictures in this year's Royal Academy, or in any year's Royal Academy for that matter, the poems of Mr. Lewis Morris, the melodramas that are brought out at the Adelphi, M. Ohnet's novels, or the novels of Mr. Howells, the true critic can, if it be his pleasure so to direct or waste his faculty of contemplation, produce work that will be flawless in style and instinct with intellectual subtlety. Why not? Dulness is always an irresistible temptation for brilliancy, and stupidity is the permanent *Bestia trionfans* that calls wisdom from its cave. To an art so creative as criticism, what does subject-matter signify? No more and no less than it does to the novelist and the painter. Like them, he can find his motives everywhere. Treatment is the test. There is nothing that has not in it suggestion or challenge.

E. But is Criticism really a creative art?

G. Why should it not be? It works with materials, and puts them into a form that is at once new and delightful. What more can one say of poetry? Indeed, I would call criticism a creation within a creation. For just as the great artists, from Homer and Æschylus, down to Shakespeare and Keats, did not go directly to life for their subject-matter, but sought for it in myth, and legend, and ancient tale, so the critic deals with materials that others have, as it were, purified for him, and to which imaginative form and colour have been already added. Nay more, I would say that the highest Criticism, being the purest form of personal impression, is in its way more creative than creation, as it has least reference to any standard external to itself, and is, in fact, its own reason for existing, and, as the Greeks would put it, in itself, and to itself, an end. Certainly, it is never trammelled by any shackles of verisimilitude. No ignoble considerations of probability, that cowardly concession to the tedious repetitions of domestic or public life, affect it ever. One

may appeal from fiction unto fact. But from the soul there is no appeal.

E. From the soul?

G. Yes, from the soul. That is what the highest Criticism really is, the record of one's own soul. It is more fascinating than history, as it is concerned simply with oneself. It is more delightful than philosophy, as its subject is concrete not abstract, real and not vague. It is the only civilised form of autobiography, as it deals not with the events, but with the thoughts of one's life, not with life's physical accidents of deed or circumstance, but with the spiritual moods and imaginative passions of the mind. I am always amused by the silly vanity of those writers and artists of our day who seem to imagine that the primary function of the critic is to chatter about their second-rate work. The best that one can say of most modern creative art is that it is just a little less vulgar than reality, and so the critic, with his fine sense of distinction and sure instinct of delicate refinement, will prefer to look into the silver mirror or through the woven veil, and will turn his eyes away from the chaos and clamour of actual existence, though the mirror be tarnished and the veil be torn. His sole aim is to chronicle his own impressions. It is for him that pictures are painted, books written, and marble hewn into form.

E. I seem to have heard another theory of Criticism.

G. Yes: it has been said by one whose gracious memory we all revere, and the music of whose pipe once lured Proserpina from her Sicilian fields, and made those white feet stir, and not in vain, the Cumnor cowslips, that the proper aim of Criticism is to see the object as in itself it really is. But this is a very serious error, and takes no cognizance of Criticism's most perfect form, which in its essence is purely subjective, and seeks to reveal its own secret and not the secret of another. For the highest Criticism deals with art not as expressive but as impressive purely.

E. But is that really so?

G. Of course it is. Who cares whether Mr. Ruskin's views on Turner are sound or not? What does it matter? That mighty and majestic prose of his, so fervid and so fiery-coloured in its noble eloquence, so rich in its elaborate symphonic music, so sure and certain at its best, in subtle choice of word and epithet is at least as great a work of art as any of those wondrous sunsets that bleach or rot on their corrupted canvases in England's Gallery; greater indeed, one is apt to think at times, not merely because its equal beauty is more enduring, but on account of the fuller variety of its appeal, soul speaking to soul in those long-cadenced lines, not through form and colour alone, though through these, indeed, completely and without loss, but with intellectual and emotional utterance, with lofty passion and with loftier thought, with imaginative insight, and with poetic aim; greater, I always think, even as literature is the

greater art. Who, again, cares whether Mr. Pater has put into the portrait of Monna Lisa something that Lionardo never dreamed of. The painter may have been merely the slave of an archaïst smile, as some have fancied, but whenever I pass into the cool galleries of the Palace of the Louvre, and stand before that strange figure 'set in its marble chair in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea,' I murmur to myself, 'She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.' And I say to my friend, 'The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire;' and he answers me, 'Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary.'

And so the picture becomes more wonderful to us than it really is, and reveals to us a secret of which, in truth, it knows nothing, and the music of the mystical prose is as sweet in our ears as was that flute-player's music that lent to the lips of La Gioconda those subtle and poisonous curves. Do you ask me what Lionardo would have said had anyone told him of this picture that 'all the thoughts and experience of the world had etched and moulded there in that which they had of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias?' He would probably have answered that he had contemplated none of these things, but had concerned himself simply with certain arrangements of lines and masses, and with new and curious colour-harmonies of blue and green, and it is for this very reason that the criticism which I have quoted is criticism of the highest kind. It treats the work of art simply as a starting-point for a new creation. It does not confine itself—let us at least suppose so for the moment—to discovering the real intention of the artist and accepting that as final. And in this it is right, for the meaning of any beautiful created thing is, at least, as much in the soul of him who looks at it, as it was in his soul who wrought it. Nay, it is rather the beholder who lends to the beautiful thing its myriad meanings, and makes it marvellous for us and sets it in some new relation to the age, so that it becomes a vital portion of our lives, and a symbol of what we pray for, or perhaps of what, having prayed for, we fear that we may receive. The longer I study, Ernest, the more clearly I see that the beauty of the visible arts is, as the beauty

of music, impressive primarily, and that it may be marred, and often indeed is so, by any excess of intellectual intention on the part of the artist. For when the work is finished it has, as it were, an independent life of its own, and may deliver a message far other than that which was put into its lips to say. Sometimes, when I listen to the overture to *Tannhäuser*, I seem indeed to see that comely knight treading delicately on the flower-strewn grass, and to hear the voice of Venus calling to him from the caverned hill. But at other times it speaks to me of a thousand different things, of myself, it may be, and my own life, or of the lives of others whom one has loved and grown weary of loving, or of the passions that man has known, or of the passions that man has not known, and so has sought for. To-night it may fill one with that ΕΡΩΣ ΤΩΝ ΑΔΤΝΑΤΩΝ, that *amour de l'impossible*, which falls like a madness on many who think they live securely and out of reach of harm, so that they sicken suddenly with the poison of unlimited desire, and, in the infinite pursuit of what they may not obtain, grow faint and swoon or stumble. To-morrow, like the music of which Aristotle and Plato tell us, the noble Dorian music of the Greek, it may perform the office of a physician, and give us an anodyne against pain, and heal the spirit that is wounded, and 'bring the soul into harmony with all right things.' And what is true about music is true about all the arts. Beauty has as many meanings as man has moods. It is the symbol of symbols. It reveals everything, because it expresses nothing. When it shows us itself, it shows us the whole fiery-coloured world.

E. But is such work as you have talked about really criticism?

G. It is the highest Criticism, for it criticises not merely the individual work of art, but Beauty itself, and fills with wonder a form which the artist may have left void, or not understood, or understood incompletely.

E. The highest Criticism, then, is more creative than creation, and the primary aim of the critic is to see the object as in itself it really is not; that is your theory, I believe?

G. Yes, that is my theory. To the critic the work of art is simply a suggestion for a new work of his own, that need not necessarily bear any obvious resemblance to the thing it criticises. The one characteristic of a beautiful form is that one can put into it whatever one wishes, and see in it whatever one chooses to see; and the Beauty, which gives to creation its universal and æsthetic element, makes the critic a creator in his turn, and whispers of a thousand different things which were not present in the mind of him who carved the statue or painted the panel or graven the gem.

It is sometimes said by those who understand neither the nature of the highest Criticism nor the charm of the highest Art, that the pictures that the critic loves most to write about are those that belong to the anecdotage of painting, and that deal with scenes taken

out of literature or history. But this is not so. Indeed, pictures of this kind are far too intelligible. As a class, they rank with illustrations, and even considered from this point of view are failures, as they do not stir the imagination, but set definite bounds to it. For the domain of the painter is, as I suggested before, widely different from that of the poet. To the latter belongs life in its full and absolute entirety; not only the beauty that men look at, but the beauty that men listen to also; not merely the momentary grace of form or the transient gladness of colour, but the whole sphere of feeling, the perfect cycle of thought. The painter is so far limited that it is only through the mask of the body that he can show us the mystery of the soul; only through conventional images that he can handle ideas; only through its physical equivalents that he can deal with psychology. And how inadequately does he do it then, asking us to accept the torn turban of the Moor for the noble rage of Othello, or a dotard in a storm for the wild madness of Lear! Yet it seems as if nothing could stop him. Most of our elderly English painters spend their wicked and wasted lives in poaching upon the domain of the poets, marring their motives by clumsy treatment, and striving to render, by visible form or colour, the marvel of what is invisible, the splendour of what is not seen. Their pictures are, as a natural consequence, insufferably tedious. They have degraded the visible arts into the obvious arts, and the one thing not worth looking at is the obvious. I do not say that poet and painter may not treat of the same subject. They have always done so, and will always do so. But while the poet can be pictorial or not, as he chooses, the painter must be pictorial always. He is limited not to what he sees in nature, but to what upon canvas may be seen.

And so, my dear Ernest, pictures of this kind will not really fascinate the critic. He will turn from them to such works as make him brood and dream and fancy, to works that possess the subtle quality of suggestion, and seem to tell one that even from them there is an escape into a wider world. It is sometimes said that the tragedy of an artist's life is that he cannot realise his ideal. But the true tragedy that dogs the steps of most artists is that they realise their ideal too absolutely. For, when the ideal is realised, it is robbed of its wonder and its mystery, and becomes simply a new starting-point for an ideal that is other than itself. This is the reason why music is the perfect type of art. Music can never reveal its ultimate secret. This, also, is the explanation of the value of limitations in art. The sculptor gladly surrenders natural colour, and the painter the actual dimensions of form, because by such renunciations they are able to avoid too definite a presentation of the Real, which would be mere imitation, and too definite a realisation of the Ideal, which would be too purely intellectual. It is through its very incompleteness that Art becomes complete in beauty, and

so addresses itself, not to the faculty of recognition nor to the faculty of reason, but to the æsthetic sense alone, which, while accepting both reason and recognition as stages of apprehension, subordinates them both to a pure synthetic impression of the work of art as a whole, and, taking whatever alien emotional elements the work may possess, uses their very complexity as a means by which a richer unity may be added to the ultimate impression itself. You see, then, how it is that the æsthetic critic rejects those obvious modes of art that have but one message to deliver, and having delivered it become dumb and sterile, and seeks rather for such modes as suggest reverie and mood, and by their imaginative beauty make all interpretations true and no interpretation final. Some resemblance no doubt, the creative work of the critic will have to the work that has stirred him to creation, but it will be such resemblance as exists, not between Nature and the mirror that the painter of landscape or figure may be supposed to hold up to her, but between Nature and the work of the decorative artist. Just as, on the flowerless carpets of Persia, tulip and rose blossom indeed, and are lovely to look on, though they are not reproduced in visible shape or line; just as the pearl and purple of the sea-shell is echoed in the church of St. Mark at Venice; just as the vaulted ceiling of the wondrous chapel of Ravenna is made gorgeous by the green and gold and sapphire of the peacock's tail, though the birds of Juno fly not across it; so the critic reproduces the work that he criticises in a mode that is never imitative, and part of whose charm may really consist in the rejection of resemblance, and shows us in this way not merely the meaning but also the mystery of Beauty, and, by transforming each art into literature, solves once for all the problem of Art's unity.

But I see it is time for supper. After we have discussed some Chambertin and a few ortolans, we will pass on to the question of the critic considered in the light of the interpreter.

E. Ah! you admit, then, that the critic may occasionally be allowed to see the object as in itself it really is.

G. I am not quite sure. Perhaps I may admit it after supper. There is a subtle influence in supper. But come, or the *consommé* will be cold.

OSCAR WILDE.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT I SAW AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

A REJOINDER.

I AM glad that an opportunity has been given to me to reply to those who have, for reasons best known to themselves, sought to throw discredit on my article describing the battle of Tel-el-Kebir which appeared in the March number of this Review. Had, however, anyone other than my old Sergeant-Major, now Lieutenant, J. A. Campbell, of the Western Australia Volunteers, and whose position and presence during Tel-el-Kebir unquestionably carries weight with his contradictions, as categorically affected to refute my statements, I should have paid no heed to them. My answer to my detractors which appeared in a London daily newspaper was sufficient for that, and I did not desire, no matter how strong the temptation, to give these scribblers an opportunity of airing their opinions while advertising themselves at my expense. The case is different, with regard to Lieutenant Campbell; for as his strictures on me have appeared in this Review, and as he flatly contradicts all my statements save one—and this is the most important detail of the battle—it is due not only to the editor but to the public that I should answer him.

Before replying to Mr. Campbell's article, I may here say once for all that war correspondents are necessarily imperfect chroniclers of battles. Their position is a difficult one; for while they have to satisfy their employers and the public, they are bound also to keep always in favour with the higher military officers during the campaign. They dare not write the whole truth. The press censorship in times of war which was instituted by Roberts in India and Lord Wolseley in Egypt proves this. I remember having heard that a great London daily newspaper, the *Telegraph*, recalled its correspondent because he was indiscreet enough to say that a certain regiment became panic-stricken when suddenly attacked by the enemy, and bolted. His statement was true; but the English people could not stand a truth which tended to prove that their soldiers were not the best and bravest in the world. No English soldier could be affected by panic, he could not run away, he fears no foe, and must always be, as a matter of course, the vanquisher! This is the key-note of your war special correspondents' letters; but their talk with their trusted friends is in another one. It is then, and only then, that they state the *whole* truth. They them-

selves often see things done on the battle-field they dare not detail, so harrowing and revolting would the description be. Under fire men lose much of their humanity, and in many cases become more savage and more wantonly ferocious than a wild-beast.

A soldier's motto while he is in the service is, 'Know nothing.' On his silence depends not only his promotion, but his happiness. If it is ever found out that he chatters about the inner life of the regiment, his life is made a hell by his superior officers, and he is liable to be punished on the most paltry excuse. In a regiment crimes are even committed and punished of which the public never hears. It is best for the army's sake that it does not. But there are things that ought to be brought to light; for it is only by this means that grave wrongs are redressed and private worth rewarded. Now that I have left the army, and furthermore that I owe the service nothing, I am not obliged by any false ideas of 'duty;' so, as it pleases me, I relate what I saw and heard while serving 'in the ranks.' I, like Lieutenant Campbell, kept a note book; but this was lost while I was at Netley Hospital in November 1882, where I had gone, having been sent home from Egypt, invalided. All it contained, however, while fresh in my memory, I rewrote during my convalescence. A few particulars may have escaped me; but in the main all my facts are correct, notwithstanding my old Sergeant-Major's refutation of them. As I have been challenged to give names which I would much rather have withheld, I will do so, as possibly this will put a stop to the manner in which my truthfulness has been impugned, and prove to the English public that I was not drawing on my imagination.

Mr. Campbell says, that my statement, that the men who fell out because they were the worse for liquor "were flogged with rifle-slings to urge them on until their yells cut the darkness like a knife," is as untrue as it is disgusting.' Yet strange to say that in this I can be supported by Surgeon-Major Will; for he it was who told me to use my sling to a drunken comrade who was lagging behind. Lest he might forget the circumstance, it will be just as well to remind him here of it. When the brigade arrived at the banks of the railway line, and the darkness had set in, a private, named James Green, fell out on account of exhaustion through over-drinking and excessive vomiting. Seeing the man's condition, Sergeant McLean ordered me to look after him. But, as his sickness continued, I became alarmed, so I went in search of the regimental surgeon, whom I met at the rear of the battalion. When I asked him what I was to do, the orders were 'to use my sling.' At the time he gave them he was eating a piece of chocolate.

Referring to the march to Kassassin, I must remind my former comrade that the contents of my article are the reminiscences of the three days which it occupied the whole brigade in our getting there, and that when I stated that men were knocked over by sunstroke I

stated a simple fact that admits of no contradiction, and is corroborated by the men themselves. I did not say they were men specially belonging to the Cameron Highlanders. Mr. Campbell forgets that in the brigade there were four Highland regiments, the 42nd, 74th, 75th, and 79th. As the two latter regiments had been in Gibraltar and Malta, they were tolerably proof against heat; but the 42nd and 74th had come straight from home and were of short service, and therefore more liable to suffer from sunstroke than their more seasoned comrades. The corroboration to which I allude occurs in a small book written by the soldiers themselves in the form of letters entitled 'Our Highlanders in Egypt,' and edited by Mr. William Stephens. On page 68 of this volume a soldier of the 42nd Highlanders says, 'A great number of the men fell out, not being able to go on; but not so many of ours as of the 74th, between 200 and 300 of them falling out, while there were only about 100 of ours.' And in support of my statement that 'some dropped never to rise again; and were buried where they fell,' a Gordon Highlander, who was a stretcher-bearer, states, 'A great many fellows fell out this day owing to the heat: one man died of sunstroke and was buried in his blanket.' Yet in the face of this man's evidence, which is beyond doubt, and mine, Mr. Campbell says, 'I am not aware that a single death took place in the Highland Brigade during this day's march.' But Mr. Campbell is still in the service, and being so would have it supposed that he has the monopoly of truth, and that I am what David in his haste said all men were.

Now as regards the night of the 12th of September. My position on the right of the A Company—the directing flank of the Highland Brigade—was obtained by me in the following manner. When the regiment started on the march from Ismailia, I was in my place in the ranks according to my height, about number six. The companies marched in loose files with one pace interval, and it being found that the men crowded in the centre at times, and at others that they extended too much, it was thought to be the fault of the second right-hand man (although the right guide was up) that the line could not be kept. Accordingly Corporal Symes and myself were placed there to see if that would make any difference. It did, and so I fell in every day into that position whenever it was necessary. In that place I advanced to the assault of Tel-el-Kebir, and throughout the rest of the campaign was number one of 'A' Company, rear rank. It may appear strange to Lieutenant Campbell, but I must say I neither saw him nor heard anything of him until the middle of the fight. I did not hear his voice when he called out to maintain order, as he says, when the brigade sprang to arms at Nine-Gun Hill; neither did I see him when the brigade was being reformed into proper formation, when it was, to the great dismay of everyone, discovered that the regiments were nearly facing one another. In fact.

if he had been in his proper place I could not have seen him, nor he me. A man like Sergeant-Major Campbell, a good drill, and as regimental as a 'buffstick,' would have known that his place as sergeant-major in the formation of line of half-battalions in columns of double-company distance, with thirty paces between the battalions, should have been near the right of E company, so as to be nearest his proper position when the deployment took place. For this I much discredit his statement that he marched close behind Lieutenant Rawson, R.N., 'throughout the night,' or that 'he must have heard every word he uttered during the march.' As Mr. Campbell states that Lieutenant McLeod was the directing guide, and that Lieutenant Rawson 'rode behind him, directing him to march on certain stars,' and that he (the sergeant-major) marched close to Lieutenant Rawson, he makes out he was in the following position :—



If here, where he himself states he was, then he will permit a young soldier to tell him he was not in his proper place; for this, where there is an asterisk in the following diagram, is where he ought to have been :—



Although it is quite true that Lieutenant McLeod was directed by Lieutenant Rawson to march on certain stars, the former officer, at his own request, had the assistance of Corporal Symes and me. This statement of mine has, like many others, been contradicted, because it would be paying too much honour to two noncommissioned officers to put them in such an important place. Those who contradict me are very much like the familiar barndoor cock who rules the roost, and who cannot bear that any other cock should crow as loud as he.

Lieutenant Campbell says that I have told an old story when I told that about the 'man on whom rum had taken effect, &c.,' during our halt at Nine-Gun Hill, and that he did not belong to the 79th Regiment. Of this I was perfectly well aware. I knew he belonged to the 74th. Surely a writer is not bound to give chapter and verse for every statement he makes in an article. Strange, however, as it may appear to my critics, this fellow, according to Sergeant David Henderson, was an Irishman. I may here mention that it was the common talk among the soldiers, that some of the men

of the reserve who had been called up were in the pay of the Irish National party, to cause, if possible, a reverse to the British army. This may appear absurd, but yet it was the belief of many of the men. It was more strongly rooted in their minds from the fact that there were so many lost at the first expedition to Suakim, and all wholly due to the soldiers not strictly obeying orders.

Now I come to the sensational part of my narrative. After the Highlanders had scaled the earthworks, a short lapse of time took place before Captain Reid shouted out, 'Form rallying square !' As soon as this command was given, the square was formed of non-commissioned officers and men of various regiments and companies. In fact they got very mixed ; but how it came about I never could make out. The confusion may have arisen owing to the darkness and the difficulty of getting over the trenches, a confusion which would naturally be greatly augmented by the hurry and scurry ensuing on endeavouring to obey the orders with all the promptitude possible. For example, I found myself in a company which was commanded by another captain, instead of my own—Captain Hunt. Again, the cavalry hesitated to face the square, so we were obliged to repeat the charge. It was whilst making this gallant charge that I heard, distinctly shouted, the words, 'Retire, retire.' The sound appeared to come some distance from the front. In my excitement a cold shiver ran through me and I exclaimed, 'Good God ! can it be true we are beaten ?' I then again heard the same words uttered with vehemence ; but as I did so, I looked up and saw two men who were in the front holding up their rifles and doubling towards the trenches, and another one holding up his rifle and shouting the terrible word, 'Retire,' while close behind him I saw Sergeant James Guthrie, of my regiment, standing as he deliberately ran his bayonet into his body, at the same time as he did so saying to him passionately, 'You b—— !' The man thereupon fell as if dead. Almost at the same time as this occurred Corporal Geddes raised his rifle and fired in the direction of another man whom, after the discharge, I saw fall. We nevertheless did retire in obedience to what seemed to be our orders, and as I did so I tripped over the dead body of poor Alexander Denniston, of my regiment. I simply mention this latter incident to show where the false alarm actually took place. Soon after, however, our spirits were revived when we heard the eager command shouted, 'Come on, come on.'

On the general details of this incident, Lieutenant Campbell supports me, and he adds that neither he nor Captain Chapman could prevent the retreat, though they did all in their power to do so, after the men heard the appalling order. The words, it seems, were heard audibly by them, although a heavy fire of large and small arms was raging at the time. This was a point made by a war correspondent, who said that if the words were ever uttered, I could not

have heard them on account of the heavy cannonade that was going on at the time; but that as a matter of fact they never were said at all, and that I was only drawing on my imagination. Even the officers and men of my own regiment did not hesitate to say that I published a false statement; but since Lieutenant Campbell corroborated me they have been discourteously silent. It has always been a matter of wonder to me that during the controversy Captain Reid has never spoken; for he also must know as much about the matter as anyone else, as he was near the spot at the time of the dismay. To two of my statements Lieutenant Campbell gives me what Touchstone would have called the 'lie direct.' He says my explanation of the order, and that it was treacherously shouted by two Glasgow men, as well as my little tale about the Irish major, are pure fabrications. Major McCausland was the 'Irish major's' name. The sneer at the 'minor episode' about the eau-de-cologne is not worth noticing, as it really has nothing to do with the main incidents of my narrative, though I may reiterate that it is none the less true because Mr. Campbell doubts it.

It is ridiculous to say that only one Irishman belonging to my regiment was killed in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. There were several of them in the 79th, and they were always known amongst the men as 'b—— Fenians.' Amongst soldiers the nickname generally given to men of the worst character is 'Glasgow Irishman;' an Irishman from Glasgow, *if bad*, being considered worse than any who come direct from Ireland. That is why I called the two men who shouted the words which caused our retreat 'Glasgow Irishmen.' Mr. Campbell, who affects to believe that not any man can join a Highland regiment, really must know better. It is true that they are obliged to sign what is called an attestation paper setting forth that they are Scotch; but nevertheless a great many men are 'made' or 'make themselves' Scotch in this document. For instance, men born in London of English parents may and do appear in the attestation proper as natives of Aberdeen. As the gallant late sergeant-major of my old regiment reflects on my 'minor episodes,' I must say that certain of his own facts have very strong 'touches of imaginative colouring,' and touches, too, of such a character that it would require a very credulous man to believe. He, for example, writes that the complete list of the killed which he prints in his article he 'took down from his note book,' and this was the memorable little volume in which he jotted down all his memoranda immediately before and after the battle! What a systematic man Serjeant-Major Campbell must have been in Egypt! for the list of the killed, be it noted, is in the alphabetical rotation of companies. And this was made on the field of battle. I know what the men would say if they were told that story, and I confess the relation of this 'minor episode' struck me as it would have them, and I mentally made the remark

which they, with one accord, would have shouted on hearing it. Neither do I believe his statement that he examined all the wounded. It was physically an impossibility for him to have done so. Doubts have been thrown on my statement that I was wounded. It is true it was slight, but it none the less was a wound, and I received it from a splinter of a bullet. It was dressed by some surgeon on the field at the time, and I was told to be careful of it. The matter is in itself of little or no consequence; but, as it amongst other of my statements is doubted, I have thought it my duty to cursorily allude to it.

Regarding the cowardice before Kafr Dower, I must mention that the following men were acting as sentries of the outlying picquet, the Blue House being its head-quarters: Private Clarke, a man with many badges on his arm for good character; Private Kenny, whose regimental number was 80; and Private — (I forget his name), who was the sentry of No. 1 post at the time of the 'Fenian scare in 1884' at Fort George in Scotland; and another man who I am positive was the one killed by the bullet discharged from Corporal Geddes's rifle. These men, with many others, had been posted at different points facing the enemy's position; but when Colour-Sergeant Newell visited the men mentioned with their relief they could not be found at first, but after a long search they were discovered hidden in a wooded place some distance to the rear of their posts. When asked to explain their neglect of duty and how they came there, they said that they were obliged to retire before the enemy's outposts. The punishment for deserting a post in time of war is death; but for some reason or other this affair never reached the sergeant-major's ears, as far as I know; but it was the subject of frequent conversation among the senior non-commissioned officers. Though this matter was kept quiet it was always remembered, and I well recollect Sergeant Smith saying, when it was known that we were to attack Tel-el-Kebir, 'If those scoundrels show any flinching, by God I will wake them up. Anyhow I will watch them.' It was these same men whom I heard shout the words 'Retire, retire,' words which very nearly brought a reverse to our arms on that celebrated battle-field.

Although Lieutenant Campbell states that Private Kenny was killed by a bullet, he unquestionably was disabled by Guthrie's bayonet thrust, for I myself saw him fall. It, therefore, must have been after that that he received the shot which killed him. I desire here to say that I hope my old comrade Sergeant Guthrie will forgive me for having brought him into this article by name. He, doing what he did, acted as any other brave and loyal soldier of the Queen would have done under the circumstances, and the regiment to which he is attached ought to be proud to have him as one of their N.C. officers. I stated in my former article that these men were ordered to be watched; the orders were given by the captains of the companies to the non-com-

missioned officers somewhat in the following terms: 'that as the slightest breach of discipline or cowardice on the part of any of the men might cause the enterprise to be a failure, it was their duty to watch any they suspected, and to act towards him according to their discretion if it were found that he could not be trusted.'

One thing must be remembered by my readers, and that is that in the time of war ill-conditioned men who owe a grudge against a man or an officer wipe out the old score on the field of battle by shooting or wounding him as may be the victim's good or evil fortune. As a matter of fact our sergeant-major owes his existence to a misdirected bullet which, though it was apparently aimed at the enemy, was intended for him, but it fortunately missed its billet and struck Private Rogers in the ankle, wounding him instead. The bullet was of the Martini-Henry make, while that used by the enemy was the Remington.

It has been categorically denied that there were camels on the field. Now, in the little book before referred to and quoted, Albert Campbell, of the Gordon Highlanders, on page 57, says, 'I caught a camel, and we mounted it and rode home. A fine sight, two kilties, mounted on a camel, driving through a part of the desert in Egypt.' And as regards the thirst of the men and how it was slaked, my statement is confirmed by what appears on pages 82 and 91 of the same volume.' There the writer says, 'We were so hot and dry as to drink from the canal, although we could see the dead bodies of the Egyptians in it.' And a printed letter from a 42nd man states, 'We could hardly speak to each other [because of thirst]. When we were taken to the fresh-water canal we were into it like wild beasts, although thick with mud and full of dead bodies both of men and beasts.' I may here add that I have known men, after a hard drinking bout, try to satiate their awful thirst with the most violent compounds, such as oxalic acid weakened by water. And I have also known men, not satisfied with the ordinary liquors in public-houses and the canteen, make a concoction themselves of rum, whisky, beer, vinegar, salt, mustard and pepper, all mixed together, and drink it with relish! Ah, the British public does not know the British soldier. If they did things would not be as they are.

I must now conclude; for, were I to reply to all my detractors, I should not only fill a single article, but the whole Review. I am, however, glad to have had a chance of answering those who, in a most wholesale manner, through wilfulness or ignorance, contradicted my statements in the public press, and, indeed, I should not have condescended to reply to Lieutenant Campbell had he not been my old sergeant-major and a man who was respected in the regiment, and the more especially as I was invited to do so by the editor of this Review.

I have a few words more to add: It does not follow that, because I have narrated the incidents of a battle as they came under my notice, I in any way detract from the valour of the men engaged in it. I have not done so, nor had I any such intention. It is with pleasure that I now look back to the days spent by me in the British army as the happiest of my life. For this reason the soldier's welfare excites in me the keenest interest, and although truth obliged me to detail certain things which happened at Tel-el-Kebir, and of which the war correspondents never heard and the authorities were silent upon, I am none the less loyal to my regiment and my Queen for having done so.

ARTHUR V. PALMER

(late Sergeant 79th Highlanders).

THE IRISH LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE Irish Land Purchase Bill, now before Parliament, must have consequences for good or for evil of such extreme importance, that, before it is passed, I am anxious to call attention to some objections to it which have not, as yet, received as much consideration as I think they deserve. In explaining my reasons for thinking that the objections I refer to have not been sufficiently considered, I shall avoid as far as I can any discussion as to the causes of the present deplorable condition of Ireland, and of the striking change in it for the worse in the last two-and-twenty years, because I have already had occasion pretty fully to explain my opinion on these points in an essay on Ireland which I published in 1888, and also in this Review,¹ and elsewhere. It is the less necessary that I should go over the same ground again, because I have reason to think that, so far as regards the past, the opinion of Her Majesty's Ministers is substantially the same as my own. Unless I greatly mistake what I have read of their speeches, they believe, as I do, that the change for the worse in the state of Ireland since 1868 has been mainly brought about by the unwise laws respecting the tenure of land which have been passed in that time, and by the feebleness and want of judgment with which the executive government has been administered during most of those years. They are also of opinion (no doubt correctly) that the land laws that have been passed cannot now be repealed, unwise as they are. I am even inclined to suppose that they would not dispute my being right in asserting that, in a fully peopled territory, where a large part of the land is held by small owners who live by its cultivation, the life of these owners is generally a hard one, like that of the French peasants so vividly described by Lady Verney; and also that, in the natural progress of society, this class of landowners gradually disappears, of which we have an example in this country, where, up to the Revolution, the small freeholders still constituted a large part of the population, while now few such freeholders are to be found. Nor do I believe that Her Majesty's Ministers would deny that, as a general rule, it cannot be a wise policy for a nation to endeavour to create, by artificial assistance, a numerous body of small proprietors depending for their subsistence on the

¹ See articles in this Review for June 1882, and for September and November 1883.

cultivation of the land they own, and thus to establish a state of society proved by experience to be generally unfavourable to the welfare either of these owners or of the community of which they form a part. It can hardly be contended that these considerations do not suggest objections to the Bill now before Parliament which have at least some weight; but it will, I understand, be argued, that the present state of things in Ireland is so bad that something must be done to bring about a change in it, and that there would be less danger in accepting the scheme of Her Majesty's Ministers, though its being open to objection cannot be denied, than in doing nothing. This argument would be irresistible, if it could be shown that whatever change this measure will produce will be a change for the better. But if this cannot be shown, and if, on the contrary, careful inquiry should lead to the conclusion that, by adopting it, Parliament would be taking another step in the policy which has caused the evils it is intended to cure, then the greatness of these evils, instead of affording any reason for agreeing to the proposal, affords the strongest possible reason for rejecting it.

This inference being, I think, indisputable, before I point out other objections to the Bill now before Parliament I will endeavour to show that its provisions are strictly in accordance with the policy of Mr. Gladstone, which has had such unhappy results, and ought on that ground to be rejected. The policy of Mr. Gladstone is to be gathered from his Land Acts of 1870 and 1881, and may be shortly described as that of seeking to put a stop to agitation in Ireland on the subject of land, and to conciliate Irish tenants by conferring great boons upon them at the expense of their landlords. In like manner the Bill now before Parliament seeks to conquer the hostility to the Imperial Government displayed by Irish tenants by conferring upon them a new boon; and, following the example of the former measures, it is for that purpose to impose a fresh sacrifice on the owners of land. The boon to be conferred on the tenants, who are to be enabled to purchase their land by State loans, is a very large one. At the end of forty-nine years they are to become absolute owners of the land they now hold as tenants, and, in the meantime, instead of having to pay anything for this eventual benefit, they are to be allowed at once to hold their land on much easier terms than at present. The annuity they will have to pay, which will provide both for interest on the sum advanced to buy the land and for the instalments by which the debt is to be gradually extinguished, will be considerably less than the rent they are now legally bound to pay, and the means of conferring upon them this great boon are to be obtained by imposing a fresh sacrifice on the owners, from whom they now hold their land as tenants. I am aware it is said, that no sacrifice would be imposed upon landowners, and that no injustice would be inflicted upon them by this Bill, because no sale of land

could take place under its provisions without the consent of the owner. This sounds very plausible, but it is only plausible because, in point of fact, landowners would practically have little power of resisting a desire on the part of their tenants to purchase their farms on the terms allowed by the Bill. If they should refuse to sell land which their tenants desired to buy, the latter would be sure to resist paying their rents, and to overcome their resistance, even if it should prove to be possible, would generally cost more money than would be lost by yielding to their wishes. The consent of landowners would therefore rarely be refused to demands from tenants to be allowed to purchase their farms, but it would be an abuse of language to call this consent really voluntary, when it is considered how heavy a loss this, together with the legislation of the last twenty years, would inflict upon those who thus sold their land. In 1868 it was stated by Mr. Maguire, in his speech in the House of Commons on the state of Ireland, that, at that time, whatever land came into the market commanded a ready sale at from twenty-five to twenty-seven years' purchase of the rents of that day.² This was, of course, due to the sense then entertained of the security of Irish landed property; by subsequent legislation, far more than by bad times, Irish rents have now been very largely reduced, while the former confidence in the security of Irish landed property has given way to an opposite feeling, making it so difficult to sell land that Her Majesty's Ministers have considered that twenty years' purchase on these reduced rents is as much as can be safely advanced on the security of land which may be sold under this Bill. And this low price, which the landowner will be virtually compelled to accept (if Parliament should give its sanction to the measure now before it), will be paid to him in stock bearing interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. The result would be that, for every 100*l.* a year to which he is now entitled as rent, a seller of land will have to accept 2,000*l.* in stock, yielding him as interest only 55*l.* a year—that is to say, he will lose not very short of half his present income. This, it must be admitted, is a somewhat heavy sacrifice the landowner will be forced to submit to, in order to enable the State to make the large gratuitous gift it is proposed to confer upon the tenant.

Thus it appears that this Bill has the same object as the former Land Acts—that, namely, of conferring a boon on tenants at the expense of their landlords, it also resembling them in the motives for its being proposed. The Land Act of 1881, which made so large an additional inroad on the property of landlords for the benefit of their tenants, was passed in consequence of a more than usual outbreak of violence in some parts of Ireland. In like manner, it is proposed to give this new boon to the same class because they have given so much trouble to the Government, and are likely to give so

² See *Hansard*, cxc. 1291.

much more if they are not appeased. It is highly inconvenient to the Government to be called upon to support Irish landlords in resisting the 'plan of campaign,' and other attempts to deprive them of what still remains to them of their property; the duty of maintaining the authority of the law is found to be exceedingly onerous, and therefore this measure is resorted to in the hope of pacifying discontented tenants by giving them advantages they have no right to claim. If this were not the true explanation of the measure, it is difficult to see what answer could be given to a complaint which, some weeks ago, I observed in the newspapers as having been made at a farmers' club, where it was said that if this great boon was given to turbulent Irish tenants, it ought not to be withheld from honest and peaceable English farmers. Both this measure and the Act of 1881 are clearly founded on the policy of buying off determined violators of the law by giving them advantages denied to those who obey it. The results that followed from passing the Act of 1881 ought to be a warning against having recourse again to the same suicidal policy, so justly ridiculed by the old fable, which tells of a foolish man who tried to get rid of a threatening and hungry dog by giving him a piece of bread sopped in blood, and was rewarded for his folly by being set upon the next day by a whole pack of still more threatening and hungry curs:

This Bill must, therefore, be regarded as closely resembling former measures in the encouragement it would give to lawlessness and to the desire for unjust gain created in the minds of the Irish people by what has been done in the last twenty years. It is also open to serious objections, from which they are free. One of these, which specially deserves attention, is that it will expose the country to the danger of a heavy pecuniary burthen. Mr. Balfour denies this, and asserts that the British Treasury would incur no risk of having additional demands thrown upon it by the adoption of his scheme; and he points to the regularity with which payments—due by the purchasers of Church lands and of land sold under Lord Ashbourne's Act—have been made, as justifying his confidence that purchasers under this Bill will pay what they owe with the same honesty and punctuality. But he has omitted to notice that an increase in the number of persons indebted to the State will make a material difference in their position, and that such an increase, to a very large amount indeed, must follow from the adoption of his scheme. On this last point I have to observe, that the scale upon which this scheme will have to be acted upon is not to be measured by the sum of which Parliament is now asked to authorise the issue. That sum is by no means of trifling amount; but if the advance of 33,000,000*l.* in loans for the purchase of land should be sanctioned by Parliament, it will form a very small part indeed of what will soon have to be provided for the same purpose—unless the authors of the scheme

should turn out to be mistaken as to the benefit tenants would derive from availing themselves of the offer made to them. Should it be found that the farmer who is enabled by Parliament to purchase his farm on such liberal terms is really as great a gainer by the transaction as is anticipated, there cannot fail, when this becomes known, to be a rush of applicants from the whole body of Irish farmers for the offered boon. These applications it will be impossible to refuse without creating great and reasonable discontent. Those denied the privilege—conceded to many of their class—of receiving State assistance to buy their farms, would have a right to complain of being unfairly treated in being refused a boon granted to others having no better claim to it than themselves. This discontent would be so just and so great, that if the Government should attempt to limit the amount of its advances by selecting, out of many equally well qualified candidates for the boon, some to whom it should be granted, while it was refused to the rest, it would take upon itself a task not only invidious but dangerous. On this point what is said by Mr. T. W. Russell, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, deserves very serious attention. He says that in Ulster

the tenant is anxious to buy, but the landlord, receiving his rent almost as regularly as he receives his interest on Consols, has no inducement to sell. . . . The thrifty and loyal Ulster tenant is therefore forced to look on while the thrifless and disloyal men who happen to live on encumbered estates, or in districts where the landlord is glad to sell owing to prevailing turmoil and discontent, get this great boon of State aid and relief. It is not in human nature to stand this. Hence the cry for compulsory sale and purchase which has lately arisen.

Since this was written, the 'cry' mentioned by Mr. Russell has become more threatening. The *Times* of the 31st of May gives an account of a great meeting of Ulster tenants, held at Belfast, which had passed resolutions affirming the necessity of adding to the Government Land Bill provisions for making the sale of land compulsory, and reducing the number of years' purchase of the rent to be allowed for it. These resolutions demand what would be simply an act of confiscation, and that it should be asked for shows that even the Ulster tenants have not escaped the demoralising effect the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 have produced on their class in other parts of Ireland.

The language already held, both at Belfast and elsewhere, indicates very clearly that, if Parliament should sanction the grant now proposed, it must expect that urgent and practically irresistible demands for further grants of the same kind and to an enormous extent will be pressed upon it. These demands would also come upon it very quickly, since almost as much irritation would be caused by delaying as by refusing to accede to them. I must add that the whole scheme would be little short of an absurdity, unless it should be adopted on such a scale as to effect a speedy change in the position

of a very large number of Irish farmers. The sum of money, which would have to be advanced for this purpose would be of so formidable an amount that the pecuniary liabilities to be thus imposed upon the nation cannot be thought of without dismay.

The very large amount of the pecuniary liabilities which will have to be incurred is not the only, perhaps not the most important, matter to be considered when we are asked to take this first step in a course in which, when it is once entered upon, it will be scarcely possible to stop. The great increase of the loans made by the State for the purchase of land must necessarily cause a proportionate increase in the number of those to whom these loans are made, and the consequence that will follow must not be lost sight of. At present the persons who are debtors to the State, for money advanced to them for the purchase of land, are too few to exercise any power, but the adoption of the plan for converting a large number of peasant-farmers into proprietors by loans from the public will create in the Irish counties a numerous and, therefore, a powerful body of debtors to the State. The effect of this change in their position will not be long in making itself felt, and probably it will first do so whenever the occurrence of two or three bad seasons in succession may bring distress on these new proprietors. When this happens, there can be little doubt that they will seek for indulgence as to the payment of their instalments from those whose duty it will be to collect them. In former days, when landlords and tenants were generally on good terms with each other, it was the custom for tenants in bad years to ask for, and generally to obtain, indulgence from their landlords, and it is not likely that they will abstain when they find themselves in difficulties from asking for indulgence, because what they are required to pay will no longer be called rent, but payment of what they owe on the loans they have received. If these applications are acceded to, they will become more and more frequent, and if there should be a succession of bad seasons, no long time will elapse before a large amount of arrears will accumulate, which the clauses in the Bill providing an insurance fund against such a contingency will be quite insufficient to meet. If, on the other hand, an attempt should be made to enforce the regular payment of what is due to the Government, an agitation would be got up against its cruelty in seeking to extort from these holders of land money it is impossible for them to pay. Whatever course is taken, whether indulgence is habitually shown to those who find it hard to pay what they owe, or whether the strict enforcement of the punctual discharge of their obligation is attempted, I feel no doubt that the Government will meet with constantly increasing difficulties in collecting the money required to pay the interest on the stock which is to be issued to the present owners of the land sold under this scheme.

Mr. Balfour contends that no difficulties of this kind can affect

the certainty of obtaining the regular payment into the British Treasury of the money which year by year will be due to it. He says it will not be the Imperial Government that will have to call upon the Irish farmers for payment of what is due by them, but the local authorities on whom the Bill proposes to throw the duty of collecting the money, and of paying it into the British Treasury. Should there be any default in the performance of that duty, it is also provided that the Government shall have power to deduct from the money to be granted from the Imperial revenue for local purposes the amount of any deficiency in the payments of the local authorities in discharge of the claims of the British Treasury, which would thus be amply secured against loss. This is an ingenious scheme, and seems at first sight to afford all the security it professes to give to the British Treasury and to British taxpayers against loss by the grant of loans under the proposed arrangement. But, practically, this security is likely to prove much less valuable than it seems. We must not forget that it is a part of the policy announced by Her Majesty's Ministers to give to Ireland a more popular system of local government, and this implies that small owners of land will have considerable, perhaps predominant, power in the representative bodies to which the management of local financial business is to be entrusted. And when the scheme for converting Irish tenants into Irish landowners has been brought into full operation, those who are indebted to the Government for the loans by which they have been enabled to purchase their land will form no inconsiderable proportion of the electors of the County Councils. No great sternness in the enforcement of payment of these debts by debtors who will generally be among their constituents can be expected from the members of these Councils; most probably they would take the side of the debtors and join them in addressing urgent, perhaps threatening, demands to Parliament for relief from a burthen too great for them to bear. In the House of Commons these demands would be sure to be supported by a majority of the Irish members, and, according to our latest experiences, they would probably also receive the support of not a few English and Scotch members, who might hope thus to advance their party interest. The probable result, therefore, of the measure would be that in a very few years another formidable agitation would be created in Ireland for the remission of the claims of the British Treasury on land purchasers, and that this agitation, after much mischievous disturbance, would end in the Government and Parliament being compelled to give way, just as in 1881 they felt it necessary to break all the promises that had been given in 1870, that the settlement then made as to the future rights of landlords and of tenants would be maintained inviolate. Thus the measure now in progress is, I firmly believe, preparing the way for a new triumph to be given to Irish lawlessness, and for additional disgrace and loss of moral power,

beyond what it has already sustained, to be brought upon the Imperial Government.

With this disgrace there would also come a heavy burthen on the British taxpayers, for Mr. Balfour has told us that they 'cannot suffer from the adoption of his proposal in any conceivable circumstances except a general political strike against paying the annuity, a contingency which he declines to contemplate.' But it must be contemplated, for I am convinced that it is not only a possible, but by far the most probable, result of the scheme he has brought forward. We have the miserable consequences of our Irish land legislation since 1870 before our eyes, and we shall be deceiving ourselves if we imagine that, by passing the Bill now before Parliament, we should not be again committing the fatal error which has been the root of the evils caused by our former Land Acts—that of seeking temporary relief from the immediate pressure of difficulties by resorting to expedients that directly violate the most received maxims of sound statesmanship.

In the preceding pages I have considered almost exclusively the effects to be expected within a comparatively short time from the passing of the Bill now before the House of Commons; but what are likely to be its remoter consequences is a question demanding not less serious attention. Suppose that (highly improbable as it is) the working of the measure should in the first instance be as satisfactory as its authors can desire, and that a large number of Irish tenants, having availed themselves of the facilities afforded to them for purchasing their farms, will continue for twenty or thirty years to live upon them peacefully, without failing to pay the annuities due from them in discharge of their debt to the State. If for so long all goes on thus well, at the end of these years what is likely to be the condition of those dwelling on the land of which they have been made owners by the liberality of the State, and what will also be the general condition of the country? In seeking for an answer to this question, it must be borne in mind that the peasant population in the south and west of Ireland, where the greatest difficulties will be met with, are in an exceedingly low state of civilisation, and that their usual mode of cultivating the land is, to the last degree, unskilful and improvident. They are also generally found to be content to live in what an English peasant would justly regard as intolerable wretchedness, so long as they can obtain the means of supplying their mere physical necessities. It must also be remembered that from their habit of early marriages (in which they are encouraged by their priests) their numbers rapidly increase. Before 1868 there was a considerable amount of improvement going on in this state of things. Enlightened landlords in many places were using their power and influence to induce their tenants to adopt a more rational system of cultivating their land and more civilised habits of life.

Interesting accounts have been published of the successful efforts of such men as Mr. Mahoney and the late Mr. Bence Jones to raise their tenants to a higher standard of civilisation and a more prosperous condition, while at the same time they increased the value of their property. These estates afforded an example to the neighbouring owners and peasantry, and were centres from which better modes of cultivation and of living were beginning to spread. The progress of improvement was slow, and almost entirely confined to that produced directly or indirectly by enlightened landowners, but it was undoubtedly going on till it was checked by the new policy the Government adopted after 1868, and which Parliament sanctioned, relying on the confident assurance of its authors that it would bring to Ireland such prosperity as it had never yet enjoyed. From such information as is within my reach I gather that the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881, by depriving the owners of land of any effective control over its management, as well of their former influence over their neighbours, have gone far towards putting a stop to the improvement that was going on in the cultivation of the soil and in the general habits of the population. Still, so long as the majority of the landlord class remain in the country, their mere presence as men of education and intelligence must exercise some influence for good over their ruder neighbours.

This remnant of what was formerly a potent civilising influence the present Bill bids fair to get rid of, notwithstanding the confidence with which it has been said that it will have no tendency to drive landlords out of Ireland. I do not doubt that the authors of the measure sincerely wish that it may have no such effect, but their wishes will have no power to avert what will be its natural result. When an Irish landlord has been practically compelled to sell his property for scarcely half of what he would have got for it little more than twenty years ago, and when those by whom he was then looked up to as a judicious and useful friend are now converted into enemies, what inducement will he have to stay in a country where no interesting occupation and no means of exercising a beneficial influence will be left to him? He will naturally seek in some other country, where the rights of property meet with more regard than they have done in Ireland, and where he would live in the midst of more civilised and friendly neighbours, a more promising field for making a fresh start in life. And every instance of a landlord leaving the country after selling his estate would contribute to render weaker the position of those of his class who might desire to remain, so that it would become more and more untenable, and few of them would probably long persist in striving to maintain it. The most civilising element in the social state of some Irish counties would thus be lost, and those who were enabled to purchase land by Government aid would be left to manage it according to their own notions, and to live in the

manner they like, unchecked by even the advice or example of men less ignorant than themselves. So left to themselves there can be little doubt that they would continue to cultivate the soil as badly, and to show the same disregard for the comforts and decencies of civilised life, as heretofore, while the strong family affections which are a remarkable and pleasing feature of Irish character would very commonly lead the new landowners to allow their sons or sons-in-law to settle with them on their property. The law would in vain prohibit subletting or the sale of portions of land still subject to annuities payable to the Government: it could not prevent the owners from allowing their sons or sons-in-law to put up miserable cabins in which more families would be reared. No attempt to confer rights of property on the occupiers of such cabins would probably be made: the owners of the land would merely allow some of their children to continue to live with them upon it, with such shelter as they might think sufficient. It is difficult to see how any law could be passed to prevent such a practice from becoming common, or how if such a law was made it could be enforced. It may, therefore, be expected that a single generation would hardly have passed away before a large part of the land sold under the new law would be covered by a swarming and wretched population. This would be the result if the purchasers of this land were to act as the class to which they belong have so often been found to do on ill-managed estates, and they have only been prevented from acting on well-managed estates also by the authority of the owners.

The political effects of the measure must also be considered. Mr. Parnell a good while ago said with singular candour that he would not have 'taken off his coat' to bring about a change in the position of Irish tenants had he not known that the landlords were 'the English garrison,' and that to get rid of this garrison would be the easiest way to accomplish his object of obtaining independence for Ireland. He was not mistaken as to what would be the best means of attaining his end, and 'breaking the last link that unites Ireland to England,' and those who do not desire to aid him in gaining it will make a great error should they support this measure. Much as the Irish landlords have been abused, and true as I must admit it to be that in past times the conduct of many of them merited severe censure, I do not hesitate to affirm that for many years as a class they have deserved well of their country, and have been most useful, both as exercising a civilising influence over a semi-barbarous population, and as keeping alive the spirit of loyalty in parts of Ireland where, but for them, disaffection to the British Crown would have reigned unchecked. The practical compulsion to sell their property at a very inadequate price which will be imposed on Irish landlords by this Bill will, to many of them, be the completion of their ruin, which past legislation has done so much towards effecting, and

is calculated to lead in no long time to the virtual abolition of their class. A greater calamity than this could hardly fall upon Ireland and upon the British Empire.

I should have been glad to add some remarks on that part of the Bill which has for its object to improve the condition of the population in what are called the 'congested districts,' but this is a subject which could not be very shortly discussed, and I have already made perhaps too heavy a demand on the patience of those who may take the trouble of reading what I have written. I will, therefore, content myself with declaring my opinion, without attempting to support it by argument, that the clauses I refer to are unsound in principle, and if adopted would have a tendency not to bring about improvement, but to encourage the inhabitants of these districts in a disposition and in habits which are the true cause of the miserable condition in which they live. So long ago as the year 1822 Dr. Arnold³ in a remarkable letter pointed out the difficulty of doing permanent good to a people 'content to multiply in idleness and in such beggary that the first failure of a crop brings them to starvation,' and who show 'a total indifference to comfort.' I cannot doubt that Dr. Arnold was right in attributing the misery prevailing in the parts of Ireland he was speaking of to the habits of the inhabitants which he describes, or that the evil is increased by what he does not mention—their disposition to look for relief in the constantly recurring seasons of special distress, not to their own exertions, but to what they can get others to do for them. A careful examination of the clauses in the Bill relating to these districts would, I believe, prove how directly they tend to foster these faults in the character of the population, but, as I have said, I must forbear from entering into this argument.

I have only in conclusion to express my very sincere regret at having felt it right to censure so strongly a measure brought forward by Mr. Balfour, who is, I think, entitled to the greatest credit for the vigour and judgment he has displayed in administering the executive government of Ireland. The service he has thus rendered to that country, and to the whole British nation, is of the highest importance, and I cannot help entertaining a strong suspicion that the mistake I believe him to have made, in recommending a measure of legislation differing so widely in character from his acts as an executive Minister, may have been partly at least occasioned by the pressure which may have been brought to bear upon him by the unreasoning cry that 'something ought to be done for the improvement of Ireland,'* to which I have adverted in a previous page, and which has been raised by many who are utterly unable to point out what that 'something' ought to be. For my own part I am convinced that legislation can do but little towards improving the condition of Ireland. The land

* See his *Life*, i. 61, 62.

laws, which have done so much harm it is admitted, cannot now be repealed, and though perhaps some advantage might arise from giving facilities for substituting a simple form of contract for the complicated and inconvenient system of 'dual ownership,' in cases where landowners and tenants agreed in wishing for such a change, a law for that purpose could not go far in doing good, and whatever good it did would be slow. The truth is that it is not the laws of Ireland which require to be changed, but the character of the people. That character has been changed so much for the worse in the last twenty years—the occupiers of land especially have been so demoralised by the gain they have derived from unwise and unjust laws—that we cannot expect the ground that has been lost to be regained, or Ireland to be again put on the road to prosperity, until the present disposition to lawlessness of the population is conquered, and in its place a habit of obedience to the law is established to the effectual enforcement of its authority. That sense of security without which industry cannot flourish or real prosperity be enjoyed in any nation, can never become general in Ireland, until this change is accomplished in the temper of its people, and it can hardly be looked for except as the result of the twenty years of firm and just government which Lord Salisbury has said to be required. I wish I could see grounds for believing that 'this requisite was likely to be attained while the House of Commons, under its present constitution, continues to show itself so unfit for its work, and while the spirit of faction rages with a virulence hitherto unknown, and leads many of those who take an active part in public affairs into such flagrant disregard of the plainest rules of duty and of honour.

GREY.

¹ In my essay on Ireland and the measures proposed for its improvement, p. 165, I have suggested provisions which might be introduced into an Act of Parliament for this purpose.



THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CLXII.—AUGUST 1890.

THE VALUE OF AFRICA.

A REPLY TO SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

It is not by any means a bad thing either for individuals or ideas—when the public is running full cry after them, when this man is being raved about as an incomparable hero, and that notion is taken up and swallowed whole as the only possible notion to be paid any attention to—for some dissident to arise and stay the torrent by a simple, cynical question—‘Is he, or it, worth making such a fuss about after all? Are not you all deceiving yourselves, and pursuing a vain idea or worshipping a very ordinary human being? Look at the feet of clay that your image possesses! Count up the cost of your scheme; consider the impracticability of your plans, and turn aside.’ And the public, brought up short and panting if its impetus is not too violent to be checked, proceeds to consider more calmly the object of its pursuit. If it has really been following a will-of-the-wisp, or taking a goose for a swan, a more critical, dispassionate examination will probably reveal the fatuity of the enterprise, or the faultiness of the newly set-up ideal; on the other hand, if there is real worth in the object of admiration, if the scheme is proved to be a feasible one and the project attainable and profitable, then there is little harm done by the adverse criticism, for a more mature examination establishes on a firmer basis than ever the true merits of the hero, the desirableness of the undertaking, and the general good sense of the public movement.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 162.

N

So in the climax of our African fever, in presence of the newly developed zeal suddenly displayed by the British public for the possession and exploration of African countries, it is well that Sir John Pope Hennessy, an intelligent reactionary against the extension of Imperial responsibility, should throw a little cold water on our perfervid enthusiasm, and ask us to consider whether tropical Africa is worth having after all, and whether we should not do better to exchange our profitless interests there, against more material advantages in Newfoundland and in the Pacific Ocean. Sir John's article is by no means to be pooh-poohed. It is clever, concise, and is written at an opportune time. Moreover, Sir John Pope Hennessy is not unacquainted with Africa; he was for one year Governor of Sierra Leone, and we may presume that on his way backwards and forwards to or from Mauritius, he visited the island of Zanzibar. He has therefore had some experience of an African climate and of the ease or difficulty of governing the Negro race. Were it otherwise, were he merely writing from deductions drawn from other people's experience, as are the opinions of M. Pelletan, whom he quotes in support of his views (and who, I believe, has never visited tropical Africa), I should not consider his criticism worth contention, for to express a conscientious opinion on African subjects it is eminently desirable that you should first taste Africa for yourself. A few weeks' experience, even, in Tropical Africa teaches you more than all the books you ever read—or rather enables you to appreciate and realise more fully the observations made by other travellers.

However, I venture to reply to Sir John Pope Hennessy and shall endeavour to disprove his main contention that our principal possessions, present and future, in Tropical Africa are of less value to us than the cession of French rights in North America or of French and German rights in the Pacific. I have not the dialectic skill of Sir John Pope Hennessy, but perhaps I have a greater knowledge of Africa than he, for I have been five times to the Dark Continent, and have visited Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Egypt; the Canary Islands, Senegambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Gold Coast, Lagos, Niger territories, Cameroons, Gaboon, the River Congo, Portuguese West Africa and Ovampoland; Cape Colony and Natal; Portuguese East Africa, the Zambezi and Shire Rivers, Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, Zanzibar, and British East Africa. After this experience I have come to the conclusion that those parts of Tropical Africa, whither our aspirations tend, and where our vested interests lie, are of value to the British nation, and are even a necessity to the expanding enterprise of the empire. Of course, if you do not believe in the expansion of the empire, you would prefer to discourage the attempts of our populations and commerce to seek for 'fresh fields and pastures new,' and you will logically oppose all acquisitions of African territory; but if, on the other hand, you believe, as I do, with all my heart and

soul, and such intellect as I may possess, in the continued, well-ordered extension of the British Empire as that of a Great League of Peace and Freedom, of profitable enterprise and comfortable civilisation, then you will approve of the creation and retention of African dominions which will form fresh markets for our British manufactures, and new homes for our surplus population, whether the overflow proceed from the British Isles or from British India.

Sir John admits that we ought to retain South Africa—and under the circumstances, considering we have some 400,000 white fellow subjects there (to say nothing of about 2,000,000 black), and some 25,000,000*l.* of capital invested, it would be sheer naughtiness if he proposed any other opinion; and he incidentally leads us to believe that he approves of North Africa, so that we may infer he does not object to our continued occupation of Egypt; he further excepts Sierra Leone from his policy of abandonment, no doubt because of reasons connected with our schemes of protected coaling-stations or imperial defence: consequently by a process of exhaustion we may conclude that he intends us to sacrifice all our other tropical African colonies, protectorates, and spheres of influence. Now let us see what these latter are worth. They consist mainly of our West African Crown Colonies of the Gambia (I except Sierra Leone from the list because Sir John agrees to its retention), the Gold Coast, and Lagos; of the Niger protectorate, of British Central Africa (our Nyasa, Tanganyika, and trans-Zambezi territories), of Zanzibar, British East Africa, and British Somali-land. As to the first of these, the Gambia, this ancient colony, which began its connection with Great Britain in 1588 by means of a trading company chartered by Queen Elizabeth, is considered by some people to have lost much of its value to Great Britain inasmuch as in course of time the French have annexed the country all round it and reduced our sphere of influence to a narrow strip along the banks of the river. The trade of the Gambia (imports and exports) amounts to about 220,000*l.* a year. Of this about one-half is with the British Empire, and the remainder with France. The area of the actual colony is not quite 100 square miles, but the extent of the 'sphere of influence' is somewhat larger. The chief value of the Gambia lies in its splendid navigable river, which affords the readiest access to the heart of Senegambia. This fact renders the Gambia a desirable possession to France, and so far Sir John may be right in suggesting that an exchange might be effected with that Power by handing over to her the Gambia¹ in return for concessions made by France in Newfoundland or in the Pacific. But the same thing does not apply to

¹ Our position on the Gambia may be summed up by saying that France holds the house of which we retain the front door and main corridor. The door is of little use without the house; at the same time it is rather inconvenient for the owner of the building to find the front entrance in possession of a stranger.

our other West African possessions. Sierra Leone, Sir John himself admits, cannot be given up for reasons of Imperial defence. The Gold Coast, again, is a flourishing colony, though its natural resources in mineral and vegetable products have as yet been but slightly tapped. The annual trade of this colony amounts to about 814,000*l.* in value, of which more than three-fourths—say 612,000*l.* worth—is with the British Empire (mainly with Liverpool). We have here now an industrious, thriving, native population of about 1,500,000, who of late years, thanks to the work of the Basel Mission, have furnished us with most useful workmen on the West coast, with clerks, carpenters, builders, masons, coopers, engineers, cooks, and superior domestic servants. In the interior also there are plucky warlike Hausas, whom we recruit for our police force. The Gold Coast colony, properly opened up and exploited, will, I think, prove a most valuable possession. Then there is Lagos, the 'Liverpool' of West Africa, a little strip of seaboard adjoining our Niger protectorate, with an actually occupied area of not more than 1,071 square miles, but with a population of 100,000 and an annual trade of 950,000*l.* in value,² of which a little more than one-half is with the United Kingdom.

Both Lagos and the Gold Coast are further necessary to us because they guard the flank approaches of our magnificent Niger protectorate, the *enclave* of Dahomey, which lies between, being far more difficult to traverse, Nigerwards, than the country at the back of the Gold Coast or behind Lagos. This Niger protectorate extends along the Atlantic seaboard from the frontier of Lagos (Benin River) to the German boundary of the Cameroons at the mouth of the Rio del Rey, and inland up the Niger and up the Benue and over the lands of Nupe and Sokoto between, both to the very borders of the Sahara Desert and the vicinity of the Egyptian Sudan. The Niger protectorate is mainly under the control of the Royal Niger Chartered Company, who, in addition to several hundred native servants, have a staff of European employes numbering between seventy and eighty, a disciplined force of about seven hundred police, and a fleet of twenty-five steamers; but a considerable portion of the Niger Delta and the adjacent Cross River (Old Calabar) is at present administered directly by H. M. consular officers under various Orders in Council. In this district, known as 'the Oil Rivers,'³ there are about 150 British—not including those in the employ of the Royal Niger Company—which, added to the last named, makes a total of perhaps 220 of our white fellow-subjects in the Niger protectorate who carry on, mainly with Great Britain, a trade of the yearly value of about 3,000,000*l.* There are two missionary societies in this field—the Church Missionary Society and the United Presbyterian Mission, both of which are making

² Last returns published make it 950,300*l.* for 1888.

³ From the quantity of palm oil produced in the country.

considerable progress among the non-Muhammadan blacks. These missionary societies have in all about seventeen or eighteen stations. The average yearly expenditure of the Church Missionary Society on the Niger districts is 13,627*l.* That of the United Presbyterians, who have mainly devoted themselves to the interesting Old Calabar Cross River districts, probably amounts to 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.*; so that a total of some 20,000*l.* is annually spent in these districts, and well spent, in the cause of civilisation.⁴ The population of negroes directly under our control in this Niger protectorate (including the Oil Rivers) probably reaches a figure between seven and eight millions; but there are some twenty millions more who look to the British Government in some shape or form—Niger Company's officials, or direct representatives of the Queen—for advice. From the Niger districts we get various metals and minerals such as silver and antimony, a great variety of vegetable products (among the more important of which may be cited palm oil,⁵ palm kernels,⁶ rubber, gums, cotton, indigo, dyewoods, drugs, and valuable timber) and ivory. In return we send them our Manchester cottons, Birmingham hardware, our Cheshire salt and London soap, our Indian silks and West Indian tobacco.

Altogether our West African possessions—leaving out the Gambia as a '*quantité*' not '*négligable*,' but '*négociable*'—do a trade with Great Britain (mainly with Liverpool, London, and Bristol) of about 5,000,000*l.*⁷ yearly, give honourable employment to some 770 of our British fellow-countrymen, and bring at least five millions of intelligent (Sierra Leone), sturdy (Krumen), industrious (Gold Coast), artistic (Yoruba), brave (Niger), good-tempered (Oil Rivers) negroes under our just, enlightened, and civilising sway. As against this summary of our interests in West Africa may be cited the following statistics respecting our relations with Newfoundland and Queensland—the two colonies which Sir John Pope Hennessy cites as likely to benefit most by our sacrifice of our tropical African possessions. The trade of the mother country with Newfoundland amounts to about 974,000*l.* in value yearly. The population of the colony is 200,000. It gives employment to about three natives of the mother country.⁸

The trade of the United Kingdom with Queensland amounts to some 5,000,000*l.* yearly; the total population of that colony is 387,463 (of all shades), and employment is given to about five citizens of the mother country.

Moreover, in balancing the interests of, say, Liverpool and Bris-

⁴ For further details of the mission work, I would refer my readers to papers of mine read before the Royal Geographical Society.

⁵ From the oil palm (*Elais guineensis*).

⁶ Ditto.

⁷ Their total trade amounts to nearly 6,000,000*l.*

⁸ By this definition, I mean persons who have their home in the United Kingdom, and are not natives or citizens of the colony in question.

bane, the former city, by its population, vast enterprise, and status in the Empire, should at present prevail over the latter in influential consideration.

I have dwelt more in detail on the extent of our interests in West Africa than on those which we possess in the South, Central, and Eastern parts of the Continent, because it is with Western Africa that the inhabitants and commerce of the United Kingdom are more exclusively concerned as compared to the other sections of our Empire. I mean that the trade of our West African possessions, and the employment given to British subjects are directed almost solely to Great Britain, and surely, therefore, the interests of our home population of 35,000,000 may be considered to count for as much as the interests of 200,000 of our fellow-subjects in Newfoundland, or four millions of Australasians. If we gave away the Gold Coast or Lagos, or the Niger, for instance, in exchange for concessions from France or Germany in the Pacific or the North Atlantic, the ratio of loss to the inhabitants of Great Britain would be far greater than the gain to the Australians or the Newfoundlanders.

To those who argue that our missionaries and merchants might go on working in West Africa just the same, even if the rule in our possessions were transferred to another Power, I would ask, 'How many British merchants are there in French Senegambia? What is the total of British trade with the French, German, Belgian, Portuguese possessions in West Africa, as compared to that carried on with the districts under the British flag?' Are the British missionaries able to conduct their evangelisation in French Africa? In the most enlightened and liberal-minded of these foreign administrations, the German possession of Cameroons, did not the English Baptist Mission, who had laboured there for forty years prior to the German advent, have to leave the country after the German rule was established?' We should not blame the Governments of foreign Powers for these results. The fault lies in our peculiar idiosyncrasies as a people. We are of a cranky, self-willed, unaccommodating disposition, tolerably patient under the government of our own fellow-countrymen, but utterly impatient of foreign control.

While, however, our possessions of Western Africa are become a necessity to the trade of Liverpool, Manchester, Burnley, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and London, our newly-gained spheres of influence in South Central Africa—besides the important Scotch interests which they concern¹⁰—are a necessity for the commercial expansion and feeding-ground of our growing British South African

⁹ About 400,000*l.*, as compared with 5,000,000*l.*

¹⁰ A considerable trade is done with Glasgow in Nyasaland through the African Lakes Company, and the four British Missionary Societies in those regions (two English, two Scotch) spend on Nyasa and Tanganyika a yearly total of about 29,000*l.*

Confederation, which has a total population of over two millions, and does a yearly trade with the United Kingdom of 18,000,000*l.* in value. Then as to Zanzibar and British East Africa, they, in their turn, besides securing the southern approach to the dominions of our Egyptian ward, are a necessity to the trade and overflow emigration of our great Indian Empire with its nearly 300,000,000 of people and its yearly trade with the British Empire of some 90,000,000*l.* Finally, British Somaliland has become necessary to the maintenance of our position in the flourishing dependency of Aden.

The total trade of the British Empire with British Africa amounts to about 25,200,000*l.* yearly.¹¹ Among the more valuable products which British Africa send us, or supplies to herself, may be cited the following:—Gold (West and South Africa), silver (West Africa), copper (South and Central Africa), coal (South-east Africa), diamonds (South Africa), ivory (West, South, and East Africa), rubber (West and East Africa, 110*l.* to 270*l.* a ton), palm oil (West Africa, 22*l.* a ton), palm kernels (West Africa, 12*l.* 12*s.* a ton), gums (West and East Africa, 15*l.* to 100*l.* a ton), cotton (West and East Africa, 50*l.* to 60*l.* a ton), dyewoods (West and East Africa, 10*l.* to 15*l.* a ton), indigo (West Africa, 224*l.* a ton), coffee, sugar, rice, Indian corn, horses (Somaliland and South Africa), cattle (Sierra Leone, South and East Africa), donkeys (Somaliland), hides (West, South, and East Africa), amomum seeds (West Africa, 40*l.* per ton), red peppers (West Africa, 15*l.* to 30*l.* per ton), and ever so many other valuable dyes, spices, oils, timber, drugs, skins, and farinaceous foods.

Surely this poor, slight exposition of mine may induce Sir John Pope Hennessy, and those who think like him, to change their views as to the 'Value of Africa'?

H. H. JOHNSTON.

¹¹ To say nothing of our nine or ten millions of pounds' worth of annual trade with Egypt (with which France only does an annual trade of about 1,750,000*l.* value).

MR. CECIL RHODES AS PREMIER.

It was mid-winter when I sailed from Cape Town at the end of last month. But the sun was as hot as it is, or ought to be, in the English dog days, and the beauty of the scene, as in the setting sunlight we steamed slowly out into the land-locked bay, from under the shadow of Table Mountain, will rest long impressed on my mind as one of the few memories of South Africa not associated with the dull dreary monotony of the endless Veldt. According to the kindly Cape custom, crowds of friends and acquaintances had come down to the quays to bid farewell to the passengers by the homeward mail, and as the good ship 'Mexican' cast off her moorings, the last man almost to shake my hand and wish me a pleasant voyage to the old country, was Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the present Prime Minister of the Cape Colony.

It was my good fortune during a six months' sojourn in South Africa to see a good deal of the 'great amalgamator,' as Mr. Rhodes is sometimes described in the Kimberley papers. Though still a young man, he has already played no insignificant part in the fortunes of Greater Britain; he is destined, unless I err, to play a yet greater part in the future. Let me speak of him as I found him.

At the time I left Cape Town, that is, some four weeks ago, there was little or no thought of Mr. Rhodes becoming Premier. The common idea was that Sir Gordon Sprigg would remain in office with a reconstructed Ministry. Somehow, Sir Gordon was commonly regarded—and certainly regarded himself—as the man of the situation. Cape politics are not easy to understand, still less easy to explain. There is no clear distinction of parties, no broad issues on which the Ministry and the Opposition are divided. It is, I think, one of the many difficulties of the South African question, that the Cape Colony, from its position, its traditions, and from the fact of its Governor being also the High Commissioner for the whole of South Africa, exercises an influence over the relations between the Empire and our South African possessions out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance. The Cape Colony proper is still the stronghold of the Dutch element, that is, of the element least favourable to any Imperial policy. The bulk of the land belongs to Dutch owners. The wilderness of the

Karoo is in the main grazed over by the flocks and herds of Boer farmers. • In Griqualand West and in the Eastern Province the English element, happily for the fortunes of the Cape, has the upper hand. But in the Western Province the Dutch more than hold their own. The consequence is that the Cape proper is the least progressive, the least energetic, the most un-English of all of our South African dominions. Cape Town, in spite of all its natural advantages, is distanced in the race by Port Elizabeth and Durban. In the same way, the old Dutch colony, with everything in its favour, has contributed little or nothing to the development of our South African Empire. In the parliament, the Dutch, if they do not command an absolute majority, form a compact and united party whose hostility is fatal to any administration. Into the rights and wrongs of the controversy between the English and the Dutch colonists it is not my purpose to enter. There is much to be said on both sides the question. For the present I am concerned with facts, not with their causes. Now as a matter of fact the Dutch, whether in the Cape, the Free State, or the Transvaal, are opposed to what, for want of a better word, I would call the Anglification of South Africa. If it were possible they would aim at the complete severance of the connection between Great Britain and South Africa. But—knowing as they do that this is not possible—their policy is to render this connection as nominal as may be. To effect this object is the end and aim of the so-called *Africander League*. The Dutch settlers are the backbone of the League: but it numbers amidst its members a considerable following of colonists of English birth or descent, who for one reason or other favour the cry of Africa for the (white) Africans. Political ability and the art of administration are qualities more common among the English than the Dutch. The result is that almost all the leading politicians in the Cape, on whatever side they are found, are men of English blood; but in order to command the support of the Chambers they are compelled to rely on the solid and stolid Dutch vote.

The English party, on the other hand, is divided by all sorts of local jealousies and sectional interests. If there was any overt antagonism between the two races, if the overthrow of British rule in South Africa was a possibility within the domain of practical politics, I have no doubt our fellow-countrymen in the Cape would unite in upholding the supremacy of England. But for the present there is no issue before the Colony directly rousing the antagonism of the two dominant races. The questions on which the public mind is exercised are matters of local and personal interest; and the guiding principle of every recent administration has been to form a majority by the aid of the Dutch vote, supported by one of the sections of the British party. As a parliamentary manager Sir Gordon Sprigg had shown very considerable acuteness. As a statesman the late

Premier was gifted, in as far as I could judge, with very second-rate ability; as a speaker he had no special gifts of oratory; but he was a hard-working official and a good man of business. The main cause of his fall was the necessity of dealing with a question of too wide a character and too large a scope to be settled by the ordinary expedients of colonial legislation. For some time past there has been a growing feeling in the Cape that the Colony is losing ground, not only in comparison with British colonies in other parts of the world, but in comparison with other parts of the British dominions in South Africa. This decline is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the fact that the construction of railways has not been pursued with anything like the energy which has been displayed in Australia and Canada, or even in Natal. I believe myself there are other reasons besides the absence of cheap locomotion which have kept—and must keep—the full tide of European emigration from flowing into the Cape Colony. Still, undoubtedly, the paucity of railroads is one of the causes which leads emigrants to turn their steps elsewhere than to the Cape. Something had got to be done to satisfy the popular demand for railroads; and yet, owing to the rivalries and jealousies existing not only between the different colonies but between the different provinces of the same colony, any scheme of railway construction was attended with extreme peril to the safety of the Ministry by which it was proposed.

Under these circumstances Sir Gordon Sprigg conceived a project which was eminently characteristic of his whole system of administration. He brought forward a Bill under which every important electoral district in the colony was to have some line so constructed as to favour its local interests. His calculation was doubtless that each district would urge its representatives to support the Bill in consideration of the local advantage it would derive from the scheme. Log-rolling is well understood in the Cape Colony: and under ordinary circumstances Sir Gordon's tactics would probably have proved successful. But the circumstances were exceptional. In the first place, there was a genuine popular wish to see the Colony opened up by means of railroads: and this wish the scheme in question left practically unsatisfied. In the second place, the necessity of constructing a number of local lines in order to conciliate sectional interests entailed an outlay out of all proportion to the returns which the lines in question could possibly be expected to yield. The Cape Colonists generally, and the Dutch portion of the community in particular, have a rooted antipathy to any increase in taxation; and the one certain fact about the Sprigg project was that it would nearly double the public debt and must therefore involve additional taxation, which, in default of any other source of revenue, would in all likelihood have to be raised by mulcting the mining industry.

The Bill was coldly received: the Attorney General, Sir Thomas

Upington, the cleverest and brightest member of the Ministry, repudiated all responsibility for the measure; and within a few days of its introduction the fate of the Sprigg Cabinet was sealed. At the time I left Cape Town, Mr. Sauer, the leader of the Opposition, was regarded as likely to be the next Premier. A hard-headed man, but not much above the ordinary standard of Cape politicians, either in ability or in repute, he would probably have made a fair Prime Minister of the Gordon Sprigg type. To define the principles on which the members who in the Cape Parliament sit to the right and the left of the Speaker are supposed to differ, is a matter beyond my powers of exposition. All I can say is, that between Sauer and Sprigg there would have been a distinction without a difference.

In all countries with parliamentary institutions, there arises from time to time, unless public spirit is utterly extinct, a sense of dissatisfaction with the perpetual struggles for office between the ins and the outs. Such a sense of dissatisfaction had begun to show itself in the Cape; the time was felt to be come for a leader with a policy of his own. The man whose name suggested itself as that of the inaugurator of a new political era was Cecil Rhodes.

As I have said, Mr. Rhodes is still young—even according to the colonial standard, where a man past fifty is regarded as a veteran, if not a senile dotard. He has still some two or three years to pass before he enters upon the forties. Nobody could ever doubt his nationality. ‘English, you know,’ is written in his look, his gait, his speech, his manner. Throughout South Africa the tone of the community is free and easy. There is little or nothing of the swaggering self-assertion of social equality so common in the lower classes of our American kinsfolk. But in the diamond fields—even more than elsewhere in the Cape—one man is as good as another, and is conscious of the fact. In all countries where there is a white minority ruling over a subject coloured population, all white men, by a sort of free-masonry, stand on equal footing as members of the dominant caste. So it is in the Cape. From the railway porter, as long as he is white, up to the railway chairman, everybody is a boss. As between the small boss and the big boss the line of demarcation is imperceptible as compared with that dividing the boss and the bossed.

Anybody who wishes to get on in South Africa must recognise this equality. To stand on your dignity, to put on side, is an unpardonable social offence, and Cecil Rhodes is too keen-witted not to accept the necessities of the position. The longer I live the less confident I feel in my own judgment as to other men's desires and ambitions. Still it would surprise me to learn that Cecil Rhodes's ambition is not, and had not always been, to make a name for himself in the history of his country. He must long ago have made fortune enough to enable him to retire from business and live at

home in opulence. Yet he continues in the Colony working and working hard : and the most plausible explanation of this, apparent anomaly is that he looks on the acquisition of wealth and the consolidation of his influence in the Colony as further stepping stones to a yet higher position of authority in the British Empire either in her outlying possessions—or at home.

Already, if my view of the end he has in view is correct, he has gone far towards the attainment of his ambition. The story of the diamond fields is far too lengthy and too complicated a one for me to enter upon here. It is enough to say that up to a few years ago the Kimberley mines were owned by a number of independent companies, all competing against each other ; all striving to raise as many diamonds as possible ; all treading on each other's heels ; and all doing their utmost to injure the diamond industry by increasing the output of an article for which, *ex necessitate rei*, there is only a limited market. The idea that amalgamation would be the salvation of the industry is one to whose authorship Cecil Rhodes can lay no claim. A number of efforts were made at various times to consolidate the mines into one united company. In one of the most serious of these attempts it was my fortune to play an insignificant part. I recall the fact for two reasons. The first is, that during the sittings of the London syndicate, the members of which, with the exception of myself, were all persons largely interested in the diamond trade, I cannot recall ever having heard Rhodes's name even mentioned. The second is that the impression left on my mind by our abortive negotiations was that the consolidation of the mines, though in the abstract desirable, was in practice an impossibility. The interests of the different mines were so inconsistent and in many cases so antagonistic, the greed of the various companies was so great, the want of confidence in each other's good faith was so extreme, the local jealousies and personal rivalries were so powerful, that I came to the conclusion the mines could never be brought to combine even for their common good. I was wrong, as the result has shown ; but my recognition of my own mistake enables me perhaps to appreciate more fully than I could otherwise the magnitude of the difficulties with which Cecil Rhodes must have had to contend. No man not possessing in a high degree tact, patience, temper, the art of inspiring confidence, and a dogged strength of will, could have carried through the enterprise by which the De Beers Company under Mr. Rhodes's guidance gradually contrived to absorb into itself the diamond mines of Kimberley. Judged by the results the amalgamation scheme has so far proved a brilliant success. The price of diamonds has been run up, and the supply of the diamond markets of the world is for the time being in the hands of Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues. Unquestionably the scheme depends for its ultimate success on the

assumption that, in South Africa at any rate, there are no other mines in which diamonds can be found in large and paying quantities. *Prima facie* the assumption seems improbable; but up to the present, though many diamond mines have been discovered in the vicinity of Kimberley, none of them has proved remunerative.

I know nothing of the private affairs of the De Beers mine. Still, unless common report in a small community where everything is more or less known is utterly mistaken, Mr. Rhodes made a fortune, through the success of the amalgamation scheme, sufficient to satisfy most men's ambition. But with him success proved only a stimulus to further effort. Years ago, when he was comparatively unknown, he told an informant of mine that what he wished most was to associate his name with some great achievement. His wish has been fulfilled; for his name, whether for good or bad, will always be identified with the Chartered Company, the greatest experiment in colonisation ever made in South Africa.

By virtue of certain concessions he and his colleague Mr. Rudd procured from Lobengula, they obtained a sort of preferential protectorate—this is how I can best describe the character of the arrangement—over the vast area of Matabele Land extending from the frontiers of Bechuana Land on the north-west of the Transvaal right up to the banks of the Zambesi. The vague rights conferred by this concession were confirmed and consolidated by the issue of the royal charter which Mr. Rhodes succeeded in inducing the Imperial Government to grant. Since the days when the old East India Company was founded, no grander enterprise has been set on foot by Englishmen. Will it prove a gigantic success or a colossal failure? The answer to that question lies within the womb of time. In Africa, as elsewhere, the project has its champions and its detractors. The former dwell on the vast mineral wealth of the new province, on its great agricultural resources, on the immense openings it affords for British enterprise and British capital. Indeed, I have frequently heard shrewd business men at the Cape express their conviction that before twenty years are over there will, through the instrumentality of the Chartered Company, be railroad communication between Cairo and the Cape. The latter assert that the mineral wealth of Matabele Land and Mashona Land is more than problematical; that the country is, for the most part, incapable of cultivation, owing to the absence of water; and that, from the unhealthiness of the climate and the hostility of the natives, any attempt to settle a white population within the company's territories is foredoomed to failure. Which of these conflicting views is right is, and must be, matter of opinion. All I can say is that Mr. Rhodes and his fellow workers show by their own action an unbounded faith in the future of their enterprise. They are pushing on the Bechuana Land railway with extraordinary

energy. It is only within the present year that the works were first commenced in earnest, and already the line is completed to some sixty miles north of Kimberley, and will be completed as far as Vryburg, the capital of British Bechuana, before the year is out. They have organised an efficient trained force for frontier service, they have got together a singularly able body of administrators; they have enlisted the services of all the most experienced scouts and pioneers in the South African borderland; they are sending out prospecting parties; they are spending money freely in every direction.

I can understand objection being taken to the sort of partnership existing between the De Beers Mining Association and the Chartered Company. The experiment of backing up a vast land scheme with the resources of a modern Golconda is one which is certain to be criticised. I have no doubt Mr. Rhodes is aware of this. Some three months ago I was present at a banquet given to Sir Henry Loch on his visit to Kimberley. In his speech on that occasion as the representative of the diamond industry, Mr. Rhodes touched upon this very point. I have not his words by me, but the purport was that by the force of causes beyond human control, the shares in the De Beers mine must necessarily pass more and more into the hands of European capitalists. The time, therefore, could not be far distant when the profits of the diamond mines, the greatest and most lucrative industry in South Africa, would be virtually monopolised by a non-resident body of shareholders. In view of the democratic institutions of the Cape Colony and of the spread of democratic ideas throughout the world, this state of things seemed to him fraught with elements of future peril. In order therefore to avert the danger in question he had acted upon Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of ransom, and had recommended the De Beers Company to associate itself with the Chartered Company, as an enterprise calculated—whether financially successful or otherwise—to contribute powerfully to the progress and development of the Cape Colony. The theory thus propounded is to say the least ingenious. It is one which could never have entered into the brain of any financier of the ordinary promoting type. Whether it will be accepted as satisfactory by shareholders hungry for dividends remains to be seen.

Mr. Rhodes is by no means a novice in Cape politics. He has for some ten years represented the decaying township of West Barkly, the quondam capital of Griqualand West, in the Cape Parliament. He held office for some little time as Minister of Public Works when Sir Thomas Scanlen was Premier. In 1884-5 he was sent as a Deputy Commissioner to Bechuana Land. He was present at Blignaut's Pont at the conference between Sir Henry Loch and President Krüger in which the Swaziland question

was discussed. He arranged the reception given to the Governor at Kimberley; he accompanied Sir Henry at his personal request on his visit to the Orange Free State and his tour in Basutoland. It would not surprise me to learn that Mr. Rhodes's acceptance of the Premiership was largely due to the influence of the Governor.

His acceptance of the post seems to me, as I think it must to most of those who know him, only capable of one explanation. To a man who at his age has achieved such a position as Cecil Rhodes, the rank, and still less the salary, of the Cape Premiership can present no attraction. He can speak plainly, intelligently, and even forcibly; but he is not an orator, and I should think takes no pleasure in public speaking. The social and incidental advantages of office can weigh but little with a man so simple in his habits, so quiet, and so reserved. He understands the art of dealing with men: that his success in arranging the De Beers amalgamation has shown: and what a man does well, he commonly likes doing. But still the daily routine of public life, the social duties incumbent on a statesman who has to keep a majority together in such a Parliament as that of the Cape Colony, can hardly be to his liking. I cannot, therefore, avoid the conclusion that when Mr. Cecil Rhodes consented to become Sir Gordon Sprigg's successor, he did so because he believed, with or without justice, that as Prime Minister he could the better forward the policy on which the Chartered Company is based, and with which his reputation is indissolubly connected.

That policy I take to be the extension and consolidation of British supremacy in South Africa.

I should doubt Mr. Rhodes any more than myself being a believer in Imperial Federation as a practical scheme of working politics. I am by no means sure also that he attaches the same importance as I do personally to the political connection between Great Britain and her Colonies. But of this I am confident: he believes as strongly as any Imperialist or Federationist could believe in a manifest destiny of the British race. To implant English ideas, English culture, English language, English institutions, and English rule in all the outlying places of the globe, that is, as I take it, the manifest destiny of our race. Personally I hold this mission of ours can best be fulfilled by maintaining intact the relations now existing between the component parts of the United Kingdom on the one hand, and those existing between that kingdom and the Colonies on the other. But it is possible to hold, as Mr. Rhodes does, that this end can best be accomplished by other means, and yet to share to the full the belief in England's destiny.

In this country Mr. Rhodes, from a political point of view, is chiefly known as a Home Ruler. A gift of 10,000*l.* in aid of a political movement with which the donor has no direct personal

connection, is a fair proof of genuine conviction. It was my lot frequently to talk with Mr. Rhodes about the Home Rule controversy. The impression left on my mind—possibly because he did not agree with me—was that he had not studied the subject very deeply, and that he had no very ardent enthusiasm about the cause of Ireland. Still I saw no cause to doubt either the sincerity or the genuineness of his conviction that the repeal of the Union is desirable in the interest not only of Ireland, but of Great Britain. I could not, however, avoid a suspicion that a belief in the utility of Home Rule, though it might be the principal, was not the sole cause which had led him to identify himself with the Parnellite movement. The benevolent neutrality of the Radical party is no less valuable to the Chartered Company than the active support of the Unionist Government.

In home politics Mr. Rhodes would undoubtedly call himself a Liberal. But Liberalism in the Colonies is a very different thing from Liberalism at home. Majuba stands between the two. Indeed Liberals and Conservatives are names without meaning in Cape politics. The only party lines, in so far as such lines exist at all, are those dividing the British and the Dutch elements. Kimberley forms the headquarters and the centre of the British element in the Colony, and Mr. Rhodes, to all intents and purposes, is the personification of Kimberley. It does not follow that his policy will be hostile to the Boers. On the contrary it is, I am convinced, his wish, as it is that of every sensible man in the Cape, to work in harmony with the Dutch. But if the Dutch settlers set themselves in the way of the development of South Africa after our British fashion, they will have to go to the wall. The principle of the survival of the fittest has decided that in the end it is the British, not the Dutch, element that must be supreme in the Cape as elsewhere. This is a fact which Mr. Rhodes cannot alter if he would. For my own part I believe that he would not alter it even if he could. The main questions with which Cape statesmanship is called upon to deal at present are those of railway extension, of native labour, and of the relations between the different States which make up South Africa. Each one of these questions is fraught with grave difficulties; and the machinery provided for dealing with them, by the existing institutions of the Cape, is singularly inadequate for the purpose. Mr. Rhodes may fail; the chances are that every Cape Minister must fail. But for the first time in the parliamentary history of the Cape the policy of the Colony will be directed by a statesman whose end and aim is to extend the area of British supremacy. The man who amalgamated the Kimberley mines and founded the Chartered Company may solve the yet more arduous problem of making the Cape Parliament an effective instrument of British progress. With his somewhat slouching gait, his hazy abstracted glance, and his absorbed air, Cecil

Rhodes left on me the notion of a man whose thoughts were generally far away—who, beyond the present, was always looking forward. I wonder whether, beyond the Cape politics of to-day, he is looking forward to playing a yet greater part on a larger stage. Stranger things have happened than the Premiership of the Cape proving a step to Downing Street.

EDWARD DICEY.

*A VOICE FROM A HAREM.**SOME WORDS ABOUT THE TURKISH WOMAN OF OUR DAY.¹*

So many English ladies have lately visited the Turkish harems, and learning our language have been able to write the truth about us, that it is really difficult to say something new about a country whose customs are as well known to every one as to ourselves.

Naturally also the curiosity and interest felt for everything Oriental has gradually faded away as, the veil being literally lifted, the mysteries of Orient appeared little by little before the world and were found wanting in the element of beauty which had been ascribed to them.

In a description of Constantinople written as late as in 1840, the Turkish woman was spoken of as a mystery which it was dangerous to unravel; whilst Thackeray, in his *Voyage from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, tells us of a lady who was tabooed by all true believers for having dared to drive in her own carriage to a mosque. What the shades of those true believers would say if they came back to earth now is difficult to decide. I suppose they would think that Turkey had been given over to those Giaours, whom they hated and we imitate. Of our old customs, as well as of our old faith, very little remains, and it is only in the lower orders or the most secluded harems that some vestiges of them can be found. At Constantinople women hardly hide their faces, and think it no shame to appear before the public in habiliments which would be hardly considered decent with the lowest dregs of European society. This, however, is natural, for it is impossible for a reaction to occur in a country without its rushing to the opposite evil. On disencumbering ourselves from our old chains we are apt to forget that man cannot walk entirely alone without stumbling in some way or other. However, this will soon pass; give us time to understand that we need to be withheld, and we will soon forge ourselves new chains which, without binding us as hard as the old, will still retain us in the bonds of decorum.

The reason of this sudden reaction may be traced to the better education we have given to our boys. Brought up in Paris or at

¹ This paper is absolutely genuine. It is the first attempt at writing on the part of its authoress, a young lady who has been shut up in a harem for ten years.—ED. *Nineteenth Century*.

Oxford, they have learnt that woman was destined to be protected, not tyrannised over. They have learnt that, when her intellect is not crushed by continual fear and impotent ignorance, woman can become the helpmate and support of man. The view also of the cheerful homes existent in Europe has taught them that one wife is better than twenty slaves; and, as the Turkish girls are better adapted by nature to second their views than the Circassians, it is to them that they turned for help.

It needed but little time to teach the Turkish mothers what was needed at their hands, and where before a little French was the maximum of learning acquired by a musulwoman, she was taught to read and write in several languages, to play the piano, to draw, to paint, in a word, to have as complete an education as any young lady destined to appear in society. This system included of course novel reading, and in them the young girl, who before believed that the highest happiness for her was to be tyrannised over by a man she did not know, in common with five or six rivals, suddenly saw opened before her a long vista of unknown bliss which to her dazzled eyes seemed more beautiful than anything promised in Paradise. She heard of balls, fêtes, parties, where women spoke openly with men who were not doctors or cousins; she heard for the first time that a woman is considered as highly as a man, and may even claim from him the homage which till now she thought had been exclusively his prerogative; she saw in them the descriptions of happy homes where one wife alone possessed the love and confidence of her husband; and little by little the poison imbibed circulated through her veins. She felt she had a right to a part at least of these privileges; but fearing to be the first to claim them, she would perhaps have continued for some time still to bear a yoke now become hateful, if she had not been surrounded by counsellors who pushed her on, and these counsellors were not chosen from the best part of society. Effectually the worst part of it all was that the movement originated naturally with the highest classes, who were surrounded, by the fact of their rank, by a legion of base Armenians and Greeks, the very scum of their nations, who were ready with praise the instant they saw a possibility of recompense, and whose example was hardly able to give them a high idea of the European fashion of life.

The life she had led in a harem had not prepared her for the sudden change which was to occur in all her customs. She had never known that there are other chains than those inflicted by the tyranny of man, and that life might contain higher aims than the mere fact of living for self; in fact, selfishness is a virtue in harems, which all must follow who wish to live, and she had never thought that it might be possible to think of others before thinking of herself. On the other hand, the mothers are not entitled to teach their daughters those pure and high principles which every woman

in Europe thinks it necessary to inculcate in her children. In fact she has not sufficient influence over her child to do it. The mothers are usually slaves, and as such are never considered with the tender reverence which a European mother may command. Every child has a different mother by whom he will stand by party spirit, and whom he will defend against her rivals, but whom he will never respect, and whom, alas! he has no reason to respect, for she has never taught him anything but the one principle of selfishness, and she does not practise any other virtue herself. Each one for himself is the motto of harems, and this once learnt the children are permitted to grow according to their different characters, neither checked from wrong nor taught the right.

Some time ago I saw an English paper, in which the author hotly denies that the morals learnt in a harem are worse than those taught in some parts of European society. It may be true, but it is not to such places that a European gentleman usually sends his daughters to be educated, whilst it must be remembered that the harem is the home of thousands and thousands of young girls who learn there their first ideas of right and wrong, and who can hardly do so whilst surrounded by examples such as the slaves give them. A Turkish girl of fifteen knows as much of life as a European of forty, and it is unnatural that it should be so. Of course a girl cannot be modest under such circumstances, and it was not surprising that, when the reaction set in, she should have reached the extremes to which she went.

The leap from ignorance to knowledge was too sudden for the Turkish woman; she was dazzled by the bright glare which suddenly surrounded her, and having very dim ideas of what was right or what was wrong, it is not surprising that she should have missed her way. At such a crisis she needed a strong arm to support her, and from that the very position she held deprived her, as no pure or honest woman from the European society could live in a harem without either leaving in disgust, or being obliged from self-preservation to do at Rome as the Romans do.

Though the duty that man owes to his fellow-creature is hardly ever mentioned in our religion, what is owed to itself is too well depicted there, and its laws are too strict for the Turkish girl not to feel, after her first excess, that she was debarred from heaven. 'Whoever imitates Christians counts with them' is written in our laws, and thus, when she first strove to be like the Europeans, she knew she had counted as one of them. Knowing that it was too late to retrace her steps, she preferred advancing. And, having once indulged herself in braving the opinion of the Turks, she soon learnt to indulge herself still more in braving that of those Europeans whom she wished to imitate. From folly to vice there is but one step, and in this case it was soon passed, let us hope to be soon repassed again. Already there are examples of ladies, well educated and having re-

sided many years in Europe, who live perfectly free from the ancient trammels without for that abandoning the code of honour existent in every country; and it is high time their example should be followed. When this has occurred, when Turkish girls will have learnt that no well-educated Christian lady would make signs to a man she did not know, that no woman with the least atom of self-respect would answer a man who addresses her in the street, that in all the world divorce is shameful when it occurs from any shortcoming on the part of the wife, and that all women divorced from such a cause lose their caste, she will be really progressing, and we may at last hope to be happy, honoured, and free like those women whom we wish to imitate.

All this, however, is a secondary question. What we need the most, what we must strive for with all our forces, is the abolition of polygamy, and to that we must help ourselves by enfranchising our slaves. As long as slavery continues to exist, polygamy will reign in our harems in its worst form. Leaving out all question of humanity, slavery is a worse bane to us than to themselves. With slavery non-existent no Turkish girl will agree to occupy the second place in a husband's home, and we will live without the perpetual jealousies, the thousand worries which are the real causes of our unhappiness. It is not well understood, I think, in Europe that a harem very rarely contains more than one legitimate wife, who is sometimes a Circassian but usually a Turkish girl. If a Turkish girl, when she marries she comes to her husband's home with ten or twelve slaves who count as part of her dowry; whilst, on the other hand, if a slave herself, her husband buys them for her, which comes at the end to the same thing. For however civilised our husbands may be, there is too much of the Turkish nature latent in them to keep them from casting longing looks in the direction of those girls, and none of them are too shy or too backward to reject his advances. Evidently they know that it is the only chance they have of gaining a high position in society, and they can hardly feel for a mistress who has never felt for them. They usually do attain their wishes, the mistress remaining powerless to prevent it, as her husband has the law on his side. If she is an energetic woman, she sometimes sells the slave—which, by the by, she cannot do now—or she goes back to her father's house; in either case, however, she is usually defeated, as the husband soon begins again with another slave, and the father, who himself has perhaps five or six wives, cannot but give reason to his son-in-law. In the course of time the slave, being an odalisque and having children nearly as old as those of her mistress, becomes as powerful in the household as the original lady; but still it must be well understood that her contract is not written, and that she is still considered a slave. Of course it would be impossible for a Turkish girl to accept such a position, whilst, on the other hand, no man would care to really

marry two wives ; and thus in striking slavery we strike polygamy at its very roots, and it is obviously for our good to do it.

Against this, however, many objections will arise, as was shown when the English Government took the matter in hand in Egypt. It took many bloody battles to rid America from slavery, but none of the arguments urged there would be of any use here. The Americans used slaves as chattels, they were to them the source of immense fortunes and nearly indispensable, as can be proved by the list of those proprietors ruined during the war. In our case, slaves are an expense without which we could easily do. Let us, however, grant that, except Armenians and Greeks at Constantinople and fellahs in Cairo, we can find none to serve us. But is not that a little because we do not want to search for others ?

Are there not at Constantinople thousands and thousands of the poorer classes who are dying with hunger, and who, if they were educated for it, would make excellent servants ? It may be objected that the poor of Turkey are too proud to serve as servants, and that it will be well-nigh impossible to bring them round to my views. But that is only because they do not know better, and the first step would be to give them the opportunities to attain those lights we have reached ourselves ; taking care, however, to educate them so as to avoid those shoals against which we were shipwrecked ourselves. This a few free schools, conducted by enlightened directors and where the teachers are chosen amongst the pure and kindhearted women who abound in Europe, would do easily. Once this step gained, progress would soon teach them that servitude is no shame, and that it is better to work than to starve.

I think I have proved that slavery is not really necessary, and that it would better our condition to end it. We pretend to be civilised, and we only imitate the vices of Christians without learning what is good in their customs ; seeking only our liberty, we neglect to think of our comfort, and forget that whilst slavery is breaking the spirits of thousands of our fellow-creatures we have no right to complain of being trammelled. Our first duty to ourselves and to them is to erase the greatest blot in our fame, greater still because not even countenanced by our religion ; and little by little, by showing by our conduct that we are ripe for it, we may hope to obtain the rights refused to us.

Without this every act, instead of tending to the aggrandisement of our privileges, only serves to show us in a more despicable light to the eyes of the millions who gaze on us.

ADALET.

THE LOYALTY OF THE COLONIES.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A GLOBE-TROTTER AND A COLONIST.

Globe-trotter. Sorry that I could not see you before ; I left my card and letter of introduction last week, but you were out.

Colonist. And when I returned your call, *you* were out. But we have met at last, and I am happy to make your acquaintance. Do you stop here long ?

G. No ; I have seen most parts of your colony, and am only here for a few days, awaiting the arrival of the steamer for Sydney. Thence I go to Melbourne overland, and take the P. and O. boat home.

C. Then you have been some time in the colony ?

G. Oh yes—more than three weeks. I took one of the Union Company's steamers, touched at the Bluff, landed, saw Invercargill, rail to Dunedin, thence to Lake Wakatipu, and came on to Tunaru, did Mount Cook, then on to Christchurch. While there I visited a large sheep-farm of the best kind.

C. Whose farm did you visit ?

G. Messrs. Smith and Brown's. I saw also a paddock of ten thousand acres, all in wheat. Looked very fine.

C. Did you see any of the men who had ploughed and sowed that paddock ?

G. No, no ; I was, in fact, much struck by the extraordinary absence of all signs of habitation even in the cultivated districts of your colony. I mean that I hardly saw any labourers' cottages amongst the farms.

C. Messrs. Smith and Brown did not show you where they lodged the men during harvesting and shearing times, did they ?

G. No.

C. I rather thought they would not. You put up at the Christchurch Club, I suppose ?

G. Yes. Very good club indeed ; everything very comfortable. Very hospitable plan yours is of making all strangers honorary members. I wish we could do the same in London.

C. Ah ! just so. But we don't make *all* strangers honorary members. But where else have you been, may I ask ?

G. I went across the Southern Alps to the west coast, saw Hokitika, the gold fields, the coal mines at Greymouth; went up to Reefton to see the quartz mines, thence to Westport, where I saw coal quarried from two thousand feet above the sea-level, by road to Nelson, crossed over Cook Straits to Wellington, and after a few excursions by rail came on here. I have been to Rotorua, seen the hot springs and geysers, and am very sorry to have missed the beautiful terraces which were destroyed in the Tarawera eruption.

C. I see you have been the usual round. And now for the inevitable question—what do you think of New Zealand?

G. Do you wish me to speak candidly, or to give you the usual complimentary answer?

C. You may be as candid as you like with me. I am an old colonist, in one sense of the words; I have been here some sixteen or seventeen years, but I am by no means an enthusiastic admirer of New Zealand.

G. Well, then, I think of course that the colony has immense resources.

C. That is a statement which we find in our newspapers about six times a week.

G. And that these resources have not been developed as they might have been, considering the enormous sums you have borrowed, and the number of years New Zealand has been a British colony.

C. Ah! I am glad to hear you say that.

G. I think your railways wretched little tramways, with express trains going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. I think them enormously dear at the price they have cost.

C. My dear Sir, you forget the exigencies of colonial politics. Every member of the House of Representatives had to be conciliated, and it was impossible to do so without giving him a bit of railway or some public work equivalent for his district. How else could a Ministry exist?

G. You don't seem to have a very high opinion of the public spirit or patriotism of your representatives.

C. 'Public spirit! patriotism!' How strangely those words fall on my ear—like the 'Lost Chord,' you know! Haven't heard the words since I came to New Zealand, and almost forget what they mean. But pray go on; it is very delicious to hear you.

G. Well, then, I think most of your public buildings hideously ugly—all erected by borrowed money, by the way; and I think that if more of your towns were built in brick or stone, it would show more reliance on the permanence of your prosperity than your monied men seem to possess at present.

C. This is refreshing: anything more?

G. Well, I hear that there has been a good deal of outcry from the unemployed, and I notice in the streets of all your towns an im-

mense proportion of men who are evidently loafing. I saw this morning, on a visit to the Free Library, a room full of able-bodied men perusing the newspapers or playing chess or draughts.

C. You will admit that this is better than getting drunk at a public-house bar.

G. Yes; the question is whether, if they had the money, they would not prefer the public-house bar.

C. Possibly some of them might do so, but the drinking habits of this community have undergone a marvellous change within the last ten years. Is there anything else you have specially noted?

G. Yes. I have observed with great pleasure the loyalty manifested towards the old country, and the earnest wish for a closer connection. The idea of Imperial Federation seems largely prevailing.

C. Have you talked with any of the working class on the subject?

G. Well, no. You see, I have not had much chance of mixing with your working class. The few with whom I have attempted any conversation seemed to me singularly unsociable and disagreeable.

C. Pardon me if I remark that that may have been due to your mode of addressing them. Suppose, for example, you spoke to a working man thus, 'Well, my man, what's your opinion of New Zealand?' what kind of an answer do you think you would get?

G. Well, I should expect at least a civil reply to a civil question.

C. But then, you see, the working man would not consider it a civil question. To me he would probably reply, 'Who the — are you calling your man?' Seeing that you are a new chum, he might overlook the offence, but he certainly would not enlighten you as to his real opinion of the colony.

G. Then how ought one to address him?

C. That is what I cannot teach you. It must come by 'colonial experience.' But if you wish to know what his state of mind would be, ask yourself how you would feel if you were addressed as 'my good man.' And yet you are a good man, I hope?

G. There is a—a—difference, I think. Don't you know what I mean?

C. None at all from his point of view. He in no way considers himself your inferior—in fact, being actually an elector of New Zealand, he is absolutely your superior for the moment.

G. (*After a moment's pause for reflection.*) But to continue our subject of conversation. I suppose you agree with me that the colonies of Australasia, and particularly New Zealand, are devotedly loyal.

C. What do you mean by 'loyal'?

G. I should hardly think that requires a definition.

C. Pardon me, I think such an exceedingly vague word very much requires a definition before we can profitably discuss the question.

G. Well, I should say that loyalty implies attachment to the mother country, and a firm determination to uphold the connection between the colony and the mother country.

C. At all hazards—in time of war, for example?

G. Yes—yes; otherwise your loyalty would be a mere sentimental feeling, of no practical value to us.

C. And you think that the mother country could depend on the aid and support of the Colonies in time of war?

G. Yes, as far as their means permit. They would, for example, be open to receive any prizes our fleet might make; they would give shelter, coals, and provisions to the navy; they would serve as hospital depôts for the sick or wounded. We should hardly expect any contingent, as in the Soudan affair, but you might afford a recruiting ground.

C. Yes, that is exactly what an old colonial, to whom I was talking on this very subject the other day, said the Colonies would do. But in return for this you would, of course, protect our coasts and ports?

G. That would have to be done, in great measure, by yourselves. You see, our fleets would have all their work cut out for them in protecting the coasts of the United Kingdom and the mercantile marine from the enemy's armed cruisers.

C. Then you mean to imply that you could not spare a sufficient naval force to protect us from the enemy's fleet?

G. I don't think we could. It would require a very large force to do that. You would have your Australian squadron, of course.

C. Unless it were very urgently required nearer home?

G. Precisely so.

C. Then, my dear Sir, on the principle of *do ut des*, why should we incur the risk of having our port towns laid under contributions, and our territory invaded, just for the sake of supplying the British fleet with coals and provisions? The profit on those transactions would not pay for the risk.

G. But you're looking at the matter from a purely commercial point of view.

C. Precisely so; in what other way should we look at it?

G. Surely, you would have some patriotic feeling towards the mother country; you would be prepared to make some sacrifice for her sake?

C. Has she ever made any sacrifices for our sakes? Has she ever done anything to foster or cherish any other feelings than those of mere self-interest? She has lent us money, or rather her capitalists have lent us money, because they thought it a secure and profitable investment. But a man's creditors are not exactly the persons for whom he entertains feelings of the fondest affection. He is not generally prepared to risk his life and property for their sakes.

G. But what could you do in case of war? You are British possessions after all, and the Queen has certain rights in case of war.

C. We should declare our independence at once, and with that issue a declaration of neutrality. Neither party would care to attack us, for our naval force, small though it would be, would suffice to enable us to obtain respect as independent republics. The Australian Navy would be at least as large as that of a South American Republic. And the smallest of them has contrived to maintain her independence as against European powers.

G. You certainly put matters in a new light. But how do you account for the expressions of loyalty in your leading papers, and amongst the old colonials in England?

C. My dear Sir, many of 'our leading papers' are the property of rich men who belong to what is colonially termed the 'Upper Ten,' or else are mortgaged to the banks, and obliged to write whatever the commercial aristocracy dictate. Few daily newspapers in any large town of the colony are wholly free from similar influences, or adequately represent public opinion. Look, for example, at our banks and mortgage companies. Their prosperity and large dividends necessarily mean a high rate of interest drawn from those cultivators of the soil who have borrowed their money, and this in turn entails innumerable bankruptcies and tracts of country which were once inhabited left bare and desolate. Yet no single paper in the colony ventures to point out the inevitable results of these proceedings. Banks here mean establishments that lend money on growing crops, on clips of wool still on the sheep's backs, on farming implements, on cattle, on the animals employed about a farm, on household furniture, on stocks in trade and trade fixtures; to say nothing of mortgages of houses, land, and farm buildings, which fall within the more ordinary scope of business. A farmer and 'freeholder' of a thousand acres of agricultural land has often only the clothes he stands up in that he can truly call his own; everything else is under lien, mortgage, or bill of sale.

G. You astonish me. This, then, may account for the dreary sordid look of the dwellings of so many farmers, who in similar holdings at home would mix with the upper middle class.

C. Precisely. The same causes that produced the hideous misery of the Irish shanty under the old system operate here. A well-fenced, neatly cultivated garden, bright with flowers and shrubs, would mean labour diverted from the one absorbing employment of meeting the charges on borrowed capital.

G. But how comes it that these people are so over head and ears in debt?

C. *Rem acu tetigit!* The reason is this. Those who came here in the early days obtained land which, by increase of population and the formation of roads, bridges, and railways, has increased

enormously in value. These people are safe, and have become the great landowners, who spend their income in London, or Paris, or Melbourne. The people who came later found all the best land already in private ownership; they had to put up with land either inferior in fertility or far more distant from a market or port. They embarked in the business with insufficient capital, and, dazzled by the examples of their predecessors, gave in many cases exorbitant prices even for Crown lands; were obliged to mortgage, and to obtain advances on wool-clips, crops, &c., to carry on with. As they were charged 10 to 12 per cent. for all these advances, it will be easy to understand how it happens that so many of them have never been able to free themselves from the yoke.

G. But, pardon me, are we not wandering from the point in question? What can this have to do with the loyalty of the colony to the home country?

C. Well, a good deal. If you have a whole class of men oppressed by sordid cares and anxieties, trying to keep up a false position, trembling at every slight fall in prices, with no reserve or capital to fall back on, you will find that they have no room in their minds for sentiments of the higher kind. Their object is bread-and-cheese for themselves and their families, and you may depend upon it not one farthing will they risk for the sake of the old country.

G. But, after all, you yourself say that the rich people and the banks have all the power of the country in their hands, and I suppose you will admit that they are loyal?

C. Pardon me, I did not say that the rich people had all the power. They have, by virtue of their wealth, a preponderating influence in the community, especially as respects its *affaires étrangères*, as the French would call them. But the vote of the democracy is, after all, the ultimate source of power in the colony, and on certain points on which the democracy has made up its mind the monied classes are powerless. For example, the capitalists would gladly modify the education system, so as to render it less costly and so help towards the abolition of the property tax, but the democracy will not allow the education scheme to be touched in any point.

G. And you think that, as regards the federation of the empire, the democracy would not join in the scheme?

C. I don't quite know whether, if a genuine scheme of federation were proposed, with an Imperial Parliament sitting every fourth or fifth year at Ottawa and Melbourne or Sydney, with free trade between the colonies, and differential duties on foreign products—if the colonies were considered as integral parts of the Empire, and had a voice in the questions of peace and war,—the colonials might not prefer to be parts of such a great empire to being independent. Look at the comic papers if you want to see the trend of public opinion.

G. That would mean a total change in the commercial legislation of the United Kingdom.

C. It would mean more than that. It would mean that your absurd panics about Russia and her designs on India must cease and determine. Let the Russians have Afghanistan if they like, and let their frontier and our Indian one be conterminous. Better to have a civilised power than a savage one for next-door neighbour. At any rate, of this you may rest assured, that on no possible plea will these Colonies allow themselves to be dragged into war for the sake of British India. We don't care one solitary straw about India.

G. If you fairly represent the ideas prevailing in the Colonies, I don't see any advantage in keeping a nominal suzerainty over them.

C. You are quite right. Looking at the question from the English point of view, I should say most decidedly, put the question to the Colonies fairly and squarely. Ask them whether they will contribute an adequate amount to the Imperial army and navy. Let it be understood that a certain number of the Imperial land forces shall be always kept in the Colonies, and a certain proportion of the navy, of course; have residences for the officers commanding the army and navy forces respectively; and let us feel that we really are parts of the British Empire. Let an Imperial Parliament be assembled to meet for three years in London, and then every fourth year in some colonial city. If the sovereign did not choose to follow the Parliament for a few months, the viceroy would answer every purpose. But if you want to keep us from Republicanism you must let us see something of royalty.

G. You have had visits from the Duke of Edinburgh and the sons of the Prince of Wales.

C. A new generation has arisen since then. We ought to have some of the royal family residing amongst us. At present most colonials are Republican. The fact is that when Great Britain withdrew the troops from these Colonies she ought to have cut the painter altogether. She would not have more effectually destroyed any lingering sentiments of loyalty amongst the mass of the people. No country ever acted in such a way to her Colonies before in the whole history of the world.

G. It was thought at the time a proof of the confidence Britain felt in the loyalty of the Colonies.

C. It was a slap in the face, and was intended, as is now well known, to produce a separation. But the Colonies were hardly strong enough at that time to go alone. Still, when the last British regiment embarked, the Colonies became virtually independent.

G. But if the feeling is as you describe, how do you account for the enthusiasm with which New South Wales sent forth her contingent for the Soudan?

C. It is the easiest thing in the world to account for. In all our Colonies there are thousands of active athletic young men, disgusted with the sameness and dreariness of colonial life, eager for change, and anxious to see new countries. They were offered high pay, a showy uniform, the chance of seeing active service, and a return passage at their colony's expense. You could have had ten times the number on the same terms. Then the officers had a chance of promotion, or of Imperial honours. The Minister who planned the whole affair was made a Privy Councillor. I believe you could get hundreds of recruits annually, even at the ordinary rate of pay, if your War Department appointed a recruiting agent here. Anything for a change. But your Government has not the sense even to do that, and so give the young colonials some tie to the old country.

G. Your tone astonishes me. It is very different from that of the colonials one meets in London.

C. No doubt. The colonials you meet in England are men who have (to use the digger's phrase) 'made their pile.' They have gone home, either to reside there permanently or to take an excursion for a year or two. They have plenty of money, and they view things *en rose*, and they naturally, being rich, are Conservatives. You find them mostly Free-traders?

G. Certainly.

C. Here you will find the masses are Protectionist, and only the runholders or large merchants are Free-traders. Some of the old colonists at home have left the Colonies so long ago that they are not at all in touch with the new democracy.

G. But surely, with the spread of education amongst your people, you must find an increasing number desirous of retaining their nationality as one of a nation 'whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze'—

A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent—

and which, without undue boasting, has had a not inglorious history.

C. I grant you all that. We are proud enough of England as she was up to the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, when the old spirit flashed out for the last time. But do you think we can be proud of the England that submitted to see her flag insulted in 1870 by the Germans, of the England that crouches down before a strong Power and bullies a weak one, that meekly permits German aggression anywhere, and blusters and storms when Portugal follows the German example? Do you think we are proud of the country that, in defence of the sordid interests of shopkeepers and bankers, crushes out the rising spirit of national independence in Egypt

mows down with machine guns the thousands of brave Arabs who are patriotically fighting for their country, abandons Gordon, makes peace with a lot of bloodthirsty slaveholders like the Boers after a defeat like Majuba Hill, and invariably reverses the old Roman motto 'Parcere subjectis—debellare superbos?' No, Sir, we are not proud of England under the dominion of the trading classes of the community, led by Mr. Gladstone.

G. Our system of party government is responsible for much of what, I admit, you justly complain of.

C. We have party government too, but it is the party government of parishes and counties. I think, if any really great question were to spring up, our system of party government would disappear. Probably yours would too, if the Imperial Parliament would divest itself of its parochial character and become really Imperial. If you want us to join you in an Imperial Federation, get rid of the paltry questions that now turn out Ministries, and change the policy of the Empire, and turn them over to County Councils or local parliaments. Give us a fair share in the government of the Empire, and let us feel that we are not regarded as the poor relations, whose consanguinity cannot be denied, but who must not presume to have a voice in the affairs of the Empire or to modify her policy. Treat us, in fact, as France does her Colonies, and you will find us, in process of time, as proud of being Britons as a Creole of Martinique or a native of Algeria is of being a Frenchman.

G. But what do you think will be the result of the movement towards Australian Federation? Will that not pave the way towards Imperial Federation?

C. I very much doubt it. Australian federation is absolutely necessary for defence against China and European powers, but it is looked on here as a first step, not to Imperial federation, but to independence. New Zealand has refused to join in the federation, partly because New Zealand thinks that she is a favourite colony in Britain, and that Britain would certainly try and defend her even if she left Australia to shift for herself, and partly because she does not wish to be mixed up in any way with Colonies tainted by a convict origin.

G. But if Australia were to declare her independence and New Zealand were to remain a British Colony, she would be in an awkward position, would she not?

C. She would be just in the same position as Newfoundland or Prince Edward Island was when the United States declared their independence. New Zealand has nothing to fear from Australia. Besides, if Australia became independent, Canada would follow suit, and the probability is that a great federation of English-speaking republics would be formed, including the United States. In that case New Zealand would join as a separate state, as Texas did.

G. And you think that such an annexation would be popular with the majority of the colonists?

C. My dear Sir, if the question of annexation as a state to the United States of North America were put to the vote to-morrow, there would not be a thousand votes against it.

G. You, at least, would vote in its favour [*with some bitterness*]?

C. Pardon me, but there you make a mistake. I have worn the Queen's uniform. I am an Englishman by birth and descent, and an Englishman I mean to die. But my children—ah! that is a different matter. With the exception of the eldest, they will all probably be in favour of Australasian independence, as they are all Republicans.

R. H. BAKEWELL.

Auckland, New Zealand.

CHARLES THE FIRST AS A PICTURE COLLECTOR.

THE atmosphere of political tragedy, black with 'the gloom of earthquake and eclipse,' which envelops the kingly career of Charles the First, has tended to obscure the vista, bright with intellectual light, through which his sternest censors may gladly regard him as an accomplished *connoisseur* and a judicious patron of art, literature, and science. As respects the art of painting, his reign may be accounted the Hegira of its cultivation in England. Owing to his invitation and encouragement many distinguished continental painters visited his court, and one of them, Vandyck, the most consummate master of portraiture then living, permanently resided here and became the founder of a school of native artists.

If the statements of several independent contemporaries may be trusted, Charles was not only an expert critic of painting, but handled the brush with no mean skill. 'He had so excellent a fancy,' says one writer, 'that he would supply the defect of art in the workman, and suddenly draw those lines, give those airs and lights, which experience and practice had not taught the painter.'¹ Another records an instance in which an addition made to the unfinished work of a Roman artist by an inferior hand had escaped the observation of all the professional painters invited to inspect the picture, but was at once detected by the King; the accuracy of his discernment being verified by subsequent inquiry.²

He began his career as a collector before his accession to the throne, by acquiring (in 1612) the paintings and statues amassed by his deceased brother Henry; and in 1621 possessed a sufficient number of pictures to form a gallery. It included at least one work, 'Judith and Holoernes,' of the greatest living painter, Rubens, whom he commissioned in the same year to paint him another picture more characteristic of his genius.³ During the Prince's matrimonial visit to Madrid, Philip the Fourth presented him with the (so-called)

¹ Perincheff: *Life of Charles the First at end of Icon Basilike* (edition 1727), cited in Walpole's *Anecd. of Painting*, ii. 72.

² Atkyns, cited *ib.* p. 74.

³ *Original Papers relating to Rubens*. Ed. by W. Noel Sainsbury, pp. 54-58.

'Venus del Pardo' of Titian, and a statue-group of 'Cain and Abel' by John of Bologna. Louis the Thirteenth of France subsequently enriched his gallery with the 'St. John Baptist' of Leonardo da Vinci, and numerous additions, either by way of gift or exchange, were made to it by the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arundel, and other noblemen who sympathised with his taste and were able to gratify it. Soon after his accession, Charles commenced collecting systematically, by employing trusty agents in different parts of Europe to secure all the treasures of art that were open to purchase, and to make copies of such masterpieces in foreign galleries as were unattainable. Sir Dudley Carleton and Sir Balthazar Gerbier in the Netherlands, Nicholas Lanière and Daniel Nys in Italy, Michael de la Croix, or Cross, and Henry Stone in Spain, fulfilled their respective missions with excellent results. The most valuable purchase effected for him upon a large scale was that of the entire collection of the Duke of Mantua, which Charles acquired by the agency of Lanière and Nys in 1629-32. It had been in process of formation by the Gonzaga family for a century and a half, and comprised several masterpieces of the best Italian schools, including a 'Madonna' of Raffaele, for which the Duke had given a marquisate worth 50,000 *scudi*; the 'Triumphs of Cæsar,' by Andrea Mantegna; the 'Twelve Emperors' of Titian; the 'Mercury instructing Cupid' of Correggio, besides many fine examples of Giulio Romano, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Andrea Schiavone, Guido Reni, and other masters. The total amount which the King paid for this cabinet was 18,280*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*⁴ Another purchase of twenty-three pictures, from the German artist Frosley, included a series of spirited designs by Polidoro da Caravaggio. In point of artistic value, perhaps the most important acquisition of all was that of the seven cartoons of Raffaele (now at South Kensington), which, having been sent by Leo the Tenth into Flanders to be copied in tapestry, and retained as a pledge for the debt incurred and unpaid, were purchased for Charles by the advice and through the instrumentality of Rubens.

In 1629, when that master visited England in the capacity of ambassador for the Infanta Isabella of Spain, then Regent of the Netherlands, he painted the emblematic representation of 'Peace and War' (now in the National Gallery), and presented it to the King. He also made some progress during his stay with the design of an allegorical history of James the First, commissioned for the ceiling of the new banqueting house at Whitehall, a work which he completed in 1634. Shortly before his death in 1640, he was in correspondence with the King's agent, Gerbier, respecting other designs for the ceiling of the Queen's Palace at Greenwich, only one of which he lived to complete.

⁴ Sainsbury, *ut supra*. Appendix, pp. 320-1. The difference between the respective values of money in the seventeenth century and our own time must be taken into account.

The illustrious pupil of Rubens, Anthony Vandyck, who had already paid a brief visit to England during the previous reign, was invited by Charles to his court in 1632, and was speedily installed in supreme favour. The office of principal painter in ordinary, apartments in Eltham Palace, and a pension of 200*l.* a year were almost immediately assigned to him. The pictures which first commended him to the King's notice were his portrait of the musician and painter Nicholas Lanier, and one of his finest imaginative works, 'Armida and Rinaldo.' The commissions given him as court painter included a long succession of portraits of the Queen, her children, and the King himself, in every variety of dress and position, besides those of other members of the royal family, of many distinguished courtiers and foreign potentates.

Although Vandyck eclipsed all his contemporaries in the King's esteem, he was far from monopolising his patronage. The favour shown to Cornelius Jansen and Daniel Mytens, who had settled in England during his father's reign, was continued, and frequent employment found for Jordaens, Honthorst, Steenwyck the younger, Poelemburg, Horatio and Artemisia Gentileschi, Cleyn the designer of tapestry, Petitot the enameller, Briot the medallist, and Le Sœur the sculptor. Pressing, though unsuccessful, invitations were addressed by Charles to Albano, Carlo Maratti, Mireveldt, and other masters of European repute, to come over and accept commissions. He succeeded, however, in obtaining a bust of himself from the chief contemporary sculptor of Italy, Bernini, who executed it from sketches taken by Vandyck, transmitted for the purpose. While thus eager to take advantage of all the artistic gifts which the Continent could supply, Charles allowed no native talent to pine by neglect. Peter Oliver, Dobson, Cooper, Hoskins, Barlow, Jamesone and Gibson, among painters; the great architect Inigo Jones, and Nicholas Stone the sculptor, besides others better known as copyists than original artists, found habitual occupation in his service.

His taste in art, as will be presently seen, was singularly catholic. The deficiency of his collection in examples of the early Renaissance disentitles it to be accounted complete, but it was extremely rich in pictures of the best *Quattro-cento* and *Cinque-cento* schools of Italy, Flanders, and Holland, many of whose chief artists were represented by masterpieces; it contained many characteristic works of German, French, Spanish, and English painters, and embraced the widest possible range of subjects; devotional, mythological, and historical compositions; portraiture, landscape, *genre*, and still life. His pictures were distributed among his principal palaces and country houses; the most valuable, which were hung in the banqueting house of Whitehall Palace, and in St. James's Palace, being put under the charge of Abraham Vanderdoort, a Dutch artist, whose

catalogue of them, inadequate as it is, constitutes the most detailed and best known source of information respecting them. Charles's concern for their preservation is attested by one of his orders in 1637, that a new covered chamber for the performance of masques should be erected at the cost of 2,500*l.* in the court adjoining Whitehall, 'because the King will not have his pictures in the banqueting house hurt with lights.'⁵ His keen appreciation of certain favourite works appears from the frequency with which he had copies of them made, and dispersed among his usual residences, so that he might never lose the memory of their charm. The absorbing claims, however, which his attempt to govern without the assistance of Parliament made upon his resources, soon crippled his means of indulging his artistic passion, and disabled him even from discharging the debts he had incurred. In 1639 Vandyck's pension of 200*l.* a year was five years in arrear, and the modest claim of 200*l.* which he made for so masterly a work as the portraits of the King's three children (now at Windsor) was reduced by the Lord Treasurer to 100*l.* As many as nineteen of his portraits of the King and Queen were at this time unpaid for.⁶ That, notwithstanding this apparent niggardliness, the artist had lost no hold upon his patron's appreciation, was shown two years later, when he was seized with mortal sickness, and Charles vainly offered the physician a fee of 300*l.* to save his life.

The adverse decision of the tribunal to which the King rashly carried his quarrel with the English people cut short his career as a collector, before the fatal crisis was reached which closed his reign and his life together. Almost to the last, however, he clung to the hope of regaining power, and his mind was occupied with the thought of his cherished possessions. The letter which he left on his table, addressed to Colonel Whalley, his custodian at Hampton Court, on the day of his escape from that palace, contained injunctions to protect his 'household stuff and movables of all sorts;' and proceeded to specify three pictures there which, not being his own, he desired to restore, with particular directions respecting their identification and ownership.

The wholesale sequestration of the King's collection to the use of the State was decreed immediately after his execution. In February and March 1648-9, the House of Commons passed resolutions, afterwards embodied in an Act, that all the personal estate of the late King and Queen should be duly inventoried, appraised, and sold; power being given to the Council to decide what portions thereof should be reserved for the use of the State.⁷ Commissioners, who, in order to preclude any risk of unfair dealing, were not to be members of the House, were thereupon appointed to prepare inven-

⁵ Letter of Mr. Garrard, cited by Walpole, *Anecd.* ii. 89.

• ⁶ Carpenter's *Pictorial Notices of Vandyck*, p. 71.

⁷ Scotell's *Acts of the Parliament*, part ii. 46.

tories, and appraise the several items. The most notable of these persons were Captain A. Mildmay, an active Parliamentary officer; George Wither, the poet, who was possibly recommended for the post by his reputation for culture; and John Van Belcamp, a painter, often employed by the late King as a copyist, and probably selected on account of his presumed proficiency as an expert.

The Commissioners having completed their task of cataloguing and appraising the pictures, drawings, statues, tapestries, medals, furniture, stuffs, robes of state and miscellaneous effects accumulated in the various palaces, castles, and 'houses of access' belonging to the Crown, the entire collection (with a few important reservations) was offered for sale in the winter of 1649. Nothing resembling a public auction appears to have been held, but biddings were taken either from individual buyers or contracting partners, and the highest prices accepted as private contracts at the discretion of the Commissioners. The extant Register of these sale-contracts reckons their sum-total at 118,080*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*

The principal picture-buyers represented by contractors were foreigners. The Spanish Ambassador, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, on behalf of Philip the Fourth, bought a large number of the choicest works in the collection, including masterpieces of Raffaele, Titian, and Andrea del Sarto; their united bulk requiring eighteen mules to convey them from Corúña to Madrid, where many still remain. The Archduke Leopold, then governor of the Austrian Netherlands, was another liberal purchaser. Upon his subsequent accession to the Empire, he transferred his treasures to the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, which they still adorn. Queen Christina of Sweden, whose chief commissions were for jewels and medals, and Cardinal Mazarin, who was one of the largest buyers of statuary, tapestries, and stuffs, acquired also several valuable pictures, some of which eventually passed into the Orleans Gallery. Many important works were purchased by M. Eberhard Jabach, a banker of Cologne, who afterwards parted with the bulk of them to Louis the Fourteenth, by whom they were deposited in their present resting-place, the Louvre. A yet larger number, though of comparatively less value, were bought for M. Van Reynst, a wealthy Dutch *connoisseur*, who subsequently published a catalogue of his collection, wherein some of these acquisitions are engraved. After his death they were purchased by his Government and restored to Charles the Second. Among the minor foreign buyers were the painters Sir Balthasar Gerbier, Van Leemput, and Decritz: the Lord Protector Cromwell, and the Parliamentary Colonels Hutchinson, Harrison, and Webb figured among the principal English picture-buyers. At least twenty pictures were bought for the Earl of Sussex, and four for Lord Peterborough. Others are known to have been acquired by some of the late King's servants and tradesmen, and many passed into the hands of private amateurs and speculators.

The attempts of Horace Walpole, Mrs. Jameson, Dr. Waagen and others to draw up a catalogue of the pictures of Charles the First, have necessarily been imperfect for lack of adequate materials. Those hitherto available have consisted of (1) the above-mentioned catalogue, made by Abraham Vanderdoort in 1639, of the pictures and drawings in his charge. It is confined to such as were deposited in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James, together with some which were subsequently removed to Hampton Court, and makes no mention of the other contents of that gallery, nor of the numerous pictures dispersed among the palaces of Greenwich, Oatlands, Wimbledon, Somerset House, and other of the royal residences. Several manuscripts of this catalogue are extant, and it has been made accessible by Vertue's edition of it from the Ashmolean *codex*, published by Bathoe in 1757, with a preface and notes by Horace Walpole.⁸ So far as regards the dimensions of the pictures, Vanderdoort's catalogue leaves little to be desired; but his descriptions of the subjects are often extremely vague, ignorant, and confused, and his attributions of names and schools indefinite and misleading. Owing to his limited acquaintance with English, his style is grotesquely quaint and his meaning sometimes obscure.

(2) The Register of sale-contracts already referred to. According to the account of Walpole, the original manuscript of this document was discovered in Moorfields, some years before the time at which he wrote, and fell into the hands of Sir John Stanley, who permitted three copies to be made, 'from one of which Vertue obtained a transcript.'⁹

One of the Harleian MSS. (No. 4898), a folio volume in the handwriting of the last century, answers so completely to the abstract which Walpole proceeds to give of the transcript before him, that it is evidently one of the copies to which he refers. Its internal evidence puts the genuineness of the document beyond question. As a record of the collection, however, it is incomplete; several leaves of the original, as Walpole states, being missing. The descriptions given of the pictures, though uncouth and meagre, are intelligible, but the names of the artists are disfigured by such unscholarly and barbarous spelling that they sometimes defy recognition. Evidences are but too abundant of that contemptuous ignorance of art and intolerance of any language savouring of 'Romanist' doctrine, which characterised the most fanatical phase of the Puritan *régime*.

Without the aid of fresh *data*, it would obviously be impossible

⁸ It has been shown by Mr. Scharf, who was at the pains of collating Vertue and Bathoe's edition with the *codex* (now transferred from the Ashmolean to the Bodleian Library), that the transcriber has repeatedly miscopied the text and made many arbitrary corrections and interpolations, so that it cannot be taken as trustworthy ('Royal Picture Galleries,' among Papers on Old London; publications of Archæol. Institute, 1867).

⁹ *Anec. of Painting* (a work compiled from Vertue's papers), ii. 114.

to reconstruct the catalogue of the King's collection, even approximately, from such deficient materials. Up to the present time, the existence of an important piece of original evidence, which substantially supplies the deficiency, has apparently escaped notice. After the sale of the collection, the Inventories drawn up by the Parliamentary Commissioners appointed to appraise it were handed over to the Auditors of Land Revenue, presumably to enable them to check the accounts of the officers who had negotiated with the contracting purchasers. Upon the abolition of the Auditors' Department and the distribution of its functions in 1832, these documents with the bulk of its records were transferred to the newly established office of Land Revenue Records, now located at No. 6 Whitehall, a building distant but a few yards from the banqueting house, in which the choicest of the royal treasures were kept, and in sight of the upper chamber whence their unhappy owner stepped forth on to the scaffold where he met his doom.

Validated by the signatures of the Commissioners, and preserved among the official archives of a contemporaneous depository, these Inventories possess an authority at first hand which belongs to no other evidence relating to the King's pictures. One or two partial duplicates or extracts from them appear to be lying *perdus* in manuscript elsewhere, but the originals have never, I believe, hitherto seen the light of publicity. It is the main object of this paper to call attention to their most interesting features. Though marred by the same blemishes that detract from the value of the other materials for a catalogue, they have not suffered to the same extent. Their brief and inexperienced descriptions of the subjects painted are comparatively less uncouth, their malformations of the artists' names appreciably less distorted than in the Sale-Register. Mutilations and omissions occur in both MSS., but fortunately in different connections, so that taken in conjunction they mutually complement each other's deficiencies. The Inventories, however, possess a singular advantage in furnishing a systematic list of the King's pictures in each of his residences up to the time of his death in 1648; whereas Vanderdoort's catalogue is limited to the contents of one palace and parts of two others, and affords no information respecting acquisitions to the collection subsequent to 1639; while the Sale-Register, though mainly founded upon the Inventories, sometimes enumerates the lots as they were successively disposed of, without strict regard to the order in which the items originally stood.

By a collation of the Inventories with the Sale-Register, and the aid of Vanderdoort's list, so far as it extends, an approximate if not complete reconstruction of the catalogue has at last become feasible. The first result of the collation is to enhance the extent and dignity of the King's picture-gallery. The highest numerical estimate of it hitherto has been 1,387, including eighty-eight 'capital works.'¹⁰ The

* ¹⁰ Dr. Waagen's *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*, i. 7.

actual number sold, according to the Register, was 1,415, but with the additions furnished by the Inventories, the whole collection is now shown to have amounted to 1,760. The works attributed to Titian have till now been reckoned at forty-five, but prove to have been fifty-four. Those of Tintoretto are increased from eight to fifteen; of Correggio from nine to eighteen; of Giorgione from five to fourteen; of Andrea del Sarto from three to eight; of Palma il Vecchio from five to twelve; of Giulio Romano from twenty-seven to thirty-one; of Rubens from six to eight; of Vandyck from eighteen to thirty-one; of Holbein from twelve to twenty-three.

Another result of the collation is to show that the Commissioners appointed to appraise the pictures much underrated their worth; the estimated values of several important works being considerably exceeded by the prices they obtained. Walpole (*Anecd.* ii. 116-7) has noted a few prominent instances of such appreciation; but it was not confined to examples of the great masters, the amounts realised by works of less pretension showing a proportionate increase.

The collation, moreover, illustrates the acumen of Cromwell in regard to matters which might be supposed *à priori* to have lain outside the sphere of his knowledge or concern. Besides a number of miscellaneous articles bought for him by one of the contractors, certain pictures, including a few of the highest value, were expressly reserved from the sale in his name. The Cartoons of Raffaele; a picture by the same master, presumed to be his own portrait; Andrea Mantegna's 'Triumphs of Cæsar' (the subject of which alone would commend it to the Protector's sympathy); a Holy Family and an Herodias with the head of the Baptist, attributed to Titian; a family group ascribed to Pordenone; portraits of the French king, his Queen, and his ambassador;¹¹ one or two pictures associated with the early history of Hampton Court, and a few fine tapestries, were the most noteworthy. That Cromwell selected them primarily to adorn the palace of Hampton Court, which was assigned by the Parliament for his residence, is apparent from the inventory taken after his death of the contents of the apartments he had occupied, wherein some of them are specified.¹² But that they would ultimately revert to the nation must no less have entered into his calculation, and for the wisdom which dictated his choice of such masterpieces as the Cartoons and the 'Triumphs' we owe him lasting gratitude.

¹¹ The political tact which prompted these selections cannot be overlooked. The early relations of the Commonwealth with foreign Governments were too critical for its chief to run the risk of offending the sovereign of a neighbour State, his consort, or his envoy, by permitting the public sale of their portraits.

¹² *Commons Journals*, Sept. 1653; *State Papers Dom.* vol. lxxvii. No. 88; *ibid.* 1659, vol. cciii. No. 46; printed in *Law's Hist. of Hampton Court Palace*, vol. ii. Appendix C.

As the limits of space at my disposal forbid the possibility of transcribing the Inventories *en bloc*, I have extracted a few items of special interest as samples of their character; selecting for the most part the pictures associated with the names of artists as offering the best chance of being identified, if still in existence. The retrospect of so rich and almost unique a collection would be a Barmecide's feast indeed, without some attempt to identify and trace its extant treasures in their present depositories. Happily, clues to their discovery are not wanting. Soon after the Restoration, Charles the Second and his ministers made serious efforts to regain as many of the dispersed valuables of the Crown as were within reach. A commission of inquiry, with Thomas Chiffinch, Keeper of the King's Cabinet, at its head, was appointed to examine the accounts of the trustees and contractors of the late King's collection, find out the purchasers and compel them to make satisfaction. The State papers and the records of the House of Lords show that, with respect to the pictures and statues at all events, these efforts were, to a great extent, successful.¹³ Among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum is a catalogue of the pictures &c. seized as royal property in 1660-1, which number between seven and eight hundred.¹⁴ Some, including one of Vandyck's great equestrian portraits of Charles the First, were recovered by legal process; others by threats, and a few by voluntary restitution. As already mentioned, the large selection of important works which had passed into the possession of the Dutch *connoisseur* Van Reynst was after his death purchased by the States-General and presented to Charles the Second. That by these means a considerable fraction, probably amounting to nearly half the original number of the collection, although perhaps the least intrinsically valuable, was restored to the possession of the Crown, is apparent from the catalogue of the Royal pictures in the reign of James the Second, which repeats, with some modifications, the descriptions of them in Vanderdoort, the Inventories, and the Sale-Register.¹⁵ Such pictures as were deposited in the palace of Whitehall, or a great part of them, are believed to have perished in the two disastrous fires of 1691 and 1697-8. Of the rest, which had been placed in the palaces of St. James, Windsor, Kensington, and Hampton Court, a large number remain, the majority being now hung in the last-named gallery. A few, however, it would seem, have, since their restitution, by some unexplained means, passed into private hands.

As to the rich spoils of the King's collection which had been carried over sea, no attempt to recover them was apparently ever made, nor was any likely to avail. The galleries of Paris, Vienna, and

¹³ See *Report VII. of the Historical Commissioners*, pp. 88-93.

¹⁴ No. 17916: a document wherein the artists' names are even more grotesquely misspelt than in the Parliamentary catalogues.

¹⁵ Drawn up by Thomas Chiffinch, Keeper of the Cabinet; printed by Bathoe from a manuscript in the Earl of Oxford's collection, in 1757.

Madrid,¹⁶ still retain most of the masterpieces acquired for them at the sale. Instances, however, are recorded of valuable pictures, which then passed into the hands of foreign purchasers, having found their way back to England. The most notable is that of the Orleans Gallery, which was formed early in the eighteenth century by the Regent Philip, Duke of Orleans, and absorbed many pictures formerly belonging to Queen Christina of Sweden and Cardinal Mazarin, whose acquisitions at the sale have already been mentioned. It was dispersed by the Duke's descendant, Philip 'Egalité,' in 1792, when the choicest works were secured for, and afterwards (in 1798-99) divided between, three wealthy English noblemen, the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford, and the Earl of Carlisle; the remainder being sold by public auction in 1800. The extant catalogue, meagre as it is, suffices for the identification of several pictures which were once in the collection of King Charles.

After reckoning up, however, all the known cases in which his dispersed treasures have been discovered, a considerable residuum yet remains to be accounted for. Notwithstanding the exertions of Charles the Second and the vigilance of his Commissioners, it cannot be doubted that many purchasers of the royal property contrived to secrete their bargains. The records of picture sales during the last and present centuries, compiled by Seguier and Redford, and the catalogues of the Manchester, National Portrait, Vandyck, Stuart, and Tudor Exhibitions, are sufficient to show that many private galleries in this country include pictures accredited by tradition with a pedigree that dates from the royal cabinet. But not a few, probably, still lie unsuspected in the corridors of old country houses, among the miscellaneous lumber accumulated by long-forgotten collectors. One of the objects with which this paper has been written is to instigate the possessors of ancestral galleries, as yet imperfectly explored, to undertake a search which would be amply rewarded by the discovery that they had been entertaining such 'angels unawares.' If the pictures retain their original frames or straining boards, a ready clue to their identification as the King's will be the imprint of his brand, viz. a crown above the letters C.P. or C.R., varying according to the date of their inclusion in his collection, before or after he came to the throne. His drawings bear a mark which Walpole describes as 'a large star,' but so unusual in form that it may be more easily recognised as a group of seven points diagonally crossed by two triangles.

The bracketed notes appended to such items of the Inventories as I have attempted to identify and trace have been compiled from a variety of sources too numerous to specify, including the best authorities on the subject within reach. In almost every instance a reference has been added to the work consulted, but I must ac-

¹⁶ Some of the Spanish purchases are supposed to have been destroyed in 1671 by a fire which broke out at the Escorial, where they were at first deposited.

knowledge my special obligations to Dr. Waagen's 'Treasures of Art in Great Britain,' Mr. Sainsbury's 'Original Papers relating to Rubens,' Mr. Scharf's 'Royal Picture Galleries,' Sir Henry Cole's 'Handbook' and Mr. Law's 'Historical Catalogue of the Pictures at Hampton Court,' Mr. Redford's 'Art Sales,' Miss Thompson's 'Handbook of the Galleries of Europe,' and Mr. Stephens' Catalogues of the Vandyck and Stuart Exhibitions. That the identification of the King's pictures should be to some extent conjectural is unavoidable, if only from the brevity and looseness of their descriptions in all the documentary materials available for the purpose. But there are other reasons which make certainty unattainable. It not unfrequently happens that several repetitions are extant of an important work known to have been part of the collection, all equally well authenticated, between which it is necessary to distinguish. In such cases, should one of the versions be now in the Royal collection, the probability of its having been recovered at the Restoration is so strong that, in the absence of clear evidence to the contrary, I have not hesitated to give it the preference. Even at the date when Charles's gallery was formed, two centuries and a half nearer than our own to the epoch of the great Italian masters, it is evident that the attribution of a particular picture was often a matter of doubt. The learned and searching criticism of modern experts has detected errors of long standing in this respect, which had never been previously suspected. In all questionable cases, I have been content to record the opinions (not seldom conflicting) of those most qualified to judge, with little or no comment of my own. Notwithstanding the pains taken to avoid mistakes, it is too probable that some have been committed. For these I can only crave indulgence in consideration of the difficulties which my task has presented.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

EXTRACTS FROM

*A true Inventory of severall Pictures now in y^e custody of
Mr. Henry Browne &c viewed & appraised y^e 8^o Septemb^r 1649.*

[The word 'picture' in these inventories, where it occurs in conjunction with a proper name, appears to be used in the sense of portrait. 'Limning' invariably means a drawing.]

PICTURES W^{ch} CAME FROM WIMBLETON AS FOLL^o.

	£	s.	d.
Francis y ^e 1st King of France, done by Ginett	10	00	00
[Hampton Court Gallery, No. 598, a picture formerly attributed to Hofbein, but now assigned by most experts to François Clouet, better known as Janet, about 1500-1572. (Jameson's Public Galleries; Law's Hist. Catal. Hampt. Ct.)]			

- £ s. d.
- A man in Armo^r to y^e Knees 6 inches long, done by Coregio . . . 05 00 00
 [Ant. Allegri da Correggio, 1494-1534. Identified by Sir Henry Cole (Handbook to Hampton Court) with No. 83 in that Gallery, a picture bearing the King's brand: described by Vanderdoort as the portrait of a gentleman without a beard, 'holding a long truncheon in his left hand; a Mantua piece.']

THE PICTURES w^{ch} WERE IN BOTH Y^e CLOSETTS AT GRENEW^{ch}.

- Pluto or Neptune, done by Julio Romano at 20 00 00
 ['Neptune driving his horses' (Vand.). 'Pluto driving his chariot to Hades,' now in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna (Jameson's Pub. Gall.). Giulio Pippi, Romano (1492-1546).]
- A naked boy playing, on 2 boards, done by Leonardo 40 00 00
 [Probably the picture of the laughing boy with a plaything in his hand, by L. da Vinci (1452-1510), which belonged to the Germaine family in the 18th century, afterwards in the colls. of Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Beckford, and the Duke of Hamilton. Purchased at the sale of the last-named in 1882 by Mr. Winckworth. (Redford's Art Sales.) Mr. Redford gives no authority for his suggestion that it was inherited by Lady Betty Germaine (who bequeathed it to Sir W. Hamilton) as part of the Arundel coll.]
- St. Jerrom, done by Lucas van Leedes at 25 00 00

PICTURES OUT OF THE GALLERIES AT GRENEW^{ch}.

- A peece of Jupiter and Symele, of Julio at 50 00 00
 [Sold for 55*l*. Giulio Romano. Described by Vanderdoort as Jupiter 'and a woman holding the flame of his thunderbolt,' with Pallas standing on the other side. Waagen identifies it with a picture at Hampton Court by Giulio Romano, but omits the reference (vol. ii. p. 476).]
- Queene Elezebeth, Venus & Juno & Pallas at 02 00 00
 [The emblematic portrait by Lucas de Heere (1534-1584) No. 635, Hampton Court.]
- A man wth a shell in his hand, done by Mich. Jonsen 10 00 00
 [Sold for 13*l*. Recovered at Restoration. Michael Jansen Mireveldt, 1568-1641; No. 77 in the Royal collection at Windsor, called 'The Antiquarian.']
- A childe sucking of a goate, done by Julio Romano 100 00 00
 [Similarly described by Vand. 'The Infancy of Jupiter,' No. 291, Hampton Court.]
- A peece of Paule beinge dead drawen out of y^e cittye at 40 00 00
 [Attributed by Vanderdoort to Bassano (Long Gallery, Whitehall, No. 13), but in Catal. of James II. (No. 775) to G. Romano.]
- Two comeinge to Jupiter's throne, done by Julio 40 00 00
 ['Jupiter and Juno taking possession of the throne of Heaven,' No. 302, Hampton Court.]
- Mary Christ & Joseph, done by Tytsyan at 60 00 00
 ['With the Protector' (Sale Regist.). Tiziano Vecellio, 1477-1576. The pictures thus distinguished were reserved from the sale for the adornment of Hampton Court Palace, which was assigned to the Protector for his residence. This work has not been identified.]
- The Nyne Muses, done by Tenturett at 80 00 00
 [Jacopo Robusti 'Tintoretto' (1518-1594). Sold for 100*l*.; No. 77, Hampton Court.]

PICTURES OF Y^e BEARE GALLERY & SOME OF Y^e PRIVY LODGINGS AT
WHITEHALL.

	<i>£ s. d.</i>
King James at length, by Van Somer	20 00 00
[Probably one of the numerous portraits by the master in the Royal colls. at Windsor and Hampton Court. Identified by Mr. Law with No. 308 in the last-named Gallery (Hist. of Palace, ii. 89).]	
The Dutchess of Richmond at leng[th], by A. Vandyke	40 00 00
[Only daughter of George Villiers, 1st Duke of Buckingham. No. 3, Vandyck Room, Windsor (Waagen, and Jameson's Pub. Gall.) Other portraits of her by the master are in the colls. of the Marquis of Bath, the Duke of Fife, and Lord Pembroke.]	
Jeffery Nanus at length, in landshape, done by Mytens	10 00 00
[Sir Jeffery Hudson, the dwarf of Queen Henrietta Maria; No. 798, Hampton Court. Daniel Mytens, 1590-1657. Vanderdoort attributes the landscape to Cornelius Jansen.]	
Queene Ann at Length, w th a horse & little doggs in Landshape of Oatlands, done by Van Somer	20 00 00
[No. 346, Hampton Court.]	
Peace & Plenty w th many figures soe big as the life, done by Rubens	100 00 00
[‘An emblem wherein the difference and advantage between Peace and War are shewed, &c.’ (Vand.). Now called ‘Peace and War’: given by the painter to the King. It passed after the sale to the Doria family of Genoa, and subsequently to the Marquis of Stafford, who presented it to the National Gallery (No. 46).]	
Architecto ^r w th y ^e Story of Sykee [Psyche] in it of Pollidore, done by friscoe	40 00 00
[Polidoro da Caravaggio, 1495-1543. This work, the 11th of the number bought by the King of Frosley (Vand.) has been recently discovered at Hampton Court; now No. 941 (Law's Hist. Cat.).]	

PICTURES OF Y^e PRIVEE LODGEINGS AND PRIVY GALLERY AT WHITEHALL.

The triumph of Titus and Vespasian his sonn, done by Julio Romano	150 00 00
[No. 295, Louvre.]	
King Hen'y ^e 8, Prince Edward, Princess Mary & Princes Elezebeth together in one peece, at	015 00 00
[‘Henry VIII. and his Queen’ (Catherine Parr), &c.; ‘a fool with a jackanapes and a waiting woman’ (Vand.). Recovered at Restoration. No. 340, Hampton Court, a work formerly attrib. to Holbein (Law's Hist. Cat.); in Catal. of Tudor Exhib. (No. 101) given to Guillim Stretes.]	
The great peece of y ^e Natevety, done by Julio	500 00 00
[Giulio Romano, No. 293, Louvre.]	
The Cartoones of Raphaell beinge y ^e Acts of y ^e Appostles, vallued at .	300 00 00
[Reserved from the sale of the King's collection at the instance of Cromwell; now in the South Kensington Mus.]	

STATUES AT GREENWICH.

28. The late Kings head, p ^r Cavalier Berneno	800 — —
[The bust executed by Bernini, from the threefold portrait by Vandyck, now at Windsor. Recovered at Restoration, but supposed to have perished in the fire at Whitehall.]	

- | | £ s. d. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| 34. Y ^e Ships goeing to Bulloigne | 20 — — |
| [The Embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover to meet Francis I., No. 337, Hampton Court; a picture formerly attrib. to Holbein, but now to Vincent Volpe (Law's Hist. Cat.). Another version was lent by Mr. F. J. Thynne to the Tudor Exhibition (No. 47).] | |
| 2. A Skitts [sketch] on 2 boards in a frame, being a precession of y ^e knights of y ^e garter, by Vandyke | 05 — — |
| [Successfully in the colls. of Sir P. Lely, Lord Keeper Henley, Lord Northington, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; now in Duke of Rutland's. (Vertue's Vanderdoort; MS. note by Horace Walpole <i>ib.</i> ; Mrs. Jameson's Pub. Galls.; Carpenter's Pictorial Notices).] | |
| 4. Christ washing his Apostles feete, p ^r Tintoret | 300 — — |
| [No. 1130, National Gallery: purchased at the sale of the Duke of Hamilton's coll.] | |

A TRUE INVENTORY OF THE PICTURES IN HAMPTON COURT, &c.

- Imp^r nine peeeces beinge a triumph of Julius Ceasar, done by Andre de Mantanger 1000 00 00

[Andrea Mantegna, 1431-1506. These masterpieces, now occupying the Mantegna Gallery at the Palace, were reserved from the sale at the instance of Cromwell. The doubts expressed upon this point by Mr. Redford (Art Sales, i. 26), who suggests that they were actually sold by the Parliamentary authorities and repurchased by the Crown at the sale of Sir R. Cotton's coll. in 1733, are dispelled by ample evidence from the State Papers. In 1653 the Keeper of Hampton Court was ordered to allow Sir Gilbert Pickering to copy the designs, and they are specified in the inventory of the furniture in Cromwell's apartments made after his death in 1659 (vol. 203, No. 46). Evelyn, in his Diary of 9th June, 1662, refers to them as then at the Palace. The paintings sold with the Cotton coll. were no doubt copies.]

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 14. The picture of [a] Giant, at | 03 00 00 |
| ['With His Highness' (Sale Reg.). Probably the port. of Queen Elizabeth's gigantic porter, attrib. to Federigo Zuccheri, 1543-1616. No. 20, Hampton Court, which Cromwell doubtless retained as one of the historical pictures of the Palace.] | |
| 78. Herod[ias] holding St. John[s] head in a platter, by Tytsyan | 150 00 00 |
| ['In His Highness's service' (Sale Reg.). Mrs. Jameson identifies it with a picture of Titian's school still at Hampton Court, ? No. 219.] | |
| 119. A young woman w th Goliath[s] head, done by Padonena, at | 15 00 00 |
| ['In His Highness's service' (Sale Reg.). Probably David and Goliath, by Alessandro Varotari, il Padovanino, 1590-1650. ? No. 132, Hampton Court.] | |
| 157. Christ carrying y ^e Cross, by Andrea Mantenger | 40 00 00 |
| [A picture of this subject attrib. to A. Mantegna, stated to have been in the King's Coll. was lent by Ch. Ch. College, Oxford, to the Manchester Exhib. 1857.] | |
| 258. A young fellow houlding a pap ^r in his hand, by Georgone | 30 00 00 |
| [Identified by Mr. Law with No. 574 Hampton Court. Giorgione, 1477-1511.] | |
| 304. Adam and Eva, done by Mabuse | 50 00 00 |
| [This picture gave its name to one of the galleries of Whitehall Palace (Vand.). Now No. 385, Hampton Court. Considered by Waagen to be a late work of Jan de Mabuse, 1470-1541.] | |

	£	s.	d.
333. The Emaus, done by Tytsyan	800	00	00
['Christ at Emmaus with two disciples; five figures, &c.' (Vand.) The Pilgrims of Emmaus, No. 462, Louvre.]			
334. The Buriall of Christ, by Tytsyan, at	600	00	00
['Six life-sized figures, &c.; a Mantua piece' (Vand.). The Entombment, No. 465, Louvre.]			
338. The King's Child ^{ren} in one peece, by Vandyke	120	00	00
['The King's five children, with a great dog' (Vand.). No. 11, Vandyck Room, Windsor.]			

AN INVENTORY OF GOODS BELONGING TO THE LATE KING THAT
CAME FROM WIMBLEDON HOUSE.

1. A peece of Psica, done by Vandike	110	00	00
['Psiche' (Sale Reg.). Recovered at Restoration. Cupid and Psyche, No. 663. Hampton Court.]			
24. The King of Fraunce	006	00	00
['Reserved' (Sale Reg.).]			

SEVERALL PICTURES [AT JAMES'S] (SALE REG.).

5. St Thomas Moore's picture	20	—	—
['In black cap and furred gown with red sleeves' (Vand.). Attrib. to Holbein, 1498-1543. Recovered at Restoration. Walpole (Anecd. i. 109) mentions no port. of More by Holbein in the Royal coll. but the drawing then at Kensington, now at Windsor. The well-known port. purchased by the late Mr. Huth of Mr. Farrer (Tudor Exhib., No. 94) answers both to the design of the drawing at Windsor and to Vanderdoort's description.]			
11. Henry y ^e 8 th picture in clay, at	01	00	00
['In soft grey stone' (Vand.). Cut in hone-stone; attrib. to Holbein. Afterwards in coll. of Lady Eliz. Germaine, at the sale of which it was bought by H. Walpole. Now in possession of Mrs. Dent of Sudeley, who lent it to the Tudor Exhib. (No. 1074).]			
33. The George, p ^r Raphaell, at	150	—	—
[St. George and the Dragon, painted for the Duke of Urbino as a present for Henry VII. (Kügler's Handbook, ed. Layard, ii. 484-5). Afterwards in the Crozat and Sourdiss colls.; now at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg (Waagen).]			
51. A young man's head, at	60	—	—
['Of Alber Dure' (Sale Reg.). Described by Vand. as the port. of a red-faced beardless man in a black dress and cap. No. 589, Hampton Court (Law).]			
66, 67. Fobanius [Frobenius] & Erasmus, in 2 pictures, at	200	—	—
[Both attrib. by Vand. to Holbein. Nos. 643 and 594, Hampton Court. Walpole mentions that the Erasmus was thought to be a copy, and that the architectural background had been added by Steenwyck. Waagen, on the evidence of this addition, pronounces both works to be copies.]			
110. Two naked boys, P ^r mensis, at	50	—	—
['With His Highness' (Sale Reg.). 'Two naked children embracing one another, signifying Christ and St. John, &c.; said to be done by Parmentis' (Vand.). Parmensis, i.e. Francesco Mazzuoli Parmigiano, 1503-1540. No. 64, Hampton Court. Assigned by Sir A. Layard to Marco d'Oggionno (Kügler's Handb. ii. 412).]			
145. A man w th a black cap, at	39	—	—
['By Raphaell. With His Highness' (Sale Reg.). Probably the			

£ s. d.

work described in the Catal. of James II. as 'Raphael's picture.' No. 710, Hampton Court, has long borne this title (Law's Hist. Catal.).]

153. Mr Leamon, p^r Vandyke, at 20 — —
 [Margaret Lemon, the painter's mistress. No. 47, Hampton Court.]
102. The last Supp^r, at 12 — —
 ['By Palma' (Sale Reg.). 'A little piece of young Palma, being the Lord's supper; little entire figures, &c.' (Vand.) Jacopo Palma, il Giovine, 1544-1628. No. 580, Hampton Court.]

PICTURES IN SOMERSETT HOUSE Y^t CAME FROM WHITEHALL AND
 ST. JAMES'S, VIEWED AND APPRISED, &C.

- Imp^r St John Baptist, done by Coregio 40 00 00
 [Standing, holding a cross, and pointing (Vand.). Now in the Royal coll. at Windsor. Attrib. by Waagen to Parmigiano.]
- Mary Christ and an angell, by Andrea del Sarto 200 00 00
 [Sold for 230*l*. And. del Sarto, 1486-1531. 'Our Lady, Christ, St. John, and an angel' (Vand.). Note by Walpole that it was in the Sacristy of the Escorial. Now in the Madrid Museum.]
- A Venus lying along, and on[e] playing uppon an organ, done by Tytayan 150 00 00
 [Sold for 165*l*. Identified by Walpole with a picture in the coll. of Lord Cholmondeley. Other versions exist at the Fitzwilliam Mus., Camb., Lord Dysart's coll., and Madrid. Waagen identifies this with the last-named.]
- A woman wth a naked boy wth a globe, by Pernentius 10 00 00
 ['Our Lady and Christ lying along before her, his left arm leaning on a globe, &c., his right arm taking up a rose, &c., said to be done by Permenius' (Vand.). Franc. Mazzuoli Parmigiano, 1503-1540. No. 150, Hampton Court. Considered by Waagen to be a copy of the Madonna della Rosa at Dresden.]
- Mary, Christ and many angells danceing, by Vandyke 40 00 00
 [Walpole, iii. 117, refers to this picture as then in Lord Orford's coll. at Houghton. Now with the bulk of that coll. at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.]
- One of the Theeves hanging on y^e Crosse, } by Perin dell Vago 40 00 00
 One of y^e theeves hanging on y^e Cross, }
- ['Two pieces of ' &c. (Sale Reg.). 'The good thief upon the Cross; The bad thief upon the Cross' (Vand.). Perino del Vaga, 1500-1547 Nos. 378, 379, Hampton Court.]
- A slepinge Venus, by Coregio 1000 00 00
 [A sleeping Venus and Cupid with a Satyr taking up part of Venus's drapery (Vand.). Now known as 'The Sleeping Antiope,' No. 28, Louvre.]
- A Madona, done by Raphaell 2000 00 00
 [The Virgin and the Child with SS. John and Elizabeth (Vand.). Identified by Waagen and other critics with 'La Perla' at Madrid, the name given to it by Philip IV., for whom it was purchased by Cardenas.]
- The King & Queene, Prince & Princess, by Vandyke 150 00 00
 [The King, Queen, Prince Charles, and Princess Mary, with a little dog (Vand.). Generally identified with No. 2 in the Vandyck Room, Windsor.]

	£	s.	d.
The late King's three child ^{ren} , by Vandyke	60	00	00
[Generally identified with No. 29 in the Vandyck Room, Windsor.]			
The great Venus de Pardo, by Tytsyan	500	00	00
[Sold for 650 <i>l.</i> Given to Charles as Prince by Philip IV. of Spain. Bought at the sale by Jabach, from whom it was afterwards acquired by the French King. Now known as 'Jupiter and Antiope.' No. 468 Louvre.]			
A picture of Musick, by Georgeon	100	00	00
[Recovered at Restoration and attrib. to Giorgione in Catal. of James II. Identified by Mr. Law with No. 144, Hampton Court, a concert of four singers, now attrib. to Lorenzo Lotto.]			

IN THE GALLERY.

Tytsyan's M ^{rs} , after y ^r life, by Tytsyan	100	00	00
[Identified by Waagen with the well-known picture in the Louvre, called 'Titian and his Mistress.']			
A Story out of Ariosteio, by Vandyke	80	00	00
[Vandyck's 'Rinaldo and Armida' was one of the first pictures which the King purchased (see Exchequer Order Book, cited in Carpenter's Pictorial Notices, &c., p. 23). The subject is taken from Tasso, not Ariosto, but as Rinaldo figures in both the 'Gerusalemme' and the 'Orlando,' the cataloguer's error is pardonable. The most important version of this work is that in the Louvre.]			
Tom Derry, at length, by Van Somer	06	00	00
['With His Highness' (Sale Reg.). Derry was the jester of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I.]			
Venus sitteing to be dressed by y ^r 3 Graces, done by Guido Bullione .	200	00	00
[Guido Reni, Bolognese, 1575-1642. Sold as part of Sir George Colebroke's coll. in 1774 (Redford), and afterwards acquired by the Crown. Presented by William IV. in 1836 to the National Gall. Now transferred to Edinburgh.]			
Margrett afraid of a monster; Tytsyan	100	00	00
[St. Margaret; with a red cross in her hand, triumphing over the Devil in the shape of a dragon (Vand.). Identified by Waagen and other critics with the picture attrib. to Titian at Madrid.]			
The King & Queene w th a lawrell leafe	60	00	00
['By Vandyke' (Sale Reg.). Vand. refers to this picture as 'at Denmark House,' and catalogues a copy of it by Hoskins, representing the King, dressed in carnation, and the Queen in white; she offering him a laurel wreath with her right hand, while her left holds a sprig of olive. Walpole identified the picture with one in the Royal coll., perhaps that now at Buckingham Palace, but it is more probably the version lent by the Duke of Grafton to the Vandyck Exhib. of 1887, No. 25 (see Mr. Stephens's Catal. pp. 36-7).]			

GOODS BELONGING TO THE LATE KING, VALUED, &c.

4. A peece of Marquess de Guasto and his lady and two children, at . 250 00 00
 ['Being his lady, his daughter and son, representing Mars, Venus, and Cupid' (Sale Reg.). Similarly described by Vand. The picture by Titian, No. 470, Louvre.]
20. A peece of Mercury teaching Cupid to read, at . 800 00 00
 ['Venus and Calista standing by, by Coregio' (Sale Reg.). This masterpiece of Correggio, which had formed part of the Mantuan coll., was bought at the sale for the Duke of Alva, and, after passing through many hands, was acquired in 1834 for the National Gall. (Catal. 1838).]

ON THE RIM OF THE DESERT.

THE recent opening of branch railways through the Atlas Mountains into the desert of Sahara has brought within reach of London a winter climate, almost as superior to that of the Riviera or Algerian littoral as these are to our own ; indeed, if time-tables were strictly adhered to, it is even now possible by landing at the port of Phillipville, 150 miles east of Algiers, to reach the oasis of Biskra, which is well out into the desert, in little over three days from London. If the Algerian trains could be persuaded to travel at the modest speed of twenty miles an hour, this would be accomplished with ease. Although Biskra is barely 150 miles south of the coast, the traveller has there left behind him the mountains which attract and condense the moisture of the Mediterranean, and, after the beginning of January, he can almost count on perennial sunshine, except when—and this is seldom—a high wind fills the air with a dust-fog almost as impermeable to the rays of the sun as a watery cloud.

The climate was not, however, the chief attraction which drew me thither with two companions in January of the present year. On the arid side of the ranges, which immediately overlook the desert, there exists, the whole way from the Atlantic to Tunis, a certain wild sheep, called by naturalists the *Ovis Tragelaphus*, or the *Aoudad*; by Arabs the *Aroui*, and by the French the *Mouflon à manchette*, from the long pendent mane, if that is the correct term, which the animal carries on the under side of its neck and shoulders down to the knees. It is a large sheep, scarcely inferior to the Big-horn of the Rockies, and of a dull rufous yellow colour, well calculated for concealment on the red and yellow cliffs which it inhabits. Though not extremely rare, it is, for reasons which will subsequently appear, exceptionally difficult to find. True, the kids are occasionally caught by the Arabs, and, as the Aroui breeds freely in confinement, it has been distributed from the Jardin des Plantes to other collections, including our own.

Why not, then, be content to examine him at the Zoo ? Why should one want to kill the poor beast ? I have no defence to offer, except that rather mean instinct which forces up dodo's eggs, uncut folios, and foreign postage stamps which have ceased to be useful, to

fabulous values. After numerous inquiries, I had failed to hear of any English sportsman who had successfully stalked the animal, though I know of two, one ten years and one twenty-five years since, who had tried in vain. A French book in my possession, *Renseignements sur la Province de Constantine*, which gives a description of the fauna of the province, does not mention the animal. An accomplished traveller told me that it was scarce, 'but not quite so difficult to get as an Algerian lion.' A friend who had travelled through the southern ranges of the Atlas admitted that he had never heard of it. Can it be wondered at that I desired to secure so rare a trophy, and incidentally to use it as a peg upon which to hang a fresh series of experiences, to wander among mountains rarely visited, to pitch or strike my camp when and where I pleased, among a people who daily do the same?

Our expedition began with some misfortunes. The great January storm in the Channel had blown down some telegraph posts, and so delayed our arrival in Paris that we missed the Marseilles Express, and consequently the Algiers boat. At Marseilles we received a telegraph from my dear old *chasseur* Celestin, who, on his way to meet us there, was seized by the fashionable complaint, and lay halfway from his mountain valley helpless as a log. He did not join us till ten days later, but I had a second very efficient string in Andreas, a blacksmith and chamois hunter.

Our first point, reached after two days spent in the train, was El Kantara, sometimes called 'the Gate of the Desert.' Here a ridge of red rock, nearly the last outwork of the mountains, rises for 800 feet above the plain. Through this ridge the little river, at times a rock-shaking torrent, has opened a gap, admitting the passage, for many ages past, of the converging caravan routes from the south, and for the last few months the railway from the north, which now terminates at Biskra, thirty miles further.

As we took our evening stroll through the gap, its contorted red rocks were lighted on the east side into a fiery glow by the setting sun. At the far end of the gap one comes suddenly on the first oasis, a wealth of grey-green foliage, and the waving plumes of sixty thousand palms finely contrasting with the thirsty rocks. A few of these have established themselves in the very gorge itself, as though struggling for the first drink. Some of the palms are tall and upright as a ship's mast, others bending over the stream which has undermined their roots. Among the black columns and shaded aisles white-robed figures flit about—for you never hear an Arab walk—or lie coiled under mud walls. A month later the greenery was varied by pink clouds of apricot blossom, but this was not yet. That which strikes one most is not the sight of the palms, but the sound of them. The waving plumes respond to the breeze by a low monotonous hiss, as distinct as possible from the rattle and quiver

made by the clashing of deciduous leaves. Seen from an elevation, these oases look black on the plain, like nothing so much as huge leeches sucking at the juices of the mountain.

But we were not thinking much of these things that night. What sportsman does not remember the first eager hope with which he examines the new hunting ground? Are the wild animals we have come so far to seek still to be found in those cliffs? I knew that they were there ten years ago, but men of knowledge had assured me that the railway must have driven them away, and that I must go further afield. We had yet to learn that it is not the habit of this old-world sheep to run away from civilisation. He has other means of protection.

Behind the little inn at the north end of the gap was a sandy ridge, which offered a good spying point. From this our telescopes presently scanned the cliffs of the Djebel Metlili, the highest point in these parts, which rose to the north from a little plain to the height, I should judge, of five thousand feet. There was no doubt about the broken character of its cliffs. Their appearance, at any rate, justified our hopes.

Two very dirty and ragged Arabs, Ali and Abdullah, had been fetched from the mountain itself with a view to being retained as guides, and while we supped they interviewed us, squatting on their hams on the tiled floor. These ragamuffins gave an edge to our appetites by asserting the undoubted presence of 'Feshtal,' as they call the old male of the Aroui, in the cliffs we had been examining, and the more eager we showed ourselves, the higher rose their terms. We finally settled with them for three francs a day, at which price they proved distinctly dear.

G. started at a very early hour with Andreas and old Ali to try the nearest and most precipitous part of the range. The rest of us, after the delays which generally accompany luggage, got off an hour later with the mules and camp train, and had not gone far across the plain when we saw my son and his companions still on a neighbouring rise. We went across and found a somewhat mixed altercation proceeding, which, as neither of the three could speak the language of the others, was not surprising. Old Ali was at the bottom of the mischief. He declared that it was impossible to go up the mountain except by the path, but as there was obviously no difficulty he was made to understand that he could take his choice between going as he was bid or returning to the tents of his fathers. This imp of mischief elected to go, and it would have been better if he had never been born, for on this very first morning such a chance offered as did not soon recur, and he spoiled it. They had scarcely got well into the ravines with which the range is seamed, when they spied some *mouflons*, one of which, a large ram, lay in a position most favourable for a stalk. They were so eagerly engaged in

determining the best line of approach, which was by no means difficult, that they did not pay any heed to their follower. Looking round, to their horror they found that he had gone off on his own account. His intentions were no doubt innocent, but the result was disastrous. He probably thought that the Englishman could not possibly get near the game unaided, and would be much pleased if the game should come to him. It was about a hundred to one against this happening; still he would try, and, slipping off, he succeeded, in about ten minutes, in showing himself and giving the wind at the same time. Twenty minutes later he arrived at the rock where the quarry, which was now far away, had been lying, and began to throw rocks down. He finally rejoined the strangers, but appeared to think that he was being congratulated on his spirit. Later on, yet another was spied lying favourably placed on a cliff, but when the spot was reached he had gone, having probably heard the nailed boots on the rocks. This was a difficulty which we afterwards found it very hard to avoid.

In the meanwhile the rest of us, with the mule train, followed a well-engineered path constructed by the French to give easy access to their tower of observation on the highest point of the mountain. After three hours of steep ascent, we halted at a convenient plateau a little short of the summit. This was a most attractive camping ground, but I saw at a glance that, with uncertain weather, it would be far too exposed, especially as one of our tents had been temporarily lost on the railway, and our men would be very imperfectly sheltered by the makeshifts we had brought from El Kantara.

It commanded, however, a marvellous view. The Metlili is the highest point for many miles, but to the north we were slightly overtopped by the cedar forest ranges near Batna. To the east the great mass of the Aurès, crowned by the highest point in Algiers, the Chellia, now white with snow, rose perhaps 3,000 feet higher than where we stood. But to the south who can describe the wonderful expanse of the desert which lay 4,000 feet below us? To my mind there is no panorama so interesting as a bird's-eye view over a plain from a considerable height. The plains of Lombardy from Monte Rosa, of Spain from the Brèche de Roland, have this human interest, but in both these cases subsidiary, but still lofty ranges, serve to break the contrast. But here we were on the top of a great craggy wall which rose straight from the plain. True, the latter was seamed by three low, rocky ridges which lay parallel to one another between us and Biskra, but they were completely subordinated and looked like small purple islands rising out of a golden sea. Over them one took in the whole plain, every inch of it, to the very horizon, clear cut and level as the sea itself. To the east, perhaps thirty miles off, lay a large *chott* or salt marsh, but whether its shining surface was due to water or half-dried salt I could not determine. The sunsets and sun-

rises from this and similar elevated camps were of marvellous interest and beauty, especially when a sea of cloud clung to the mountains, as sometimes happened in the early morning. In the foreground ragged-edged peaks, with deep purple shadows, pierced the luminous mist; beyond, the shadowless, illimitable plain. The nights were not less beautiful. In still weather the air was so clear that the stars shone with scarcely diminished brightness down to the horizon itself, and one seemed even to look down on them.

All the southern slopes of the Atlas are singularly waterless, and the Metlili is no exception to the rule. Every drop for our use had to be brought up in barrels on mule-back. I wanted to send the barrels back so as to have a fresh supply the next day; so I poured the water into two of my canteen baskets, which are lined with waterproof canvas for the purpose. Now the wear and tear of many camps had told upon this lining, and no sooner had the mules departed with the barrels, than we found that the baskets were leaking badly and would presently be empty. Here was a pass, for, though we had some wine, the Arabs would of course not touch that, and for ourselves cooking would be impossible. An inspiration seized me, and I hastily fetched my new waterproof and with it lined the third basket. That held a part of the water. Another happy thought; the vaseline pot! I smeared the yellow grease about the chinks and angles of the now empty basket, and lo and behold! it held the rest of the water splendidly. True, the colour was repulsive and the flavour pungent, but the Arabs were not deterred by their scruples from drinking it. Indeed, the climax of nastiness was reached when the ugliest and dirtiest of them on his arrival at camp, hot and thirsty, plunged his whole face into it and drank freely.

As soon as we had squared this and other matters in camp and pitched our only tent, W. and I started for an exploration on our own account. Though the best of the day was gone and we saw nothing, we found some fresh tracks; and the tracks of the Aroui are calculated to rejoice the heart of the hunter, for they are as large as those of the red deer; and as G. arrived late in camp with an account of what he had seen, our expectations were raised to the highest point. We had not yet realised that it was one thing to catch a glimpse of the animal, and quite another to put salt on its tail.

The next morning I went with Andreas to the steepest part of the mountain. It is cut into a series of deep ravines which score the slope from top to bottom. At right angles to these run long lines of upright strata from which the softer limestone is worn away, leaving enormous slabs; the biggest slab of all forms a cliff several hundred feet high and two miles or more long, which runs along the face of the mountain. Just outside this is another similar slab or series of slabs, only a few yards in front of it, and almost as tall as the cliff itself, and seeming from a little distance to form part of it.

Between the two is a deep, narrow trench, barely accessible here and there where the outer battlement is broken down. Lesser plates of rock project all over the mountain side and afford splendid shade and hiding places for the Aroui. Here and there are ragged bushes of thuja and clumps of halfa grass, like the pampas grass of our gardens but of smaller growth. So rough and broken is the ground that only a minute fraction of the surface can be covered with the grass. We traversed the ravines, spying each with great care. At midday I heard a shot in the adjoining hollow and hurried to the ridge which commanded it. After a long search I spied an Arab with a gun, far below and on the other side of the valley, evidently lying in wait for something. Presently he began signalling to another who was below us, but invisible. I thought they must be after partridges and did not pay any particular attention. I was just settling down to luncheon and had laid aside the rifle when I saw the head of a *mouflon* passing along the rocks not more than twenty yards from me, and wholly unconscious of our presence. Before I could get the rifle in hand he had passed, offering a splendid chance if I had been ready. I ran forward, making sure that I should get another view, but he had succeeded in putting one of the above-named upright walls of rock between, us and I never saw him again.

The experiences of these first days had given us a tolerable notion of the appearance and habits of the animal which we hoped to secure, and the difficulties of the pursuit, and I will now endeavour to describe them and to impart the secrets of the craft, together with such 'tips' as subsequent adventures suggested. Herodotus mentions 'asses with horns' which inhabited these ranges. True, in the same sentence he describes 'monsters with dogs' heads, and others without heads who have eyes in their breasts,' and I should like to possess specimens, but asses with horns is a description which aptly fits these wild sheep, with their long and rather dull faces, like most African animals, and in marked contrast with the bold and high-bred expression of their smaller namesake of Sardinia and Corsica. The pendent mane and sandy colour I have already referred to. On the knees he has patches of bare callous skin after the manner of a London cab horse, which I suppose enables him to kneel and reach his food on steep places and in the crevices of the rocks. The Arabs say that these animals do not drink more frequently than once in five days, and this enables them to traverse long distances on these thirsty slopes. They are unknown nearer to the coast, as, for instance, where the climate is moist enough to support the cedar forests, nor do I believe they are ever found out of sight of the desert.

The knack of keeping himself out of sight, and getting out of it when surprised, is the most obvious characteristic of the animal. The habits of the Arabs, continued from countless generations, have helped to form the habits of the Aroui. These nomad tribes pitch

their tents necessarily within reach of one of the scanty springs of water. Here [at night, within the circle enclosed by their black geitouns and a small zareba of loose thorn bushes, they coral their flocks of goats. In the early morning numerous thin columns of blue smoke mark the positions of such camps, generally placed for shelter in dry watercourses. With barking of dogs and shouting the flocks move off up the mountain, and as the day advances they work up and over it, so that no cliff or corrie is safe from their intrusion. The wild sheep have no means of escaping from them, as every mountain within reach of water is similarly infested. They are constantly within sight and hearing of the Arabs and their goats, and have developed the art of hiding themselves to an extraordinary degree, while their confidence in their own invisibility is unlimited. A practical illustration of this occurred to me one evening when I had sat in one place for twenty minutes carefully spying the surrounding country. My coign of vantage was a knoll which commanded a small shallow hollow, in which there was not a vestige of cover except the few thin thuja bushes, which looked as if they could not hide a rat. It was not till I rose to shift my position that a female Aroui and two yearlings started from these bushes. They had been lying within sixty yards of me, and must have been fully conscious of my presence. In this and other respects the Aroui is very like the Pyrenean ibex, which lives in similar steep, broken rocks and scrub, and which also relies on concealment in preference to flight. It has, moreover, the same inward turn of the end of the horns to enable it to creep through the bushes. The horns of the Alpine ibex, which lives among bare rocks, have no such inward curve.

This habit of observing you while he believes himself hidden is highly inconvenient to the sportsman. If the sheep thinks himself unobserved, he remains till the coast is clear. If a bolt is necessary he watches for the most favourable opportunity, and, like a woodcock, puts a rock or a tree in a trice between himself and danger. From this it arises that one views the game much more frequently than shots are obtained, and many of these are snap shots. My own experience is suggestive. I hunted on twenty-three days, being nearly always out from before sunrise until sunset. During that time I saw sheep about a dozen times, but I got shots at only four—two of which I secured and lost a third severely wounded. It was quite a rare event to discover them with the glass, and this sickened our chamois hunters. Celestin was constantly exclaiming, as he closed his glass with a snap, ‘Cela n’amuse pas de rien voir,’ while the more phlegmatic Andreas in despair would dreamily search for camels on the distant plain. But if one did happen to get a distant view of a band in an undisturbed condition, the difficulties were not over, owing to the fact that the animal is constantly shifting to avoid the goats and their Arab owners. Nor was this the only cause of restlessness. Though it is forbidden to

the Arabs to carry firearms we frequently saw them prowling about with their long flintlocks, which seem to have run to barrel at the expense of the stock. They are seldom successful, but the game is not the less disturbed.

Of another difficulty we very early became aware. Visitors to Egypt will remember how many of the ancient monoliths ring like bells. So here the dry rocks are resonant to a degree of which I had no previous experience, and to walk silently in nailed boots is almost impossible. The Arabs who wear sandals of *alpha* grass move noiselessly, and Andreas, for a time, adopted the native fashion with tolerable success, but our Alpine nails clashed and rang, step one never so delicately. The difficulty is, except for one defect, completely met by thick india-rubber soles. Indeed, not only are they very silent but they give quite a new sense of power and security in climbing rocks at a steep angle, provided these are perfectly dry. The defect is that these sharp-edged rocks ruin the best attachments in about two days, and repairs are not always possible. Boots were not the only article of attire which suffered. A single flat crawl down hill made ribbons of the toughest Harris tweed. I was very soon scarcely decent, but G., with true filial piety, abstracted two large patches from one of W.'s coats, and sewed them on to the sitting place.

During the first few days the weather was treacherous, and it was clear that our first camp was untenable as long as our men were so badly protected. The poor linen-clad Arabs looked especially miserable, and it was melancholy to see them scrape a small hole, fill it with hot ashes, and squat over it, making a sort of open-air Turkish bath by spreading out their burnouses, and this at the best could only have cooked one end. So we had to make arrangements to remove camp to the foot of the mountain until the weather improved and we could recover the missing tent. It was well we did so, for even 3,000 feet lower, and well under the lee of the mountain, our tent pegs with difficulty held the ground. The wind drove the dust through the flaps, and snow-storms were frequent. The mountain was covered with wreathing storm-clouds, and the position at the moment was so hopeless that we again sent for the mules and pulled out for El Kantara.

Ali and Abdullah took this opportunity to strike for higher wages, which was not surprising under the circumstances; but as we had no hope of hunting that day it was a badly chosen opportunity, and we told them to go to the ——— landlord and be paid off. They went, with their burnouses between their legs, and returned crestfallen to their geitouns on the hill. I was not sorry to part with Ali, who was a Radical and leveller, if not a Gladstonian, and had poisoned the mind of his companion; but we missed Abdullah, who was teachable. Like most Arabs he was gifted with wonderful eyesight, and a day or two later he spied me on the hill, and came racing across it, dragging

his wife, who was rather a good-looking young woman, and these mountain Arabs have no nonsense about covering their faces. She came to plead for him—at least I gathered that that was the upshot of their jabber—and when I took him again into my service I was rewarded with grateful glances.

The weather mending, we again moved to the mountain, and this time we determined to camp in the watch-tower itself which is built on the highest point. At the top a curious and tantalising thing happened. We were close to the tower, and the mules and nearly all the men had already reached it. W. and I were in the rear of the line when two fine ram *mouflons* appeared within a few yards of the path. It was blowing a gale of wind, and I suppose that this and the fact that the ground was covered with snow had prevented their hearing the tramp of the mules. As usually happened our rifles were not to hand, and the animals passed, as we found by their tracks, within six yards of the tower without anyone there being aware of it. Again, an hour later, just as it was getting dark, I saw from the tower another *mouflon* cross an opening scarcely 200 yards off. I rushed out, but there were numerous bushes to hide him, and, the darkness coming on and clouds blowing up, I could not sight him again.

What light there was after our arrival we used in stuffing up the loopholes of the tower as well as we could with pieces of wood, tent covers, &c., as the wind literally screamed through them, and in sweeping out the snow which lay in fine powder on the tiled floor with extemporised brushes of thuja bushes. This building was devised solely for observation and defence, but it has been disused by the authorities since they have carried the telegraph to El Kantara, and the Arabs have taken advantage of this to loot the place as far as they could, and especially to remove all the locks, so an entrance was easily effected. It is a solidly built stone structure, two stories high, each of which is approached by ladders only, which can be withdrawn through trapdoors. At the top, angular projections of iron pierced for musketry command every side in case of attack. Each floor is also loopholed. On the top story is a little stove, and there we established our cook and canteen. We inhabited the first floor, and our dinner had to come through the trapdoor and down the rickety ladder, which was rather critical for the soup. Our two Arab hunters camped on the ground-floor, and made a good fire in the middle of it. As the bullet-proof tiled floors were very cold to the feet, we spent a good deal of time by their fire, and watched them plaiting the *alpha* grass and weaving the plait into sandals. They turned out a good working pair in about twenty minutes.

From what I have described already, it might be thought that the Aroui abound to such an extent that you could hardly throw a stone without hitting one, but, though one or other of us saw some almost daily, it was not till the sixth day that any of us got a chance. That

evening, on his return to camp, G. got a very long shot in the dusk and severely wounded a good one. The poor beast lay down three times in 200 yards, but finally got into such broken rocks that, darkness coming on, the search had to be abandoned. We scoured those cliffs nearly all the next day, but the maze of rocks and bushes defeated us. That he lies dead there somewhere I do not doubt. The truth was, as we discovered too late, G.'s little [.360] rifle is not powerful enough for so large and tough a beast. For a week we had worked hard and lived hard, and here was a crowning misfortune.

But our luck turned at last. It was in what we called the Big Corrie to the west of the tower that G., who was accompanied by Abdullah that day, scored the first success. Quite early in the day he spied, at the bottom of the corrie, the head of a *mouflon* sticking out of a bush. The animal was so bad to see that, when he took his glass off the spot, he could not refind him for a quarter of an hour. Soon after this he made out four others with him. The approach was not very difficult if they could get over a certain space which had to be crossed in view. He himself went first, moving with extreme slowness and caution; but when Abdullah came to follow, his patience was not equal to the strain, and when halfway across he started up and ran the rest of the distance. The sheep of course saw him and moved to a far more impregnable position high up the opposite side. The hunters were, moreover, now fairly caught, being in full view, and there they had to stay for four hours till the sheep began to feed. They then slowly crept back the way they had come, and, making a great circuit of the corrie, came down upon them from above, and got at length within 100 yards. There was a good ram with them, and G. thought he had picked out the very hair that he desired to hit. The beast, however, went off with the others as if nothing had happened, and the running shot, as usual, had no effect. Fortunately the hill was nearly bare in this part, and as the ram followed the opposite face, he could be kept in sight. Seen through the glass, when he had run 300 yards he showed signs of distress, and finally rolled over dead. The shot was exactly in the right place, having entered behind the shoulder and passed out at his throat; but this animal might well have been also lost if the ground had not favoured keeping him in view. As soon as he fell, Abdullah, after the manner of his kind, set off at full speed. G., who was a university runner, wholly failed to catch him, and before he got up, the beast's throat was cut from ear to ear, to the great damage of the specimen. There was great rejoicing in the tower that night. Until this success we had begun to think that we had lost our time and broken our hearts over Djebel Metlili in vain, and now that the mountain had yielded a single trophy, we were quite ready to try fresh scenes.

A low mountain of a light cream colour, halfway to Biskra, which our telescopes had shown to be of a singularly broken character, and

therefore likely for sheep, had attracted our attention. This is the Salt Mountain of which Herodotus says :—‘There is another hill of salt, and water, and men live round it, and near this salt is a mountain which is called Atlas. It is narrow and circular on all sides, and is said to be so lofty that its top can never be seen, for it is never free from clouds, either in summer or winter.’ This ridge of rock salt lies close to the small oasis of El Outaja, on the Biskra Road, and though it seemed rather too near civilisation, we had already proved that the circumstance was not necessarily incompatible with the presence of *mouflon*.

Our first care on arrival at this place was to call on a certain wealthy Arab, Achmet Ben Driz by name, a retired captain of Spahis, reputed to be a mighty hunter. He courteously showed us, among other live animals, a pair of baby Aroui, which he was trying to rear, and which settled the question of the presence of that animal in the neighbourhood; also a female ‘Edmi,’ or mountain gazelle, which had been snared by some Arabs when feeding at night in their barley fields. It is about twice the size of the common gazelle of the plains (*Gazella Dorcas*), and differs from it in the long, upright, and straight horns, as distinguished from the lyre-shaped horns of the smaller species. The ‘Edmi’ has long pointed ears, and very large and prominent black eyes. This beautiful animal excited us greatly, but, from what we were told of its rarity and the difficulty of finding it, we had not much hope of securing a specimen. I was, however, destined to become acquainted with it. Captain Ben Driz’s enthusiasm for sport, as is the case with most of the better-class Arabs, was centred in hawking. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of seeing this characteristic pursuit.

Our movements were governed here, as elsewhere, by the scarcity of good drinking water, and we finally got leave to spread our mattresses in some spare rooms at the railway station, to which a fresh supply of the precious liquid was daily brought by train.

The foot of the Salt Mountain is distant about two miles across a stony tract of desert. We were told that its intricacies were so great that it was impossible for a stranger to find his way, but there was no real difficulty, and we should have done better without the Arab whom we took with us, as he was both stupid and lacked the keen sight of most of his race. The mountain has the appearance of having been dropped from above and broken in the fall. Its chaotic character is due to the solubility of the salt. Every storm which washes it carries away a portion from the interior, so that it is honeycombed with hollows inside and out. The surface is disintegrated salt and earth, with a white saline exudation which makes the mountain contrast strangely with the red rocks and yellow plain round it. From a distance there is nothing extraordinary in its appearance, but the traveller who scales it is met by huge trenches and fissures, and wild confusion of form.

Circular craters abound where the soil has fallen in, and here and there we came, with startling suddenness, upon clean-cut perpendicular shafts, with walls of green semi-transparent salt, closely resembling the 'moulins' of the larger glaciers of the Alps. These were of all sizes from a foot to ten feet in diameter, and of many the bottom was lost in gloom a hundred feet or more below. They are dangerous places without care, as there is a crumbling verge which frequently overhangs. The ground gave back a hollow sound in many places, but it was easy to see where one could go with safety by watching for the gazelle tracks, which were frequent. Little grows on the saline soil except a plant like samphire, and another fleshy-leaved plant; but flocks of blue-rock pigeons, which breed in the clefts, gave some life to the scene. Bright-coloured earths, pink and purple, crop out here and there. On the top there is a less broken part, and something of a plateau; with a little vegetation, and here we hoped to find game, of which we soon saw plenty of tracks.

After our Arab had disturbed three gazelles by his noisy walking we separated, W. taking one side of the mountain and I the other. Soon after I made a good spy of three *mouflons* on a red cliff, which faced the other end of the Salt Mountain, at some distance. We had hardly started for the stalk when a curious and painful accident happened to me, which afterwards had unfortunate consequences. Slipping up, I brought my hand down on an edge of salt so sharp that it ripped the whole of the skin from the ball of my thumb. The mishap nearly caused me to faint at the time, and gave me great pain for several weeks afterwards.

It took us an hour or more to reach the top of the cliff, under a ledge of which we had seen the *mouflons* lie down, and creeping down with extreme caution, for the slope was covered with loose stones, we reached the rock which commanded the spot, and there we waited for them to rise and show themselves. For nearly four hours we lay broiling in the sun, but our patience was in vain; for they had really changed their position before we arrived. At last a great rattling of stones above us told only too well what had happened. They had moved to the left while we were making our stalk, but, a herd of goats entering the valley, they had returned, but above instead of below us, and, getting our wind, quickly took leave of that range. We returned in a despondent mood over the Salt Mountain, and followed the most beaten track I could find, where I expected to see nothing. Going round a corner we nearly stepped on a splendid 'feshtal.' I snatched the rifle from Andreas, and should have had an easy running shot, but the handkerchief which I had wound round and round my wounded thumb came in the way of the alignment of the sights, and before I could tear off the miserable rag he was round the corner, and easily kept himself out of sight in the maze. Was

there ever such fatal bad luck for so despicable a cause? After this I generally carried my rifle at full cock, hung by the strap on one shoulder—a perfectly safe position.

The next morning I partly retrieved my fortune by killing my first *mouflon*. Beating the ground like a trained setter and with rifle in hand, for it is impossible to spy the numerous hollows, we found some very fresh tracks, and following these came upon a small band of *mouflons*, who, as usually happened, had seen us first and were going hard. They were in deep shadow while we were in bright sun, and the shot was a long and doubtful one, but, waiting until they paused a moment, I picked out the one which seemed to be the biggest, and had the satisfaction of seeing it tumble backwards. The herd presented a much better chance when they stopped, for several seconds silhouetted against the sky, but owing to my damaged thumb, and partially left-handed condition, I fumbled over the hammer and so failed to get the rifle reloaded in time. So exactly the colour of the rocks are these animals that when I went up it was quite a long time before I could see my beast, though it lay there in full view within a few yards of me. To my disgust it proved to be a female, and there was a good ram in the herd, of which I should have been pretty sure if I had been ready for them on the sky-line. The chances of war had heavily been against us so far, and continued so to the end; but I think our mishaps reached a climax at the Salt Mountain. The sportsman who complains of his luck usually stands as self-condemned as the workman who complains of his tools, but I certainly think that all the bad luck which I ever deserved, and did not have, was concentrated on this trip.

While at El Outaja we made friends with the sheik of the village, a very dignified and courteous personage, who invited us to dinner, along with the station-master and a French gentleman who had lately arrived to try an experiment in vine culture. We were received in a windowless room, with a handsome carpet and a good deal of furniture of a plain kind. His secretary sat at another table writing most of the time, for the village sheiks exercise magisterial functions. After a preliminary course or two of rather highly spiced viands, served in European fashion, the *pièce de résistance* came on. The table was cleared and a flat iron dish, a yard in diameter, was placed there, and two servants bore in a half-grown sheep roasted whole on a wooden spit. This was deposited on the dish and the spit withdrawn. The sheik then proceeded to pull off the choicer parts with his fingers and place them on our plates, after which we were expected to help ourselves in the same 'go-as-you-please' fashion. The meat was roasted very brown and crisp, and was not so nasty as it sounds. After this followed the great national dish of 'cous-cous'—flour moistened and rolled by the hand into tiny balls like sago, then steamed and served with different sauces or raisins. A wife is valued, to a great extent,

according to her ability to make 'cous-cous.' We had lots of Algerian wine, which the sheik did not disdain to drink himself. Dates and pomegranates finished the meal.

The language was a difficulty, but we learnt something about the palm-growing industry. It all depends on the water-supply, and a water-right costs about 16*l.* per acre, which is a great deal more than the land itself is worth, and conveys a perpetual right to irrigate every three days. A palm-tree comes into bearing about five years after it is planted as a sucker, and when once it is in full bearing may produce to the value of ten francs per year. The owner has then little else to do but to open his sluices and sit in the shade.

Our next move was to Biskra, which has been often described. It is redolent of the desert, for the Arabs from the country, which may mean 200 miles south, come here to buy and sell. The sights and smells of the market-place are curious. Huge packages of dates jammed into one solid mass are the leading commodity. The public letter-writers sit in the sunshine, while their customers whisper their correspondence into their ears. Another functionary bleeds the Arabs in the head, which they think improves their eyesight. The subject, wearing a solemn 'having my hair cut' sort of expression, squats on the ground; the performer, similarly seated behind him, makes incisions, and 'cups' him on the back of the head.

The flesh-pots of civilisation did not detain us, but we struck out again for the Abmar Khadou range, a ridge of the Aurès mountains, two days' ride from Biskra. These mountains are inhabited by the Chawia, a branch of the Berbers, the original owners of the land, but dispersed by the invading Arabs, and driven into these fastnesses. They are a stationary race, and build themselves stone villages, and wherever a hollow in the hill has accumulated a little soil they roughly terrace it and grow barley. To keep off birds and beasts they build a little pyramid of stones painted white, to represent a crouching Arab. Their villages harmonise so closely with the rocks that in a bad light you may stumble on one, and fail to see it is a village at all. On one occasion such a mishap did occur to two of our party. We had moved camp to the village of Hammam, of which they knew the approximate position, but they missed it, and slept supperless on the hill. We pitched our first camp by a little ain, or spring, the thread-like trickle of which was sufficient for our wants. Here, or hereabouts, we spent a week in a position even more commanding than the Metlili. Though we got two more sheep, our hunting adventures did not differ greatly from previous experiences. We varied our bag, however, by stalking a very large boar in the open, a somewhat uncommon experience, as those animals rarely leave the cover by daylight.

A goatherd, with whom we carried on a pantomimic conversation on the hill, after describing the way in which the Afoui hide

themselves, and then sneak away when you are gone, had told us there were immense quantities of boar in that part. 'Halouf bezef, beze-e-e-f!' he repeated, screaming out the last syllable, and waving his arms.

As we were returning to camp I saw between us and the setting sun the dim outline of a large animal, which I took for a donkey, of which there were several about. G. confirmed my impression, as he said he saw it wag its tail. We walked on, but presently I thought better of it and took out my glass, when I found it was a large boar. 'Chutt! Sanglier!' and my companions dropped like pointers. It was odd that he had not seen us, but he was too busy with his supper, or rather his breakfast. There was no time to lose, as the light would soon be gone, and we crept towards him in full view, relying on his obtuseness of sight and preoccupation. At last we lost sight of him in some rough ground, and approached more quickly; then he reappeared, coming towards us, and we again dropped to the ground. He fed down below us in a hollow, and we began to fear that he would get the wind. He was snouting about and at last got his head behind some bunches of halfa grass, though the rest of his body lay exposed. It was necessary to risk something, and, trusting that he would not raise his head, we jumped up and ran down into a little ravine, under the cover of which we quickly got to close quarters. G. took my rifle, as being more powerful than his own, for he really was as big as a donkey in the body. The light was now very dim, and all we could see was a great arching back. As a matter of fact G. mistook the shoulder for the other end. At any rate the shot was *very* far back. However it knocked the pig clean over, but he recovered himself with a loud 'ouf,' and made off. I missed him as he ran, but he seemed to realise for the first time that he had an enemy. He faced round towards us, and stood with his head high in the air. A steady second shot from G. laid him flat, and his death struggles made the dust fly. Celestin and I hurried off to camp for a mule, while G. completed the obsequies, and made a fire of dry scrub to show the spot. The brute was enormous, and taped from the tip of the tail to the snout 6 feet 2½ inches, fair measurement, without stretch of string or imagination.

The Arabs, to whom he was the accursed thing, did not at all approve of having to handle him. One of them piteously exhibited to me a spot of blood on his clothes, apparently thinking that his injured conscience should be compensated. I told him to wash it—I mean his burnous. He seemed to think this was adding insult to injury.

On the last day on this range we watched a curious phenomenon. A high wind began to blow from the south, and columns of dust, hundreds of feet in height, marched in stately battalions across the plain. Though we were 3,000 feet above it, the air gradually thickened into a fog, dense enough to blot out everything a quarter

of a mile off, but of dust so fine as to be quite impalpable, though in time it settled as a delicate bloom upon everything in the tent.

Returning to Biskra, our next expedition was to the eastwards, to El Gattar, a pretty camp in a river bed. Although for the most part dry, a small stream rose a short distance below, and fell into a natural bath of white rock fringed with maiden-hair fern. Dense masses of oleander surrounded it, and were the nightly roost of countless desert sparrows. We pitched camp under a low white cliff from the crannies of which miniature owls looked out. Our Arab followers thought there was something uncanny about the place, and tried to dissuade us by saying that the cliffs would fall upon the tents, or that the floods would come and wash us away. Nothing would induce them to sleep there themselves. The Arab whom we picked up here for a local guide was the best specimen that we encountered, Achmet Ben Saâd by name, a good-looking gentleman with a Scotch face and courteous manners. I suppose that he had never been in the company of Europeans before, for he took an intense interest in all my proceedings. Whenever anything happened he seized my hand and bowed his head over it; as, for instance, when I slipped and recovered myself, also when I failed to do so; again if I understood what he said, or equally when I did not. Most effusively of all when I offered him some tobacco and thin paper which I happened to have in my pocket; the climax being reached when I lighted his cigarette with my sunglass. But this was a forbidden joy which he would have piously refused if any of his friends had been by. When luncheon time arrived I was very hungry and particularly anxious not to share my store with Achmet. I knew he had brought nothing with him, for they are the most abstemious race, and I hoped that his scruples would prove stronger than his appetite. With some confidence, and with a great show of politeness, I handed him my slices of meat, well knowing that he had seen them frying in grease. This was of course rejected, and bread also. A biscuit he nibbled with extreme caution, evidently in terror lest some fragment of fat should poison his soul. There remained the *bonne bouche* of my luncheon, a handful of luscious dates. So far I had got all the credit of my generosity, without having lost any luncheon. Grown over-confident, I chanced it, and handed the packet to him. To my horror his eyes glistened with eager joy, his lean fingers outstretched and clasped the whole brown mass, gathering it together to the last fruit. These same dates of Tuggurt were a joy and consolation to us throughout the trip, but they had their troublous side. They had an awkward habit of getting loose among the clothes, and especially the blankets, and there dispersing themselves, till there was nothing left but the mere skeleton of a stone. There was no remedy except the Arab plan, to rub over

the greasy stain with a handful of desert sand. Dry dirt is their only soap, and it is not ineffective.

From the adjoining range of Bou Arif we again took sportsman's toll, but the old patriarch ram for whom we lusted eluded us to the last. Only on the last day, on our way back to the railway and civilisation, did a real bit of unexpected luck fall in our way.

Once on the Ahmar Khadou range I had caught a glimpse of a herd of gazelles, which from the length of horn of the leader I believe to have been the large mountain kind. I was shifting camp and riding one of the mules, when twelve of these handsome animals crossed the track. Of course the rifle was behind, and by the time I went after them I found an Arab with a gun as long as himself in front of me. He had already succeeded in showing himself to them, and further pursuit was useless.

We thought there was little chance of obtaining this coveted trophy, but between our last camp and El Outaja there is a long red ridge called 'Ben a Chouf,' on which we were told there were some of these 'Edmi.' We were very sceptical, as the ridge was a low one, and there were Arabs all over it, for we could see their fires on it at night. Still it lay on the way, and we would try a drive.

Going forward to a point about two-thirds of the length of the ridge we climbed up it, and posted ourselves on the rocky crest, while our men drove it along. A small herd of the common gazelle were seen to take to the plain, but nothing came to the guns. Climbing a high point which commanded the remainder of the ridge, we sat down for a careful spy, and Celestin presently made out four gazelles, which were assumed to be the common kind, on a stony plateau far below us. An Arab woman was gathering brushwood for fuel in the same field of the telescope, and though really at a lower level of the mountain, this added a further spice of excitement, lest they should get her wind.

My companions, as they always did, wished me to take the chance. They stayed at the top, and there are few more interesting things than to watch the approach from a station which commands both the stalker and the stalked. Before starting we arranged a code of signals by which the watchers could indicate the direction of the animals if they should move during the progress of the stalk, a common practice with chamois hunters, but one, in my experience, often leading to mistakes.

We disappeared from their view, and after the lapse of half an hour were seen emerging from the gully some hundreds of feet below and apparently close to the gazelles. They saw that I reached the appointed spot, and laid the rifle for the shot, but no shot was fired. The fact was that the distance, foreshortened to them, was too great for a certainty, and I waited for the beasts to feed into the next ravine. This they presently did, and we crept forward to a mound

from which we should see them reappear. Here we waited in suspense, and at length turned an inquiring telescope upon our companions. They were signalling that the animals had gone up the ravine. They had seen one 'do so, but the others really remained opposite to us. The mistake nearly cost us dear. Our steps on the loose rocks were heard. We saw three bounding forms, but they had heard and not seen us, and paused on the other side long enough to give me the desired chance. I thought I was steady, but to my disgust I heard the bullet clink on the stones. They went off with a rush, and my second shot went anywhere. They had run a hundred yards, when one lagged, and Celestin said, 'Mais il est bien touché !' The next moment his heels were in the air, and a 'whoop' went up to those on the top, to be answered by a similar paean from them. When I examined my beast and found that it was a fine buck 'Edmi,' 'scarce and little known,' as an able naturalist describes it, the shouts expressed still greater triumph. My first shot had passed through his heart and out at the other side.

This was a good finish, and made up our bag of large game to seven head ; not a murderous one, but sufficient when the rarity of the trophies is considered.

Six days later we were in London.

E. N. BUXTON.

NOTICEABLE BOOKS.

1.

WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND.¹

THIS most fascinating little volume belongs to a class of fiction which has very seldom been successfully accomplished. It professes to be a journal written by the English Secretary of Lord Essex, describing day by day his expedition in Ireland for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion of Tyrone. The difficulties to be encountered in such a work are very great. There is the difficulty of reproducing the style of another age, which, in much of its structure, is essentially different from our own, and which possesses a music and a beauty of the highest order. There is the difficulty of representing with fidelity not only obscure historical incidents, but also modes of thought and feeling that are separated from us by a wide chasm, and there is the further difficulty of accomplishing all this without sinking into mere archæology, or losing the colour and the sustained interest of a modern novel.

It is not, I think, any exaggeration to say that since the wonderful picture of the Age of Anne which Thackeray has given in *Esmond*, such difficulties have never been more successfully surmounted than in the present work. In one respect, indeed, the task of Miss Lawless was even more difficult than that of Thackeray, for she has had to deal with a language which is more remote from our own. It happens that the *Irish Archæological Journal* has published a real journal of an Englishman named John Dymmock, who was in Ireland with Essex, and it is only necessary to read it, to realise the difficulty of giving such a subject and such language the character of a most absorbing novel. Fortunately, however, in the sixteenth century drama, Miss Lawless has found a great mine of pure and graphic expression which she has abundantly and most skilfully used, and by somewhat simplifying the complex Elizabethan sentence and judiciously modernising the spelling, she has formed a style which retains, in a very eminent degree, the characteristic beauty of the period

¹ *With Essex in Ireland.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless.

which it represents, and yet flows on with all the rapidity that is required in a modern narrative.

The book, being the record of a campaign, is essentially a series of episodes or pictures, with but little regular plot. We have a vivid sketch of Dublin Castle, with its loathsome dungeons and its ghastly row of heads of decapitated rebels, relieved by a passing love story which is not pursued, and we then move rapidly into the incidents of the war. The most attractive figure in the earlier pages is Frank Gardiner, a young English soldier boy in all the enthusiasm of a first campaign, and his death in one of its first skirmishes is described with an exquisite pathos and beauty. Hardly less admirable are the pictures of the savage Irish war—a war in which starvation played a much greater part than the sword—in which race-hatred rose to such a point that women and children were massacred with as little compunction as wild beasts; in which victory rarely or never led to lasting peace, and in which so many of the best reputations in England were wrecked. The dreary marches through dense, damp, gloomy forests; the constant surprises and ambuscades; the half-naked, agile woodkernes, who harassed the English march; the bard, with his bare legs, his wolfskin buskins, and his green harp, who could lash the Irish to frenzy by his wild, mournful chant; the hiding-places in the woods, where the native women found a precarious shelter; the prophecies and legends that passed from lip to lip, at once reflecting and sustaining the passions of the struggle, are described with great skill and with great historic truth. Nothing in this book appears to me more striking than the treatment of the supernatural. It throws a glamour of high poetic beauty over the narrative, and it is in perfect keeping with the spirit of its time. The vision of the starved hosts of the followers of Desmond, who were seen by the moonlight moving around the tower of Askeaton, and the vision of 'The Grey Washer of the Ford,' who foretold the death of Essex, are described with an imaginative power that has seldom been surpassed, and the reader will observe how skilfully they are employed to enlarge the horizon of the story, by revealing in the most impressive form the tragedies that preceded and that followed it. The figure of Essex stands out in bold relief. His rash courage, his generous instincts, his strong, clear insight, his complete frankness, his petulance and impatience, and almost feminine sensitiveness, are all most graphically portrayed, and if some coarser elements in his character are wanting or but faintly intimated, their absence is not unnatural in a narrative which is supposed to come from an admiring follower. The great rebel Tyrone is more dimly traced, but history furnishes few materials for an authentic portrait.

All good judges recognised in *Hurriah* a book which placed Miss Lawless in the front rank of living novelists. In the present work she has attempted a more difficult task, and, as it seems to me, with

at least equal success. It has often been lamented that no writer has arisen in Ireland who could do for Irish history what Scott did for the history of his own country. If Miss Lawless can produce only a few more books like *Essex in Ireland* this misfortune and reproach will be effectually removed.

W. E. H. LECKY.

2.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE REV. ADAM SEDGWICK.*

IT is seventeen years since Professor Sedgwick died. A whole generation has risen up since he went in and out among us, and they who had not the high privilege of knowing him, even slightly, can never image to themselves what he was; nevertheless, as I read these letters of his offered to us in such rich profusion in these two volumes, I hear the tone of his voice speaking to me as in the old days; I watch him clutching the handle of his stick and emphasising his words with the old dramatic earnestness; I see the intense look of those wonderful eyes; the playfulness and the tenderness and the nobleness are there; the indescribable joyousness of his laugh comes back upon me with its ring of hearty merriment; the dear old Professor—I never knew him by any other designation—is almost alive again to me, standing before me in his quite unique personality.

Even those who never saw Sedgwick and are never likely to turn to his scientific papers will be the better for reading this book. Even now I think they will be unconsciously stirred by this story of a life which presents to us the faithful picture of a real man: real and true and guileless in his every word and act, a man of noblest intellect, with a loyal passion for truth, with a great heart that throbbed in generous sympathy with all that was best and purest in the unselfish endeavours of others high and low, and, above all, a man of such glorious enthusiasm that even his daily life seemed heroic to those who were brought within the range of his irresistible personal attraction.

Why has this great book been so long in coming?

The task of writing Sedgwick's life was originally entrusted to his

* *The Life and Letters of the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c.* By John Willis Clark, formerly Fellow of Trinity, Superintendent of the University Museum of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, and Thomas McKenny Hughes, Woodwardian Professor of Geology. 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge, 1890.

successor in the Woodwardian Professorship, who seems to have discovered that he was not the right man. Professor Hughes is a specialist, who, as a specialist, enjoys a world-wide reputation. I am told that he has contributed all that portion of these volumes which is concerned with geology, and that he has done his work with admirable perspicuity, indeed in a quite masterly manner. But it would have been a great injustice to Sedgwick to have had him presented to us as a mere scientist. It is hardly too much to say that Sedgwick only happened to be a geologist. He might have been almost anything else, and whatever subject he had thrown himself into he would infallibly have lifted into prominence among the most fascinating and popular studies of the day. The force and fire and earnestness of his character gave so persuasive an impetus to everything he said that we almost forgot the subtlety of his intellect, the brilliancy of his genius, or even the occasional audacity of his eloquence, in the wonder which his lofty and magnanimous nature inspired. Happily the biography has passed into exactly the right hands. Mr. J. W. Clark, besides being a scholar of great width of culture and with a literary faculty such as is possessed by few Cambridge men, enjoyed the privilege of an intimacy with Sedgwick during all his life. I doubt whether any man in England could have done this work so well. It was impossible that the book should be a short one. Sedgwick's many-sidedness did not admit of his portrait being drawn in profile.

A glance at the list of his pamphlets, occasional papers, contributions to the learned societies, and other published works, filling fourteen closely printed pages, will give the reader some idea of his great and continuous literary activity. In politics he was a Whig of the old school or something more. He was prominent among Reformers of the University, in the days when the apostles of progress had to count the cost if they ventured to speak out; and Sedgwick never halted between two opinions or was silent when the time had come to speak. More than once he travelled what in those days was a considerable distance to record his vote among the dalesmen of Dent, and addressed the electors in words of such power that the voters followed him to a man. At Cambridge he was the idol of the younger men, many of whom, though they cared little or nothing for science, would go to his lectures on the chance of his flaming out into some blaze of eloquence which was worth an hour's waiting for. As a member of the governing body of the University he was always active, vigilant, and alert; always originating and leading; and that too in days when Cambridge was a much greater power in the country than she has been of late, and when giants were still in the land. Cambridge pietism too in those days had a character of its own, and Sedgwick's religious bent was in the direction of that school of which Simeon was the ardent exponent, though he was far too liberal

and generous to adopt the shibboleth of a sect. He was a very frequent preacher too in the early years of his residence at Norwich, and was ready to lecture wherever he was invited. He never spared himself where he saw work to be done that he knew he could do. Let him be as hard pressed or as weary as he might be, he always found time to write to relations and friends, and there was always something in his letters that was stamped with his own image. He wrote to young men and maidens, old men and children, in that exuberance of gladness and sympathy which never lessened even to the last. Like all great-hearted men of intellect, he had an enormous list of friends—there were few of them who did not treasure his correspondence. There is not one of the letters printed in these volumes—no! not one!—that we could spare. Open the book at random and you will bear me out in this opinion. I remember meeting him in 1869, a day or two after he had paid a visit to Lady Smith at Lowestoft when she was in her ninety-seventh year; this is how he wrote of the interview to two of his American cousins:—

I am old, and suffering from the infirmities of old age; but my friend Lady Smith, to whom I gave a true-love kiss, is twelve years older than myself. Let not my two saucy American cousins laugh at the thought of a love-kiss given between two such aged remnants of old Time's gleanings. Love is the dearest attribute of God. Like Himself, it will last for ever. He may plant it here; and, if we do our part well, it will have its consummation and perfection after the wreck of all visible worlds.

But why quote extracts? Turn up that letter to Archdeacon Hare (vol. ii. p. 110) in which Sedgwick enters into a criticism of De Foe after reading, as he says, eighteen volumes of his works 'at the rate of about a volume a day,' or the letter to his niece in the same volume, with his account of the scene at the trial of Rush the murderer, or—nay! read them all, my dear editor, and find how hard it is to stop when you once begin.

It is in his relations with the Queen and the Royal Family, however, that Sedgwick's grand independence and simplicity display themselves in the most delightful way. He was utterly free from self-consciousness because he was always himself. He could not be awkward, ungraceful, or ill at ease wherever he found himself; his inborn courtesy set him at once on a level with a most perfectly trained courtier, and the profound sense of what was due to the Sovereign made him instinctively and chivalrously loyal. Exquisitely pathetic is the account of his interview with the Queen in 1862. When he returned to Cambridge a lady said to him, 'You have been to Court, Professor, since I saw you last.' 'No, madam,' he replied; 'I have not been to Court—I have been to see a Christian woman in her affliction.' The strong regard which the Prince Consort entertained for him is one of the many proofs of that unerring judgment of character for which through life the Prince himself was so conspicuous. I

remember the occasion when, in 1853, the Prince brought down the Duke of Brabant to Cambridge and attended one of Sedgwick's lectures. It was expressly stipulated that the lecture should be given in the ordinary course, and 'as it would have been delivered had he not been present.' Of course the room was crowded. Charmed by some splendid illustration which had occurred to the lecturer as he went on in his usual rugged fashion, the Prince warmly clapped his hands in admiration. It was unusual and startling. In a moment the whole audience joined in the spontaneous expression of applause, and for some seconds Sedgwick was silenced by the outburst. There must be many survivors of that remarkable scene who were present and took part in it.

Sedgwick's most beautiful description of his first visit to Windsor, and the picture he draws of that happy home life of the illustrious family—of the children gathering round the old prophet, and listening wide-eyed to his story of Mrs. Woodcock; of the Queen herself afterwards requiring that he should repeat it to herself, 'followed by a string of wonderful stories,' this will go down to posterity among the things that cannot perish as long as English literature lasts: it will be read and quoted as authentic history for ever.

There can be little doubt that this book will very soon come to a new edition. In view of such a re-issue, Mr. Clark will be glad to have one or two slight errors pointed out to him.

Lord Howe's victory 'in the chops of the Channel,' as I think it was wont to be described, was surely not *off Cape St. Vincent* (i. 57). Joyeuse had sailed from Brest, and Lord Howe fell in with him on the 1st of June 1794, in the Channel. Has Mr. Clark confounded this with Jervis's victory three years later? *Louis* Agassiz was the great authority on fossil fish—not *Alexander* his son, a much less famous personage.

When Sedgwick came to Norwich in 1834 there were doubtless many old people with excellent memories and curious reminiscences; but surely, surely, it can hardly be true that 'William Wyndham and Sir Robert Walpole were still well remembered by the older inhabitants' (vol. ii. p. 565). Wyndham died in 1740, and Walpole in 1745, and any old inhabitants who, being less than centenarians, boasted of having seen either of the great men some ninety years before, must have been conspicuous for fertility of imagination rather than for retentiveness of memory.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

3.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.¹

DID our Elizabethan ancestors read novels? All the world knows that they steeped their imaginations in simple popular tales and ballads, in chivalrous or pastoral romances. They watched by the side of Robin Hood for the Sheriff of Nottingham, or with Friar Tuck drowned the matin bell by the clang of the horn. They rode with adventurous princes and disguised princesses through the forest of Broceliande to rescue distressed ladies or encounter monsters, tyrants, and four-handed giants. In rainbow-coloured Arcadia, they shared Urania's grief for her unknown birth, or with Perissus in his leafy cabin bemoaned the loss of Limena. But had they novels in the modern sense of the word? Had they works of fiction, in which truth is the chief concern of a sustained story, in which the heroes are distinct living beings, in which feelings are analysed, passions delineated, and events based on observation of the facts of real life? M. Jusserand holds that they had, and the main object of his delightful volume is to trace back the parentage of Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding to such Elizabethan writers as Lyly, Sir Philip Sidney, Greene, and Nash. In this point lies the originality of his treatment of the subject.

Professed students of Elizabethan literature, acquainted with the stores of material accumulated by learned societies and indefatigable commentators, may find little that is new in *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*. But in no single volume is the scattered material collected and presented in so compact and attractive a form. M. Jusserand has studied his subject carefully, and he is repaid for his labour by that lightness of touch which is the reward and the sign of mastery. The train of his learning never encumbers his movements, still less does it ever throw him to the ground. His pages are as light as if they bore no burden of erudition. The information is copious, varied, unobtrusive; it is never in the way, yet never out of it. Possessing those gifts of selection, arrangement, and effective grouping, which are the literary tradition of his nation, M. Jusserand gives a sketch of the English novel in the sixteenth century, that is rapid but always distinct, instructive yet never dull.

The highest expression of the Elizabethan age is found in poetry and the drama. But its general aspects are perhaps best studied in its romantic prose. Under the different forms which the Renaissance

¹ *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*. By J. J. Jusserand, Conseiller d'Ambassade, Docteur ès Lettres. Illustrated. London: Fisher Unwin. 1890.

assumed among European nations, one feature is common. An eager, youthful curiosity spurred men along divergent paths of inquiry, with unsated appetites for all that was strange, remote, unknown. England was flooded with the classics of antiquity, with French, Italian, and Spanish literature, with translations, adaptations, and imitations. In this fermentation of the human mind, society, costume, conversation, architecture, were transformed. Women assumed a new rôle, when men laid aside their armour to woo their society with Italian madrigals, courtly sonnets, mythological similes. Costume, with its ruffs, fringes, jewels, knots, ribbons, and farthingales, grew excessive in its ornamentation. Conversation became fantastic, florid in its wealth of allusion and of imagery. Architecture rioted in a medley of dreamland, Arcadia, and Italy. The same changes are reflected in romantic prose. For our taste it is too richly bedizened, too profusely embellished, too variegated in its flowers of speech. Yet it is in this growth of prose fiction that M. Jusserand detects the germs of the modern novel, with its analysis of passion and feeling, its minute observation of real life, its pictures of manners and society. Hitherto the origin of the novel has been traced to the eighteenth century. M. Jusserand claims for it a more ancient lineage, though he admits that for nearly a hundred years the direct line of descent was interrupted. The Elizabethan age, according to his view, produced examples of nearly every kind of novel which later writers have made familiar. Lyly depicts courtly life, and uses his story as the vehicle for moral and philosophical counsel. Sidney occupies himself with romantic pastorals, which yet exemplify different phases of passion. Greene, in his autobiographical sketches, describes realities of life. In Nash, rogues, rascals, knaves—the *picaro* in all his varieties—are painted by an English Le Sage, an Elizabethan Teniers or Callot. In their works of fiction M. Jusserand finds pictures of the society in which Shakespeare lived, portraits of the men and women with whom he associated, records of their thoughts, feelings, and passions. In a word, he discovers the modern novel.

At the present day the Republic of Letters seems in danger of becoming a Gynæocracy. In the Elizabethan age women played a scarcely less important part. If they did not themselves create the novel, it was for them that the novel was created. Lyly wrote his *Euphues* expressly for ladies, in the hope that his book might contest their attention with their little 'dogges.' His object makes him a novelist. He is one still more from his analysis of sentiment, his opinions on men and women, his observations of contemporary life and manners. In the pastoral school of Sidney, there might, at first sight, seem little scope for the modern novelist. Narcissus-like, the present generation delights to contemplate its image in a mirror. Our ancestors preferred the idealised portraits of themselves, to which

they might hope to approximate, and into which Sidney threw his tender passion, his enthusiasm, his love of chivalry and great exploits. He is the remote progenitor of Richardson in his description of love, his perception of its different varieties, and the dramatic force with which its nuances are exhibited. Greene, a thorough-paced Bohemian, whose head was filled with Italian reminiscences, euphuistic phrases, romantic and mythological adventures, paints in his autobiographical sketches pictures of real life in something like the realistic manner of Defoe. Finally Nash, with his inexhaustible fund of wit, satire, and gaiety, his keen observation of the ridiculous side of human nature, his capacity for being moved by its pathetic elements, may be regarded as the distant ancestor of Fielding.

M. Jusserand has chosen a fascinating subject. Whether we delight to linger over the literary glories of the most brilliant of creative epochs, or to study the mental habits and social surroundings of the men who made the name of England great for all time, or to trace the origin of the most popular and prolific department of our national literature, *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare* is full of attraction. A volume, in which such a subject is excellently treated, deserves to be widely read, and no page need be skipped, for none are tedious.

R. E. PROTHERO.

4.

MR. SYMONDS'S ESSAYS SPECULATIVE AND SUGGESTIVE.¹

I LIKE the adjectives which Mr. Symonds has chosen to describe the essays contained in his recently published volumes. 'Speculative and Suggestive.' They are eminently that; and they are eminently welcome just because they are that. In his Preface Mr. Symonds tells us that his surmises and suggestions are advanced in no dogmatic spirit. Perhaps their great merit is—to borrow a phrase from Kant—that they are admirably fitted to arouse readers out of dogmatic slumber. They are admirably fitted to make people think, or—which is the next best thing—to think of thinking. It is impossible for any moderately intelligent and cultivated reader to open these volumes anywhere, and not to find his intellect more or less stimulated.

¹ *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*. By John Addington Symonds. In two volumes. London: Chapman & Hall.

Whether Mr. Symonds is discoursing of 'The Principles of Criticism,' or of 'The Provinces of the Several Arts,' of 'Landscape,' or of 'Nature Myths and Allegories,' of 'The Pathos of the Rose in Poetry,' or of 'Realism and Idealism,' he is always fertile in ideas and helpful to reflection. Always, moreover, whether we agree or differ with the views which he expresses, he wins our admiration by the soundness of his scholarship, the breadth of his culture, the opulence of his imagination, the fascination of his style. But these high qualities and endowments are to me, just now, a cause of embarrassment. There is so much which I should like to say about his volumes, and I have so little space wherein to say it. Perhaps my best course will be to confine myself to two of his papers which seem to me specially noticeable. And in doing this I shall be guided, partly by a slight indication of the author's own feeling, and partly by my personal preference. The essay which appeals to me most is the one entitled 'Notes on Style.' Mr. Symonds, if I rightly construe certain words of his, attaches chief importance to his dissertation on the Philosophy of Evolution. I will speak of that first.

Mr. Symonds's object in this paper is to show that 'the philosophy of evolution, instead of crushing the aspirations of humanity and reducing our conceptions of the world to chaos, may be expected to reanimate religion and to restore spirituality to the universe.' I believe this proposition is perfectly true. I think Mr. Symonds altogether warranted when he contends that 'much-dreaded Darwinism leaves the theological belief in a Divine Being untouched: that God is not less God, nor is creative energy less creative, because we are led to suppose that a lengthy instead of a sudden method was employed in the production of the kosmos: that the conceptions of God and law tend to coalesce in the scientific theory of the universe.' But while allowing, or rather insisting upon, this, I must, in the first place, take exception to what Mr. Symonds understands by 'the philosophy of evolution.' It is clear—indeed, he himself, in one place, expressly tells us so—that for him this philosophy consists in Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'application of the evolution theory.' But the ascertained facts of evolution are one thing. Quite another is the vast system of speculative physics in which Mr. Spencer has applied those facts and others—not all of which have 'gone through the form of taking place.' Among the faults of Mr. Spencer—they are faults common to most generalisers and makers of systems—are these: that he sometimes mistakes his hypotheses for explanations, and that he does not sufficiently verify his data. I should be sorry indeed to seem unappreciative of this eminent man's real claims upon our respect. And that I may not seem so, I will venture to quote certain words of my own concerning him. 'No one can deny to Mr. Spencer the praise of method, or, in a certain sense, of completeness, and unquestionably he does exhibit clearly the tendencies of an influential

school of contemporary physicists. I do not doubt that all future theories of the universe will have to reckon with the facts so industriously collected by him, and with the speculations into which he has so ingeniously fitted them. But I do take leave to doubt whether his exposition of the doctrine of evolution will ultimately be accepted as the true one. It appears to me too narrow, too superficial, too mechanical, too inadequate to life. Its completeness is attained by disregarding fundamental principles, both of metaphysics and of logic. And, notwithstanding its parade of physical science, it is not really founded upon experience at all.

And as I demur to 'the philosophy of evolution,' accepted by Mr. Symonds, so am I unable to follow him in his views as to the effect of evolution upon the Christian religion. He appears to believe—that is the impression left upon my mind by a careful perusal of his essay—that evolution makes an end of Christianity, except as to 'noble humanities' and 'the conception of a Deity.' I think he greatly errs in believing this. The effect of evolution upon the Christian religion appears to me twofold. In the first place, it has unquestionably discredited certain views of cosmogony and natural history, which, no doubt, were universally held at one time by Christians, but which assuredly are not integral parts of the Christian creed. And, in the second place, no less unquestionably, it is irreconcilable with the popular hypothesis which represents that creed as it exists now, in any variety of the religion, to have been given to the world, full formed, eighteen centuries ago. As to Mr. Symonds, the truth is, I suspect, that his conception of Christianity is no less superficial than his conception of the philosophy of evolution. He has probably not made it a serious study—one cannot study everything—and so is led to conjecture erroneously about it: misled by watchwords and shibboleths, by the misrepresentations of its enemies and the superstitions of its babes and sucklings. I am led to think that this is so by the following remark which I find in the essay now before me: 'The discovery published by Copernicus in 1543 shook the ponderous fabric of scholastic theology to its foundations.' I am sure Mr. Symonds would not have written that sentence if he had known much about the scholastic theology.

And now let us look at another paper of Mr. Symonds's upon a subject about which he unquestionably knows very much. Every page of his writings exhibits him as an accomplished master of style. In the 'Notes' which he prints, in the present volumes, he discourses of the art which he so admirably exercises; tracing its history; formulating its laws; and illustrating its applications. I incline to think that Mr. Symonds has never given the world anything better than these 'Notes,' replete as they are with varied learning, judicious criticism, pregnant suggestion. Specially felicitous is the second part of them, in which

he deals with 'National Style.' He starts with the dictum, 'Language in a nation is an index to the mental and emotional character of the nation, to its hereditary antecedents and historical experience.' And he proceeds to illustrate that proposition with fulness of knowledge, and ripeness of scholarship, from 'the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern Italy, France, Germany, and England. To Greek he rightly attributes 'the widest range and compass as an organ of expression,' specifying, as its leading characteristics, 'not weight and gravity, but lightness, elasticity, volubility: strength so clothed with radiance and beauty, as in the godhood of the Delphian Apollo, that we think less of the power than of the grace of this divine tongue.' He proceeds:

We do not know how the Greek poets declaimed their verses. Having no clue to the antique pronunciation of the language, and no correct sense of its accentual values, we feel the music with the eye rather than the ear, and lay an exaggerated stress on quantity. Yet, such is the indestructibility of form and rhythm in verbal harmonies, fashioned for the utterances of noble thoughts, that we, while labouring under these disadvantages, are able to appreciate the grand manner of Greek style:

ὦ τύμβος, ὦ νυμφεῖον, ὦ κατασκαφῆς
οἰκησις αἰέφρουρος, οἱ πορεύομαι
πρὸς τοὺς ἐμαυτῆς, ὧν ἀριθμὸν ἐν νεκροῖς
πλεῖστον δέδεκται Περσέφασσ' ὀλωλῶτων·
ὧν λισσθία ἔγω καὶ κύκιστα δὴ μακρῶ
κίττειμι, πρὶν μοι μοῖραν ἐξήκειν βίου·

In reading this passage we need not summon imagination to our aid, nor bring before our mental eye the scene of Antigone advancing to her bridal bed in Hades. It is enough to feel the music of these opening lines, deep-toned and mellow as the chords of viols.

That is an excellent bit of æsthetic criticism, which every scholar, who is really such and not a mere bookcase, will appreciate. Not less excellent is the description of the Æschylean style, where the poet gives a free rein to the impulse of 'his mighty line;' 'marked by pomp, as of heavy cavalry charging with plumes in air and plunging horses, by effort, as of a Titan tearing bolted planks asunder and snorting in his labour.' 'Tragic solemnity of diction reaches the height of massive yet elastic energy in Cassandra's prophetic speeches delivered at the gate of Agamemnon's palace: the sublimest example of dramatic poetry bequeathed to us by antiquity, unique in Greek literature for verbal weight combined with fiery movement.' Of Greek prose Mr. Symonds justly says that 'it is apt to be declamatory and conversational, rarely meditative, never impressive by profound suggestions: lacking in the mystery of brooding and indwelling thought: fluid, glittering, versatile, attractive—anything but sternly earnest, heartfelt, monumental: forecasting the advent of the *Graculus esuriens*.' What a contrast does Latin offer!

I had intended to exhibit Mr. Symonds's judgments of Italian, French, German, and English national styles. But I have reached,

or rather have exceeded, my limits, and must content myself with referring my readers to the author's own fascinating pages. Let me, in conclusion, point out one misquotation, the only one which I have noticed in them. At page 117 of vol. ii. the well-known words of Virgil, 'Quis deus incertum est, habitat deus,' appear as 'Quis deus incertum, tamen est deus.' Mr. Symonds will, doubtless, be glad to set this right in a future edition.

W. S. LILLY.

5.

TRENTE ANS DE PARIS.¹

To read *Trente Ans de Paris* is not reading in the ordinary sense of the word. It is spending a couple of hours with Daudet, who takes the reader out of himself, shows him Paris, and describes his own life there with that mixture of pathos and humour which is so characteristic of the great French artist. The story is autobiographical; but this by no means lessens its charm, indeed for all younger readers (and the book is one which might well be given to children in the schoolroom, who would gain nothing but good and real enjoyment from the story of the struggles of this famous man), the fact that it is true would probably prove an additional attraction. His early hopes, his many disappointments and trials, which are all related at some length in the first chapters of *Trente Ans de Paris*, form a series of vivid pictures.

When Alphonse Daudet came to Paris as a boy of sixteen, he had already been an usher in a country school, and, tired of that wearing, petty life, determined to make for himself a name in literature.

Paris looked cheerless to him when, after a two days' journey, he arrived in the grey dawn of a winter's morning and found his brother awaiting him on the platform. He had forty sous in his pocket, and all his worldly goods were disposed 'in a little wooden nail-studded trunk, weighing in itself much more than its contents.' The brother, 'practical beyond his years . . . had secured a hand-barrow and a porter,' and, after seeing his younger brother's 'luggage' safely placed in it, the little procession set out for the Quartier Latin, the two brothers following the wheelbarrow along the deserted and silent quays. It was barely daylight; the few early workmen whom they

¹ *Trente Ans de Paris*. Par Alphonse Daudet.

met on their way looked pinched and blue with the cold, and the bridges over the Seine stood dimly out, phantom-like, through the morning fog; all looking so strange and weird that the sensitive boy felt suddenly 'struck with a nameless terror,' and involuntarily crept closer to his brother's side.

The practical Ernest, seeing that his brother was literally starving, now suggested breakfast, and accordingly they turned aside to find the *crémérie* in the Rue Corneille. Alas! it was not yet open, and there was nothing to be done but to wait, which they did, tramping up and down to keep warm, until at last the shutters were taken down by a sleepy waiter who 'shuffled about in his loose slippers,' grumbling at the two early customers. That was a breakfast which Daudet says he 'has not forgotten to this day. A three-sous cup of coffee, a *petit pain*, and an omelette acted like magic on the tired traveller, and heartened him up like a draught of champagne. When they came out of the café, arm in arm, it was broad daylight, all the shops were open, and Paris seemed to smile on them; as Alphonse looked through the railings into the Luxembourg Gardens, even the marble statues standing out white among the bare trees seemed to wish him good luck.

Ernest 'was rich; he fulfilled the duties of secretary to an old gentleman, who dictated to him his memoirs, and paid him seventy-five francs a month.' He was the proud possessor of a little room, almost a garret, in the Rue de Tournon, *au cinquième*, and here it was that he brought his brother Alphonse to share his lodging and his seventy-five francs, until time brought fame to him also.

This is the opening scene of *Trente Ans de Paris*; and Daudet then goes on to relate, in his peculiarly vivid and picturesque way, how the boy who at sixteen made this bold venture, gradually fought his way through the countless difficulties and mishaps that awaited him at every step, until he had made for himself the life that he had dreamed of and longed for in those early days.

As a lad he was shortsighted, shy, and awkward, and it was a long time before he made any acquaintances in Paris.

When at last he was given some journalistic work on the *Spectateur*, he awaited with almost breathless anxiety the coming out of the number in which his first article was to appear. Alas! before that day came the *Spectateur* was prosecuted and suppressed. 'Orsini's bomb destroyed my article; I did not kill myself, although I contemplated suicide.' So Daudet alludes to this bitter disappointment.

But after this, things improved by degrees. With the help of the publisher of the *Spectateur*, whose acquaintance he had made by a fortunate chance, he brought out his first book, *Les Amoureuses*, a volume of verses, which attracted some notice. He was then eighteen; he felt himself a 'poet,' and his timidity at once disappeared.

The first of his prose works was written at the age of twenty-five.

Le Petit Chose; histoire d'un enfant, was begun in 1866, and is almost entirely autobiographical, the history of himself in his own hard childhood. It was published in 1868.

Daudet has been more than once alluded to as the French Dickens, and in these reminiscences he mentions

combien de fois on m'avait comparé à Dickens même en un temps où je ne l'avais pas lu, bien avant qu'un ami, au retour d'un voyage en Angleterre, ne m'eût appris la sympathie de David Copperfield pour *Le Petit Chose*. Un auteur qui écrit selon ses yeux et sa conscience n'a rien à répondre à cela, sinon qu'il y a certaines parentés d'esprit dont on n'est pas soi-même responsable, et que le jour de la grande fabrication des hommes et des romanciers, la Nature, par distraction a bien pu mêler les pâtes. Je me sens au cœur l'amour de Dickens pour les disgraciés et les pauvres, les enfances mêlées aux misères des grandes villes; j'ai eu comme lui . . . l'obligation de gagner mon pain avant seize ans: c'est là, j'imagine, notre plus grande ressemblance.

The gift of copying nature strictly and truly is one on which this great word-painter prides himself. He says:—

Je n'eus jamais d'autre méthode de travail . . . quelquefois je n'ai pu changer les noms propres, trouvant aux noms . . . l'impreinte ressemblante des gens qui les portent. Après certains de mes livres on a crié au scandale, on a parlé de romans à clefs; on a même publié les clefs . . . sans réfléchir que dans mes autres livres des figures vraies avaient posé aussi . . . perdues dans la foule où personne n'aurait songé à les chercher.


It is interesting to know that 'all the characters in *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* have lived or are now living. Even old Gardinois is a portrait—

ce vieillard égoïste et terrible . . . qui parfois sur la terrasse de son parc enveloppant de son regard avide les grands bâtiments de la ferme et du château, les bois, les cascades, disait à ses enfants assemblés: 'Ce qui me console de mourir, c'est qu'après moi aucun de vous ne sera assez riche pour conserver tout cela.'

During all this time while Daudet had been occupied with writing, sometimes producing two books in a year, he had come gradually to know all the great and interesting men in the political and literary world of Paris. It was at the house of Gustave Flaubert, who had instituted little Sunday dinners of four or five, which he quaintly called 'les diners des auteurs siffiés,' that Daudet first made the acquaintance, among others, of Tourguéneff. The description of his social life at this time is a most refreshing contrast to the scenes of loneliness and poverty with which the book opens; and the following letter written to him by Tourguéneff in 1877 (just twenty years after the memorable 1st of November; when the poor little underfed, ragged usher made his first appearance in Paris) is a fitting tribute, if any were needed, to the genius and the brave spirit of the boy who at fifteen (as his brother Ernest relates in *Mon Frère et moi*) looked to Paris for his salvation: 'C'est de là qu'il attendait la délivrance et le salut.'

Lundi, 24 Mai, '77.

Mon cher ami,—Si je ne vous ai parlé jusqu'à présent de votre livre, c'est que je voulais le faire longuement, et ne pas me contenter de quelques phrases banales. Je remets tout cela à notre entrevue, qui aura lieu bientôt, je l'espère, car voilà Flaubert qui revient un de ces jours.

Je me borne à dire une chose: le *Nabab* est le livre le plus remarquable et le plus inégal que vous avez fait. Si *Fromont et Risler* est représenté par une ligne droite ———, le *Nabab* doit être figuré ainsi , et les sommets des zigzags ne peuvent être atteints que par un talent de premier ordre. Je vous demande pardon de m'expliquer si géométriquement.

Je vous serre cordialement la main.

Votre

IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

MILLICENT LORD.

² *Mon Frère et moi*, par Ernest Daudet.

THE POWER OF 'SUGGESTION.'

ON a theme so peculiar and so difficult as the influence of Mind on Body, the only surmise admissible would be that the two separate natures could not subsist in their present intimate alliance and yet be wholly indifferent to one another; that they would have some kind of mutual co-operation, and that the actions of the one would be often a clue to the actions of the other. This subject has until now been chiefly studied from a theoretical point of view, but that there is a deeper and more practical side is well shown in an account printed in the *British Medical Journal* of proceedings which took place at the rooms of Messrs. Carter Brothers and Turner, dental surgeons, Leeds, where upwards of sixty of the leading medical men and dentists of the district witnessed a series of operations performed under hypnotic influence induced by Dr. Bramwell, the object of the meeting being to show the power of hypnotism to produce absolute anæsthesia in very painful and severe operations. The experiments answered perfectly. In one case the subject was put to sleep by the following letter:—

Dear Mr. Turner,—I send you a patient with the enclosed order. When you give it her she will fall asleep at once and obey your commands. J. MILNE BRAMWELL.

Order.—Go to sleep at once, by order of Dr. Bramwell and obey Mr. Turner's commands.

Sleep was induced at once, and was so profound that sixteen stumps were extracted painlessly. This is not the first occasion on which hypnotism has been employed to produce anæsthesia. Esdaile, during five years' practice in Calcutta used it to perform 261 painless operations, and in France similar genuine cases have been recorded; but surgeons soon perceived that it could not be produced in all patients, and even those who were the most susceptible had to undergo several daily hypnotisations before the operation, and that the opposite effect—hyperæsthesia, was developed in many patients, so chloroform or æther was adopted as the more convenient means.

Such a scene as that at Leeds carries our thoughts back to the time of Paracelsus, who first taught that in the human body there was a double magnetism—one attracting to itself the planets, whence came thought and the senses; the other attracted the elements, broke them up and derived flesh and blood; and that the magnetic virtue

of healthy persons attracts the enfeebled magnetism of those who are ill. The question is as old as the hills, and although rejected has always reappeared, is still being evolved, and has failed to take a place in science simply owing to a lack of method in the experiments. Mesmer no doubt drew largely on the voluminous treatises filled with contemptible arguments written by learned men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and as all Europe wished to be magnetised he gratified its wish by inventing a trough round which thirty or forty persons could be operated on at once. The patients were connected with each other by cords passing round their bodies, and by joining hands; silence, darkness, and a highly-strung expectation of some wonderful occurrence excited nervous crises in which may be traced the signs of a severe hysterical attack.

These convulsions are remarkable for their number, duration, and force, and have been known to persist for more than three hours. They are characterised by involuntary jerking movements in all the limbs and in the whole body, by contraction of the throat, by twitchings in the hypochondriac and epigastric regions, by dimness and rolling of the eyes, by piercing cries, tears and immoderate laughter. They are preceded or followed by a state of languor or dreaminess, by a species of depression, and even by stupor.

Such is the description given by an eye-witness. The matter attracted the notice of the French Government, and a commission of inquiry was appointed, which reported that the effects of magnetism were entirely due to the imagination.

They have observed that the crisis occurs more frequently in women than in men. . . . Women have, as a rule, more mobile nerves; their imagination is more lively and more easily excited; it is readily expressed and aroused. . . . It has been observed that women are like musical strings stretched in perfect unison; when one is moved all the others are instantly affected. . . . When the crisis occurs in one woman it occurs almost at once in others also. . . . This is due to the empire which nature has caused one sex to exert over the other, so as to arouse feelings of attachment and emotion. Women are always magnetised by men.

Mesmer's part became played out and he left France, his friends representing him as a man desirous of fame, but full of love for suffering humanity; public opinion, more harsh in its judgment, regards him as the type of the scientific charlatan. It was to one of his disciples, Puysegur, that the discovery of animal magnetism must be ascribed. Therapeutics was his object, and simple contact or spoken orders were substituted for the *baguette*. Instead of the contortions of hysteria there was a calm, peaceful, healthy, and composed slumber. There was no public exhibition, nothing to strike the imagination, and no selection of subjects from among silly and melancholic women. He, however, condemned the use of magnets, but this dogma has been falsified, and, as we are aware, electro-therapeutics has come into use.

Dr. James Braid, a Manchester surgeon, must be regarded as the

initiator of the scientific study of animal magnetism, for he directed the question into its proper field—that of observation and experiment. It was he who designated the artificial nervous sleep *hypnotism*. At first he was a sceptic, but he soon satisfied himself that the phenomena, however extraordinary, were quite genuine, and he therefore proceeded to conduct some experiments himself, and found that there was no transmission of a fluid, and that the subject had but to concentrate the gaze on any given object. The term *hypnotism* is exclusively applied to definite nervous states observable under certain conditions, subject to certain rules, caused by known, and in no sense mysterious, processes, and based on modifications of the functions of the patient's nervous system. It should not be considered merely as a matter of curiosity, for it is chiefly important as enabling us to study some physiological processes in man, especially the cerebral functions, and it is adapted to play a considerable part in psychology, as there is not a single fact of our mental life which may not be artificially reproduced by this means.

Within the last few years a school of the most eminent French medical men, connected with the Hospital of the Salpêtrière, has arisen, and the study of hypnotism has been pursued in a thoroughly scientific spirit, and with the greatest precaution to eliminate the element of conscious imposture. The three different states which may be looked upon as fundamental types are—the *lethargic*, the *cataleptic*, and *artificial somnambulism*.

Lethargic State.—Produced primarily by fixedly gazing at an object held within a certain distance from the eyes; consecutively to the cataleptic state by closing the eyelids or leading the subject into a perfectly dark place. A patient in a lethargic state is apparently in the deepest slumber; the eyes are closed, face expressionless, body helpless, and all the senses suspended. If the limbs are raised and dropped, they fall heavily back into the same position. On examining the muscles, however, it will be found that a direct mechanical excitement—friction, kneading, or the application of a magnet—will cause them to remain fixed in any attitude, and this is termed neuro-muscular hyperexcitability. It is a somewhat hazardous experiment to perform without an accurate knowledge of anatomy, and serious results have sometimes been produced. The mechanical excitement of the nerve-trunks produces contraction of all the muscles to which the excited nerve is distributed, and the phenomena cannot be simulated, for the trembling of the limb and the irregular breathing betray that the effort is voluntary, whereas in the hypnotised subject the respiratory rhythm does not vary, and the contracted limb is relaxed without the slightest irregularity. When the limb is not allowed to move in the direction of the excited muscles the excitement is transferred to the antagonistic muscles, and this form of *contracture* is peculiar to the lethargic condition.

Cataleptic state.—May be produced primarily by gazing steadily for a more or less prolonged period at a given object, by an intense unexpected noise, or a bright light; consecutively to the lethargic state by raising the eyelids. Immobility is the most striking characteristic. The limbs can be bent with the greatest ease, the eyes are wide open and the countenance expressionless. The attitudes can only be maintained for about a quarter of an hour, and not for an indefinite period as some imagine. A cataleptic limb does not tremble, it drops slowly and in a perfectly regular straight line. The strongest man trying to maintain such an attitude soon gets wearied, the limb quivers and breathing becomes hurried and irregular. If both eyes are closed lethargy ensues, and should one eye be kept open while the other is closed a mixed state is developed. The senses are partially awake.

Artificial somnambulism.—May be produced by slight friction or pressure on the scalps of those who have first been thrown into lethargy or catalepsy. The eyes are closed or half-closed; the eyelids generally quiver; when left to himself, the subject seems asleep, but even in this case the limbs are not in such a pronounced state of relaxation as when we have to do with lethargy. All parts of the body acquire an aptitude for cutaneous contractures, produced by lightly and repeatedly passing the hand over the surface of the limb or breathing gently on the skin. This contracture differs from that of hyperexcitability, as it cannot be relaxed by excitement of the antagonistic muscles, also from cataleptic immobility by the resistance encountered at the joints. The senses are not only awake, but greatly quickened in their action. A fact which seems to prove cerebral localisation, is that if strong pressure is exerted on the parts of the scalp which appear to correspond to motor centres, marked somnambulism of the limb to which the centres belong is produced.

The hypnotised subject seldom recollects on awakening what occurred during the sleep, but when asleep his memory embraces all the facts of his sleep, his waking state, and previous hypnotic slumbers. The forgetfulness is not absolute, and can be removed by putting the person on the right track. In this respect there is a close connection between natural and artificial sleep, for dreams are almost constantly forgotten, unless we write them down or tell a third person. Moreover, there are all the conditions present, both positive and negative, for the hallucinatory transformation of mental images into percepts, just as in a natural sleep; but hypnotism differs from natural sleep in the fact that the hallucinations are wholly due to external suggestion, whereas dreams chiefly take their rise from within and not from without; in the latter, images crowd the one upon the other, in the former the attention is concentrated on a limited and persistent idea, and the hypnotised subject acts out his

hallucination with a degree of force such as we do not find in ordinary slumber. Why the motor centres should in the one show such greater activity than in the other has not yet been explained, but this difference tends to bring the hypnotic state nearer to that of insanity.

Strictly speaking, *suggestion* is an operation producing a given effect on a subject by acting on his intelligence. Every suggestion essentially consists in acting on a person by means of an idea; every effect suggested is the result of a phenomenon of ideation, but it must be added that the idea is an epi-phenomenon; taken by itself, it is only the indicative sign of a certain physiological process, solely capable of producing a material effect (Binet and Féré).

It is difficult to define with exactness the conditions under which *suggestion* is possible, for on a sound healthy person it has no effect whatever, and 'to be successful the subject must either be spontaneously or artificially in a morbid state of receptivity. Ribot holds that consciousness is completely vacant in a person hypnotised, and that the idea suggested dominates the sleeping consciousness; Binet and Féré that, 'if the idea suggested exerts an absolute power over the intelligence, the senses and the movements, it is especially due to its intensity.' Verbal assertion is the means chiefly employed, and it is the most precise; you have but to say, 'There is an elephant at your feet,' and immediately the hallucination occurs. Gestures are inferior and only show good results after a long course of hypnotisation, but the wonderful quickness with which some subjects divine the slightest movement of the fingers, lips, or eyes is something marvellous. The position in which the limbs are placed is accompanied by definite muscular impressions which develop corresponding ideas in the brain; if the hand is raised and the forefinger bent, the idea is generated that a bird is perched on the finger.

It is recommended that in experiments strongly hysterical persons should be selected, that their pathological and physiological conditions, and also the nature of the processes used, should be defined with the utmost precision. While dealing with physical phenomena the operator is safe from fraud, but with hallucinations he is not, for these are subjective phenomena, personal to those who experience them, and, therefore, readily assumed. Only first experiments are to be relied on, as they are performed on virgin soil and are safe from *unconscious suggestion*, which frequently tends to vitiate results. Great care should be taken in preparing the patient and no loud criticism permitted, as they unconsciously make suggestions to the subject and thus diminish the value of the phenomena. Charcot has frequently produced the effects of burns on the skin by means of suggestion. It may be thought wonderful and even inexplicable that a fictitious image can be developed in a subject's brain by mere words, but the association of ideas is the cause of the hallucination. If she is told there is a bird in her lap, the words spoken conjure up the

mental image of a bird. The sense of sight may be employed, and when we make gestures that represent some flying object she will exclaim 'What a beautiful bird!' This also is due to association of ideas. Maury, in order to ascertain the result of external stimulation during *natural* sleep, submitted himself to a series of interesting experiments. He tells us that when a pair of tweezers were made to vibrate near his ear he dreamt of bells, when he smelt eau-de-Cologne he was transported to a perfumer's shop, and when the nape of his neck was pinched he dreamt a blister was being applied. Scherner, in *Das Leben des Traumes*, gives an amusing instance of a youth who was allowed to whisper his name into the ear of his obdurate mistress, with the result that she continually dreamt of him, which led to a happy change of sentiments on her part. The patter of rain, the song of birds, and the hum of insects incorporate themselves in our dream fancies.

Mrs. Besant, writing in the *Universal Review*, says that when the person is hypnotised the bodily functions are placed in a state of quiescence, rendering it possible for the sleeping consciousness, which is to the waking consciousness what a giant is to a dwarf, to come into action.

This luminous Eidolon, which shines out the more brightly as the bodily frame is unconscious, is the Inner Self, the true individuality, the higher Ego, which dwells in the body as the flame in the lamp, sending into the outer world such shafts of its radiance as can pierce its outer covering.

A puritanical old lady, to whom dancing was a deadly sin, has during hypnotic sleep been sent capering about by playing a reel tune and telling her to dance. If presented with a piece of paper and told it 'is a cake, the subject will eat it with relish.

We suggested to a hypnotised patient that when she awoke she would be unable to see F——. She could not see him, and asked what had become of him. We replied, 'He has gone out; you may return to your room.' She rose and said, 'Good morning,' and, going to the door, knocked up against F——, who had placed himself before it. We next took a hat, which she saw quite well, and touched it so as to be sure that it was there. We placed it on F——'s head, and words cannot describe her surprise when she saw the hat apparently suspended in air.

In another case a patient, X——, was told that she had become M. F——. On awakening she exactly imitated his gestures, stroking an imaginary moustache. When she was asked if she knew herself, she replied, 'Oh, yes, an hysterical patient. What do you think of her? She is not too wise.' 'Can there be a state of semi-hypnotism in which the brain, while retaining its full consciousness, is rendered susceptible to suggested hallucinations?' The conditions of the *seance* are darkened rooms, clasped hands, and rapt attention, conditions exactly similar to those adopted by Mesmer; and assuming that slight hypnotism—a state not recognised by the subjects who

vehemently declare on awakening that they have never lost consciousness, but have been present as observers of the phenomena produced by the experimenter—was induced in the spectators, the mysterious movements of chairs and tables, &c., could easily be explained.

Féré on one occasion ordered a patient in a state of somnambulism to stab M. B—— on awakening with a pasteboard knife which he placed in her hand. As soon as she awoke she rushed at him and struck him in the region of the heart. A case of this kind calls attention to the study of hypnotism from the medico-legal point of view, for an individual accused of a crime may plead that he acted under the influence of an impulse suggested during an hypnotic sleep, or a witness may be suspected of giving evidence dictated by hypnotic suggestion. If any criminal act has been committed on the subject she may be induced to mistake the identity of the culprit; the patient may be persuaded to write down admissions and confessions by which she may grievously wrong herself; the hypnotic subject may become the instrument of a terrible crime and all may be immediately forgotten—the suggestion, the instigator, and the crime.

Diseases caused by the *imagination* are real diseases, for as soon as a patient believes that he is affected by any functional disorder, some disturbance of the system is certain to ensue. A person suffering from hypochondria is frequently told that he is fanciful, and that there is nothing whatever amiss with him; but as he is really suffering the pain which he *suggests* to himself, he goes away thinking that his malady is not understood. Those who undertake miraculous cures act differently; they do not deny the affection, but suggest that it is curable by supernatural means, and by constantly inculcating this the patient ultimately accepts it and is cured. We should take a leaf out of their book, and not simply prescribe carelessly some medicine, but assert that the disease is capable of cure, is being cured, and will soon be got rid of. The treatment of some forms of hysteria by *massage* affords more speedy relief than other modes, a good deal from the fact that suggestion has been employed at the same time. The two therapeutic agents, hypnotic sleep and suggestion, are often confused, but they are not of equal value; the former has only a temporary action and should not be undertaken rashly, as frequently it may bring on nervous affections from which the patient was formerly free. Dr. Voisin, at a meeting of the British Medical Association in September 1889, made a communication on the treatment of insanity and neuroses by hypnotic suggestion, and on the application of the method to the moral and instinctive perversion of backward and imbecile children. He stated that until within the last few years no serious attempt had been made in this direction, and that it was generally supposed that the insane could not be hypnotised.

Dr. Voisin had been able to develop this method in his hospital

—the Salpêtrière—and private practice. Catalepsy should be carefully avoided, because the hypnotised individual ought to be able to preserve the use of his senses, especially of hearing. By this method he had cured persons suffering from hallucinations, delusions and from disturbances of special and general sensation. Suicidal ideas, acute and furious mania, had disappeared under the use of this method. The treatment had also succeeded in dipsomania and morphinomania. It has been used largely in English asylums, but not with the same success, and it seems probable that the patients in this country are not as susceptible as those in France.

What strange questions does it raise when we find that in certain abnormal conditions all that is most intimately connected with what we call soul, individuality and consciousness, can be annihilated or exchanged for those of another person by the mechanical process of exciting their corresponding brain-notions in another way? What are love and hate if a magnet applied to a hypnotised patient can transform one into another? What is personal identity if the suggestion of a third person can make an hysterical girl forget it so completely as to make her talk of herself as a distant acquaintance 'who is not over-wise'? What is the value of the evidence of the senses if a similar suggestion can make us see the hat, but not the man who wears it, or dance half the night with an imaginary partner? . . . Can the antithesis between soul and body, spirit and matter, be evolved by being resolved into one element and universal substratum of existence? (S. Laing.)

The subject put like this is somewhat appalling, and gives rise to an alarming thought that our normal mental life is very closely allied to insanity and graduates away into it by extremely fine transitions. A little reflection, however, will show that the case is not as bad as it is painted. If in the course of human history our nervous system has been gradually developed into its present complex form, it follows that these structures, which have to do with the highest intellectual processes, have been evolved the most recently; consequently they would be the least deeply organised, and therefore the least stable. The most sane of us, if we give ourselves up to the excessive indulgence in the intoxicating mysteries of Spiritualistic séances, might become the victim of absurd hallucination. The wisest course to pursue is to keep well within the sphere of normal condition, and not to branch out—except for scientific investigation—into abnormality, whose by-paths all converge ultimately towards insanity.

C. THEODORE EWART.

THE SOLDIER'S BARRACK-ROOM.

THE Barracks Act 1890, which has just been passed with the unanimous approval of the Legislature, will afford the means of effecting great improvements which have been patiently waited for by the army.

The Act, which gives great discretion to the Secretary of State, proposes that, out of a total of 4,100,000*l.*, about two millions should be expended on camps, one million and three-quarters on present barracks, and a quarter of a million on the purchase of land and buildings, while 200,000*l.* are left as contingent expenses. So far as camps are concerned, it is now allowed by everybody that it is absolutely necessary to have means of associating at exercise in considerable numbers the various branches of the service, so that both the troops may learn how to co-operate in manœuvres and general officers gain experience in command.

The second heading of expenditure proposed, viz. barracks, forms a subject which has not for many years received much attention from the public. It cannot indeed be denied that military matters generally are now looked on with much more interest than was once bestowed upon them. It was the Crimean war, with its many hardships, that first fully awakened the thoughtful concern of the present generation for the welfare of the soldier. That feeling once roused was maintained by the tragic scenes of the Indian Mutiny, and was permanently widened and deepened by the development of the Volunteer army. The effect of the Volunteer movement, coupled with that of the modern system of short service in the regular army, has been such that there is scarcely a family which has not among its members some one who has served in either branch, and who has made the Queen's uniform familiar in every home.

Barrack construction, however, is not a popular subject; it has been looked upon more or less as a technical question for the Royal Engineers and Army Medical Staff, and it has not forced itself upon the attention of Volunteers, as they have been but rarely and for short periods quartered in permanent barracks.

To the ordinary civilian, barracks appear the usual conglomeration of buildings which denote some public institution, and the surrounding

enclosure walls have prevented the detail of the internal arrangements from coming under the eye of the passer-by, to whom the barrack life of the soldier is almost entirely unknown. For some reason or other in bygone days barracks were kept more or less out of sight, and when these buildings formed part of a fortification, or were constructed with a special view to defence, this could hardly be avoided; but when such objects did not exist, or were unimportant, it was undesirable, for sanitary and other reasons, to shut in and closely screen off the barrack yard. This is the view taken in more recent times, whether in deference to the requirements of altered construction or of sentiment, so that more is now seen of the soldier on parade—and there is no sight which pleases people better than that of a regiment at drill. A well-known instance of how this change of sentiment has operated can be quoted with reference to the Wellington Barracks for the Guards in St. James's Park. The drill-ground there was formerly closed in by a high and close wooden hoarding, so that it was impossible to see anything of the interior; but about 1875 this hoarding was entirely removed, and the whole drill-ground was thrown open to the public gaze, much to the sanitary advantage of the barracks, while the satisfaction and pleasure of the people have been shown by the large numbers who stand and watch the movements of the troops.

But, although some barrack squares have been opened out and the soldier at drill is a common sight, the internal arrangements of the buildings which he inhabits are known well to few except the officials connected with them, and it is only at such times as the present, when a large expenditure has been determined upon, that a desire arises to know more intimately some of the details of barrack life. It cannot be doubted that the conditions of their everyday life are a large element in determining the bearing and character of the men, for they cannot escape, any more than others, from the strong influence of environment, and the manner of life inside the barracks is certain to be reflected in the conduct of a soldier when he walks out into the town. At present the cry is heard from one end of the country to the other that better accommodation must be provided for the masses, and social reformers look to more sanitary and comfortable dwellings as certain to produce an immense improvement in the character and habits of the people: it is therefore not inopportune to inquire in this connection what has already been done for the housing of the soldier, and to consider if anything more in this direction is required.

We have not to go very far back in searching for the time when the principles which govern modern barrack construction were investigated and determined. It was so recently as 1855, when Lord Panmure, whose hands were at the time pretty full with the care of the army in the Crimea, appointed a Committee, under the Chairmanship of Viscount Monck, 'to consider the subject of the barrack accom-

modation to be in future provided for the army.¹ This Committee in their Report lay great weight on the effect barracks have on the social habits of the men. They say that

the accommodation hitherto provided in barracks, notwithstanding an improvement in those built of late years, has been generally inadequate, both for the comfort and convenience of the soldiers and for the creation of a higher tone of social habits amongst them . . . and they feel certain that considerations of economy should not be allowed to overbear the demands of a sanitary and moral character.¹

This Committee was followed in 1867 by a Royal Commission for improving Barracks and Hospitals. The necessity for action had been shown to be most urgent by the Report of Commissioners on the sanitary state of the army,² in which it was proved that, while the average annual death-rate of England and Wales at that time was 9·2 per 1,000: it was among all arms of the service on home stations 17·5 per 1,000, or nearly double. The principles laid down by the Committee of 1855 and the Commission which followed it have, with little alteration, determined the lines on which barracks are at present built. The suggestions made were as numerous as important, but they may be generally and roughly summarised as including an ample supply of fresh air and a perfect system of drainage; means for cooking satisfactorily a varied diet for the men; a well-regulated canteen, together with a library and other means of recreation. Probably none of the barrack arrangements investigated required reform so much as the manner in which the families of married men had been provided for.³ No separate accommodation had ever been allotted for the reception of private soldiers' wives: in some cases they were lodged in the rooms with the unmarried men, with no means of separation from them except a curtain suspended round the bed; in other cases several couples were placed in the same room, separated from each other by curtains or blankets hung from the roof. As a specimen of these dwellings the description of some rooms at Edinburgh Castle may be given.⁴

The basements are arched, and several of them were occupied by married people. The basement rooms nearest the rock have no direct communication with the external air. Several of the basement rooms had the windows entirely open, but they nevertheless smelt abominably, and they cannot be healthy. Smallpox had prevailed among the children in these basements. They are, at all events, not fit to be inhabited by a number of human beings.

In this matter, and in many other respects, there was in 1855 ample room for improvement, and a great advance has been made within the last thirty years. The speech of the Minister for War on the 28th of February last set out very fully the deplorable state of many of the old barracks even at the present time, and the neces-

¹ Page iii.

² Page 1.

³ *Report*, 1855, p. iv.

⁴ *Interim Report San. Com.*, p. 171.

sity for the expenditure now proposed ; but, at any rate, the new buildings which have been erected since 1860 will in most respects compare favourably with those of other public institutions. The constructional work has been carried out (under the direction of the Secretary for War and the Commander-in-Chief and their advisers) by the Royal Engineers almost without exception ; the Inspector-General of Fortifications having for this purpose a special department under him whose attention is directed entirely to barrack construction and maintenance.

If anyone walks through a recently constructed infantry barracks he will find a commodious mess establishment and quarters for the officers ; several large blocks containing the soldiers' rooms ; and also a detached building containing the quarters for married non-commissioned officers and men. The quarters for families are not large, affording for the private only two rooms and a scullery ; but they are comfortable, and possibly sufficient for his means as regards size.

Besides the foregoing buildings a mess is provided for the sergeants, where they have their meals and may spend their leisure time apart from the men. For general regimental use there exists a canteen or grocer's store, where beer may be had ; a reading-room and library, a recreation-room and coffee-bar. There will also be a gymnasium, a skittle alley, and fives court. But this does not finish the list. Several other important buildings still remain to be noted, among them a hospital of the most recent type : a chapel school, together with a general kitchen for the men, as also a washhouse and laundry for the women. Lastly, if the stores, offices, and guard-room are mentioned, the most prominent buildings which go to make up the modern English barrack will have been named. It is of course to be understood that ample means of ablution, such as baths and sanitary appliances, are arranged in more or less convenient positions.

There are few who have the patience to read the foregoing summary who will not readily understand that a barrack is a somewhat complex but complete establishment or colony, and they may think that the remark, '*trop de luxe*,' once made by a Russian general inspecting a modern metropolitan barracks, was not very surprising or inappropriate. Indeed the greater part of the accommodation provided in new barracks is so complete that it would be difficult to criticise it unfavourably ; but there remains one portion, and that an important portion, viz. the soldiers' rooms, which do not appear as yet to have reached the highest stage of evolution. We find the men's rooms about the year 1838 described as follows :⁵—

At the same time in England the men slept in beds in two tiers like the berths of a ship ; and not unfrequently each bed held four men. When it is added that neither in the West Indies nor in the home service was such a thing as an opening for ventilation ever thought of, the state of the air can be imagined.

⁵ Parkes's *Hygiene*, p. 536, ed. 187

On reading such an account we are not surprised, to learn that the death-rate was high, and when it is remembered that the bedroom was also all the dining and living room the men had, it will be allowed that things were about as bad as they could be. Passing on from this period to that of 1860, already shown to have been one of great activity in the public mind with regard to barrack affairs, we are told by the Royal Commissioners that, 'considered in relation to health, almost every infantry barrack-room is very much overcrowded,' and yet the importance of this as bearing on the efficiency of the army appears to have been hitherto very imperfectly appreciated.⁶

The Commission dealt with the overcrowding by a recommendation as regards air space, that every man should have an allowance of 600 cubic feet, and they suggested that, instead of rooms of very varied size, such as they had found in existing barracks, the normal barrack-room should contain from twenty to thirty beds and provide for men of the same company being housed together.

These then were the steps by which the type of modern barrack-room has been reached. It was fully developed at the period of the army localisation scheme about 1875, when numerous dépôt centres were erected throughout the country, in which the soldiers' rooms appear as large open dormitories for between twenty and thirty men, with windows on two sides, and ventilated by numerous inlet and outlet gratings. The beds are ranged along the outer walls, and the whole in fact closely resembles a large infirmary ward. Recently there seems to be a tendency to arrange the plan of these large rooms like a T instead of an I, as they were originally designed.

The aim of the authorities had been to arrive at a thoroughly sanitary room, and this doubtless has been reached.⁷ The question however arises, granting that an ample supply of fresh air is essential in a healthy dwelling, Are there not other points of vast importance to be considered with reference to the *comfort* of the men? Without losing sight of the fact that the soldier has a reading-room, and a room for games, &c., it may well be doubted if he has in his barrack-room a comfortable home. The evidence of the present Adjutant-General may be taken as conclusive on this head. He says, 'Much yet remains to be done by the Government in the way of making men's barrack-rooms more habitable and comfortable. We cannot expect men to sit night after night in their present cheerless, comfortable, and dreary sleeping-rooms, for with us the soldier has his meals in the room where he sleeps.'⁸

⁶ Page 33.

⁷ The results of improved sanitation in lowering the death-rate in the army have been marvellous. They are thus referred to by the late Sir E. Chadwick, the father of sanitary science: 'We have the experience that the lives saved by improved sanitation in the army have been upwards of 40,000, or yearly, 4000.'—Meeting of Association for Social Science, 1881.

⁸ *Harper's Magazine*, February 1890, p. 342.

This is not a very satisfactory result to have arrived at after thirty years of sanitary improvements, and it points to the necessity of taking into account the personal comfort of the soldier, as well as the supply of fresh air. Here, then, is the great question to be solved in barrack construction, and the object of this paper is to try and indicate one at least of the principles which ought to be held in view, in endeavouring to produce a feeling of greater comfort among the men.

A considerable experience in the work of superintending the erection of new barracks and in taking charge of the maintenance of old barracks has persuaded me that the great want of the private soldier is some privacy, however restricted it may be. At present he has none; not for one hour out of the twenty-four is the man alone; by night in the large open barrack-room he is in the midst of some twenty others like himself; during the day without any relief he is in the society of his comrades. Now, let it be granted that the soldier's temperament should be eminently social, and that his comrades are pleasant and agreeable, there is even then no nature, with the least sensibility, which would not, under these conditions, experience some feeling of weariness, some desire to rest quietly alone, even for a short time now and again. But in the army this deprivation of all privacy goes on with the rank and file for years, and cannot fail to have a blunting effect on the moral nature. It is in the barrack-room that this is acutely felt. The recruit on joining has a natural and keen sense of what is called shame when he finds that every morning and evening his toilet has to be performed before a score of other men; and although this sentiment may pass away, there is a distinct loss in the amount of self-respect which also disappears. It is more than an inconvenience to the private that he cannot find some place where he can sit down alone and read a book or write a letter to his friends. But it may be well at once to make it clear that what is now being considered is a permanent barracks at home. In the camp or field all the circumstances are changed, and the soldier has to endure whatever may be necessary to arrive at a great general result; happily the British private has never failed in this respect in the past, nor is he likely to do so in the future, however comfortable or uncomfortable he may have been in barracks at home in times of peace. In the same way in some foreign countries there may be conditions of climate which make it necessary for the sake of health to adopt arrangements for the most free and unrestricted movement of air. But at home these difficulties are not serious, and may be easily overcome. Some guidance to our feelings about these large barrack-rooms may be got by thinking of the shrinking there is among men in ordinary civil life from the 'double-bedded room'; a room for oneself seems a necessity, and the particular size of it becomes a matter of detail. This desire for privacy is probably more strongly developed in the English

than among other nations, and belongs to the same order of thought as the dogma that the Englishman's house is his castle. It is not, however, among the well-to-do classes only that the wish for a separate bed-room exists; the poorest appear equally to appreciate the boon, which poverty puts in so many cases beyond their reach. For example, in the common lodging-houses which have been erected in Glasgow and Edinburgh and are now proposed for London, small compartments are constructed in huge dormitories allowing each man a small space screened off for his bed, with room to dress and undress; and the result has been most satisfactory; the population which occupy such dwellings are not only satisfied, but all the more orderly in consequence of the better arrangements, and the improved behaviour of the lodgers in these houses has been very marked. Turning to another quarter, the new stations for some police forces are being furnished with cubicles for the single constables, who infinitely prefer that arrangement to the system of large open dormitories, which is now being abandoned.

If, then, such a movement is going on in civil life, it seems desirable that it should be taken note of in barrack-room construction, more especially as the exuberant feelings of a large number of young men in association do not naturally tend to quiet and very orderly behaviour. A remark made not long ago by a young soldier who had been a short time in the service, and had for some military offence been placed in the guard-room cells for a night, may be mentioned. He was asked his experience how he liked the cells, and replied, 'Very well; it was the first quiet night I have had since I joined.' This was doubtless exaggeration, but it indicates that his barrack-room was not exactly the place for one wishing for quiet and repose.

Another matter to be carefully considered in connection with the housing of the soldiers is this: the system of short service has brought about the demand for a much larger number of recruits annually than was required under the long service *régime*, and not only have the general social habits of the classes who formerly almost entirely supplied the army with men, improved since 1860, but many more young men from the better ranks of life are joining the army. A strong reason is thus afforded for urging that some moderate privacy should be afforded to every man; and it is probably not going too far to require that the conditions of barrack life should be such that any one should be able to serve in the ranks without feeling his self-respect in any degree lowered, or his mode of living uncomfortable; on the contrary, the flow of recruits to the ranks should be by every means in our power facilitated and encouraged. With this object it is proposed that new barracks should be so constructed that the recruiting sergeant could promise every man that he should have at least at home a compartment in his barrack-room to himself.

There is no great engineering or other difficulty attending this

proposal. An apartment like the present large barrack-room very slightly modified in dimensions would afford the main chamber, on each side of which and against the outer walls would be erected iron or other suitable partitions enclosing spaces about six feet wide and eight feet long. One of these cubicles would be given to each soldier, and in it he would have his bed and all his belongings disposed in a fixed and regular order. The windows should be arranged so that each man should have part of one in his chamber. The partitions need not be high, probably six feet would suffice, while at the bottom they might be kept a little above the floor. The compartment would of course be open at the top. Down the centre of the large room would run a passage from which the sleeping chambers would be entered. By a proper arrangement of inlet and outlet gratings, ventilation could be carried out quite effectually, while the heating could be done either by the present open fire, which is not very efficient, or preferably by a combination of open fire and hot-water piping.

It may be remarked that such an arrangement would preclude the barrack-room from being what it is now, both a bed-room and dining-room. The reply is that it would no doubt tend to that end—a very desirable end—but it would not absolutely prevent the continuance of the present arrangement. As to the propriety of having a separate dining-room for the men, it should not be forgotten that the Committee on Barrack Improvement forty-five years ago set forward as their very first recommendation that a dining-room should be provided separate and distinct from the sleeping-room, and that the soldier should have the free use of both. Dining-rooms for the soldiers are, nevertheless, still very exceptional. They probably will become more general in the future, and they need not entail a very much increased cost if the space now allotted as reading and recreation rooms is recast on a new model. But it is essential that in every case the dining-room should lie within easy reach of the barrack-room, and the passages to it should be covered so that the men could reach it without getting wet when it happened to rain. A dining-room inconveniently placed would be sure to produce very unfavourable comment; but arranged in a position close to the men's room, it would be the natural complement of a barrack-room with cubicles.

As the financial aspect of any new proposal is most important in determining its practicability, it remains to say something about the additional charge which the provision of cubicles would entail if carried out in a new barrack. It is estimated that a sum of 4,000*l.* would be required in the case of a barrack accommodating 600 rank and file, and this would pay for the additional air space per man which the construction would entail, as well as the partitions themselves. It will therefore be granted that on financial grounds the proposal could hardly be rejected, for the additional cost would

be quite trifling when compared with the total estimate for building a barrack, nor is it likely that it would be grudged by the House of Commons if its members were satisfied that an essential improvement was thereby to be effected in the barrack life of the private soldier.

If, then, the financial difficulties in the way are not serious, there appear to be none others that are important. If it be said that the maintenance of order would be more difficult with cubicles, there is the experience of those dealing with the lowest classes to prove that separate compartments result in increased order, and it is apparent that the origin of any noise could be more easily localised with cubicles than without them. Sanitary conditions, on the other hand, can be perfectly well fulfilled in a room with cubicles, by a through current of air when the room is empty, and inlet and extract openings when it is occupied, while draughts such as are almost inseparable from a large open room would be entirely avoided. There may, however, be some who think that the provision of a separate compartment for the soldier would be an unnecessary luxury, and one which would not be fully appreciated by every man in the ranks. It may be so, but if every soldier at present serving may not be able to appreciate the boon, a large proportion certainly can, and that proportion is continually increasing with the improvements of ordinary social life; so that even from this point of view it does not appear unwise, in erecting barracks which will last for many years, to take account of those growing requirements of the present time which may be expected to expand in the future.

A. B. MCHARDY.

THE HEBREW HELL.

ISAAC BARROW, in his *Sermons on the Creed*, speaking of the clause 'He descended into hell,' asks the following questions: 'Is hell a state of being, or a place? if a place, is it that where bodies are reposed, or that to which souls go? if a place of souls, is it the place of good and happy souls, or bad and miserable ones; or indifferently and in common of both these? for such a manifold ambiguity these words have, or are made to have; and each of these senses are (*is*) embraced and contended for.' It is proposed in the present paper to attempt a solution of these questions, and others of a similar kind about the condition of hell, its names, its locality, its creation, its final cause, its extent, its rulers, its victims, its tortures, and its duration, from a Rabbinical point of view.

The soul of man, when separated from the body, seems to have been to the earliest imaginations a weak and flaccid thing, seeking for itself some place of rest and security, to compensate for that earthly home of which it has been deprived. Its local habitation was probably at first supposed to be the grave, afterwards some vast unseen territory, and ultimately, in the case of the bad soul, a place of punishment. These three different senses have all been included under the Hebrew term for hell in the Old Testament.

It seems probable that the early Hebrews had no idea of hell in our modern sense of a place of punishment. Until the majestic solitude and original simplicity of Hebrew theology was tainted by the adulterations of an alien belief, *Sheol*, or hell, was for them the one place whither all go, where the dead are which know not anything, where man hath no pre-eminence over a beast, where one lieth down and riseth not again—the silent dark, into which none that go down can praise God. There was the home of that feeble congregation of shadows, the inhabitants of the land of stillness. There they rested like hybernating buds or beasts, to which no summer may ever come again. There, in fine, was peace. 'Why,' asked the ghost of Samuel of Saul, 'why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?' That was its first question, as if the flitting spirit resented a return to the upper world from that haven of repose where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The belief in a place of punishment hereafter seems to have arisen

from a reflection in the minds of the crudely philosophical on the prosperity of the wicked. A certain sense of poetic justice and of ultimate compensation introduced probably the doctrine of a penal hell. And much discussion has arisen about the question whether the Jews borrowed their hell from the Greeks or from the Persians after the Babylonish captivity. There seems, however, no sufficient reason why they should have been indebted for their ideas on this subject to either. When Job and the authors of some of the Psalms consoled themselves by the reflection that the triumph of the wicked was short, that they would fly away ultimately as a dream and perish for ever, that though they spread themselves like green bay trees (trees indigenous to the soil in which they grew), and sprang and flourished like grass, yet it was to this end only, that they should be for ever destroyed, they set out on the line, which leads to the terminus of an avenging hell.

The word hell has been used in the A.V. as a translation of the Hebrew word *Sheol*. The LXX render the word Hades sixty-one out of sixty-five times in which it occurs. In the A.V. in about half that number of times it is translated hell. This translation is unfortunate, because the common meaning of hell is a place of punishment. The R.V. has, therefore, in many passages left the original *Sheol*, or substituted another rendering. For instance, in 2 Sam. xxii. 6, 'cords of Sheol' is substituted for 'sorrows of hell.' Two derivations have been suggested for the word *Sheol*, from two Hebrew roots, the one signifying 'to ask,' the other 'to be hollow.' The former is supported by the passage in Proverbs concerning the four things that are never satisfied: the grave—the *Orcus rapax* of Catullus—is continually asking (Prov. xxx. 15); or by the idea that those in *Sheol* are under the 'question,' in the sense in which it is used by Ayliffe, of rack or torture; or by the fact that the state after death is the subject of universal inquiry—the thing about which all men are inquisitive. The latter derivation, which Gesenius seems to regard with favour, speaking of other etymological conjectures as hardly worth a mention, is supported by one of its admirers as connected with the German *holle hohl* (hollow), and *Höhle* a cavity, from which *Hölle* or hell is, according to this scholar, derived. But hell is perhaps better understood etymologically as a covered place, *locus visibus nostris subtractus*, as Grotius calls it, the unseen, the Greek Hades. Ihre rejects both these conceptions in his derivation of the old Scandinavian *hæl*, since he says the notion of death preceded that of hell, and the first of mankind wanted probably a word for death before they wanted a word for the realm of Pluto or the domiciles of the dead. *Sheol*, as interpreted by biblical science rather than polemical theology, is, we learn from various passages in the Old Testament, correspondent in several respects to the hell of Homer. It is under-

ground, in the land beneath; it is deep, it is dark. Poetry gives it gates and bars, 'the gates of the grave' (Is. xxxviii. 10); 'the bars of the pit' (Job xvii. 16). Metaphor provides it with valleys. It is cruel as jealousy (Cant. viii. 6). It is insatiable as the barren womb, the earth, and the fire, opening its mouth without measure and swallowing down all the pomp, and pleasure, and bravery, and glory and gallantry of the world. It is the evening land where all things are forgotten; the place of darkness and inactivity and sorrow, where there is no work nor device nor knowledge. It is the abode of the Rephaim (curiously translated in Prov. xxi. 16, 'the synagogue of giants,' by the LXX), of the congregation of the shadows of the dead, of all the trees of Eden, of the choice and best of Lebanon, of Asshur and of Elam, of Tubal and Meshech, of Pharaoh, of the Zidonians, and of Edom (Ezek. xxxii.); it is the abode of the good as well as of the wicked; it is the grave in the widest sense of the word, a state of being rather than a place, no receptacle of wood or stone, in earth or sea; it is almost commensurate with death, or rather the permansion in death. Persons cremated or eaten by tigers may be said to be in *Sheol*. Jacob said, 'I will go down into *Sheol* unto my son mourning, but an evil beast hath devoured him.'

Sheol is also understood by some philosophical Jews to mean *hizuli harishon*, or *ἵλη*, or *materia prima*, which in the language of the law, says R. Bechai, is called *Tohu*. A discussion of this signification would lead the reader too far away from the subject of the present paper. It is for this reason that no notice has been taken of the varied esoteric meanings of the strange Rabbinic stories which will be found in the following pages, though they have the liveliest interest for those who care to study them. These inquirers are, however, comparatively few. Maimonides hardly thought of the ordinary public when, in his 'Teacher of the Perplexed,' he told his disciples to number themselves among 'those who are anxious to unriddle the enigmas of prophecy, to awake from oblivion's sleep, to escape from the sea of silliness, and to rise to the realms of supernal truth.'

But though few have laboured to unriddle, many have rejoiced to revile these fanciful allegories of the learned Rabbis, these figurative lessons of Haggadic or homiletic exegesis in their literal sense, and to laugh to scorn the extravagances which are the outcome of their own system of interpretation. They read, for instance, how R. Benjamin, owing to the multiplicity of demons—those millions of errant, unseen, spiritual creatures in whom Milton seems to have believed—advised his pupils to be cautious how they opened their eyes, lest devils might enter between the lids, and then cry aloud with the excellent Wagenseil, 'O was für ein scharffer Rabbinischer Verstand lässt sich hier wieder sehen,' and ask, are these of the oracles which Saul of Tarsus allowed to be the pre-eminent privilege and advantage (Rom. iii. 2) of the sons of Israel? They read the

well-known Midrash of the precious stone of healing which was transferred from Abraham's neck to the surface of the solar star, and regard it as an actual occurrence rather than a symbolic vision. And they read the fable of the trees trembling at the creation of iron, and of the reply of the iron, 'I cannot hurt you, unless yourselves give me a handle,' without apprehending or caring to apprehend its moral or secondary meaning, of the danger likely to arise to Israel from internal disintegration.

The names of hell in Hebrew are, according to a Rabbinic commentator, seven. It is called *Abaddon* or Destruction, according to Joshua ben Levi, in the passage—'Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in *destruction*?' (Ps. lxxxviii. 11). *Tsalmaveth*, or the Shadow of Death, in 'such as sit in darkness and in the *shadow of death*' (Ps. cvii. 10). *Sheol* in the commencement of the lamentation of the prophet Jonah, when he says, 'Out of the belly of *hell* (*Sheol*) cried I' (Jonah ii. 2). *Shachath* or *Bir Shachath*, corruption or the well of corruption, in 'neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see *corruption*' (Ps. xvi. 10). *Bor Shaon*, the cistern of sound, that is, the sound of the echoes in its hollow vastness, in 'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit' (Ps. xl. 3.) These last two words, having the marginal annotation Heb. *a pit of tumult*, are interpreted 'a cistern of sound' by Joshua ben Levi. *Tit Hayyaven*, or mire of clay, as in the continuation of the preceding passage, 'out of the *miry clay*,' and *Eretz tachthith*, the lower land, or the '*nether parts of the earth*' (Ezek. xxxi. 18). To these may be added *Topheth*, *Emek habbacha*, the valley of weeping, or *Bacha*, or *balsam*, or *mulberry*, (Ps. lxxxiv. 7), and *Alukah*, the horse-leech or the vampire (Prov. xxx. 15).

All these names seem to indicate hell in its primary sense of Hades—the covered or unseen world—not hell in its popular intendment of a place of torment. The common Hebrew word for hell in this latter signification is Gehinnom. Gehinnom, the valley of Hinnom, or Ge ben-Hinnom, the valley of the son of Hinnom—for it bears both these names in Joshua, who mentions it in his description of the borders of the tribe of Judah—was, says Rabbi David Kimchi, or Radak, as he is commonly called, from the first letters of his name, a place in the land lying near Jerusalem, and the place was contemptible, and people cast there their carcasses and pollutions, and there was there a fire perpetually to burn their pollutions and their bones (2 Kings xxiii. 10). Therefore, by way of simile, says Radak, the place of judgment of the wicked was called Gehinnom. Elias Levita in his celebrated 'Tishbi' says the Rabbis called the place of the punishment of the wicked after their death Gehinnom, because the valley of the son of Hinnom, lying near Jerusalem, was a place defouled, where children were burnt in honour of Molech. The children, says R. David de Pomis in his 'Tsemach David,' were burnt

in one of the chancels called in Jeremiah, vii. 31 the 'high places' of Topheth. A description of the idol and of the process of burning is given in Yalkut, a collection of Midrashim. It is taken from the particular and well-known Midrash of Tanchuma or Yelammedenu. The houses of idols, says the Rabbinic exegetist, were generally within Jerusalem; that, however, of Molech was outside of it. This idol had seven chancels. Its face was that of a calf. Its hands were stretched out, as those of a man who stretches out his hands to receive somewhat from his companion. They kindled fire within it, for it was perforated and hollow, and every man came in after the value of his offering or Korban. He who came in with a fowl entered the first chancel, he who came in with a sheep entered the second, with a lamb the third, with a calf the fourth, with a heifer the fifth, with an ox the sixth, but he who came in with his own begotten child, him they caused to enter the seventh. He entered, and kissed the idol. This serves to explain the passage in Hosea xiii. 2: 'Let the sacrificers of men kiss the calves.' Then the child was set before Molech, and the father kindled the fire within the idol till its hands were red like flame, and took the suckling and set it within its hands: what time the priests beat drums and smote them with a mighty sound, so that the voice of the young one might not come forth and his father hear it, and his bowels yearn upon his son. The passage concludes with an etymology. The place was called Ben Hinnom because of the roaring of the child from the force of the fire, or because the bystanders cried out 'May it profit thee,' that is, 'May it be sweet to thee, and season thy food.' The Hebrew words for 'roaring' and 'profit' bear some resemblance to Hinnom. Rabbi Shelomoh ben Yitschak, the celebrated Rashi, tells us that the idol was made of brass, and that Topheth was so called from Toph, the Hebrew for a drum. The form of the word, however, betrays a foreign origin. It may be Assyrio-Persian, and derived from *taftan*, to burn. The derivation from the Chaldee obsolete *tuph*, 'to spit,' is rendered unlikely by the fact that the place was so called by the devotees of Molech themselves. The Chaldee interpreter of Isaiah xxx. 33 explains Topheth or Tophteh by Gehinnom, and it is certain that it is one of the later names of hell.

The Cabalists (or more exactly Kabbalists) conceive that there are two hells, or two kinds of Gehinnom, the upper and the lower, one for the body in this world, another for the soul in the world to come hereafter, wherein it will be entirely purged; and the place comprehending these is called *Arka*, and therein are seven lodges of agony for the damned, namely, Gehinnom, and the Gates of Death, and the Shadow of Death, and the Pit of Corruption, and the Mire of Clay, and Abaddon, and Sheol. So wrote Joseph ben Abraham Gikatilla in his 'Garden of the Nut,' the *chef d'œuvre* of Cabalistic theology. The punishments in these lodges are carefully graduated according to the guilt of the

sinners. The lodges are set one under the other, and as the lodges differ, so also the fires differ. Ordinary fire is one-sixtieth (in the Muslim hell it is one-seventieth) of the heat of the fire of Gehinnom, which is one-sixtieth of the heat of the fire of the Gates of Death; the fire of the Gates of Death is one-sixtieth of the heat of the fire of the Shadow of Death, and so on till Abaddon, which is one-sixtieth of the heat of the fire of Sheol; and these, says Joseph ben Abraham, are matters which no man can demonstrate to be false. The light sinner will be judged with light fire, and the heavy sinner with heavy fire, and the punishment will be according to the guilt, and of this there is no doubt. For instance, the lodge of Absalom is the second lodge; that of Korah, the third; that of Jeroboam, the fourth; that of Ahab, the fifth; and that of Micah, the sixth. The guilt of him who sows a vineyard with divers seeds, or wears a garment of divers sorts, though a heavy guilt; is not as the guilt of him who slays a man, or profanes the Sabbath with intention, or worships idols. The hell above corresponds in its lodges, and in every other respect, with the hell below, but the soul is afflicted with a more subtle fire. After the separation of the soul from the body, the body eats its corporeal fruits in the corporeal world, the soul eats its intellectual fruits in the intellectual world which is to come. So far the exponent of the Cabala, Joseph ben Abraham Gikatilla. The Rabbis add that the upper hell is for the sinners of Israel who have transgressed the commandments of the law, and have not repented. The lower hell is for the uncircumcised, the unbelievers, the Sabbath-breakers.

Maimonides, in his *Law of Man* (folio 97), gives a somewhat different account of these lodges. According to him, there are in every lodge ten peoples of the seventy into which the Gentile world is divided. Absalom is in the first, Doeg in the second, Korah and his company in the third, Jeroboam in the fourth, Ahab in the fifth, Micah in the sixth, and Elisha, son of Abuya, in the seventh. R. Joshua ben Levi says that these are not struck or burnt as the others, because they are of God's dear ones, who said on Sinai, 'We will do and be obedient' (Ex. xxiv. 7). This Rabbi measured the lodges and found them all equal—one hundred miles long and fifty broad, with very many pits and lions of fire therein. Nineteen angels preside, says the Koran, over hell. Here we find that in every lodge is an angel: in that of Absalom is Kushiël; in the others, Lahatiël, Shaftiël, Maccathiël, Chutriel, Pasiël, and Dalkiël in order. These avengers beat the sinners with rods of fire, and then cast them into one of the pits, where the lions devour them, after which they rise again, are again beaten, and cast into another pit. The repetition of punishment is shown in Ps. ix. 18, where the words are not 'go down' but 'shall be turned.' This takes place seven times a day and three times in the night, and no one of the sufferers sees his fellow,

because of the darkness, for all the darkness which was before the creation of the world is there.

The seven palaces or lodges of hell correspond with the seven appellations of the *Yetser Hara*, which is called by God, Gen. viii. 21, the evil imagination; by Moses, Deut. x. 6, the uncircumcised; by David, Ps. li. 10, the unclean; by Solomon, Prov. xxv. 21, the enemy; by Isaiah, lvii. 14, the stumbling-block; by Ezekiel, xi. 19, the stone; and by Joel, ii. 20, the northern or midnight wind.

We learn from other authorities that every lodge is a journey of 300 years in depth, and that all the seven angels are under the control of Duma, of whom it is said that he was formerly of the gods of Egypt, but afterwards became the angel of silence or of death, and the supreme prince of hell. Every angel has thousands and tens of thousands of assistants; and two scribes are continually busied in allotting to every one of the damned his proper position. None of the damned shall know his own name, but there will be more praise of God in hell than in heaven, because every one who is in a lodge above his fellow will praise God for his preferment. We are also told that in every one of the lodges are 7,000 holes, in every hole 7,000 fissures, in every fissure 7,000 scorpions, in every scorpion seven articulations, and in every articulation 1,000 casks of gall. Besides this there are in every lodge seven floods of deadly poison, the which, if a man do but touch it, he shall burst atwain.

Sinners are punished immediately after their death. The mode of punishment is chiefly by intense heat and intense cold. The cold is derived from a paraphrase of Jonathan ben Azriel in Job xxviii. 5, which he explains, 'under it is Gehinnom, which for [the cold of its snow is converted into fire.]' Some say, in every lodge of hell are seven floods of fire and seven of hail. This may serve to throw a light on the gnashing of teeth in the outer darkness of the Evangelist, which seems less appropriately considered the result of heat than of cold. The wicked spring from the hail into the fire, and from the fire into the hail, and Duma drives them as a shepherd drives his sheep, from mountain to hill, and from hill to mountain. So Ps. xlix. 14, 'like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed (on) them.' Another account says that the wicked remain for half the year in fire, and then for half the year in hail and snow; and the cold, it is added, is a greater torture than the heat. The alternation of heat and cold, of fire and ice, is familiar to the student of Milton and of Shakespeare. It is Claudio, who fears for his delighted spirit in 'Measure for Measure'—

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

With regard to the fire, not the place, of hell, opinions differ as to the time of its creation. Some say it was formed on the eve of

the Sabbath, others on the second day, as Maimonides in his *Law of Man* (folio 97), 'on the second day God created the firmament and the angels, and the fire of flesh and blood, and the fire of hell, for which reason it is not said of the work of that day, as of the work of the remaining days, that God saw that it was good. Others again hold it to have been prepared as a warning, before sin existed, with the creation of the world. Ordinary fire was created by the Deity on the going out of the Sabbath. R. Josi says two things occurred to God to be created on the coming in of the Sabbath, but they were not created till its going out. Knowledge was created for Adam, like that above, and God took two stones and struck them one on the other, and produced fire. It was on this night, they add, that Adam was dismissed from Paradise. The elemental fire differs from the fire of hell. As the Sabbath is but a sixtieth part of heaven, so our fire is but a sixtieth of the fire of hell. It is dark. No light, but rather darkness visible, says Milton, borrowing his idea perhaps from the Talmudists. A land 'where the light is as darkness,' says Job, x. 22, referring probably to the grave, but according to some Hebrew commentators, to hell. The children of the kingdom, says Matthew (viii. 12), shall be cast out into outer darkness—perhaps contrasting the infernal gloom with the inner darkness of the mind. And the three days' darkness of the Egyptians is explained in Wisdom xvii. 14, as an intolerable night which came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable hell. The fire of hell, moreover, is extremely fine, not properly corporeal, receiving increment from things and devouring them. The force of this fire was set in Gehinnom as the bands of the separate Intelligences or angels were set in heaven. Rabbi Jeremiah bar Abba said of the fiery stream which issued from under the throne of glory (Daniel vii. 10) that the ministering thousand thousands would arise from it, and the ten thousand times ten thousand from the sweat of fire caused by the fear of the beasts drawing the chariot. Where will they go to? Rab Zutra bar Tobias said they will be poured upon the heads of the wicked in Gehinnom, grounding his opinion upon the words of Jeremiah, xxiii. 19, 'Behold, the tempest of the Lord; His fury is gone forth, yea, a whirling tempest; it shall burst upon the head of the wicked.' Probably Elias had this idea of Rab Zutra in his mind when he spoke of Gehinnom as being located above the firmament. Between the Garden of Eden and Gehinnom there is but a hair's-breadth is an expression drawn from Ps. l. 3, 'a fire shall be very tempestuous round about Him.' The Cabalists in their Zohar Bereshith (p. 40) place this river of fire in the third mansion of the earth, and make it flow over the heads of the damned. In this fiery stream must all the dead, even the just, be purified, except those slain for God's holiness, because these have drunk with gladness the cup of trembling in this world for the holiness of God. Sammael is also declared by the Cabalists to

be the head of the evil spirits, and Ashmedai (Asmodeus), and the former is represented as gnashing his teeth in hell over the damned.

The body and soul will be judged, together on the day of resurrection. An ingenious discussion between the Emperor Antoninus and Rabbi or Rabbenu Hakkadosh is mentioned in the tractate of Sanhedrin. The Emperor objected to the Jewish divine that both body and soul might excuse themselves from judgment. The body might say, 'It is the soul who is the sinner, for from the day in which I was separated from it I have lain silent in my sepulchre like a stone.' On the other hand, the soul might say, 'It is the body which is the sinner, for from the day in which we parted company I have flitted to and fro in the air like a bird.' Rabbi answered, 'To what shall I liken this? I will liken it to a lord "of flesh and blood" (a Hebrew expression for a non-Jew) 'who owned a pleasant orchard, wherein were pleasant first-ripe figs. The lord set therein two keepers, one halt, the other blind. Quoth the halt to the blind, "I see pleasant first-ripe figs in the orchard; come, carry me, and we will take and eat our fill of them." They did accordingly. After some days the lord of that orchard came, and said unto them, "The pleasant first-ripe figs, where are they?" The halt answered, "Have I feet at all able to attain unto them?" The blind replied, "Have I eyes at all to look upon them?" What did the lord of that orchard do? He mounted the one on the other pick-a-pack, and so judged them both. Thus said Rabbenu Hakkadosh, the Holy One, blessed be He, will bring the soul and cast it upon the body, and judge them as one; for it is said (Ps. l. 4), "He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people." The heavens above, that is the soul; the earth, that is the body.'

The common view of antiquity placed hell, the Infernus of the Vulgate, beneath the earth. The place of hell is above the firmament, according to a tradition of the school of Elijah, and some say behind the mountains of darkness. Again, the place of hell is the centre of the world. But this centre is not to be understood, as by the mathematicians, to be an indivisible point, for the magnitude of hell is great. The Rabbis tell us that the land of Egypt is 400 miles square, and that this land of Egypt is only a sixtieth part of the land of Æthiopia; that Æthiopia is but a sixtieth of the world, of which, says R. Gedaliah in 'The Chain of the Kabbala' (folio 86), the length is 520 years' journey and the breadth 500 years; that the world is but a sixtieth of the Garden of Eden or heaven, and the Garden of Eden but a sixtieth of Gehinnom or hell. In fact, the whole pendent world is but as a pot-lid when compared with hell. Some, however, say that hell is without measurement. The Cabalists hold the region of hell to be in the north. There is the lodge of devils, of earthquakes, of spirits, of demons, of lightnings, and of thunders. Thence, too, comes

forth evil into the world, as it is said (Jer. i. 14), 'Out of the north an evil shall break forth.'

R. Jeremiah bar Eleazar said Gehinnom has three gates—one in the wilderness, through which Korah and all the men that appertained unto him went down alive into Sheol (A.V. 'the pit'), and the earth closed upon them; another in the sea, for says Jonah, 'Out of the belly of Sheol' (A.V. 'hell') 'cried I'; and a third in Jerusalem (Is. xxxi. 9), 'The Lord, whose fire is in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem'; and it was a tradition of the school of R. Ishmael that the fire in Zion is Gehinnom, and the furnace in Jerusalem the gate of Gehinnom. It is said in 'Shabbath' that the fire of hell warmed the baths of Tiberias. But in the matter of these gates there is disagreement. Some say the gates of Gehinnom are eight thousand, others one thousand, others fifty, and others seven. This last number corresponds with that of the gates of the Muslim hell, as in the Surah *Alhijr*, or of the heaven of the Christian. There are seven hells also among the Hindoos, as there are among the Muslims.

Immanuel ben Solomon, of Rome, gives in his *Mekhabberoth*, or Poetical Compositions, a graphic description of hell. Like Dante or Æneas he has his conductor—Daniel, the man greatly beloved—who shows him, with the necessary explanations, the bridge and the tortuous path, and the boiling pots filled with molten brass and iron and tin and lead, and many other marvellous matters of which space forbids the enumeration, in the midst of bitter cries and storms of fire. There the Rabbi sees Aristotle, because he believed in the eternity of the world; and Plato, because he believed his words to be the words of prophecy; and Hippocrates, because he was a miser of his knowledge; and Galen—fulfilling what is written in Kiddushin, that the best of the physicians are in hell, because, according to Rashi, they pay little regard to God (*ubi tres medici duo athei*), and sometimes kill people, and are able to heal the poor and heal him not.

Concerning those who are punished in hell, we learn from a tradition of the school of Shammai, the austere antagonist of the milder school of Hillel, that men will be made up finally into three bands of the perfectly good, whose good works preponderate; the perfectly bad, whose bad works preponderate; and the indifferent or middling. The good will be sealed at once for life everlasting; the bad will be sealed at once for Gehinnom, called in Daniel xii. 2, 'shame and everlasting abhorrence,' two names more appropriate to hell, as it is generally conceived, than any of those seven already mentioned by Joshua ben Levi; but the middling will descend into Gehinnom for a period only. These will squeak (the equivalent given by Ruxton for the word interpreted by Rashi 'weep') and wail amidst their punishments for their destined time, and then arise never to redescend. As

Tobit said (xiii. 2), 'He leadeth down to hell, and bringeth up again.'

It is of these that Hannah spake in 1 Sam. ii. 6 : 'The Lord killeth, and maketh alive : He bringeth down to Sheol, and bringeth up ;' and these are that third part of the prophet Zechariah, xiii. 9, which should be brought through the fire, and refined as silver is refined, and tried as gold is tried.

The question is likely to arise, Who are the perfectly bad ? They are distinctly set forth as the *Minim* or heretics, the *Moseroth* or betrayers, the *Meshummadim* or apostates, and the *Epicureans*, or those who disbelieve in the resurrection of the dead, and hold the law to be a lie ; those who separate themselves from the ways of the congregation, and who spread the fear of them as tyrants through the land of the living ; those who sin and cause others to sin, like Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and his fellows in Israel. These shall go down to Hinnom, and be condemned therein to generations of generations. It is to these that the last words of Isaiah, lxvi. 24, refer : 'their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched.' The following, it is also written, shall have no share in the world to come : the generation of the Deluge, the generation of Babel, the generation of the Desert, the company of Korah, the men of Sodom, informers, and the 974 generations which were determined to be created but were not created, in consideration of the law, before the creation of the world. Of these, some are planted from time to time in the generations of the world. They are the people of fierce countenance, and are chiefly responsible for the miseries and evils of mankind.

Of the perfectly bad another punishment is mentioned. Whilst the bodies of the just shall enter into peace, rest on their beds, and their souls be bound in the bundle of life, and after twelve months treasured in heaven under the throne of glory, the bodies of these wicked ones shall have no peace, their souls shall be bridled, and God shall sling them out of the hollow of a sling—or, it is said, one angel shall stand at one end of the world, and another at the other, and sling them to and fro. Thus will they be blown with restless violence about the universe.

Said R. Chanina : 'All who descend into hell rise again, except three, who descend and rise no more. They are adulterers, those who whiten (shame) the faces of their neighbours in public, and those who give their neighbours an evil name' (cf. Matt. v. 22). The *Tosephoth*, who added to the commentary of Rashi, explains this passage to mean that they do not re-ascend immediately, but only after twelve months, and, it is added, all may escape punishment by repentance in this life.

It is not easy to reconcile—though they are doubtless reconcilable—Rabbinical views about the duration of punishment. Leon de Modena held that the torments of the damned would be per-

petual, as their souls were eternal. Manasseh ben-Israel, though of opinion that the soul cannot perish, refused to affirm that punishment was everlasting, while Maimonides, and Abrabanel, and Kimchi considered that the souls of the wholly wicked would perish with their bodies.

Scattered through the Talmud are descriptions of certain persons who shall fall into hell—a doom which is commonly derived from some Biblical text, and supported by it. Among these persons are those who talk of the failings of the wise after their death, those whose spirit is puffed up, those who separate themselves from the law, those who teach pupils unworthy of their teaching, and those who, like Ahab, walk after the counsel of their wives. The Persians and Babylonians are set apart for hell. For him who uses foul language hell is made deeper. All the varieties of hell will have domination over the angry man. This opinion receives in some measure the support of the Evangelist Matthew (v. 22). He who takes money from the hand of a woman into his own hand, or from his own hand gives money into hers, in order that he may look upon her—though he be like Moses who received the law from Mount Sinai—shall not escape the judgment of hell. Here the manner as well as the substance of the speech recalls Matthew (v. 28).

On the other hand, certain persons are mentioned who will escape hell, or have their torment therein lightened. Whoever articulates every letter while reading the Shema (Deut. vi. 4–9) will have hell cooled for him. Three kinds will never see the face of hell, those who are ground down by poverty, those who suffer from bowel sickness, and those who lie at the mercy of creditors. To these three some Rabbis, whose experience of matrimony was perhaps unfortunate, add those who have a shrew to wife. Charity to the poor, by feeding them and otherwise, opens the door of escape from hell. Whoever shears a portion of his goods for the poor, and is charitable, is released from the judgment of hell. A passage in Gittin likens the charitable and the uncharitable to two ewes passing through a river of water: the ewe which is shorn reaches the opposite bank in safety, but the ewe which remains unshorn is drowned. It is also said, Prov. x. 2, and Prov. xi. 4, charity (A.V. 'righteousness') 'delivereth from death.' This is sometimes recited, at the present day, at a burial, by the keeper of the ground or other person, when money is commonly given for the use of the poor.

The punishment of hell is not continuous. Through God's pity the condemned have rest at prayer times, on the Sabbath, and the new moon (Is. lxvi. 23). One hour and a half is allowed them three times a day, for the morning, afternoon, and evening prayers, making four hours and a half every day, or twenty-seven hours in six days. On the Sabbath they rest the whole day of twenty-four hours. They have thus fifty-one hours of repose in the week. The fire will then

smoulder, and the prisoned souls keep holiday. On Friday, however, they suffer double torture, to compensate for its remission on Saturday. In the treatise of the Talmud called Sanhedrin, Turnus Rufus, the reprobate whom Scaliger supposes to be the Emperor Vespasian, the same Rufus who is credited with having driven a plough over the city of Jerusalem and laid waste its Temple, asks R. Akiba how the dignity of the Sabbath is shown to be above that of the other days of the week. 'From the sepulchre of thy father,' answers R. Akiba; 'for from his grave smoke ascends every day of the week, as he was condemned and burnt, but none comes out on the Sabbath, on which day the sinners in Gehinnom have respite.'

The presiding angel of hell, Duma, has three keys with which he opens three doors on the side of the wilderness, disclosing to the damned a glimmering of the light of the world. But smoke from the burning fires obscures their view. To remedy this three subordinates of Duma waft away this smoke with three vans.

An illustration of the condition of the damned is shown in Gittin (folio 57). Onkelos, son of Kalonicus, sister's son of Titus, raises up that emperor by necromancy, and inquires what is his punishment for his counsel against Israel. 'I am judged,' answers Titus, 'and burned, and my ashes are gathered and dispersed over seven seas.' Afterwards he raises up Balaam in the same manner, and the prophet's reply to the same question of Onkelos reveals, as the reader may discover for himself, a torture still more terrible than that of Titus. R. Isaac said: 'The worm is cruel to the dead, like a needle in the flesh of the living.' Speaking of the place where Korah was swallowed up, a Rabbi says: 'I saw two fissures emitting smoke. I took some wool, wetted it in water, and fixed it on the point of a spear, and put it in one of the fissures; when I took it out it was burnt. I listened and heard those within,' who, as Rashi here explains, went down quick into the pit, 'saying, "Moses and his law is the truth, but we are liars."' Every thirty days, it was declared to him, hell turns them here, as flesh is turned in a pot. On a day R. Akiba was walking in a graveyard. There he lit upon a man with his face as black as a coal, laden with wood upon his shoulders, and he was hastening with it, running like a horse. R. Akiba commanded him to stop, and said to him, 'My son! wherefore art thou in such hard servitude? If thou art a slave, and thy lord sets his yoke upon thee, I will redeem thee from it and set thee free, and if thou art poor, I will make thee rich.' The man answered unto him, 'Leave me, sir, I beg, for I cannot stay.' Quoth Akiba, 'Art thou of the sons of men, or of the devils?' The man answered, 'I am of the dead, and every day I cut wood to make the fire in which I burn.' Said R. Akiba, 'What was thy business in thy lifetime?' The man answered, 'I was a collector of taxes, and accepted the persons of the rich and slew the poor—nay, more, I married a betrothed maid, on

the day of Kippur.' Said R. Akiba, 'My son! hast thou heard thy task-masters speak of aught of remedy for thee?' He answered, 'Delay me not; may be the masters of vengeance will be wroth against me! For me there is no remedy, nor have I heard of aught of redemption save this I heard them say unto me, "If there be to thee a son who may stand in the congregation and cry aloud in the congregation, 'Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed!' then shalt thou be released from vengeance." But I have no son. Yet I left my wife with child, and I know not whether she bore male or female; and if she bore a male, who will teach him the law?' Said R. Akiba, 'What is thy name?' He answered him, 'Akiba.' 'And thy wife's name?' He answered, 'Sosmira.' 'And the name of thy city?' 'Aldoka.' And Isaac Aboab, the author of the *Menorath hammaor*, or 'Lamp of Light,' from which the foregoing is derived, goes on to tell how Akiba pitied the condemned man, and wandered from city to city till he came to Aldoka, and asked concerning him, and the people replied, 'May his bones be beaten in Gehinnom to dust!' Then he asked after his wife, and they answered, 'May her name and memory be wiped away from the world!' Then he asked after his son, and they told him he was yet uncircumcised. Whereupon Akiba took him and fasted for him forty days, and trained him, and taught him what was requisite, and brought him into the congregation, where he cried, 'Bless ye the Lord, who is blessed for ever and for ever!' And in that hour was his father delivered.

All inhabitants of the world, even the good, as some Rabbis opine, must descend into hell. Just as one buying vessels from a non-Jew must purify those of wood and metal, some by cold water, others by hot, and others by fire, while those of clay must be broken and never used again, so must the souls of men be purified of the stain left in them by their sin, 'for there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not' (Eccles. vii. 20). Those, however, who have acted as the wicked, once perhaps or twice, require but little purification—a washing as it were with cold water only—and are not detained in hell, but quickly pass through it. But the perfectly wicked, defiled with ill belief or detestable deeds, who have never thought of repentance, and are unwashed with the nitre of the divine commands, these like the vessels of clay are wholly destroyed. The good may bring up with them out of hell those wicked ones who have thought of repentance, but too late to make any expiation. These are naked, but the good will cover them with their own garments. Moreover, as Gehinnom surrounds the Garden of Eden, the good must need pass through the former to reach the latter.

Punishment is represented as a purgatorial process in 'Chagigah' (folio 15 b), and there too is shown the efficacy of intercession for the dead. A divine decree passed concerning Acher after his death, that he should not be judged, and that he should not enter the

world to come. Said R. Meir, 'When I die, I will cause smoke to ascend from his sepulchre; that is, I will cause him to be judged.' Judgment accordingly took place after Meir's death, and smoke ascended from the sepulchre of Acher. 'When I die,' said R. Jonathan, 'I will extinguish the fire.' R. Jonathan died and the smoke ceased; that is, the fire of Acher's punishment was quenched. So there is a tradition of the school of Ishmael, that in the hour of David's grief for Absalom hell was cloven beneath him, and the king was much moved. In 2 Sam. xviii. 33, and xix. 4, the reader will find that the words 'My son' are repeated eight times. The seven times delivered Absalom from the seven lodges of hell, the eighth time set his head on his body, and, according to some, raised him up to the Garden of Eden.

The fire of Gehinnom has no power over the Rabbis. This may be proved from the salamander. As this beast, which is born of fire, gives immunity from burning to any one anointed with its blood, so the disciples of the wise, whose whole body is compact of fire ('Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord,' Jer. xxiii. 29), are *a fortiori* exempted from its noxious influence. Resh Lakish says that the fire of Gehinnom has no power over the transgressors of Israel, and draws his argument from the golden altar. As the fire had during so many years no force over the altar, though its plating was but a dinar in thickness, so *a fortiori* has it none over Jewish sinners, who are as full of God's word, which is as gold, as a pomegranate is full of pips. Such are the last words of the tractate of 'Chagigah.' The meaning of 'power' in these passages is power to burn, as it is elsewhere expressed in full, and corroborated by Is. xliii. 2, 'O Jacob! O Israel! thou art mine; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' A reason for this limitation of the power of fire is, that all the souls of the children of Israel come from a holy place, which is but a version of the preceding text. The fire of hell is only to alarm and terrify them, and should some few be burnt a while for their evil deeds, Abraham, who performed God's commandments, and entered for the sake of the holiness of the Name the fire of the Chaldees, will come down and bring them up out of hell by his merit, for God showed Abraham hell and captivity, and he chose the latter. It is also said that Elijah, on the outgoing of the Sabbath, brings up from hell those whose sins have been forgiven, and occasionally takes their chastisement upon himself. Thus it is clear that debased souls may, by the intercession of the righteous, be advanced to everlasting life; when purified by their passion, they will return to their original element.

The time of their durance will be proportioned to the enormity of their sins, but it is an axiom that all Israel has a portion in the world to come. No Hebrew, however wicked, unless indeed he has reached the

degree of impiety of the perfectly bad, will be tortured in hell beyond the space of twelve months. The expression twelve months is used instead of a year to avoid the addition, it is said, of the intercalary month, *Veadar*. The punishment of the generation of the Deluge, of the Egyptians, of Job, of Gog and Magog, extends not beyond a year. The worst of the transgressors of Israel, as the worst of the transgressors of the peoples of the world, will after the expiration of that time be wholly consumed as to their bodies, and burnt as to their souls, and the wind will scatter them, and they shall be ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous, as in the conclusion of the prophecy of Malachi has been described. Lest, however, his relations should be supposed to have deserved so great a punishment, no Jew prays for his dead, nor ceremonially mourns them for a whole year.

For twelve months the soul goes every week to visit its body, and see if it may enter therein, but the beginning of every month and the end of the year are especial occasions. Therefore, at the present day among the Sephardim, the *Hashcabah*, or prayer for the repose of the dead, is said every morning of the week of mourning, and at the end of thirty days, and at the end of eleven months, as well as on every anniversary. In addition, a *Hashcabah* is said for eleven months every Sabbath afternoon.

The efficacy of a prayer called *Kaddish* is great. A good son may, by saying this prayer in public, redeem his father and mother from hell. Thus Abraham delivered his father Terah (Gen. xv. 15). *Kaddish* is said for eleven months only, as it is only the wicked who are punished for twelve. *Kaddish* will one day be said by Zerubbabel standing on his feet before the Lord. His voice will reach from end to end of the world, and all its inhabitants and all the inhabitants of hell shall answer 'Amen!' Then shall God, hearing this, give to Michael and Gabriel keys to open the forty thousand doors of hell (Is. xxvi. 2). These angels shall open the doors, and because of the depth of the pits shall reach out their hands, and take up the damned as a man brings his fellow by a cord out of a pit (Ps. xl. 2). Then shall these two angels wash them, and anoint them, and heal the wounds of hell, and clothe them with good and fair garments, and take them by the hand and lead them into God's presence. Other authorities say that they must remain till resurrection, and then the son of David, that is David himself, will pass over to deliver them.

Finally, the duration of the Hebrew hell seems to be limited. '*Gehinnom* fails,' we are told in the Talmud. It will fail at the last judgment, but another hell will then be drawn from the sun. On ordinary occasions, before the sun rises every morning his heat is modified in a pool of water, lest the world should be burnt up by his flames. But on the day of judgment God will denude him of his sheath, and the wicked will be at once consumed (Mal. iv. 1). The idea of the sheath is derived from the words 'in them hath He set a

tabernacle for the sun' (Ps. xix. 5). His sheath is his tabernacle. In that day the righteous will, says Rashi, be protected by the shadow of the law. 'But unto those that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings' (Mal. iv. 2). And it is written also: 'After the days of the Messiah, and the eating of the wild ox and the leviathan, the whole world will be renewed, the *Yetser Hara* will be purified and become a holy angel, and hell itself will be sanctified and set on the borders of the Garden of Eden.'

JAMES MEW.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.¹

IN the sixteenth century, those who took an interest in education were apologetic. If they were not drawn to the profession by necessity, they felt it incumbent on them to explain and defend their interest in a subject then considered so trivial. Nowadays, explanations and apologies would be considered superfluous on the part of those who state their views on education. But they would, perhaps, not be considered superfluous in an introduction to a treatise on Domestic Service. In any case, surprise, and possibly derision, would be excited if it were stated that domestic service is a problem as momentous as that of Capital and Labour, and as complicated as that of Individualism and Socialism. Social theorists and philanthropists are dealing energetically with the state of the working classes, and with the relations of one class to another. But they are silent on this—a most important and significant side of human life, where the individuals of the two great classes, commonly known as Capital and Labour, come into the closest and most direct personal relationship.

With this problem women have dealt single-handed and alone. In all civilised ages they must have given thought, or at least time, to it. The management of the household was, and probably will continue to the end of time to be, their business. In the times of slavery and feudalism, though difficulties may have arisen, their task must have been easier than it is now. The principles by which to settle their difficulties were plain. But slavery and feudalism have passed away. Faint echoes of them are heard occasionally in the speech of some British matron roused on the subject of domestic grievances; and perhaps there still hangs about the idea of domestic relations an odour of stale and ineffectual feudalism. However it may be, domestic relations have lagged behind in the course of progress, and do not seem to have adjusted themselves to the modern spirit of human relations. The consequence is, that the domestic machinery is continually jarring. Most women who are mistresses of households must have felt at times that it is strangely hard to

¹ It will be seen that the following remarks and suggestions apply most strongly to the ordinary middle-class household, where there are about two to five servants in the kitchen. Also, they are most applicable to female servants, the male servants, in obedience to the working of economic law, commanding not only much higher wages, but claiming also a position of comparative freedom and independence.

work ; many servants must have felt that it can be turned into a yoke of tyranny and injustice. But most women have been taught—and with many it is an instinct—that the household (and of the household the management of servants is the principal part) must take up a great deal of time, and probably give a good deal of worry. There is by no means a plentiful supply of employment for women, and women who are poor, and not particularly well-educated, must earn their livelihood and work as servants. Thus urged by a sense of duty on the one side and necessity on the other, the domestic machinery goes round, but with many more, I think, of those 'various entanglements, weights, blows, clashings, motions, by which things severally go on,' than occur in the workings of other human relations. Over this friction a silence reigns. Its causes have never been fundamentally inquired into : one side is silent through necessity, and the other through a certain callousness and reserve.

Of course there are exceptions—cases where things work in harmony, because on both sides there are people of character who, in spite of great obstacles thrown in their way, have succeeded in understanding each other. These instances I cannot help regarding as exceptions. The obstacles are increasing, and slowly, but surely, domestic service as a profession is going downhill.

I see a vista of irritable mistresses and irritated servants ; there is the desperate cry for lady-helps, and the growth of flats, where the difficulties of housekeeping can be avoided. The voice of servants, as a class, is never heard. But there remains one great and significant fact : it is well known that in manufacturing districts, where there is ample employment for women, servants belonging to that part of the country are rarely to be found, showing that the women of those parts prefer the hard work and the long hours of factory-life to the comparative ease and comfort, but, at the same time, dependence, of domestic service. Does this not show emphatically that, as employment for women increases, domestic service will be avoided more and more by women of capacity, of character, and independence—the very women who are wanted in the profession which offers, more than any other, positions of trust and responsibility ? As at present constituted, it not only discourages people of the highest type of character from entering it, but its tendency is to have a deteriorating effect on many of those who do so, and this because it denies them many of the essentials of a healthy, independent, and natural life.

The relation between employer and servant is infinitely complicated by the fact that it is by no means a purely business one. Wages are, indeed, settled roughly by the laws of supply and demand, though until there are trade-unions among servants none can tell how exactly. For a certain amount of money and board and lodging they undertake to do a certain amount of badly-defined work. But here the business relation ends, and the human relation, tremendous in

its scope and importance, begins. It is with this latter that I am concerned. The profession is, on the whole, well paid, compared to the other branches of female industry; and I think that most servants would allow that wages are of small importance, in comparison with the other factors of their position. For their life, so to speak—for comfort, happiness, freedom, and development—they are dependent on the character of their master and mistress, especially on that of the mistress, who gives the tone to the house, and by her choice and treatment of servants ultimately decides the tone of the kitchen, and its possibilities of being a place in which it is tolerable to live. It is, practically speaking, a servant's life which is governed in this vague and uncertain way.

It cannot be argued for one minute that the dependence of servant and employer is mutual. The master and mistress depend on having good servants for a certain amount of their material well-being, and some mistresses who are sensitive to personal relations are uncomfortable when these personal relations go wrong. But it is mainly for material comfort that the mistress depends on the servant. There, beyond a vague feeling of responsibility, which generally takes the form of filling up what leisure the servant may have with work designed to keep her out of mischief, her necessary connection with her servant ends. She has her independent life—her husband, her children, her interests, her social duties, her friends and acquaintances.

The servant is cut off from both her family and her class. She sees, perhaps, her family for a fortnight in the year, possibly not for so long. The severing of family ties is, indeed, a penalty which domestic service shares in common with many other of the professions of the poor. Yet it none the less remains a stern and cruel fact. In addition to this, a servant's intercourse with the outside world must be fitted into two or three hours on the Sunday; and, perhaps, if she is in an easy situation, she may have an hour or two during the week. But, on the whole, a servant's society is that of the three or four other servants in the kitchen, with whom she is very lucky if she can form a friendship of circumstances. I think I may say, without exaggeration, that this is the only form of society which mistresses encourage. Whatever advantages it may be supposed are opened to her by being continually in contact with the wealthier and leisured classes, it cannot be denied that it is thoroughly unhealthy to separate a human being from her people. I mean, by 'her people,' not only her family, but the class in which she was born, and whose interests and hopes and struggles she inherits understanding of, and sympathy with. For servants are not a class in themselves, though the tendency of domestic service is to make them so. They are part of the great working class, which has its distinctive social life, different from that of the leisured classes, but not necessarily inferior.

Some there are, who have turned their back on their own class—*i.e.*, on the wealthy and leisured and cultivated—who say that only in the class that works day by day for its livelihood, that faces daily the struggle for life, is solid character, simplicity, honesty, strength, resolution, and real heroism to be found. In literature, the labouring class has many champions, Carlyle not amongst the least. Still, putting aside what genius, enthusiasts, poets, and, above all, revolutionists have said, common sense must recognise that, if the struggle for life is not so severe as to sap all energy and hope, it brings out and intensifies those qualities of resolution, strength, and independence which we look upon as the basis of character. For on the weaknesses and vices of the poorer classes retribution is swift: ruin and misery follow quickly on helplessness, incompetency, laziness, and dishonesty. We have, with some inconsistency, put the fate of our country into the hands of the labouring class; but when we come to deal with them personally, we are slow to recognise in them an equality, much less a superiority, in those solid virtues which are called out by the honest, and therefore successful, struggle with the sternest realities of life, and which are apt to languish in easy circumstances. I do not wish to contrast the working and the leisured classes, or to try and answer that question, as old as our civilisation, and yet every day pathetically fresh, why one human being should work all day, and barely get enough to eat, and another should sit at ease, and yet have more than is good for him in every respect. I only wish to emphasise strongly, that those whose circumstances are so entirely different from ours must, their common human nature being taken into account, possess, not only a distinctive individuality, but naturally, also, a distinctive social life, and that this distinctive social life is healthy, vigorous, independent, and not wanting in high standards and in stirring interests and hopes. Also, that the intercourse in this life is close and intimate, and perhaps more necessary and stimulating, in proportion as it is founded more on mutual wants and mutual sympathies, and less (as with the richer classes) on the idea of enjoyment.

From this life in which they were brought up, to which their fathers, mothers, brothers, and probable husbands belong, servants are cut off, owing, to a certain extent, to the necessities of their position, but far more to custom and habit, which, it seems to me, are grounded on prejudice—on a certain unfounded distrust of the class to which they belong.

No amount of kindness, or even of genial companionship, on the part of master and mistress, can compensate to them for being cut off from this independent social life. And what is offered to them instead? They are connected with the wealthier classes principally as ministering to their material well-being. They have a clear and complete view of their luxury. With their attention to their own comfort, with the ugly, squalid corners of their lives, with their bad

tempers, with their efforts to keep up the appearance that convention demands, they are intimate. No people contemplate so frequently and so strikingly the unequal distribution of wealth: they fold up dresses whose price contains double the amount of their year's wages; they pour out at dinner wine whose cost would have kept a poor family for weeks. And of the amusements and occupations, of the higher interests and of the higher life of the leisured classes, of which comfort and ease and luxury is only supposed to be the basis, they have no share, and, probably, very little understanding. Cut off from their own general life, they remain spectators from the outside of that of others; and it cannot be said that its appearance is always elevating, or even intelligible, except from the standard of self-indulgence. What they gain by constant association with the wealthier classes are, principally, external qualities—politeness, a certain amount of outward refinement, a high standard of cleanliness for themselves and of comfort for others; sometimes they find a patron, but rarely a friend.

The limits of the tolerableness, or the intolerableness, of such a life, vary as human nature varies. Mistresses are of all sorts—the fussy, the fidgety, the callous, the indifferent, the kind and protecting, the competent, the incompetent, the just, the unjust, and, lastly, the bullying. It cannot be denied that many opportunities in dealing with servants are open to those who are born with this instinct in their nature. Happily, one knows that these opportunities are limited by the endurance of the servant: the young and sanguine soon rebelling and leaving; the older, more experienced, and less sanguine, bearing much, knowing that change in the comparative dark is not always for the better. In Ecclesiasticus it is written: 'Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantic among thy servants.' I have always wished that a way could have been found to put this among the Ten Commandments.

But though the Ten Commandments are silent on the subject, there must be some maxims of public opinion, some generalisations from the common experience of mankind, or, rather, of womankind, to which to appeal. There ought to be some guide to an inexperienced mistress as to how she is to treat the servant, and some guide to the servant as to how she is to be treated. There is, indeed, a strong public opinion with regard to servants which, unfortunately, seems to have been generalised from unfortunate facts. 'You inquire into the stuffing of your couch when anything galls you there, whereas eider-down and perfect French springs excite no attention.' When things go smoothly (to the enormous credit of the servants in most cases), it is, perhaps, natural that the domestic arrangements should excite no attention. But when things go wrong, and the comfort of the house suffers, then occurs vast disturbance, and the incompetency, the untrustworthiness, the obstinacy, the laziness of servants is insisted on. It is, as a rule, only when servants take advantage of

their situation and responsibilities that attention is aroused; it is then that vague generalisations are made, and vague principles formed for future guidance. Thus there comes to be a very low idea of the capacity of servants for performing their duties, though there is a very high ideal of the duties themselves. Tradition teaches that mistresses must continually guard against being taken advantage of—no little carelessness, no little omission, must be passed over; the ideal mistress must superintend and watch, and her attitude of mind, if it cannot be said to be exactly suspicious, must be apprehensive. The leisure of servants is called idleness, and jealously watched, and it is feared that, if the mistress does not fill it up, Satan must. This atmosphere of apprehension, even if we do not allow it to be called one of mistrust, is certainly not genial or encouraging to live in. In theory it surrounds the whole class, though in practice it may be frequently tempered by the personal discrimination of a master or mistress. If it is necessary, then it is obvious that the worst of the working class choose the profession. If it is not so, it is irksome, cruel, and harmful.

It is, indeed, true that it is easy for a servant to take advantage of her position: there are infinite opportunities of doing work badly—of neglecting it, of scamping it—and for carelessness and deceit; many opportunities of concealing for a long time, from the strictest of mistresses, bad work and bad conduct. It is for this very reason that a servant's post is one of trust and responsibility. The position of cook—the task of being economical with the resources of others—is a position of great responsibility. To care for the furniture, the linen, the china, the plate, as if it were your own, demands a great amount of character. To be steady; to be satisfied with the smallest enjoyment possible; to be always polite; to control your temper under all circumstances; to get on well with your fellow-servants, with whom you are in the closest contact, and whom you may dislike, or, indeed, detest, demands a high sense of duty, strength, and resolution. But shall we encourage people of character and self-respect to enter a profession where so much is demanded of them when they know (for no pains are taken to conceal it) that they have to assert themselves against a spirit which, *a priori*, does not consider them worthy of much respect or capable of much independence? Many who do so may have their characters wrecked in the struggle; others may emerge, still with a high sense of duty, but embittered and permanently irritated.

And here I must make a digression. In speaking of servants, so far I have meant the average trained servant and the mature human being. The quite young girl, whose character is still unformed, and who has been trained to no domestic work, must, of course, go through the mill, and learn her work and the duties incumbent on her profession. And here comes in the office and the talents

which are in themselves 'magnificently useful,' but exceptional, and which are wrongly supposed to belong to every mistress of a house. The training of girls, especially of young servants, requires capacity and genius, and it is only given to a few to possess these qualities. Those who do and who happen to be at the head of a household, may be said to have found their vocation. As a rule, I should think, unless the mistress possesses this exceptional genius, the training of young and inexperienced servants is best done by an older and trained servant (who should, of course, be paid for the additional responsibility and the trouble of teaching). Experienced servants will understand, better than an ordinary mistress, how to teach the work that has to be learned; and they will, perhaps, administer better the discipline that has to be submitted to. Those who have never gone through it themselves will either be too lenient or too harsh; whereas the older servant may, from having more fellow-feeling, teach better, and more quickly and intelligibly, the hard lesson, that life to them—the children of the labouring class—will have few outlooks, few pleasures, and small leisure, but is mainly made up of hard work, responsibilities, and duties.

This is by no means a callous age, indifferent to the hardships and sufferings of the poor: philanthropy flourishes exceedingly, and to the rather wicked and to the very poor we are entirely kind. But philanthropy rather spoils manners to the individual: it is apt to make people think that, in their relations with others, they must constantly be on the watch to do good or improve. This is not, by any means, the spirit to introduce into domestic relations. We need, rather, that behaviour which is the basis of all true ties between human beings, and which lies at the bottom of all courtesy. I mean, a certain respect and belief, which every human being has the right to claim of another, whatever his station may be, till he has definitely proved that he is unworthy of it. Especially is this tone necessary in domestic service, where the business relation and the human relation are so inextricably mixed up with each other, and both so close and personal, and where it seems to me so important to make the employed feel that her subordination in work to her mistress does not extend to her character and her life. If the wealthier classes feel they owe more to their less fortunate brethren, let them cultivate a certain tolerance and forbearance, and faith in human nature. Faith is thought to be an excellent thing till it comes to be applied to human character. It is then that it is thought to be dangerous. But whatever the danger be—and, as a rule, it is most blindly and gratuitously exaggerated—it seems to me that it is better to be taken advantage of a thousand times than to suspect once unjustly.

There are, also, some definite changes to be made in order to put the profession on a higher and more attractive level. They involve

a practical extension of the theory of belief and trust in servants. First, every servant should have, at least, every day, two hours' definite leisure, during which she is her own mistress, and not bound to answer the calls of the bell. This *might* call for a little more expense, but I should think, on the whole, would only involve a little trouble in arrangement. This leisure they must employ exactly as they wish; and an endeavour must be made to break down the prejudice that even the best mistresses and the best servants have, and which is so injurious, as tending to make them a class to themselves—viz., that it is not desirable that servants should form friendships outside their own class. The maxim of a superior servant, encouraged by mistresses, is that 'she should keep herself to herself.' If this meant only a proper reserve, there would be little objection to it; but it means, unfortunately, that she should eschew friendship and acquaintances. 'It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends,' says Bacon in his essay on Friendship, 'without which the world is but a wilderness.' And to me it seems that the only way to keep a servant's life healthy and wholesome and stirring, and, indeed, the life of any one cut off from their family, and family interests and family affections, is to give them every chance of making friends and acquaintances. To feel yourself part of a larger life, to be occasionally taken out of yourself by interests other than those that concern your immediate surroundings, to have a call on your sympathies, to hear of the happiness and calamities of your friends and your neighbours, is necessary to any healthy-minded individual, especially to those who do not feed their sympathies and emotions through books. To live in very close contact with three or four people who have, none of them, much change, or chance of impersonal interests, whose faces may be 'a gallery of pictures, and their talk but a tinkling cymbal,' because there is no love, is to generate discontent, bad temper, and that disposition to quarrel and take offence which is characteristic, not only of servants, but of every one who lives a starved and limited life. But here the distrust which I have mentioned as making part of the atmosphere in which servants live comes out very strikingly. We are, perhaps, the most backward of all nations to recognise how necessary is that freedom of spirit which happiness and a little enjoyment and change give, to preserve the mind healthy and wholesome. Here, perhaps, the philanthropists have done harm. Kind and sympathetic and energetic people are urged on by love of their kind, and the desire to make the world a better place for the less fortunate, to give what help they can. But they are brought into communication, not with the real working class, from which servants should be drawn, but with those who have fallen out of the ranks, either through misfortune, or helplessness, or immorality. Philanthropic work brings people into contact with the fringe that surrounds every class: but we should no more judge the

working class by the fringe that surrounds it, than the wealthier and leisured class should be judged by the fringe that surrounds it. If this fringe seem larger in proportion, it is because in the poorer class nothing can be concealed. In the wealthier classes a decent reserve (except from servants) can be thrown over immorality and drunkenness and deviations from honesty; a foolish mistake is not followed instantly by ruin. It is cases where human nature has sinned and fallen which are mostly before the eyes of those engaged in good works, who thus come to have the same desponding view of the poorer and hard-working class that a lawyer in the Divorce Court will probably have of marriage in general.

The temptations of the poorer class seem many and strong; but, in proportion as their work and success depends on their resistance to them, so they are strong. Public opinion and the traditions of respectability are, perhaps, stronger in their class than in ours; and what is more frequently observable among the best of the working class, than that they have a sense of reputation carried to the degree of hardness? Of course, I do not mean that there ought to be no check or guard against the dangers of intercourse, especially when beauty and high spirits and impulsiveness seem to aggravate these dangers. For this reason, if for no other, it is necessary that a servant be kept as much as possible in connection with her family. No mistress, if she feels the moral responsibility of having servants under her roof, would hesitate to throw, if it were possible, some of the responsibility on the shoulders naturally fitted to bear it—that of the parents and family. This is only one reason among the many for encouraging communication with relations. A great majority of servants of the highest character forfeit a life of independent employment which, perhaps, would be less lucrative, in order to support parents and relations. The feeling that leads them to do this, and to give up very often the chance of saving for their own old age, must make separation for long a hardship.

There is one peculiar relic of feudalism—one might almost say barbarism—in the custom of engaging servants, which needs reform. It is strange, to say the least of it, that the mistress should be entitled to have a written and formal character of the servant, and that the servant, to whom the situation is everything that is most important in life, should have no formal opportunity given her of judging of the situation, of hearing of the character of the household. This, which common justice demands, could be easily remedied without any extra machinery by the following plan: Every mistress should choose a referee, or two referees, among her servants past or present, who have been with her not less than two years; she should give the names and addresses of these two referees to the servant whom she is inclined to engage, before she writes for her character from her last mistress. I cannot imagine any reason-

able objection to this plan. If carried largely into practice, it could become the test of any theory about domestic service. Mistresses could then gather statistics and make generalisations as to the situations which were most highly recommended and most sought after by the best and most competent of servants. It might also put spirit into the custom of character-giving, which is said by some to be so formal. Personally, I have never found it so. It puts a vast amount of irresponsible power into the hands of one fallible human being; and though I think it may rarely be abused, it adds tremendously to the unnecessary and injurious dependence of servants.

In what I have said, my aim has been to show the great importance of putting Domestic services on a higher level, in order to secure and preserve that high average of character and ability which is absolutely necessary for the sort of work and behaviour required of them. The profession can never be made superior to any other independent one that offers itself to women. There is a certain dependence in it which, even under the best of circumstances, can never be done away with. The case of the governess profession is an analogous one. Since the birth of high schools, though the work is infinitely harder, and the pay less, governesses to private families are comparatively hard to find; the independent life of the high schools absorbs them. This fact, and the general progress of civilisation, has brought about a considerable change in the position of the private governess. The post is extremely well paid, and care is taken to make it attractive. Things have improved since the time when the Brontës² lived and suffered as private governesses; and though independence and freedom is vitally necessary to genius, yet it is equally necessary to the average mind. Why cannot we make the same change with regard to servants before we are driven to it by the rapidly increasing growth of independent employment for women, or before we reach that stage through which America is passing at present, where, we are told by American ladies, servants have it *all* their own way? What mistress would not rejoice in a high average among servants of good temper, ability, and character, to whom she need only teach the 'little ways' of her household, and not the fundamental duties and responsibilities of work and life: so many women's lives are usurped by duties they are incompetent to perform, by attempting to teach work of which they know nothing, and inculcating virtues which they cannot practise.

² 'She (Charlotte Brontë) said that none but those who had been in the position of a governess could ever realise the dark side of 'respectable' human nature: under no great temptation to crime, but daily giving way to selfishness and ill-temper, till its conduct towards those dependent on it sometimes amounts to a tyranny of which one would rather be the victim than the inflicter' (*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Mrs. Gaskell).

There is also another consideration which forces itself strongly on some. In Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*, the 'Cigarette' and the 'Arethusa' feel that their superior, though tough, beefsteak is not improved, but rather spoilt, by the plate of bread-berry which the working man eats sitting side by side with them at the inn-table. 'You may have a head knowledge that people live more poorly than yourself, but it is not agreeable—I was going to say it was against the etiquette of the universe—to sit at the same table and pick your own superior diet from among their crusts.' In the same way, one has a head knowledge that thousands of lives, by no fault of their own, are limited, and dulled, and spiritually starved, compared to ours. This we bear with equanimity: indeed, if we did not, it would be like hearing the grass grow, and we should perish under the burden of our sensibilities. But this fact stares one in the face, and meets one at every turn, in one's relations with the servants with whom one lives side by side. Custom may dull any sensibility: and it very properly dulls a good many, else life would not be possible; but it seems to me that with some it had better not interfere.

ELLEN W. DARWIN.

PRIMITIVE NATURAL HISTORY.

THE notions of plants and animals which were entertained in the most primitive stages of human culture may be gathered from two sources—the one indirect, general, and inferential, the other direct, special, and historical. The general character of primitive ideas of natural history before the dawn of the historical period may be inferred with tolerable certainty from the notions which are entertained by savages at the present time. In the most ancient books of the Bible—possibly the oldest, certainly the most interesting, records of early thought—these primitive ideas are exhibited in a literary and historical form. The two sources taken together present the primitive philosophy of natural history, and it is from this standpoint that I propose to examine the notions of plants and animals now held by savages, as well as those which are exhibited in the most ancient books of the Bible.

At the outset, let me ask theologians to accept one word of advice from a naturalist, and to steer clear of futile attempts at reconciliation. If their ministry is to be of any service to enlightened men and women, it must stand on a much broader basis of reasoning than any that can be furnished by such childish quibbling. They cannot both have their theological cake and eat it. If they seek to claim the support of science for the inspiration of Genesis, they must submit the account to all the rigour of the scientific methods; and this the account will not stand. Therefore in this matter let them not appeal to science, for, if they do, they will find it to their cost that to science they must go.

The notions entertained of plants and animals by existing savages are pretty uniform in different parts of the world. Whether it be owing to a speculative interpretation of their dreams, to an observation of their shadows, or to the worship of their deceased ancestors—who are felt to be in some sense alive because their names are still in use,—it is certain that savages, as a general rule, entertain a belief in the continued existence of their dead. Such existence is supposed to be thus continued in a world of shadows, ghosts, or spirits—a world, however, which is not far removed from that in which the dead had previously lived. Indeed, so far as we are able to interpret the not very clear notions which savages entertain upon the locality and con-

ditions of spirit-life, the locality seems still to be mundane, and the conditions to resemble those of corporeal existence as closely as is compatible with the absence of a human body; for the soul or spirit of the deceased man is still supposed to hover around the scenes of his earthly life, and it is usually supposed to be even so far material in its nature as to leave footprints upon sand, to require food and drink, and so forth.

From the idea that human beings are animated by spirits, which during the life of the body fill every part of the body, and therefore in their subsequent or incorporeal existence continue to present in every detail the form of the body—from this idea there arises another, namely, that not only all animals and plants, but likewise all inanimate objects, present a spiritual or shadow-like substratum. The resemblance of this idea to that of the schoolmen is obviously very striking. For the schoolmen distinguished between ‘form’ and ‘substance.’ The form was the outward physical body of an object, which admits of being cognised by our senses. The substance was that which *stood under* the form, and, although not cognisable by the senses, constituted the true reality of the object. This idea, therefore, was—and in the Roman Catholic Church still continues to be—a reproduction, if not a direct survival, of the savage idea. And it is from this idea that the doctrine of sacrifice takes its origin—a doctrine which afterwards goes to constitute the backbone of all the religions of the world. The slaves who are killed after the decease of their master, are killed in order that their spirits may continue to minister to him in the land of spirits; and the food and drink which are provided for his use are supposed to be, as it were, provided spiritually. It is seen that the food and drink do not diminish, but what of that? The spirit eats and drinks the *substance*, if he does not touch the *form*; and this is all that the spirit is supposed to care about. Similarly, also, the weapons which are given to him remain, to every appearance, untouched; but the eye of savage faith can see how the spirit of the dead man is able to use the substance of his weapons in conducting his spiritual warfare or his spiritual hunt. And, if he happens to have been a chief or a hero in the flesh, sacrifices of animals, or often of human victims, follow upon the sacrifices of food and weapons, so that his power over men may be propitiated.

Thus we find that to savage thought the world is more full of human souls than it is of human bodies, and that even inanimate objects are endowed with a kind of spiritual existence, which is an imperceptible copy of their physical existence. Moreover, the fertile and unrestrained imagination of savages peoples its ghost-land with numberless spiritual existences of yet other kinds—witches, devils, beast-like shades, and so forth; the whole universe thus becoming a pandemonium.

One of the results, and probably the earliest result, of such a

system of belief is fetishism. Material objects are supposed to be the abodes of spiritual beings, or fetishes; all natural forces, such as winds and currents, are supposed to be the expressions of fetish activity. According to Professor Waitz, the following may be taken as the first principles of this philosophy. 'A spirit dwells, or can dwell, in every sensible object, and often a very great and mighty one in an insignificant thing. This spirit he does not consider as bound fast and unchangeably to the corporeal thing it dwells in, but it has there only its usual or principal abode.' The fetish can see and hear all that the savage does in its presence; it is also able to act either for or against his interests. The savage, therefore, does all he can to propitiate his fetish; and if he thinks that the fetish of any small object is well-disposed towards him, he will wear the object about his person as a charm. Or he may store such objects in a museum, which then becomes the temple of his worship. Romer tells us of an old negro whom he once saw performing his devotions in his private fetish-museum, surrounded by about twenty thousand fetishes; and was told by the old man 'that he did not know the hundredth part of the services they had performed for him.'

Now, seeing that even inanimate objects are thus habitually furnished by savage imagination with living and intelligent spirits, we cannot wonder that the most favourite objects of fetichistic worship among primitive men are those which are most plainly seen to present the phenomena of life. Hence, the philosophy of natural history in its earliest beginning is a philosophy of what may be termed zoolatry, or the worship of life as manifested by plants and animals. Thus, to quote Mr. Tylor, 'first and foremost, uncultured man seems capable of simply worshipping a beast as beast, looking on it as possessed of power, courage, cunning beyond his own, and animated like a man by a soul which continues to exist after bodily death, powerful as ever for good or harm.' In somewhat higher stages of culture, 'this idea may blend with the thought of the creature as being an incarnate deity, seeing, hearing, and acting even at a distance.' On this account all harmful animals, such as whales which overturn canoes, sharks, serpents, wolves, &c., are specially constituted objects of worship. And, as showing the abject contradiction of savage thought, it is curious to note the practice of some races, who, when they have killed an animal for food, ask the pardon of its spirit before they proceed to eat its body.

At a still higher level of culture, when the philosophy of the subject has become somewhat more elaborated, particular species of animals are set apart as objects of special worship, because it is supposed that the members of this species constitute, as it were, the shrines or incarnations of particular or titular deities. As a rule, these animals are never slain; and in some cases, as in those of bulls and monkeys in many parts of India, are pampered and petted in the

most extravagant fashion. Thus we may say that the earliest attempt at zoological classification by any philosophical theory is the attempt which is made by the grossest superstition.

According to Mr. McLennan, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, the practice of zoolatry may have arisen in a different way from that which I have just briefly sketched. It is the habit among savage peoples very frequently to name their chiefs after particular animals. When the chief dies, his name survives; and, therefore, in process of time the personality of the man becomes confused with that of the beast, which is thereafter worshipped as the incarnate spirit of the man. For my own part, I think that if this process ever does take place (and I doubt not that it may), it is probably of subordinate importance to the more direct development of fetishism above indicated. But I have no space to go further into this question, which, after all, is one that does not affect the fact of zoolatry, but only the method of its development.

Pre-eminent among all the beasts of the field as an object of worship is the one which is regarded as the most subtle. In ancient times the serpent was habitually worshipped in Egypt, India, Phœnicia, Babylonia, Greece, and Italy. It still continues to be worshipped in Persia, Cashmere, Cambodia, Thibet, China, India, Ceylon, Egypt, South Africa, Coast of Guinea, Madagascar, and the Friendly Islands. In the New World serpent worship appears among the Aztecs, Peruvians, Natchez, Caribs, Monitarris, Mandans, Pueblo Indians, &c. In higher stages of culture the serpent becomes an emblem of eternity, of evil, of wisdom, and of sundry other such abstract ideas.

No less widely distributed than the worship of serpents is the worship of trees. Indeed if I were to make a list of all the peoples among whom this form of worship prevails, the mere enumeration would be tedious. Let it, therefore, be enough to say in general terms, with Sir John Lubbock, that 'this form of religion can be shown to be general to most of the great races of men at a certain stage of mental development;' and Mr. Ferguson regards tree-worship in association with serpent-worship as the primitive faith of mankind. In its earliest or least-developed form this faith consists in attributing to trees the same kind of souls or spirits as are supposed to animate human beings and other animals; at this stage, therefore, trees are supposed to feel, to know, and to understand what is said to them. Later on, however, the faith becomes less and less realistic; and as spirits gradually become converted into deities, independent of material dwelling-places, the trees become more and more symbolical of divinity rather than themselves divine. Hence, the sacred groves of classical times were sacred as places rather than as objects of worship; and it is no doubt a similar survival of this feeling that led the monotheistic writer of the Book of Genesis to

speak of the Lord God walking among the trees of Eden in the cool of the day. Indeed, throughout the whole description of Paradise we may see the remnants of tree- and serpent-worship; the knowledge of good and evil, and the principle of everlasting life, are both associated with trees, while the principle of evil is associated with the serpent—which again appears as an emblem in the wanderings of the Israelites. And the very last remnants of such feeling continue to linger around trees and snakes, even after all vestiges of religious belief have departed from them. Thus, for instance, not to go further afield than Scotland, there is in the Isle of Skye an oak wood at Loch Siant the trees of which, up to quite a recent period, were regarded with so superstitious an awe that no one would venture to pull from them the smallest twig.

Owing, no doubt, to such survivals in feeling of religious associations previously connected with trees, in all stages of pre-scientific culture we meet with innumerable superstitions relating to plants. The plants are no longer worshipped, but they continue to be endowed with sundry magical properties, chiefly in the way of charms. Theophrastus, for example, who may be termed the earliest botanist whose writings have been preserved, tells us that in his day it was considered the proper thing to gather certain herbs with the body turned away from the wind and anointed with oil. The mandragora was only to be cut with a sword, which was to be drawn three times round the plant, with the body facing west, and after having danced around the plant, using obscene language. Similarly, those who sow cummin should only do so while uttering blasphemies. On the other hand, while gathering the black hellebore, it was necessary, after having drawn a line around it, to stand towards the east and pray, being careful all the while to avoid the sight of an eagle, for in that case the gatherer of the plant would die within a year.

With advancing culture superstitions connected with plants become, of course, somewhat less absurd than these; but anyone who reads the literature of alchemy may find how hard such superstitions die. And, even in our own day, there are many country places where wise women are believed so far to have inherited the mantle of the old witches, that their dealings with herbs for medicinal purposes are invested with a dash of magic; so that their services are more sought after than those of duly qualified practitioners.

There only remains one other feature in the primitive philosophy of natural history deserving to be noticed on account of its generality. This is the doctrine of transmigration of souls. All living things having been endowed with an immortal principle, upon the death of one temporary residence, this immortal principle is supposed to enter another. This doctrine survives in its most realistic form even in such comparatively high stages of culture as those of the ancient Egyptians and existing inhabitants of India. As a rule, the belief

embodies an ethical principle to the effect that the subsequent life-history of any particular soul is determined by its moral conduct while in any particular body; so that the change of body may be either for the better or the worse. For example, the Buddhists believe that in the next stage of his bodily existence a man who is unduly proud may expect to find himself a worm; or, if he be out and out a bad man, may not find any bodily home at all, but be doomed for ages to wander as a disembodied demon. On the other hand, if a man behaves himself well in this life, he may look for promotion in the next. 'The theory of "karmia" or "action," which controls the destiny of all sentient beings, not by judicial reward and punishment, but by the inflexible result of cause and effect, appears entitled to be regarded as one of the most remarkable developments of early speculation in the field of ethical thought.' One of the practical results of this doctrine of the transmigration of souls is to endow the lives of the lower animals with a value equivalent to those of human beings; and hence the dread of destroying the lower animals which is entertained by all the races of mankind who hold the doctrine.

I have now said enough to show that the philosophy of natural history in its most primitive form is universally the philosophy of animism—or the philosophy which ascribes to all living things the attributes of the human soul. This having been clearly noted, the next thing we have to observe is, that with advancing culture such philosophy departs from its primitive realism. The souls of living things cease to be quite so manlike; they become more and more detached from organisms; they become less and less the representatives of concrete bodies, while more and more representative of abstract principles. Although they still continue to be regarded as personal, they cease to be fixed to any definite corporeal abodes; they are now something more than spirits incarnate; they begin to assume the nature of gods. The influence of this change of religious conception upon the philosophy of natural history is a marked influence. The sundry forces and processes of nature having been severally relegated to the dominion of personal deities, plants and animals, although still invested with innumerable superstitious ideas surviving from more primitive stages of thought, now take a place in the general system of things, subordinate to the overruling gods. Animism thus becomes transformed into theology; and the natural history of observation gives place to the natural history of myth.

Adequately to treat of mythical natural history would require much more space than can here be allowed; I will, therefore, merely state some of the general principles which are connected with it.

At first sight we may well deem it somewhat remarkable that man should not have been satisfied, so to speak, with the enormous profusion of vegetable and animal forms upon this earth; but should

have proceeded to people the universe with a new creation of his own fancying. And still more remarkable may it appear that, having done this, he should forthwith have proceeded to believe in the actual existence of these imaginary creatures. But here we must remember that mythology was the product of a gradual growth, springing from a desire to explain the causation of natural phenomena. The sun was observed to move across the sky; something must therefore draw or push it; horses were presumed to be the causes of the traction; and, as they might reasonably be supposed to differ somewhat from horses upon earth, they were imagined to be horses of fire. It is not indeed always, or even generally, that we can find in myths so direct a bond of union as this between the phenomenon to be explained and the ideas of causality presented by the explanation; and the impossibility of finding such a bond of union in the majority of cases has led to the most extravagant and improbable systems of myth-analysis at the hands of modern scholars. To me it appears that the safest view for us to adopt is, that the process of myth-formation, although probably always starting from an instinctive desire to explain the causal reasons of observed phenomena, has been a multifarious process, wherein real history of ancestors, allegory, metaphor, and even the most gratuitous imagination, may occur in various measures of indiscriminate quantity. Under these circumstances, and so far as our present subject is concerned, I think it is best to accept the facts of mythology as we find them, without attempting to explain the precise psychological processes which have been concerned in their production.

If, then, we take a general survey of mythological organisms, the first thing that strikes us with reference to them is the fact that they are all compounds of organisms already known to exist. Profuse as the imagination of uncultured man has shown itself to be in the way of creating novel forms of animal life, it never seems to have been able to invent such a form which was in all its parts novel. On the contrary, the animal morphology of myth for the most part consists in joining together in one organism the parts which are distinctive of different organisms—the body of a man to that of a horse, the body of a woman to that of a fish, the legs of a goat to that of a boy, the wings of a bird to the shoulders of a bull, and so on. Very often, indeed, the organs thus separated from their legitimate owners underwent sundry modifications in detail before they were re-mounted in their new positions; and when such modifications were considerable, and still more when a number of different organisms were laid under tribute to the manufacture of a new one, the resulting monster might well claim to exhibit a highly creditable degree of inventive faculty on the part of his creators. Nevertheless, as I have said, this inventive faculty never rose above the comparatively childish level of first pulling animals to pieces, and then reconstructing them piecemeal,

although in some few cases the imaginative faculty went so far as to incorporate with the parts of living animals structures of human contrivance, as in the wheeled creatures described by the prophet Ezekiel.

Concurrently with, or following closely upon, the formation of myth, we everywhere find the formation of fable; and in the latter process, as in the former, animals play a highly conspicuous part. At any of the higher levels of culture fabulous animals are well known to be but imaginary animals; so that even our children habitually draw a distinction between the real animals of nature and what they call the 'pretend animals' of fable. Nevertheless, it is only because children are told to draw this distinction that they ever so much as think of drawing it. To the native or unassisted intelligence of a child, any one kind of animal is quite as probable as any other kind—and this not only with reference to form and size, but also with reference to habits and endowments. A dragon breathing fire and smoke seems no more intrinsically improbable than a serpent with poison in its mouth; nor is it more unlikely that a mouse should turn into a horse than that a tadpole should turn into a frog. Now the mind of semi-cultured man is in just the same case. Of late years a great deal of investigation has been expended upon the origin of our nursery stories, and the result has been to show that these stories are spread over all quarters of the globe—sometimes just as they are told to our own children, but more usually with a certain amount of variation, which is enough to render it doubtful whether they all migrated from a single source or were independent inventions in different localities. But in all cases the probability appears to be that when first promulgated they were accepted, not as romances, but as true histories; and that they continued to be so accepted until advancing civilisation slowly undermined their credibility. Gradually, therefore, they followed the fate of myths—passing from the region of history to that of poetry, and thus following a general law of mental evolution, namely, that beliefs which are matters of serious earnest in one stage of culture, in succeeding stages survive only as matters of amusement, or, at most, of æsthetic feeling. And such is now the position which is occupied among ourselves by the whole elaborate and multifarious natural history of myth and fable. When we look at the unicorn displaying his poetic morphology upon our royal insignia, the double-headed eagle of Germany, or any of the other monstrosities which now serve as national emblems, we may see in them the last survivals of the first attempts which were made by mankind to construct a philosophy of natural history.

When we turn to the special exhibition in the Bible of primitive ideas connected with plants and animals, and look to the authors of the Pentateuch, the Book of Job, or the supposed writings of Solomon, our

attention as naturalists investigating their ideas upon natural history is arrested by the accuracy of their observations. We find, indeed, that the Mosaic writer has fallen into the error of classifying the hare as a ruminant, a bat as a bird, possibly a whale as a fish, and including under one category the 'most diverse natural groups as 'creeping things.' But all these errors arise merely from an absence of morphological knowledge, which clearly could not have been attainable at that time. Barring this necessary ignorance, however, it appears to me that these early biblical writers have displayed a really wonderful degree of accuracy in their observations of plants and animals—wonderful, I mean, if contrasted with similar observations by men of other races at a comparable level of culture. If we except certain passages in the Book of Job, which appear to assume the real existence of fabulous animals—although even here the charge of inaccuracy is not admissible, from its being impossible to determine whether the allusions are intended to be taken literally or poetically—there is no other instance where the animals either of fable or of myth are countenanced. On the other hand, remarkable accuracy is displayed by the early biblical writers in their observations of external morphology, as well as of the habits and instincts of animals. In that curious and elaborate enumeration of animals as clean and unclean with which we meet in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, it is an accurate idea of morphological classification which leads the writer to fix upon the parted hoof and chewing of the cud as features of what we should now term taxonomic importance; and when, later on, we find the whole animal kingdom classified with reference to merely external form, number of limbs, and modes of progression, we must not neglect to notice the systematic observation which is displayed, and which, so far as it goes, is wonderfully true to nature. There is no imagery of any kind mixed up with the facts; the classification is throughout dictated by the true spirit of science; and it cannot be said to have been subsequently improved upon until the foundations of biology were laid by the commanding genius of Aristotle.

Again, as regards the habits and instincts of animals, we read in Proverbs vi. 6–8, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.' Owing to the authority of Huber, the statement here made that ants display an instinct of harvesting was regarded by latter-day naturalists as mythical. More recent observations, however, have fully vindicated the accuracy of the older naturalist, and this without impugning that of Huber. The discrepancy between the two is owing merely to their having observed the habits of ants in different geographical areas. The species of ants observed by the Biblical writer in Palestine have now been found to collect grain in the summer-time, and to store it in granaries for winter consumption; while the species observed in

Europe by Huber present no such instinct. But ants with harvesting instincts have now also been found in the South of Europe, in India, and in America. Seeing then that here, as elsewhere, Solomon has proved himself to have been an accurate observer, it is much to be regretted that his disquisitions on natural history, of which we read in the Book of Kings, should all have been lost. Had these been still extant, they would have presented a high degree of historical interest as the utterances of the most ancient of professed naturalists. For, 'he spoke of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom.'

Again, whatever may be its date, how interesting is the natural history of Job, which, notwithstanding the writer's unrestricted flights of poetry, is, as already remarked, almost always true to fact, save where the statements are plainly hyperbolic. What, for instance, can be more graphic than the description of the ostrich: 'What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider'? Or what can be more accurate than the description of this bird's peculiar instincts of incubation: 'She leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers'? This peculiarity of instinct on the part of the ostrich is likewise alluded to in the Book of Lamentations, where the writer contrasts it with the maternal instincts of other animals, and this in a passage which seems to indicate that the writer was aware of the mammalian character, if not of Cetacea, at all events of Seals; for he says: 'Even the sea monsters draw out the breast: they give suck to their young ones.'

But I must now draw to a close these few and imperfect remarks on the natural history of the Bible, and I will do so by briefly considering that portion of this natural history which, during the last fifty years, has excited more interest and more controversy than any passage of similar length in the whole literature of the world. I mean, of course, the first chapter of Genesis.

The great battle between the theologians and men of science began in the field of astronomy. Then it passed to the field of geology, and it was not until the antiquity of the globe, the reality of fossils, and all the other positions had been finally taken by the geologists, that the battle was resumed with renewed fury against the biologists. Here the points in dispute cannot yet be said to have been finally settled, if by a settlement we mean a general acquiescence by theologians in the doctrine of naturalists. The principal fight has been around the question of evolution as against special creation. But, besides this principal fight, there has been a kind of subordinate

fight over the order of succession of vegetable and animal life upon the globe. Now, here the question is a simple question of fact, and ought not to admit of any reasonable dispute. For no one now-a-days ventures to impugn the accuracy of the geological record. The only question, therefore, is, as to whether or not the first chapter of Genesis is in agreement with this record. And the answer to this question is perfectly plain. In some respects the two records are in agreement, while in other respects they are not. In order to show at once the points of agreement and the points of disagreement, I will place the two records side by side.

Record of Genesis.

Grass, herbs, trees.
Aquatic animals and birds.
Cattle, creeping things.
Beasts of the earth.
Man.

Record of Geology.

Certain cryptogamous plants.¹
Certain invertebrata.
Certain fish.
Certain trees²; amphibia.
Certain reptiles.
Certain birds.³
Certain mammals.
Man.

Now, it is evident that we here have a general correspondence, but it is no less evident that the correspondence is only general, or that it fails in most points of detail. In the first place, while the biblical record appears to represent each group of living things as having been formed in its entirety before the appearance of the next group, the scientific record shows that no one group was ever thus completed before the appearance of succeeding groups. In the case of every group, the process of species-formation was concurrent with that of some of the other groups. Therefore, in the record of geology, I have prefaced each of the groups with the word 'certain,' in order to indicate that, at the period represented, only a very small fractional number of the forms comprised within that group had at that time made their appearance.

Thus, for example, we find that in the biblical record all the forms of vegetable life are represented as having been in existence before any of the forms of animal life. At least it appears to me that this is the only meaning we can properly ascribe to the term grass, herbs, and trees. But, if so, of course this statement of Genesis is very far wide of the truth. Similarly it is represented that all aquatic animals appeared before any terrestrial animals. Now, although it is probably true that animal life upon this globe began in the water, it is certainly not true that all the forms of aquatic animals had made their appearance before any of the forms of terrestrial. On the contrary, it was only a small proportional part of the former which had been

¹ Probably.

² *i.e.* tree-ferns.

³ But no actual proof of birds before mammals.

evolved before some of them became adapted to live upon dry land. Moreover, the Genesis account expressly includes under the category of aquatic animals, 'every creature that moveth' in the waters, up even to 'great whales.' It thus becomes impossible to limit the class aquatic animals to aquatic invertebrata and fish. And, even if this could be done, the difficulty would still remain, that terrestrial invertebrata are represented (under the name of 'creeping things') as appearing long subsequently to aquatic invertebrata, seeing that they are said to have appeared subsequently to birds, and even to cattle. For we find that birds, and even cattle, are said to have appeared before 'creeping things,' which we can only understand to mean insects, snails, amphibia, reptiles, &c., as these are classed together in Leviticus under the same term. Lastly, it follows from these discrepancies that matters are in no way mended by supposing the record of Genesis to mean what it does not say, or to indicate only the earliest appearance of any '*representatives*' of the sundry classes named.

This, I think, is enough to show how misguided are the attempts of so-called 'reconcilers,' who endeavour to force upon the account given in Genesis the results of modern investigation. These reconcilers always proceed in the same way. They first magnify the points of agreement, and next endeavour by sundry artifices of rhetoric to cover up the points of disagreement; then they represent that, on the whole, the agreement is so remarkable that it can only be explained by the hypothesis of inspiration. Now it is no business of mine either to impugn or to vindicate the hypothesis of inspiration; but I may observe that those who have the interests of this hypothesis at heart are only displaying their own shortsightedness by seeking to befriend it in any such way as this. Even if the coincidence between Genesis and geology had been very much more close than it is, surely it would have been a somewhat slender thread of argument on which to hang so important a doctrine. But, as the matter stands, there is nothing in the cosmology of Genesis which we might not have expected to meet with in the early philosophy of natural history. The idea pervading the alleged order of succession appears to me a sufficiently obvious, and, when properly considered, a very interesting idea. It is the idea of a progressive advance from the less to the more highly organised; and I doubt not that, if the writer had known more about the internal anatomy of the animal kingdom, his record would have been in very much closer agreement with that of modern science than we have seen it to be.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

THE AMERICAN SILVER BUBBLE.

THE late Mr. Bagehot used to remark that the United States was a country for exemplifying by experiments on a large scale the old truths of political economy. The people were indifferent to experience gained elsewhere, while they were protected from the most serious consequences of mistakes, that would be supremely disastrous in old countries, by their magnificent resources. They were thus constantly renewing old experiments under favourable conditions and confirming, if not adding to, our knowledge of the principles of political economy. The latest experiment of this kind is the silver legislation, of which we have all heard so much during the last few months. Of all things in the world, 'money,' which can least bear tampering with, or anything but scientific treatment, is being made in America the bone of party contention, under the influence partly of a mining interest which desires strongly to get a better price for silver, and partly of a soft money interest, which desires to have abundant money of some kind if it cannot have inconvertible paper. The resulting legislation, which has in fact been accomplished, is certainly of a singular character, and raises questions of immediate practical as well as scientific interest, not only to Americans but to other peoples as well. Some account of the matter, then—of the fantastic ideas which influence the event, of the results which must ensue as distinguished from those hoped for and predicted, and of the consequences to wider interests—may thus be of some use. The facts are highly complex and little known and understood even in America. Two articles which have lately appeared in the *American Quarterly Journal of Economics*, one by Mr. Taussig and the other by Mr. Horace White,¹ throw a good deal of light upon the matter, and I should like, therefore, to refer to these articles at starting, so that those interested may follow up the subject, although the point of view from which I now write is different from that of both authors referred to, and my own information is mainly derived from independent study of American official reports and publications.

It appears necessary at the beginning to give some account of the American monetary system, which is highly complex and difficult,

¹ *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, April and July, 1890. London, Macmillan & Co.

bearing traces of the system of inconvertible paper which only came to an end twelve years ago, and of the conflict of ideas between the hard and soft money schools which has prevented the establishment and consolidation of a consistent and harmonious system.

The first point, then, is that the standard monetary substance of the United States is still practically gold. The unit is a dollar, consisting of $25\frac{1}{4}$ grains of standard gold. The intention in 1873, when a bimetallic standard was formally abandoned, was to have a complete monometallic system, with a gold standard, like England; and although this intention has been partly nullified by legislation of a different kind in 1878, on resuming specie payments, and since, at the instigation of the abundant money party, yet gold in fact retains its pre-eminence in the United States system. It is still the only metal there which individuals can take to the Mint to be coined. All the other coinages or currencies—so-called legal tender silver coins and paper money of different descriptions, as well as fractional silver and copper—are substitutionary and representative of the standard substance only, and are kept up to the gold standard by the various monometallic devices for such currency—viz. limited coinage or issue; receivability at the Government Treasury for taxes and dues as the equivalent of gold; and, in some cases, limitation of the legal tender privilege.

The actual amount of the standard monetary substance in use is not material, as the United States, like any other country with a metallic standard automatically working, can draw, if need be, upon the standard substance wherever it can be obtained; but it may be noted that the United States has, in fact, a very sufficient stock of the standard metal. According to the report of Mr. Leech, the Director of the Mint in the United States, on the production of gold and silver in 1889, the visible stock of gold in the United States on the 1st of January last—that is, the stock in the Treasury and in the banks, and not including anything that might be in private hands—was 84,000,000*l*.² This is ample and more than ample. The corresponding sum in the United Kingdom is probably under 40,000,000*l*., the reserve of the Bank of England being 20,000,000*l*. only. We have a considerable sum in addition in private hands used as small change which the United States dispenses with; but the actual and visible stock available for the support of large transactions is smaller here than there. It is estimated that there may be 50,000,000*l*. more-gold in the United States which cannot be visibly accounted for, that being the excess over visible stocks shown by a calculation from the annual production and the excess of imports over exports since specie payments were resumed, less the estimated amount used in the arts, but this sum of 50,000,000*l*. is not visible, and the calculation only illustrates the uncertainty of most calculations as to the amount of the precious metals in existence or use. However, the

² The exact amount stated is \$419,578,362. See Report, p. 55.

amount visible in the United States is more than sufficient for all purposes of security. Contracts to deliver the standard substance can with certainty be fulfilled, if required, and the substitutionary or representative currency is adequately backed.

We come, then, to the question of the substitutionary or representative currencies, which are most various. They are mainly as follows:—

(a) *Greenbacks*.—Government promises to pay in lawful money of the United States, by which are meant legally gold and silver coins, but practically gold only, as above explained. These greenbacks are themselves unlimited legal tender as between individuals, but being convertible into gold are, of course, equivalent to gold like Bank of England notes. They are specially protected, in addition, by a reserve of 20,000,000*l.* in gold, established under the Act for resuming specie payments.

The amount of the greenbacks is fixed at \$346,000,000, or about 70,000,000*l.* sterling, which was the amount outstanding shortly after the close of the war, when further reduction was specially prohibited; but the amount in circulation is never quite so much, and at times has been a good deal less. If the amount held by the banks as cash is deducted, the active circulation of the greenbacks, *i.e.* in private hands as distinguished from banks and the Treasury, is almost always a good deal less.

(b) *Gold Certificates*.—These are certificates for the deposit of gold coin that anyone may bring to the Treasury. They are unlimited legal tender, as well as the gold represented by them, to any amount.

The amount of these certificates outstanding at the date of the last report of the Secretary to the United States Treasury was about 31,000,000*l.*, but a large part of these again were held by the banks as cash, and were not in the hands of the public.

(c) *Silver coins*, coined under what is known as the Bland Act of 1878, by which the State was directed to purchase so much silver monthly and coin it. These coins are unlimited legal tender at the old bimetallic ratio in the United States of 16 to 1; but as their quantity has been strictly limited, and no one has been able to get them except by giving the Treasury a full equivalent in gold or gold's worth, and they are receivable in turn in payment of United States taxes and dues, they have thereby been kept on a par with gold. They are legally 'lawful money' of the United States, just as gold coins are, but practically they are representative currency in the way described. They are obviously similar in character to the greenbacks, which are kept on a par with gold by similar means. They are virtual promises to pay gold, and are maintained at the same value, however the silver of which they are made may fluctuate.

The amount of this silver coinage is now very large, over 70,000,000*l.*

nominal, mostly represented by silver certificates, as will be explained presently. It is used for small change only. In part it has displaced the token silver coinage previously in existence, while the silver certificates are mainly in small denominations of less than \$20.

(d) *Silver Certificates*.—These are practically the same as the silver coins coined under the Bland Act, which they represent, with the exception that, unlike the gold certificates, they are not unlimited tender for any amount, though the silver coins which they represent are. They are receivable, as I understand, for dues and taxes, and may be counted as part of their reserves by the national banks, though the banks, in fact, ‘boycott’ them. But the law has stopped short of making the silver certificates themselves legal tender.

At the date of the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury the amount of the silver certificates outstanding was \$262,629,745, or in round figures, at 4s. to the dollar, about 52,500,000*l*. The amount has since been increased, and practically almost the whole of the Bland coinage, with the exception of about 5,000,000*l*. that has displaced the former token silver, is represented by these certificates, which may be stated in round figures at 60,000,000*l*. As already explained, however, the certificates are of small denominations; like the silver coins they represent, they are used as small change only, although the silver coins are unlimited legal tender; and the banks steadily ‘boycott’ them.

(e) *National Bank-notes*.—These are notes authorised to be issued by the national banks, which are under stringent legislation of different kinds, and they are practically guaranteed by the State, the issuing banks depositing with the United States Treasury United States bonds of much greater market value to cover the issue, besides 5 per cent. in cash. These notes, when greenbacks were at a discount, were also at a discount; but since the return to specie payments they have been on a par with gold like all other representative currency in the United States. They used to be the most important part of the currency next to greenbacks; but for some years, owing to taxation, and the high price of the bonds which have to be deposited to secure the issues, it has not paid the banks to continue the issues, and they have rapidly diminished from an aggregate of about 70,000,000*l*., or as much as the issue of greenbacks themselves, to about 20,000,000*l*. only.

In addition there are about 12,000,000*l*. of such notes still outstanding which are in a peculiar position. They have ceased to be issues as far as the banks themselves are concerned, and the banks have deposited a sum of cash equal to them with the Treasury to enable the Treasury to redeem them. Such notes have thus become in effect Treasury notes; they are practically in the category of gold certificates or greenbacks; and until the silver legislation of the present year the cash deposited to redeem them was ‘ear-marked’

and had to be specially kept by the Treasury, just like the 20,000,000*l.* of gold appropriated to secure the greenbacks.

(*f*) There are also token currencies of silver and copper coin as in a monometallic system, which require no special description.

These various currencies, it need hardly be pointed out, do not add up. This is obviously the case with the silver coins and silver certificates, which can be substituted the one for the other, but it is equally the case with the national bank-notes, which are not an addition to the greenbacks and gold certificates, because the banks themselves are holders of these gold and silver certificates. Separating the Government issues from the national bank issues, the Government may be considered responsible for about 140,000,000*l.* of paper, against which it holds upwards of 60,000,000*l.* of the standard substance, gold. If we include the national bank issues, but deduct from them the greenbacks and gold certificates held by the banks, so as to show the paper in the hands of the public, the whole active circulation may still be put at something like 140,000,000*l.*, against which the standard substance held by the Treasury and banks together is, as we have seen, about 80,000,000*l.*

So various and so peculiar, therefore, are the representative currencies of the United States, while there are minor varieties which it appears unnecessary to describe. There are, for instance, certificates of the deposit of greenbacks which circulate instead of the greenbacks themselves, just as gold certificates circulate in place of the gold. But it is needless to go into further detail. The important point is that, with all this complexity and confusion, originating in notions of making money abundant, the United States have arrived at nothing and have effected nothing which might not have been effected better by a thoroughly monometallic system with gold for the standard. The greenbacks, the gold certificates, the silver coins of unlimited legal tender, the silver certificates, the national bank-notes, and the fractional currencies of silver and copper coin, are all substitutionary and representative money only, however disguised, convertible into and exchangeable with the standard substance gold, but not themselves standard money. To give to some of these representative currencies, like the Bland silver coins and the greenbacks, the quality of unlimited legal tender in no way alters their real character. They only circulate to the extent there is a demand for them, and as the equivalent or representative of the standard substance itself, and they might just as well have that character distinctly avowed.

Another remark to be made is that the American system is extremely wasteful of cash, and, at any rate, it does not give the Americans the benefit of that economy from the use of paper which is one of the advantages that counterbalance the extensive use of paper money in lieu of the standard substance. When the United

States resumed specie payments in 1879, the active circulation of paper—the paper issues in the hands of the public—was about 112,000,000*l.*, against which the cash held in reserve, almost all gold, was about 30,000,000*l.* only. Now the paper issues in the hands of the public are² about 140,000,000*l.*, but the cash held by the banks and the Treasury together is of about equal amount. The gold alone, as we have seen, is over 80,000,000*l.*, and the visible silver is over 60,000,000*l.* more. The liabilities of the banks meanwhile have about doubled, so that some increase of reserve cash would have been justified; but if 30,000,000*l.* sufficed twelve years ago, as there is no doubt it did, it cannot be necessary to have 140,000,000*l.* now. Probably the gold alone is in excess of what would be required if the system were economically worked, and the silver, which has also been accumulated, is accordingly entirely superfluous. The Americans might be justified in saying that there is similar waste in other systems. They might have used a great deal of the silver coinage directly, for instance, as is done in the United Kingdom, without the intervention of silver certificates. The silver itself would have circulated to some extent instead of the certificates, and the consumption would have been large. This is in one sense true. In all mono-metallic systems there is waste, where a subsidiary metal is used for token coinage, and paper might have been used instead. But the waste of one system does not excuse waste in another. In a system, moreover, where token coinage is avowedly used for small change under automatic rules, the waste is different from, and more excusable than, the American waste, in that the object is security against the vagaries of the issuers of money, and this security is abandoned where paper itself circulates. If they cannot circulate the coinage itself, then, it is waste in the United States to lock it up and circulate the paper instead. They have all the disadvantages of paper without the advantage of its economy. The lock-up, moreover, operates against that inflation which has been the real object of all these miscellaneous currencies. The appreciation of gold would have been less than it is if the United States had not locked up so much of it. Silver is higher in price, and has been higher in price, than it would have been if the United States had not locked it up. Their action has made the market wholly unnatural.

It is this irregular and wasteful system, then, into which the recent proposals for silver legislation and finally a Silver Act have been introduced. The description that has been given enables us to characterise the new proposals very shortly.

They have all, in effect, been inspired by the party or parties which have made the United States monetary system the irregular

² i.e. towards the end of last year, the date of the annual official reports of Government departments in the United States.

and wasteful patchwork that it is. To create more money, to raise prices, has been the object of one party, while another party has aimed purely and directly at raising the price of silver. What has been proposed and done therefore has been something to aggravate existing evils instead of lessening them.

Two leading proposals were in competition in the Legislature. One, which need not be very much discussed, as it was not carried, though it was very nearly being carried, was a distinct proposal to introduce the double standard, to authorise the coining of silver as well as gold on individual account, and to make the dollar *either* $25\frac{1}{2}$ grains of standard gold *or* $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of standard silver. These silver dollars would have been exactly the same as the present Bland dollars, with this difference, that anyone who had silver to take to the Mint would have got it coined. The passage of this law, therefore, would have made the United States bimetallic at the ratio of 16 to 1, and the speculation would at once have been—what would happen?

It is almost a pity the experiment has not been made. Bimetallists are so sure that the great nations have only to unite upon a common double standard to make that standard effective, that it would have been interesting to witness the effect in a country which is one of the foremost among the nations that were to make the agreement. For reasons I have often urged, and according to the experience and teaching of the greatest economists, the United States, suddenly introducing such a law, could not have escaped great disasters. Silver being so much cheaper than gold, the community which tried to act upon such a law would at once have all existing debts reduced to the level of silver debts; silver would become the sole standard; and gold would be at a premium in the new money. To avoid such evils, in the interval between the passing of such a law and its coming into operation, those concerned might be expected to rush for payment of their debts in gold while there was yet time, and so create a panic. That some such disaster was apprehended clearly appeared in the course of the debates on the Silver Bill. The Senate actually passed a bill for bimetallicism pure and simple, but there was immediately no small commotion and the measure was shelved.

The astonishing thing is that, to all appearance, the party which wanted cheap money and the party which wanted to raise the price of silver united in favour of this measure, which might not have raised the value of silver at all. It is not the declaration of the standard which makes the demand for a precious metal in a country. It is the laws and customs which regulate the currency that are the most important in this respect. It is easy to make a demand for silver, with gold as the standard substance, and *vice versâ*, as the experience of the United States itself has very clearly proved. Yet no one seems to have thought that the elevation of silver to the rank of standard money might *not* have led to a larger employment of silver

at all; that this would depend on laws of another kind which were receiving no attention.

The other proposal, which has actually been carried, is of the nature of the Bland Act itself. It is to the effect that the United States Treasury is to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion monthly (at any price under $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of fine silver per dollar, which is about 60*d.* per ounce for standard silver), and issue notes in payment equal to the value purchased, which notes are to be payable in lawful money of the United States. At the same time the Treasury is authorised to coin as much of the silver as may be necessary into 'Bland dollars' and use them in redeeming these notes. These notes are also to be unlimited legal tender. The Bland Act itself is repealed. In effect, then, the new Act may be described as an extension of the Bland Act as regards the amount of silver to be purchased and as an aggravation of the mischievous character of that measure in respect that the notes issued for the silver are to be unlimited legal tender, which the silver certificates were not, and are not to be specially redeemable in silver coin as the silver certificates were. It is an attempt to create something more than representative money, if possible, while the extension of the amount to be created makes it more difficult to apply the monometallic device of limitation of quantity, by which in part the silver certificates have hitherto been kept on a par with gold. The exact figures as regards the amount are thus important. Under the Bland Act the Treasury were directed to purchase not less than \$2,000,000 worth of silver monthly and not more than \$4,000,000 worth. In fact, the Treasury has always purchased the minimum only; this minimum, however, at the low price of silver in 1889, amounting to 29,000,000 ozs. in the year. Under the new Act the purchases are to be of 4,500,000 ozs. monthly, or 54,000,000 ozs. per annum, an increase of the annual purchases by 25,000,000 ozs. There was much debate on a counter-proposal to purchase \$4,500,000 *worth* monthly, which would have come to the same thing as the proposal actually passed when silver was at the price of 48*d.*, but would have meant a decrease of the quantity purchased to less than 54,000,000 ozs. as the price rose above 48*d.* and an increase of the quantity purchased as the price fell below 48*d.* But the final decision was to purchase a certain definite quantity only. And this quantity is in effect an increase of the annual purchases, as compared with what they were in 1889, from 29,000,000 to 54,000,000 ozs. or an increase of 25,000,000 ozs. There is another provision in the Act of a very special character, taking away the 'ear-mark' from the cash deposited to redeem the cancelled national bank-notes referred to above, which will require separate notice, but what we have described is the main part of the measure.

To describe the measure, we think, is to show its mischievous character; but the immediate question is what will be the precise

effects as compared with those intended, both as regards inflation and as regards the somewhat inconsistent end of raising the price of silver? Have the soft money party in the United States and the silver interest effected their purpose or have they not?

Now, as regards inflation, there can apparently be no question. In the first instance, at least, the soft money party have failed of their object. There can be no inflation all at once.⁴ The silver notes to be issued will have exactly the same sort of uses as the silver certificates now circulating, no more and no less. So long as the quantity of notes issued is strictly limited, and the Government receives them freely for taxes and dues, and pays them out only in exchange for the equivalent of gold, they will remain on a level with gold. That they nominally represent silver is of no consequence whatsoever. They will really be paper convertible into gold on demand. But such a currency so handled cannot cause inflation. Prices remain, as before, at the gold level.

There is a danger, of course, that in time it will not be possible so to handle this currency, and this is, in fact, the special mischief of the Act; but the intention clearly is so to handle it, and the promoters of the Act seemed to have the idea that the new currencies would make money abundant with gold in use as it is. They did not look to the contingency of gold being displaced.

On this head, then, there is a complete deception on the part of the people of the United States, as they must shortly find out. Yet they might have been undeceived by the experience of the existing silver certificates. These certificates have partly taken the place of cancelled national bank-notes, partly filled up a 'currency' void caused by the expansion of population and business in the United States. It has been convenient that so much paper should have been available. But the paper has no more caused inflation than the increase of silver token money with ourselves has caused inflation. It circulates only to the extent demanded, flowing back into the Treasury when not required. How the idea that a currency of this kind means inflation should have originated, it would be difficult to understand if it were not for the common confusion between standard money and currency; but this confusion, there is no doubt, accounts for much. To produce inflation, the standard substance in which bargains are made must be 'offered,' and you do not produce that sort of effect by multiplying small change currency, of which communities will in fact absorb no more than they need. The Americans have thought to produce abundant money by multiplying representative and small change currency only. There could not be a better illustration of an end which was considered desirable being wholly missed through ignorance.

⁴ See as regards inflation under the Bland Act the article of Mr. Taussig above referred to.

If there is to be inflation at all, it can only come through the substitutionary or representative currencies not being kept on a level with gold, and thus coming to form a new *quasi*-standard substance of their own. Then there will be inflation with a vengeance—in fact, all the well-known evils of excessive inconvertible paper. This is a danger, as already mentioned, to which the American monetary system is now exposed. But so long as the gold standard is maintained—and this is what is hoped—prices will not rise, and money will not be abundant.

The other end aimed at by the promoters of the silver legislation—viz. a rise in the value of silver—is, however, being accomplished. Silver is for the moment enhanced in price by the large purchases which the United States have commenced to make. This illustrates a very old doctrine indeed, not so much of political economy as of business and common sense. The way to raise the price of anything is to buy it and take it off the market. This is what the United States Government is doing with silver on a large scale, and *pro tanto* the price is raised.

How much the price will be raised is a different question, which concerns the City and speculators mainly, and which need hardly be discussed here. It involves questions of detail as to future production and demand. Two points, however, seem clear. 1. The rise in silver which has taken place seems likely enough to be temporary only. The increase in the production of silver of late years has been enormous. Dr. Soetbeer's figures on this head are well known; but take only this fact, which I find in the Report of the Director of the United States Mint, already referred to, that in 1873 the annual production of silver was 63,000,000 fine ounces, and in 1889 the amount was 126,000,000 ounces. And this enormous increase of production seems likely to continue. At the same time there is no corresponding increase of what may be called the natural demand. The additional artificial demand for the United States, therefore, only takes up part of an increasing supply, and will not, it is probable, have any greater effect on the market than the purchases under the Bland Act, when they commenced, which were equally great in proportion to the supply of that time. After the present flutter, therefore, silver in all probability will fall back to its former level, unless some new event happens. 2. The present rise may be to some extent nominal, forming part of a general rise of prices in gold incidental to a period of good credit. Silver, in other words, may have risen rather more as measured by gold than as measured by the average of commodities. When credit is again succeeded by discredit and depression succeeds prosperity, silver may also fall back with the average of commodities. If silver were the standard of countries economically as powerful as the countries whose standard is gold, this might not be the case. The influence

of credit might in that case affect the two standard substances equally. But at present it is the gold countries which have most credit, and whose standard substance is most affected by fluctuations of credit. Still, silver has risen to some extent as measured even by an average of other commodities, and not merely as measured by gold, and so far the owners of silver, who promoted the bill, have gained. Of course, this rise in silver in all countries which have silver money is appreciation and not depreciation, contraction and not inflation—the very opposite, in fact, of what has been aimed at by the soft money party.

What owners of silver and silver mines have gained the rest of the world lose. The natural market is also disturbed, which is a loss to everyone in the end. For the present, however, there is no question as to the gainers by the American silver bubble. They are even better off than if they had got unlimited coinage of silver, which was so very near being carried.

We come then to the question of the wider interests which may be affected by this silver legislation, apart from those which are immediately at issue. The questions thus raised are very grave indeed.

The main question is the critical condition of the United States monetary system. By departing from the simplicity and perfection of a single standard in the vain hope of increasing 'money,' as it is thought, and so raising prices, which they think can be done by making gold and silver both standard—a thing that is impossible—or by multiplying representative and small change currency only, which has little effect on prices, the people of the United States are running the most serious risks of financial disaster. The moment the present expedients to keep all the substitutionary currency on a level with gold cease to be effective, and this currency is pressed on the market in excess, gold will cease to be standard; the gold in the United States will be either hoarded or exported, or used at a premium; and silver will fast become the standard money. Existing creditors will receive in consequence less than they contracted for; many contracts will be disturbed; and in circumstances easily conceivable there will certainly be panic. The standard money of a country is not a thing to be lightly changed.

Mr. Balfour, in his recent bimetallic speech in the House of Commons, spoke lightly of the dangers of panic in connection with changes of standard, even from inconvertible paper to gold and the reverse. But there are changes and changes, and it is most certainly true that one of the evils connected with such transitions or with the departure from a good sound standard is panic and confusion. The return to specie payments in this country after the inconvertible

paper at the beginning of the century was a most painful process, and the great panic of 1825 incidentally arose out of it. In 1869 in the United States there was a remarkable gold panic, and in 1873 there was a general money panic not unconnected with the appreciation of the paper money, which was gradually approaching par, although par was not actually reached till 1878. Within the last few months, again, we have seen that the excesses of inconvertible paper in the Argentine Republic lead to monetary panic and confusion of the worst kind, and even to political revolution. To this sort of evil the United States, having got a good standard, voluntarily exposes itself in deference to the fanatics of bimetallism, stimulated by the private interests of mine owners who have silver to sell. The resources of the United States are such that even great calamities of this sort are surmounted without fatal disaster. But the calamities may not be wholly escaped, and may be more serious than the parties who manipulate the Legislature, and even the sober business men in the United States who are compelled to look on, anticipate.

It need hardly be said that any evil of this kind occurring in the United States will react in other countries, and particularly in England. Just as the United States panic of 1873 was the beginning of our own long depression, so a new panic must have great effects. In one thing we are also specially interested. Currency securities of the United States have been largely bought here as if they were gold securities. If the transition from a gold to a silver standard takes place, these securities will unquestionably be depreciated. The income will be diminished, and the capital value will fall in even greater proportion. The United States will of course suffer from the resulting discredit, but our investing classes will first have suffered.

The crisis may possibly come before long. It is only a question of a short time when the United States will be face to face once more with the problem of surplus silver. The case at present is that there is room for new currency in the United States to a certain extent, because the process of extinguishing the national bank-note circulation still goes on, and because this is a time of good trade, when, one year with another, more small change is required. To take the place of cancelled bank-notes, and to fill up the demands of increasing population and trade, the United States Government can easily issue more paper, and if it chooses to make the issue contingent only on the deposit of silver bullion it can do so. But the demands of this kind are limited. At the rate of issue now directed, about 9,000,000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.* nominal per annum, with silver at its present price, two to three years will suffice to replace the bank-notes even if the existing bank-note circulation should all be cancelled; and with the cessation of good trade the demand for currency in other

ways would cease. The issue of paper, if then continued, would immediately be in excess, and a movement would at once begin to send in the gold certificates for payment and take the gold away, thus endangering the gold standard. So long as the United States Treasury has gold to pay, and is willing or compellable to pay it, the evil would be staved off, but the diminution of the amount and proportion of gold held would bring the transition within sight, and then, it may be expected, considerable events would happen. The bankers and people of the United States are not prepared for a silver standard. The moment it is seen that the promise to give them both gold and silver as standard cannot be kept, there will assuredly be a new agitation, and probably a panic, through the endeavours of business men to make for themselves a good standard money which the Government had failed to give them.

In this connection, then, the special provision in the Act abolishing the 'ear-mark' on the cash deposited with the Treasury to redeem the cancelled national bank-notes becomes important. The effect is that the 12,000,000*l.* thus ear-marked at present, and for which provision must be made before the Treasury can reckon a surplus, will become an ordinary liability of the Treasury for which no special provision is required, like the greenbacks in excess of the 20,000,000*l.* of gold specially provided for their redemption. The technical surplus of the Treasury will thus be increased by 12,000,000*l.* at a stroke; and as the surplus the Treasury is permitted to keep is limited, the 12,000,000*l.* will have to be paid away. As no one will take silver unless forced, the payments will either have to be in gold or gold will go to a premium; while if the payments are in gold the diminution of the proportion and amount of gold held, which brings the transition to a silver standard within sight, will at once begin. Even after paying away 12,000,000*l.* the United States Treasury would, in reality, have sufficient gold left to support the gold standard, but apprehension might set in at any point with results that are beyond calculation.

Another fact which points in the direction of an early crisis is the prospect of a diminution of the annual surplus of revenue over expenditure, which has hitherto enabled the United States Government to act so powerfully on the money market. Considerable stress is laid on this fact by American authorities. If the annual surplus should diminish, the Government's power of action would diminish with it, and the fact should have due weight.

It is evident, then, that the situation in the United States under the new *régime* must be extremely complex and difficult. What the Treasury are to do from day to day, it will be no easy matter to decide. But the practical conclusion here must be to prepare for contraction rather than inflation. Even if 12,000,000*l.* of gold are set free in the next few months, the general circumstances of the

world's money markets are at present such that this large sum would hardly make an impression. And against any effect that may be produced must be set the obvious apprehension in New York at each withdrawal of gold for export, revealing the feeling in American circles that in the uncertainties of the monetary situation there gold must not be parted with. The inflation party have had their way in the matter of legislation, but it would not be singular in economic experience if the effect should be quite the opposite of what was intended. Yet it is to induce us to imitate the United States in follies which produce such results that our bimetallic friends have lately been so busy.

The next questions that may be agitated are those arising out of the rise in the price of silver itself. Immediately to a certain extent all the evils arising out of a fall in the value of silver as measured by gold which have caused so great an outcry from India and Manchester are being redressed. Indian finance is improved. The Indian civil servant who has to remit home gets a better price for his rupee. The Lancashire cotton manufacturer gets a better return for his goods from every silver country. But the end is not yet, and the reverse of these operations will not be long in appearing.

The rise of silver in gold in a few months has been from about 42*d.* to 50*d.*, or very nearly 20 per cent. It is not wholly due, I think, to the artificial movement in America, because the improvement in trade was bringing about some moderate advance in silver when the American bubble began. But the advance is still mainly due to the American speculation. And it is a great advance. Twenty per cent. in relative value is a very considerable change to take place between two moneys, and must disturb a great deal, besides setting in motion very powerful forces for the establishment of a new equilibrium. It may mean one of three things. Assuming that general prices and wages in *gold* are not changed, it means an appreciation of silver measured by commodities, and a rise in real wages in silver equal to about 20 per cent. Assuming that general prices and wages in *silver* are not changed, it means a depreciation of gold measured by commodities, and a fall in real wages in gold equal to about 20 per cent. Assuming that general prices measured by gold have risen, and measured by silver have fallen, to the extent altogether, adding the rise and the fall, of 20 per cent., then there is depreciation of gold and appreciation of silver, as above stated, with a fall of real wages in gold and a rise of real wages in silver to the extent in the aggregate of 20 per cent. Relative wages and prices in the two metals together have in any case to be adjusted to the extent of 20 per cent. Large adjustments will therefore be required to establish a new equilibrium in place of the equilibrium that formerly prevailed. What that new

equilibrium will be it is impossible to foresee ; but India and other silver countries must either suffer from the appreciation of silver as we have suffered from the appreciation of gold, or if they do not so suffer to the full extent this country and all gold countries must sustain *pro tanto* a similar experience to that of India, which has caused all the outcry from that country—a depreciation of our standard money in relation to that of other countries. Disturbances and readjustments of a serious kind there must be.

To some extent readjustments are already taking place. The rise in silver in April choked off at first the exports of silver to India. At the same time imports into India (exclusive of silver) were stimulated, and exports from India were checked. A similar process must continue to go on with all silver countries until a new equilibrium of prices and wages is established. Trade will assuredly suffer from so rapid a readjustment as will be necessary ; while uncertainty is added to the mischief, as no one can tell how long the present artificial price of silver can be maintained. To the difficulty incidental to the different standards of the world, even when those standards are metals, the United States have contrived to add an uncertainty almost equalling the uncertainty of inconvertible paper. Silver was quietly settling down and probably finding new customers at a low price when all this gratuitous disturbance occurred. Sometime or other the reaction will probably be equal to the action, and there will be a temporary fall in silver to compensate the present artificial rise.

The discussion suggests the reflection how entirely self-caused are many of the evils arising from the change in the relative values of gold and silver which cause so much agitation. If the Governments of the Latin Convention and the United States had only established monometallist systems, working automatically, a change in the relative value of gold and silver could not have been prevented on great changes of circumstances occurring, but the change would have been minimised, and probably long before this gold and silver would have settled down, for a time at least, at a comparatively steady ratio, as indeed they were settling down lately when the United States Legislature intervened with the present Silver Act. It is a mistake to suppose that with a monometallist standard the metal which is not the standard is boycotted. On the contrary, as the French economists always contend, a metal which is not the standard may easily be employed for representative currency, and is in fact so employed under every gold standard system just as silver and copper are now employed in England and France, and for that matter in the United States itself. There are cases where the employment of the non-standard substance in this representative character is greater than the employment of the standard substance itself. To represent silver

as boycotted, therefore, by its ceasing to be standard money has been a pure blunder. If, then, the nations of Europe and the United States had been purely and frankly monometallic, each with that metal for standard that was found most convenient, both gold and silver might have been adequately employed in the monetary systems of those countries, and both might have been cheaper and prices higher than they are now, as there might have been less of that artificial hoarding which want of definite knowledge and principle in monetary legislation has brought about. At the same time, they would probably have been steadier towards each other than they have been, the market being wholly natural and not rendered dangerous by artificial interferences, and natural demands tending to arise when either metal fell considerably in price. It is greatly to be desired that this common sense should at length prevail with all the Governments concerned; that they should learn it is not their business to make money abundant or to attempt to regulate the price of gold and silver, but in money matters what they have to do is to provide a good system which can be done on fixed principles without raising such difficult questions. Until this common sense is more generally diffused, further monetary troubles are unavoidable, and what has just happened in the United States should put other nations on their guard.

ROBERT GIFFEN.



THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CLXIII.—SEPTEMBER 1890.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER ON THE PRIVATE SOLDIER'S WRONGS.

THE recent insubordination in the Army, especially that of the Second Battalion of Grenadiers, has attracted so much public attention and discussion that I purpose in this article to inquire into its cause. I am too strict a disciplinarian to attempt to palliate or excuse the offence, and am inclined to hold that for an act of mutiny no punishment short of death is too severe. That the private soldier has many grievances I am well aware; but no man can know them unless, like myself, he has served in the ranks. Officers may write about the position, requirements and duties of the private soldier, but of his wants none of them know anything save those things which come to their knowledge after having gone through many stages, filtrated through many minds, and been smoothed over by the traditional modifying method which is the custom in written or spoken reports in the Army. As a matter of fact, officers generally concern themselves but little with the inner life—the wants and hopes—of the private soldier. It is sufficient for them if they look well on parade, are averagely well-conducted, and if their regiment is commended for its smartness and good drill by 'the General' after an inspection. There are, it is true, many officers who love their men and are beloved by them, and, whenever an opportunity presents itself, strive in every way in their power to repair a grievance when it comes to their knowledge. But this knowledge so seldom comes to them in its full truthfulness that their small and isolated endeavours are ineffectual.

When a civilian is about to enlist he reads those seductive bills which are posted in public places and issued 'by authority.' These bills state that the man who figuratively takes her Majesty's shilling from the recruiting officer will receive one shilling a day as pay if he enlist as an ordinary linesman. Added to this daily remuneration he is promised a free ration, medical comforts, lodgings, light, fuel, a complete outfit of clothing and a free kit containing such necessities as brushes, comb, razors, &c. He is also informed that there are pensions, deferred pay, rewards for good conduct, and a chance of promotion on account of good behaviour. So attractive are these bills that many young men of energy and military ambition are induced to join the service. But after they have done so, they find, when it is too late, that what they read and were told by the recruiting sergeant was misleading, not to say deceptive, and would, in plain English, were the contracting parties in ordinary civil life, be called fraudulent; for when they have joined the Army they soon find out that they do not get their medical comforts free, nor do they get a shilling a day. Although they get their clothes supplied periodically—that is to say, at *yearly* intervals—as is promised on the seductive bill, they find out, much to their sorrow, that they have to pay the tailor for their being altered to fit them, as the amount allowed by Government for alterations is insufficient. This is the first item which awakens the soldier to realise that the shilling a day pay is only a figure of speech. He is not told before he enlists that he has to pay out of his earnings for his groceries, his 'spuds' (potatoes), his extra quarter of a pound of 'Tommy' or 'ruti' (bread), his tea, coffee, sugar, milk, salt, and pepper, whether he likes or not. Neither is he informed that he must himself purchase his plate and basin to take his food, pay for the blacklead with which he has to clean the iron trestles of the barrack-room forms and the coal-boxes, that he has to pay for the soap which he uses in cleaning the floors, to pay a penny a month for cutting his hair, threepence a month for keeping up the library, and a fluctuating amount for barrack damages, as well as contribute his share of the cost of the cook's clothing. On the contrary, he joins with the belief that, as stated on the 'poster,' he is going to have all found, and that on 'Waterloo-day' (pay-day)—namely, the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of the month—he can draw his seven shillings. This belief is soon dispelled; for, as a matter of fact, there are so many little expenses which are compulsory that the poor soldier finds himself in debt to the regiment first 'Waterloo-day.'

There are, it is true, *free rations*. But of what do they consist? Each man is allowed by Government three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of commissariat bread, and that is all. He is not allowed any vegetables, tea, coffee, milk, &c. He is allowed coal for cooking purposes, but for all the other necessary extras he

has to pay 3*d.* a day and in some regiments 3½*d.* The account of this 3*d.* extra a day which is deducted from the private's pay is kept by a corporal, and is called the Mess Fund. In Gibraltar we had to pay for drinking-water, which seemed to us a great hardship, as it was not our own choice that we were sent there, but by order of the War Office, and in the service of our Queen. If, however, a soldier is on furlough, in hospital on account of sickness contracted on duty, or absent for the same cause, he is exempted from this charge.

There is no doubt that these are exactions which ought not to be made, or, if they are to be made, they should be stated clearly to the man about to enlist. If he were satisfied to accept the conditions, there could be no subsequent cause of complaint. But as the invitation to enlist is couched in terms and filled with promises that are misleading, there is certainly right on the side of Tommy Atkins when he asserts that his services were obtained by misrepresentation. As it is, the rations a man receives are barely sufficient to keep him from starving; and considering how much is expected from him in return for his pay, it is only fair to him to give him meat and drink enough to maintain him in full health and strength. This is the more essential since there are so many young men in the Army under the new system favoured by Lord Wolseley. The middle-aged men are inured to hardship, and less food is required to keep up their muscular power; and if economy be the chief guiding principle of the Government in its regulating the Army, the sooner it returns to the old custom of long service, the better for the country in every way. The average Englishman holds his stomach in high estimate, and unless that is well filled, both his patriotism and his valour will be of the most impoverished quality. I must confess that if a soldier—except in the case of recruits—got what is allowed him, he would have sufficient, though no more. But the fault of barrack administration in the catering department is that the rations pass through too many hands before coming to the consumer. There are various methods of cheating in weight and misappropriation of the victuals, which would require the keenest supervision to prevent. I fear much of the latter, if not the former, is due to the fact that there are so many married women on and off the strength of a regiment, and an over-generous desire to make life easier for the married folk on the part of those concerned in the dispensing of the meat often puts the young private on a very niggard allowance indeed. The supervision should be of the strictest sort. No Lance-Corporal, unless he be an old soldier, should be permitted to attend the ration-stand; because if a young and inexperienced Non-Commissioned Officer of this rank were to complain of the quality or short weight of the meat, he would be 'sat upon' by the Quartermaster, whose reprimand or sneer might

render him unpopular with the men. I think the Company Orderly Sergeant should be delegated to fill this office, and, while holding the ration returns in his hand, call out the quantities required for each man; and with rigorous exactitude see that the proper weight was given. To ensure this, he should place the weights in the scales himself—weights conspicuously marked—and further see that no one puts his fingers on the scales, or in any way touches them till the meat *alone* weighs down the scales. The present system is, when the meat is served out, to place it in nets if for boiling, and on a tin dish if for roasting; these, as well as the meat for stews and pies, are at the mercy of the cook and the kitchen servants. I am aware that an officer is always supposed to be at the ration-stand when the rations are being drawn. In the regiment he must always be present, and must, in his report to the Commanding Officer, state that he was there; but in depôt, if the ration bugle sounds very early, this official is generally most conspicuous by his frequent if not perpetual absence. As a rule, this officer is in bed, and when the Regimental Orderly Sergeant would knock at the door of his quarters to ask if he is to proceed in issuing the rations, he receives the affirmative reply from a sleepy voice. So indifferent, sometimes, are these gentlemen to the welfare and comfort of their subordinates.

Recruits when they join the Army first cannot be too well fed; because, coming as they do from a class which, as a rule, is irregular in its habits, after undergoing a regular system of drill, and a regular manner of living, they are more hungry at meal-times than they otherwise would be. In fact, they are always hungry, and of this state they are often reminded while on drill; for it is a favourite saying of every Drill-Sergeant, when he is instructing the recruits how to stand, to say: 'A soldier should always have a full chest and an empty stomach.' 'Begorrah,' said a vivacious Irishman to me one day, 'Sergeant, there's no use on him remindin' me o' that; for since I 'listed, my chest has always been fuller than me stomach, glory be to God; an' if I thought the Queen was so hard up, I wouldn't have taken her shillin'—I 'd have given one.' This witty remark really epitomised the feelings of all the recruits after they first join, so badly are they fed. I, however, as an Englishman, though I appreciated the man's mirth, said to him seriously: 'Then you didn't enlist from want?' 'Oh, no, Sergeant,' he replied, 'I had lashin's o' that before I joined the Army.' This quick answer also explains why it is these poor fellows are slow to complain; for, as a general rule, a man chooses the Army as a last resource, when he has suffered all the pangs of hunger, and all the miseries consequent either on poverty or improvidence. Still, if it is the desire of the nation to have fine soldiers, it must not hesitate to feed them as men who work hard, and who should be made capable of enduring, in time of war, great privations. I think the free rations of a recruit ought to be, for at least the first

three months of his service, 1lb. of meat and 1lb. of bread. If the executive did this, they would make the men better as soldiers, and more contented with the arduous profession of arms.

I have just alluded to the systematic pilfering of meat which is practised in the kitchen. To avoid or prevent this, I would suggest that the meat for roasting, as soon as weighed, should be enclosed in a wire crate, and should be securely fastened in some way by the Orderly Sergeant of companies, and only opened by him when placed on the mess table. Meat loses considerably in cooking, I am aware, but to such a degree does it become reduced in weight while undergoing this process that it amazes everybody save the cook and the Quartermaster. In case of complaint, an allowance of bread and cheese is made from the canteen. But complaints are not made as often as they should be, because whenever they are, this supplement is made from the canteen stores or mess fund, which in either case comes out of Tommy Atkins' pocket, and not the contractor's. The profits of the canteen really belong to the privates of the regiment.

Another grievance is in respect of the clothing. Soldiers in infantry regiments get an annual issue of clothing, while in the cavalry this is made only every two years. The underclothing has to be kept up at the soldier's own expense; for if he is a linesman he gets, on joining, two shirts and three pair of socks, which must last him seven years. As these shirts wear out, they have to be replaced—cost 5s. 1d. each, and the socks 1s. a pair: this comes very heavy on a man with only 7d. a day at his command. These shirts and socks must be shown once a week, and if they be out of repair the man who dares to allow it to be seen is punished for his temerity. It is true the punishment is not given because the socks or shirts are worn, but because he has an *untidy kit*! This punishment overtakes the unwary; for those who are skilled in deception have a way of folding these articles—their socks especially—that nothing is seen of them in reality save the soldier's number: the holes are carefully as well as artistically concealed. Seven years for two shirts is a long life, and with what agony we were wont to watch their fate if by any chance we came across them during the cleansing process! How often, as we saw them scrubbed and twisted and otherwise maltreated, have we not exclaimed: 'There goes our buttons'! knowing well that the first hole in these garments and a prospective 5s. 1d. was a consequence of the too frequent rending-off, by unintentional violence, of the blessed buttons. Perhaps if our shirts were cleaned in the manner indicated by Lord Wolseley in his 'Pocket Book'—which is that 'it should be turned inside out, hung up in the sun to dry, then brushed with a stiff brush, and put on again *as clean*'—they might last seven years. I wonder if many officers would like to wear shirts 'cleaned' in this novel fashion. I therefore think it would be but reasonable to allow soldiers to receive a fresh supply of underclothing every

two years; for it is unjust to him to expect that he should have to pay out of his own pocket 5s. 1d. every time he absolutely wanted a new shirt, and 1s. every time he required a new pair of socks, since they are worn out by time, service, and fair wear and tear. I may here add that there are some who could easily, or more or less so, provide themselves with a private kit; but Tommy Atkins runs the risk of being brought up and charged with attempted desertion, if by any accident he was found out of barracks wearing underclothing which did not bear the Government stamp. In the Highland regiments this hardship is increased; for you are allowed only five yards of tartan yearly to make your kilt. This quantity is insufficient for a man of anything more than ordinary stature, so he is obliged to buy two yards more out of his pay, unless he wishes to have himself reprimanded and punished for 'being improperly dressed on parade'! At the end of the year this old kit is made into a pair of trousers, or 'trews,' as they are called; but the private soldier has to have this done at his own expense; furthermore, he has to keep himself in trews after the *first* supply for seven years. I would suggest that the first issue of tartan for the kilt should be seven yards: this would last two years, for if the kilt be turned it will look equal to new: and that instead of the 'plaid' (or, as it is called by the soldiers, 'the fly'), which is a useless appendage to the Highland uniform, he should receive a new pair of trews yearly. This is the opinion of the men themselves, often and often expressed while I was in the regiment; and as it coincides with my own, I now iterate it. The Glengarry bonnet which is given to us when we join is also the cause of extra expense to the soldier; for when it is issued from the stores it has a leather binding round the bottom, which in my old regiment and the 42nd *has* to be taken off and a silk one substituted for it. This little item costs Tommy Atkins 1s., although the cost of the glengarry in the first instance is only 1s. 1d.; and if the authorities knew with what a bad grace he pays it, it would not be exacted. Also the white gaiters (spatts), when they are served out, have no whalebone in them; accordingly, when they are on the foot, they fall out of shape and have an untidy appearance. This whalebone has to be put in at Tommy Atkins' expense. It costs very little; but it is these small items which mount up and destroy the spirit of thrift even among the most savingly inclined Scotch soldiers.

Hospital stoppages are considered by every soldier in the service amongst his greatest grievances; and if the authorities were aware of the bitterness they create, measures would, I am sure, be taken either to redress them wholly, or at all events lessen their burthen. It must be remembered when the civilian is being induced to join he is distinctly told, without exception or proviso, that hospital comforts will be given him *free*. But, as a matter of fact, all Non-

Commissioned Officers and men are put under stoppages of 7*d.* a day if from any neglect, as it is called, of their own they are obliged to go to hospital. All ranks are served alike, from the Drummer-boy to the Quartermaster-Sergeant. Is this fair? . If you are compelled to go into hospital from inflammation of the lungs, from fever, dysentery, ague, or such-like diseases, these stoppages are made all the same, because, by some strange process of reasoning, these are said to be brought on by the soldier's own neglect. Certain complaints, it is true, the men bring on themselves by indiscretion. It is therefore only right that, when incapacitated from performing their duty by them, they should pay for their medicine and cure. These stoppages, however, frequently cause concealment of disease; and though for this the punishment is relatively severe, the private soldier—ay, and the Non-Commissioned Officer also—will run the risk of the punishment rather than be compelled to forgo 7*d.* a day of what he believes to be hard and honestly earned pay. Should any of my readers doubt the truth of this statement, preposterously unjust though it may seem, I refer them to the Regulations relating to the Issue of Army Allowance, Section 1, paragraph 67, of the year 1881. Until something is done to modify these unreasonable stoppages, a spirit of righteous discontent will reign in the Army; and although this discontent never goes beyond murmurings against and private upbraidings of the military authorities, still it is the duty of those who have the well-being of the soldier at heart to inquire into the evil and remedy it, late in the day though it be. Already there is a strong feeling in the country against soldiering, not because of the work, but because it has gone abroad that the private soldier is unjustly treated, and, indeed, duped, from the first day he enters the barracks as a recruit till he leaves it as a more or less experienced and capable soldier.

I will now deal with the treatment of the private soldier on board a troopship. This treatment is the crying disgrace of the service—a reproach alike to our military administration and to our boasted civilisation. In plain English, while on board these floating styes—styes as far as Tommy Atkins is concerned—he is treated more like a pig than a human being. Half the food served out to the men while on board these ships is more often thrown overboard than eaten; and what the poor fellows *exist* rather than *live* on are the porter, which is served out full of hops daily, and 'duff' (pudding) which they get twice a week, and the fresh bread which is doled out to them three times a week. If a soldier is ordered to India, he has to find himself in a sea-kit, which costs him 1*l.* odd. This kit consists of a suit of clothes for the voyage, his salt-water soap, his tobacco—a luxury he willingly pays for. His porter and tobacco are his dearest friends, so to speak; for without them he would often be hungry in body and miserable in mind. For the shorter voyages a suit of clothes is not required;

but during these 2½d. a day is stopped out of his pay for his porter and groceries. While on board ship he has to do everything a sailor does except go aloft—he has to holystone the decks, empty ashes, and do other cleanings which are calculated to destroy his uniform, which, be it noted, if destroyed while discharging these duties, he has to replace at his own cost. To while away his idle hours Tommy Atkins has nothing to read but religious tracts. These are given to the soldiers in thousands by the sailors—principally by the petty officers—who affect an offensive devotional manner which, were it not ungenerous to do so, I would be inclined to call hypocritical. There is a library on board; but this luxury is especially the sailors', and under no circumstances may the knowledge-thirsty Tommy Atkins partake of it. The crowding on board such ships as the *Tamar*, the *Orontes*, the *Nevada*, the *Himalaya*, the *Poonah*, and the *Lusitania*—transports and troopships—on which my experience is based, is cruel. Five men usually occupy the space which is barely enough for three. Our chief dish is potted mutton (which among the men is known as 'Harriet Lane'), salt 'junk,' or beef, and pickles—the pickles consist of two onions or cauliflower—and salt pork, which the soldiers swear must have been put in the corning-tub in the year of the Crimean War. This is filthy stuff, such as would not be offered to the most wretched mendicant; and yet it is considered good enough for men who are prepared to sacrifice limb and life for their country and their Queen.

Why should the men not be given good food, such as bacon, frozen mutton, and beef? When in ports we were treated to fresh meat; but this occurred so seldom that the pleasure the eating of it gave Tommy Atkins was always remembered by him as a sort of red-letter day in his transport-ship life, although he had scarcely enough of it to satisfy his hunger. But anything, no matter how little, if good, after the other filth, was welcomed with heartiness, though without gratitude to the Government. The favourite food on ship was biscuits—and they were so hard to eat!—and a 'two-eyed steak,' which in Tommy Atkins' dialect means a red-herring, and is bought in the canteen, as well as cheese and bread, which were generally eaten as if the poor wretches were half-starved criminals. Added to these pleasures of travel, we always found, at the end of our journey, that we had to pay for ship-damages. These damages, which consisted of lost blankets, hammocks, tins, pots, cans, and spoons, had to be replaced at a cost to the private soldiers of something like 2s. 6d. a man on a long voyage. If the troops going to India have as their companions drafts of men for intermediate stations, and there be amongst them some 'old hands,' who know their work, and who know how to 'make up' deficiencies, it is the last on board who bear the

¹ The expression is taken from the name of the wretched victim of Wainwright, who was found hacked to pieces and buried in a shop in London some years ago.

brunt of the damages to the extent of sometimes 4s. or 5s. each ; the intermediate men wholly escaping through the artfulness of the 'old hands,' and the unconscionable way these 'make up' their deficiencies. How blankets and hammocks are lost or mislaid on board ship has always been a mystery to me, and whenever I strove to unravel it I found some imp whispering to me, Ask 'Jack,'—he might help you to solve it. The evil suggestion, however, I always discarded, and, like the others, paid my share of the damages, because I *had* to do so—if without a smile of content, certainly without an undisciplined demur, as became the British private soldier. These episodes in a soldier's life are the most miserable he is ever called upon to endure : on board these ships he undergoes hardships which are unknown in the time of war ; in fact, the worst time I had in Egypt was paradise to what I experienced on board the transports and troopships I have mentioned. It is a common thing for a man when asked, On what ship did he go out or come home ? to make the reply, 'On the Hardship'—a simple and laconic answer which conveys that he had undergone all the miseries and privations I have so poorly, but truthfully, attempted to describe in all its naked reality.

If the people of England, who, from ostentatiously philanthropic and missionary motives, appear to be anxious to clothe and feed savages, would begin by mitigating the sufferings, and redressing the wrongs of the private soldier, they would do far better than by extending the charity of their consideration to creatures who cannot appreciate it : whereas if they were zealous in the promotion of the welfare of the men who fight their battles and shed their blood in their defence, they would be repaid by the gratitude of thousands of brave men, who would fulfil their onerous and sometimes unpleasant duties without murmur, and would at the same time thank their God that they were privileged to be soldiers of a people who appreciated their services and rewarded them by that kind of treatment which is known as human.

Thousands of men who have suffered on board these ships as I have done will attest the accuracy of my statements, and will even say that I have rather understated the miseries than exaggerated them. It would be easy to make a change for the better in the present condition of things, and this without much extra cost to the military authorities. One thing, however, I would urge on them, and that is, that when married people are on board with their families, a cow or two should be part of the cargo, to supply the children with some pure and proper nourishment, for in the year 1879 five children died on board one troopship for the want of fresh milk. The sleeping accommodation is also wretched. Going to India and elsewhere, half the men sleep in hammocks, while the other half shift for themselves as they can, the majority sleeping on the floor in all weathers. We

have read of the hardships which emigrants have to undergo; but I doubt if any of them are equal to those suffered by Tommy Atkins when being transferred from a Home to a Foreign station. There is also this difference between the soldier and the emigrant: the former is compelled to go abroad in the service of his country, out of which he gets no profit, not even the empty one of glory; though, if he remain soldier long enough, he may get a niggard pension: whereas the emigrant voluntarily does so full of hope that, if he be industrious, an old age of comparative ease is assured to him.

One of the 'comforts' offered to a man to induce him to enlist is the use of the library. But he has to pay for it. If a sergeant he pays 6*d.* a month, a corporal 4*d.*, a private 3*d.* If this is not obtaining men by misrepresentation, I should like to know what is. The Government promises to supply the library, but its recruiting sergeants are silent as to the fact that the soldier has to pay for the use of it.² It is also said that you have the advantage of learning a trade or trades. What trade can you learn when soldiering save the trade of war? Of course, if you have been a tailor or a shoemaker before you join the Army, the Government, with selfish consideration, profits by your knowledge; but I cannot now call to mind a single example of a man who learned a trade during the time he was serving her Majesty—at all events, in no Highland regiment.

The canteen belongs especially to the rank-and-file of the Army. It is Tommy Atkins' money which supports it, and whatever profits are made out of it, they belong to him—or, rather, should belong to him. The profits, however, are allowed to accumulate, and, though at times this is drawn upon for his benefit, he really never knows how much money is to his credit in the Canteen Fund, as this is controlled by the president, who is always a Commissioned Officer. It is he who pays the tradesmen's bills, however small; and whatever discounts are given on the payment of the bills, this gentleman is suspected of putting into his own pocket. It was a custom in a well-known Lancer regiment for the men whenever they saw their canteen president driving about in his well-horsed mail phaeton, to say to each other, 'There goes our Canteen Fund.' How ill- or well-founded the insinuation, I cannot give an opinion upon: I simply state the fact to show what the men think. To avoid this, I would suggest that the canteen should be controlled by a committee of the men themselves, with the Sergeant-Major as president, and that the balance in the fund should appear at the end of every month in Regimental Orders. Were this done, Tommy Atkins would be satisfied, and it would put an end to unkind hints and suggestions which are always the consequence of individual control of money which belongs to other people.

² A soldier *may* refuse to pay the Library subscription. I have known it to have been done; but it is remembered against him by his superiors. Tommy Atkins, therefore, prefers to pay, rather than to be what the soldiers call a 'spotted' man.

Besides the grievances which I have detailed there are two others which are a constant source of complaint, and which are the causes of frequently-expressed indignation against the authorities. These are what are known as *barrack-damages* and *engineer-damages*. Payment of these Tommy Atkins considers a compulsory misappropriation of his hard-earned wages, and when the account is read out he signs his acceptance of its accuracy and his liability always with the worst possible grace. *Barrack-damages* comprise the loss of blankets, platters, paillasses, sheets, straps, tin cans, brooms, and mop-heads, &c. Take, for example, a mop-head: if this be worn down to the nail, and this remnant of it be lost or mislaid, the poor soldiers have to pay for it as if it were a new one. If, however, the remnant is brought back, a new one is given in its place free of charge. I do not for a moment suggest that it is wrong that the men should be made to pay for missing objects in the barracks; for if payment were not insisted upon, there are men so ill-conditioned that they would out of sheer wantonness destroy things; but what I do suggest is that these articles ought to be paid for out of the Canteen Fund and not out of the men's daily pay. The charge for *engineer-damages*, however, is indefensible and unjust; for it certainly is not the duty of the men to keep the barracks in repair: that, I take it, is the duty of the Government. Why should Tommy Atkins be obliged to pay for the repairing of doors, roofs, flooring, for painting and whitewashing, as if he had taken the barracks on a repairing lease? I will give one example of this preposterous piece of injustice. When we went into the Kasr-el-Nil barracks at Cairo, it had just been vacated by Egyptian troops, who left it in a wretched state of dilapidation and dirt—indeed, filth: the window-panes—those that remained unbroken—were unputtied, the sashes smashed, the doors unhinged and broken, and the inhabited rooms were evidently used in certain parts of them by the men for the necessities of nature; the atmosphere was most offensive and fever-breeding, there were no sanitary arrangements to speak of—altogether a more miserable abode was seldom used to lodge human beings: yet when we left it it was in thorough repair, and as comfortable a barracks as a soldier could desire. But it was Tommy Atkins who paid for it—and heavily, too. Was that fair? Ought not the reparation of the barracks to have been paid for by either the Egyptian or English Government? When we enlisted we did not engage to give our hard-earned money for these purposes; and the enormity of the grievance was that it was not for our own people we did it, but for one we were risking our health and lives to protect. It was monstrous; and the soldiers many a time gave vent to their opinions about the injustice of the charges in language more appropriate than parliamentary.

I have here in some measure detailed the grievances of the linesman; but in the cavalry and artillery there are others more

burthensome which call for immediate redress. Until they are redressed, or in some way modified, discontent will exist in the ranks, and day after day the authorities will find it more difficult to get men willing to be soldiers.

There is another matter to which I would like to draw public attention, not so much because it is a grievance as because it would make the lot of the private soldier more agreeable—this is respecting furloughs. As the system now is, a man when he obtains leave to go home has to pay full third-class fare; but if, by any accident, he should find himself, from want of means, unable to return to barracks, all he has to do is to write to the officer commanding his company and state the fact. He is then sent a warrant, which he presents at the railway ticket-office, and in return for it he receives his ticket, for which he pays by deductions on his return to duty. This warrant allows him to have a ticket at a much cheaper rate than the ordinary third-class fare. I would suggest that similar facilities be given him when he was going on furlough, so that he might thereby be able now and again to visit his relatives at a moderate expense. In every European country, I am informed, a soldier, whether officer or private, is allowed to travel at a reduction of 75 per cent. of the full fare. Why, then, should not England do what other and less wealthy countries do for the men who maintain her dignity by being *willing* to fight her battles, not as conscripts, but as volunteers?

ARTHUR V. PALMER

(Late Sergeant 79th Highlanders).

MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

I.

THE conception of struggle for existence as a factor of evolution, introduced into science by Darwin and Wallace, has permitted us to embrace an immensely wide range of phenomena in one single generalisation, which soon became the very basis of our philosophical, biological, and sociological speculations. All that immense variety of adaptations of function and structure of organic beings to their surroundings, of physiological and anatomical evolution, of intellectual progress, and moral development which we formerly used to explain by so many different causes, was embodied by Darwin in one general conception of continued endeavours—of struggle against adverse circumstances—for such a development of individuals, races, species and societies, as would result in the greatest possible fulness, variety, and intensity of life. It may be that Darwin himself was not fully aware at the outset of the generality of the factor which he first invoked for explaining one series only of facts relative to the accumulation of individual variations in incipient species. But he foresaw that the term which he was introducing into science would lose its philosophical and its only true meaning if it were to be used in its narrow sense only—that of a struggle between separate individuals for the sheer means of existence. And at the very beginning of his memorable work he insisted upon the term being taken in its ‘large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny.’¹

While he himself was chiefly using the term in its narrow sense for his own special purpose, he warned his followers against committing the error (which he seems once to have committed himself) of overrating its narrow meaning. In the *Descent of Man* he gave some powerful pages to illustrate its proper, wide sense. He pointed out how, in numberless animal societies, the struggle between separate individuals for the means of existence disappears, how *struggle* is replaced by *co-operation*, and how that substitution results in the development of intellectual and moral faculties which secure to the species the best conditions for survival. He intimated that in such

¹ *Origin of Species*, chap. iii.

cases the fittest are not the physically strongest, nor the cunningest, but those who learn to combine so as mutually to support each other, strong and weak alike, for the welfare of the community. 'Those communities,' he wrote, 'which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best, and rear the greatest number of offspring' (2nd edit., p. 163). The term, which originated from the narrow Malthusian conception of competition between each and all, thus lost its narrowness in the mind of one who knew nature.

Unhappily, these remarks, which might have become the basis of most fruitful researches, were overshadowed by the masses of facts gathered for the purpose of illustrating the consequences of a real competition for life. Besides, Darwin never attempted to submit to a closer investigation the relative importance of the two aspects under which the struggle for existence appears in the animal world, and he never wrote the work he proposed to write upon the natural checks to over-multiplication, although that work would have been the crucial test for appreciating the real purport of individual struggle. Nay, on the very pages just mentioned, amidst data disproving the narrow Malthusian conception of struggle, the old Malthusian leaven reappeared—namely, in Darwin's remarks as to the alleged inconveniences of maintaining the 'weak in mind and body' in our civilised societies (ch. v.). As if thousands of weak-bodied and infirm poets, scientists, inventors, and reformers, together with other thousands of so-called 'fools' and 'weak-minded enthusiasts,' were not the most precious weapons used by humanity in its struggle for existence by intellectual and moral arms, which Darwin himself emphasised in those same chapters of the *Descent of Man*.

It happened with Darwin's theory as it always happens with theories having any bearing upon human relations. Instead of widening it according to his own hints, his followers narrowed it still more. And while Herbert Spencer, starting on independent but closely allied lines, attempted to widen the inquiry into that great question, 'Who are the fittest?' especially in the appendix to the third edition of the *Data of Ethics*, the numberless followers of Darwin reduced the notion of struggle for existence to its narrowest limits. They came to conceive the animal world as a world of perpetual struggle among half-starved individuals, thirsting for one another's blood. They made modern literature resound with the war-cry of *woe to the vanquished*, as if it were the last word of modern biology. They raised the 'pitiless' struggle for personal advantages to the height of a biological principle which man must submit to as well, under the menace of otherwise succumbing in a world based upon mutual extermination. Leaving aside the economists who know of natural science but a few words borrowed from second-hand vulgarisers, we must recognise that even the most authorised exponents of Darwin's views did their

best to maintain those false ideas. In fact, if we take Mr. Huxley, who certainly is considered as one of the ablest exponents of the theory of evolution, are we not taught by him, in a paper on the 'Struggle for Existence and its Bearing upon Man,' that,

from the point of view of the moralist, the animal world is on about the same level as a gladiators' show. The creatures are fairly well treated, and set to fight; whereby the strongest, the swiftest, and the cunningest live to fight another day. The spectator has no need to turn his thumb down, as no quarter is given.

Or, further down in the same article, does he not tell us that, as among animals, so among primitive men,

the weakest and stupidest went to the wall, while the toughest and shrewdest, those who were best fitted to cope with their circumstances, but not the best in another way, survived. Life was a continuous free fight, and beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence.²

In how far this view of nature is supported by fact, will be seen from the evidence which will be here submitted to the reader as regards the animal world and, on another occasion, as regards primitive man. But it may be remarked at once that Mr. Huxley's view of nature has as little claim to be taken as a scientific deduction as the opposite view of Rousseau, who saw in nature but love, peace, and harmony destroyed by the accession of man. In fact, the first walk in the forest, the first observation upon any animal society, or even the perusal of any serious work dealing with animal life (D'Orbigny's, Audubon's, Le Vaillant's, no matter which), cannot but set the naturalist thinking about the part taken by social life in the life of animals, and prevent him from seeing in nature nothing but a field of slaughter, just as this would prevent him from seeing in nature nothing but harmony and peace. Rousseau has committed the error of excluding the beak-and-claw fight from his thoughts; and Mr. Huxley is committing the opposite error; but neither Rousseau's optimism nor Mr. Huxley's pessimism can be accepted as an impartial interpretation of nature.

As soon as we study animals—not in laboratories and museums only, but in the forest and the prairie, in the steppe and the mountains—we at once perceive that though there is an immense amount of warfare and extermination going on amidst various species, and especially amidst various classes of animals, there is, at the same time, as much, or perhaps even more, of mutual support, mutual aid, and mutual defence amidst animals belonging to the same species or, at least, to the same society. Sociability is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle. Of course it would be extremely difficult to estimate, however roughly, the relative numerical importance of both these series of facts. But if we resort to an indirect test, and ask

² *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1888, p. 155.

Nature 'Who are the fittest: those who are continually at war with each other, or those who support one another?' we at once see that those animals which acquire habits of mutual aid are undoubtedly the fittest. They have more chances to survive, and they attain, in their respective classes, the highest development of intelligence and bodily organisation. If the numberless facts which can be brought forward to support this view are taken into account, we may safely say that mutual aid is as much a law of animal life as mutual struggle, but that, as a factor of evolution, it most probably has a far greater importance, inasmuch as it favours the development of such habits and characters as insure the maintenance and further development of the species, together with the greatest amount of welfare and enjoyment of life for the individual, with the least waste of energy.

Of the scientific followers of Darwin, the first; as far as I know, who understood the full purport of Mutual Aid as a law of Nature and the chief factor of evolution, was a well-known Russian zoologist, the late Dean of the St. Petersburg University, Professor Kessler. He developed his ideas in an address which he delivered in January 1880, a few months before his death, at a meeting of Russian naturalists; but, like so many good things published in the Russian tongue only, that remarkable address remains almost entirely unknown.³

'As a zoologist of old standing,' he felt bound to protest against the abuse of a term—the struggle for existence—borrowed from zoology, or, at least, against overrating its importance. Zoology, he said, and those sciences which deal with man, continually insist upon what they call the pitiless law of struggle for existence. But they forget the existence of another law which may be described as the law of mutual aid, which law, at least for the animals, is far more essential than the former. He pointed out how the need of leaving progeny necessarily brings animals together, and, 'the more the in-

³ Leaving aside the pre-Darwinian writers, like Toussenel, Féc, and many others, several works containing many striking instances of mutual aid—chiefly, however, illustrating animal intelligence—were issued previously to that date. I may mention those of Houzeau, *Les facultés mentales des animaux*, 2 vols., Brussels, 1872; L. Büchner's *Aus dem Geistesleben der Thiere*, 2nd ed. in 1877; and Maximilian Perty's *Ueber das Seelenleben der Thiere*, Leipzig, 1876. Espinas published his most remarkable work, *Les Sociétés animales*, in 1877, and in that work he pointed out the importance of animal societies, and their bearing upon the preservation of species, and entered upon a most valuable discussion of the origin of societies. In fact, Espinas's book contains all that has been written since upon mutual aid, and many good things besides. If I nevertheless make a special mention of Kessler's address, it is because Kessler was a zoologist by profession, and especially because he raised mutual aid to the height of a law much more important in evolution than the law of mutual struggle. The same ideas were developed next year (in April 1881) by J. Lanessan in a lecture published in 1882 under this title: *La lutte pour l'existence et l'association pour la lutte*. G. Romanes's capital work, *Animal Intelligence*, was issued in 1882, and followed next year by the *Mental Evolution in Animals*. About the same time, Büchner published another work, *Liebe und Liebes-Leben in der Thierwelt*, a second edition of which was issued in 1885. The idea, as seen, is in the air.

dividuals keep together, the more they mutually support each other, and the more are the chances of the species for surviving, as well as for making further progress in its intellectual development.' 'All classes of animals,' he continued, 'and especially the higher ones, practise mutual aid,' and he illustrated his idea by examples borrowed from the life of the burying beetles and the social life of birds and some mammalia. The examples were few, as might have been expected in a short opening address, but the chief points were clearly stated; and, after pointing out that in the evolution of mankind mutual aid played a still more prominent part, Professor Kessler concluded as follows:—

I obviously do not deny the struggle for existence, but I maintain that the progressive development of the animal kingdom, and especially of mankind, is favoured much more by mutual support than by mutual struggle. . . . All organic beings have two essential needs: that of nutrition, and that of propagating the species. The former brings them to a struggle and to mutual extermination, while the needs of maintaining the species bring them to approach one another and to support one another. But I am inclined to think that in the evolution of the organic world—in the progressive modification of organic beings—mutual support among individuals plays a much more important part than their mutual struggle.*

The correctness of the above views struck most of the Russian zoologists present, and Syeverstsoff, whose work is well known to ornithologists and geographers, supported them and illustrated them by a few more examples. He mentioned some of the species of falcons which have 'an almost ideal organisation for robbery,' and nevertheless are in decay, while other species practising mutual help do thrive. 'Take on the other side a sociable bird, the duck,' he said; 'it is poorly organised on the whole, but it practises mutual support, and it almost invades the earth, as may be judged from its numberless varieties and species.'

The readiness of the Russian zoologists to accept Kessler's views seems quite natural, because nearly all of them have had opportunities of studying the animal world in the wide uninhabited regions of Northern Asia and East Russia; and it is impossible to study like regions without being brought to the same ideas. I recollect myself the impression produced upon me by the animal world of Siberia when I explored the Vitim regions in the company of so accomplished a zoologist as my friend Polyakoff was. We both were under the fresh impression of the *Origin of Species*, but we vainly looked for the keen competition between animals of the same species which the reading of Darwin's work had prepared us to expect, even after taking into account the remarks of the third chapter (p. 54 of the small edition). We saw plenty of adaptations for struggling, very often in common, against the adverse circumstances of climate, or against various enemies, and Polyakoff wrote many a good page upon

* *Memoirs (Trudy) of the St. Petersburg Society of Naturalists*, vol. xi. 1880.

the mutual dependency of carnivores, ruminants, and rodents in their geographical distribution; we witnessed numbers of facts of mutual support, especially during the migrations of birds and ruminants; but even in the Amur and Usuri regions, where animal life swarms in abundance, facts of real competition and struggle between higher animals of the same species came very seldom under our notice, though we eagerly searched for them. The same impression appears in the works of most Russian zoologists, and it probably explains why Kessler's ideas were so welcomed by the Russian Darwinists, whilst like ideas are not in vogue amidst the followers of Darwin in Western Europe.

The first thing which strikes us as soon as we begin studying the struggle for existence under both its aspects—direct and metaphorical—is the abundance of facts of mutual aid, not only for rearing progeny, as recognised by most evolutionists, but also for the safety of the individual and for providing it with the necessary food. With many large divisions of the animal kingdom mutual aid is the rule. Mutual aid is met with even amidst the lowest animals, and we must be prepared to learn some day, from the students of microscopical pond-life, most wonderful facts of mutual aid, even from the life of micro-organisms. Of course, our knowledge of the life of the invertebrates, save the termites, the ants, and the bees, is extremely limited; and yet, even as regards the lower animals, we may glean a few facts of well-ascertained co-operation. The numberless associations of locusts, vanessæ, cicindelæ, cicadæ, and so on, are practically quite unknown; but the very fact of their existence indicates that they must be composed on about the same principles as the temporary associations of ants or bees for purposes of migration. As to the beetles, we have quite well observed facts of mutual help amidst the burying beetles (*Necrophorus*). They must have some decaying organic matter to lay their eggs in, and thus to provide their larvæ with food; but that matter must not decay very rapidly. So they are wont to bury in the ground the corpses of all kinds of small animals which they occasionally find in their rambles. As a rule, they live an isolated life, but when one of them has discovered the corpse of a mouse or of a bird, which it hardly could manage to bury itself, it calls four, six, or ten other beetles to perform the operation with united efforts; if necessary, they transport the corpse to a suitable soft ground; and they bury it in a very considerate way, without quarrelling as to which of them will enjoy the privilege of laying its eggs in the buried corpse. And when Gleditsch attached a dead bird to a cross made out of two sticks, or suspended a toad to a stick planted in the soil, the little beetles would in the same friendly way combine their intelligences to overcome the artifice of Man. The same combination of efforts has been noticed among the dung-beetles.

Even among animals standing at a somewhat lower stage of or-

ganisation we may find like examples. Some land-crabs of the West Indies and North America combine in large swarms in order to travel to the sea and to deposit therein their spawn; and each such migration implies concert, co-operation, and mutual support. As to the big Molucca crab (*Limulus*), I was struck (in 1882, at the Brighton Aquarium) with the extent of mutual assistance which these clumsy animals are capable of bestowing upon a comrade in case of need. One of them had fallen upon its back in a corner of the tank, and its heavy saucepan-like carapace prevented it from returning to its natural position, the more so as there was in the corner an iron bar which rendered the task still more difficult. Its comrades came to the rescue, and for one hour's time I watched how they endeavoured to help their fellow-prisoner. They came two at once, pushed their friend from beneath, and after strenuous efforts succeeded in lifting it upright; but then the iron bar would prevent them from achieving the work of rescue, and the crab would again heavily fall upon its back. After many attempts, one of the helpers would go in the depth of the tank and bring two other crabs, which would begin with fresh forces the same pushing and lifting of their helpless comrade. We stayed in the Aquarium for more than two hours, and, when leaving, we again came to cast a glance upon the tank: the work of rescue still continued! Since I saw that, I cannot refuse credit to the observation quoted by Dr. Erasmus Darwin—namely, that ‘the common crab during the moulting season stations as sentinel an unmoulted or hard-shelled individual to prevent marine enemies from injuring moulted individuals in their unprotected state.’⁵

Facts illustrating mutual aid amidst the termites, the ants, and the bees are so well known to the general reader, especially through the works of Mr. Romanes, L. Büchner, and Sir John Lubbock, that I may limit my remarks to a very few hints.⁶ If we take an ants' nest we not only see that every description of work—rearing of progeny, foraging, building, rearing of aphides, and so on—is performed according to the principles of voluntary mutual aid; we must also recognise, with Forel, that the chief, the fundamental feature of the life of many species of ants is the fact and the obligation for every ant of sharing its food, already swallowed and partly digested, with every member of the community which may apply for it. Two ants belonging to two different species or to two hostile nests, when they occasionally meet together, will avoid each other. But two ants

⁵ George J. Romanes's *Animal Intelligence*, 1st ed. p. 233.

⁶ Forel's *Recherches sur les fourmis de la Suisse*, Zurich, 1874, and J. T. Moggridge's *Harvesting Ants and Trapdoor Spiders*, London, 1873 and 1874, adapted for youth, ought to be in the hands of every boy and girl. See also: Blanchard's *Métamorphoses des Insectes*, Paris, 1868; J. H. Fabre's *Souvenirs entomologiques*, Paris, 1886; Ebrard's *Études des mœurs des fourmis*, Genève, 1864; Pierre Huber's *Les fourmis indigènes*, Genève, 1810; Sir John Lubbock's *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, and so on.

belonging to the same nest or to the same colony of nests will approach each other, exchange a few movements with the antennæ, and 'if one of them is hungry or thirsty, and especially if the other has its crop full . . . it immediately asks for food.' The individual thus requested never refuses; it sets apart its mandibles, takes a proper position, and regurgitates a drop of transparent fluid which is licked up by the hungry ant. Regurgitating food for other ants is so prominent a feature in the life of ants (at liberty), and it so constantly recurs both for feeding hungry comrades and for feeding larvæ, that Forel considers the digestive tube of the ants as consisting of two different parts, one of which, the posterior, is for the special use of the individual, and the other, the anterior part, is chiefly for the use of the community. If an ant which has its crop full has been selfish enough to refuse feeding a comrade, it will be treated as an enemy, or even worse. If the refusal has been made while its kinsfolk were fighting with some other species, they will fall back upon the greedy individual with greater vehemence than even upon the enemies themselves. And if an ant has not refused to feed another ant belonging to an enemy species, it will be treated by the kinsfolk of the latter as a friend. All this is confirmed by most accurate observation and decisive experiments.⁷

In that immense division of the animal kingdom which embodies more than one thousand species, and is so numerous that the Brazilians pretend that Brazil belongs to the ants, not to men, competition amidst the members of the same nest, or the colony of nests, does not exist. However terrible the wars between different species, and whatever the atrocities committed at war-time, mutual aid within the community, self-devotion grown into a habit, and very often self-sacrifice for the common welfare, are the rule. The ants and termites have renounced the 'Hobbesian war,' and they are the better for it. Their wonderful nests, their buildings, superior in relative size to those of man; their paved roads and over-ground vaulted galleries; their spacious halls and granaries; their corn-fields, harvesting and 'malting' of grain;⁸ their rational methods of nursing their eggs and larvæ, and of rearing the aphides whom Linnaeus so picturesquely described as 'the cows of the ants;' and, finally, their courage, pluck, and superior intelligence—all these are the natural outcome of the mutual aid which they practise at every stage of their busy and laborious lives. That mode of life also necessarily resulted in the development of another essential feature of the life of ants: the immense development of individual initiative which,

⁷ Forel's *Recherches*, pp. 244, 275, 278.

⁸ The agriculture of the ants is so wonderful that for a long time it has been doubted. The fact is now so well proved by Mr. Moggridge, Dr. Lincecum, Mr. MacCook, Col. Sykes, and Dr. Jerdon, that no doubt is possible. See an excellent summary of evidence in Mr. Romanes's work.

in its turn, evidently led to the development of that high and varied intelligence which cannot but strike the human observer.⁹

If we knew no other facts from animal life than what we know about the ants and the termites, we already might safely conclude that mutual aid (which leads to mutual confidence, the first condition for courage) and individual initiative (the first condition for intellectual progress) are two factors infinitely more important than mutual struggle in the evolution of the animal kingdom. In fact, the ant thrives without having any of the 'protective' features which cannot be dispensed with by animals living an isolated life. Its colour renders it conspicuous to its enemies, and the lofty nests of many species are conspicuous in the meadows and forests. It is not protected by a hard carapace, and its stinging apparatus, however dangerous when hundreds of stings are plunged into the flesh of an animal, is not of a great value for individual defence; while the eggs and larvæ of the ants are a dainty for a great number of the inhabitants of the forests. And yet the ants, in their thousands, are not much destroyed by the birds, not even by the ant-eaters, and they are dreaded by most stronger insects. When Forel emptied a bagful of ants in a meadow, he saw that 'the crickets ran away, abandoning their holes to be sacked by the ants; the grasshoppers and the crickets fled in all directions; the spiders and the beetles abandoned their prey in order not to become prey themselves;' even the nests of the wasps were taken by the ants, after a battle during which many ants perished for the safety of the commonwealth. Even the swiftest insects cannot escape, and Forel often saw butterflies, gnats, flies, and so on, surprised and killed by the ants. Their force is in mutual support and mutual confidence. And if the ant—apart from the still higher developed termites—stands at the very top of the whole class of insects for its intellectual capacities; if its courage is only equalled by the most courageous vertebrates; and if its brain—to use Darwin's words—'is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of man,' is it not due to the fact that mutual aid has entirely taken the place of mutual struggle in the communities of ants?

The same is true as regards the bees. These small insects, which so easily might become the prey of so many birds, and whose honey has so many admirers in all classes of animals from the beetle to the bear, also have none of the protective features derived from mimicry

* This second principle was not recognised at once. Former observers often spoke of kings, queens, managers, and so on; but since Forel has published his minute observations, no doubt is possible as to the free scope left for every individual's initiative in whatever the ants do. As to the 'war-studies' of Forel, which so well illustrate the part played by the initiative of separate individuals and small groups, one would be inclined to suppose that the Swiss Professor wrote them under the influence of Tolstoi's works, if his epoch-making researches had not been published as early as 1874, when Tolstoi was quite unknown in Europe.

or otherwise, without which an isolatedly living insect hardly could escape wholesale destruction ; and yet, owing to the mutual aid they practise, they obtain the wide extension which we know and the intelligence we admire. By working in common they multiply their individual forces ; by resorting to a temporary division of labour combined with the capacity of each bee to perform every kind of work when required, they achieve such a degree of well-being and safety as no isolated animal can ever expect to achieve, however strong or well-armed it may be. Their combinations achieve what man often fails to achieve if he neglects to take advantage of a well-planned mutual assistance. Thus, when a new swarm of bees is going to leave the hive in search of a new abode, a number of bees will make a preliminary exploration of the neighbourhood, and if they discover an appropriate dwelling-place—say, an old basket, or anything of the kind—they will take possession of it, clean it, and guard it, sometimes for a whole week, till the swarm comes to settle therein. But how many human settlers will perish in new countries simply for not having understood the necessity of combining their efforts ! By combining their individual intelligences they succeed in coping with adverse circumstances, even quite unforeseen and unusual, like those bees of the Paris Exhibition which fastened with their resinous propolis the shutter to a glass-plate fitted in the wall of their hive. Besides, they display none of the sanguinary proclivities and love of useless fighting with which many writers so readily endow animals. The sentries which guard the entrance to the hive pitilessly put to death the robbing bees which attempt entering the hive ; but those stranger bees which come to the hive by mistake are left unmolested, especially if they come laden with pollen, or are young individuals which can easily go astray. There is no more warfare than is strictly required.

The sociability of the bees is the more instructive as predatory instincts and laziness continue to exist among the bees as well, and reappear each time that their growth is favoured by some circumstances. It is well known that there always are a number of bees which prefer a life of robbery to the laborious life of a worker ; and that both periods of scarcity and periods of an unusually rich supply of food lead to an increase of the robbing class. When our crops are in and there remains but little to gather in our meadows and fields, robbing bees become of more frequent occurrence ; while on the other side, about the sugar plantations of the West Indies and the sugar refineries of Europe, robbery, laziness, and very often drunkenness become quite usual with the bees. We thus see that anti-social instincts continue to exist amidst the bees as well ; but natural selection continually must eliminate them, because in the long run the practice of solidarity proves much more advantageous to the species than the development of individuals endowed with predatory inclina-

tions. The cunningest and the shrewdest are eliminated in favour of those who understand the advantages of sociable life and mutual support.

Certainly, neither the ants, nor the bees, nor even the termites, have risen to the conception of a higher solidarity embodying the whole of the species. In that respect they evidently have not attained a degree of development which we do not find even among our political, scientific, and religious leaders. Their social instincts hardly extend beyond the limits of the hive or the nest. However, colonies of no less than two hundred nests, belonging to two different species (*Formica exsecta* and *F. pressilabris*) have been described by Forel on Mount Tendre and Mount Salève; and Forel maintains that each member of these colonies recognises every other member of the colony, and that they all take part in common defence; while in Pennsylvania Mr. MacCook saw a whole nation of from 1,600 to 1,700 nests of the mound-making ant, all living in perfect intelligence; and Mr. Bates has described the hillocks of the termites covering large surfaces in the 'campos'—some of the nests being the refuge of two or three different species, and most of them being connected by narrow vaulted galleries or arcades.¹⁰ Some steps towards the amalgamation of larger divisions of the species for purposes of mutual protection are thus met with even among the invertebrate animals.

Going now over to higher animals, we find far more instances of undoubtedly conscious mutual help for all possible purposes, though we must recognise at once that our knowledge even of the life of higher animals still remains very imperfect. A large number of facts have been accumulated by first-rate observers, but there are whole divisions of the animal kingdom of which we know almost nothing. Trustworthy information as regards fishes is extremely scarce, partly owing to the difficulties of observation, and partly because no proper attention has yet been paid to the subject. As to the mammalia, Kessler already remarked how little we know about their manners of life. Many of them are nocturnal in their habits; others conceal themselves underground; and those ruminants whose social life and migrations offer the greatest interest do not let man approach their herds. It is chiefly upon birds that we have the widest range of information, and yet the social life of very many species remains but imperfectly known. Still, we need not complain about the lack of well-ascertained facts, as will be seen from the following.

I need not dwell upon the associations of male and female for rearing their offspring, for providing it with food during their first steps in life, or for hunting in common; though it may be mentioned by the way that such associations are the rule even with the least sociable carnivores and rapacious birds; and that they derive a

¹⁰ H. W. Bates, *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, ii. 59, sq.

special interest from being the field upon which tenderer feelings develop even amidst otherwise most cruel animals. It may also be added that the rarity of associations larger than that of the family among the carnivores and the birds of prey, though mostly being the result of their very modes of feeding, can also be explained to some extent as a consequence of the change produced in the animal world by the rapid increase of mankind. At any rate it is worthy of note that there are species living a quite isolated life in densely inhabited regions, while the same species, or their nearest congeners, are gregarious in uninhabited countries. Wolves, foxes, and several birds of prey may be quoted as instances in point.

However, associations which do not extend beyond the family bonds are of relatively small importance in our case, the more so as we know numbers of associations for more general purposes, such as hunting, mutual protection, and even simple enjoyment of life. Audubon already mentioned that eagles occasionally associate for hunting, and his description of the two bald eagles, male and female, hunting on the Mississippi, is well known for its graphic powers. But one of the most conclusive observations of the kind belongs to Syevertsoff. Whilst studying the fauna of the Russian Steppes, he once saw an eagle belonging to an altogether gregarious species (the white-tailed eagle, *Haliaeetus albicilla*) rising high in the air; for half an hour it was describing its wide circles in silence when at once its piercing voice was heard. Its cry was soon answered by another eagle which approached it, and was followed by a third, a fourth, and so on, till nine or ten eagles came together and soon disappeared. In the afternoon, Syevertsoff went to the place whereto he saw the eagles flying; concealed by one of the undulations of the Steppe, he approached them, and discovered that they had gathered around the corpse of a horse. The old ones, which, as a rule, begin the meal first—such are their rules of propriety—already were sitting upon the haystacks of the neighbourhood and kept watch, while the younger ones were continuing the meal, surrounded by bands of crows. From this and like observations, Syevertsoff concluded that the white-tailed eagles combine for hunting; when they all have risen to a great height they are enabled, if they are ten, to survey an area of at least twenty-five miles square; and as soon as any one has discovered something, he warns the others.¹¹ Of course, it might be argued that a simple instinctive cry of the first eagle, or even its movements, would have had the same effect of bringing several eagles to the prey; but in this case there is strong evidence in favour of mutual warning, because the ten eagles came together before descending towards the prey, and Syevertsoff had later on several opportunities of ascertaining that the white-tailed eagles always

¹¹ N. Syevertsoff, *Periodical Phenomena in the Life of Mammalia, Birds, and Reptiles of Voronijr*, Moscow, 1855 (in Russian).

assemble for devouring a corpse, and that some of them (the younger ones first) always keep watch while the others are eating. In fact, the white-tailed eagle—one of the bravest and best hunters—is a gregarious bird altogether, and Brehm says that when kept in captivity it very soon contracts an attachment to its keepers.

Sociability is a common feature with very many other birds of prey. The Brazilian kite, one of the most 'impudent' robbers, is nevertheless a most sociable bird. Its hunting associations have been described by Darwin and other naturalists, and it is a fact that when it has seized upon a prey which is too big, it calls together five or six friends to carry it away. After a busy day, when these kites retire for their night-rest to a tree or to the bushes, they always gather in bands, sometimes coming together from distances of ten or more miles, and they often are joined by several other vultures, especially the percnopters, 'their true friends,' D'Orbigny says. The sociable vulture, one of the strongest vultures, has received its very name from its love of society. They live in numerous bands, and decidedly enjoy society; numbers of them join in their high flights for sport. 'They live in very good friendship,' Le Vaillant says, 'and in the same cave I sometimes found as many as three nests close together.'¹² The little Egyptian vultures live in close friendship. They play together in the air, they go together to spend the night, and in the morning they all go together to search for their food, and never does the slightest quarrel arise among them; such is the testimony of Brehm, who had plenty of opportunities of observing their life. The red-throated falcon is also met with in numerous bands in the forests of Brazil, and the kestrel (*Tinnunculus cenchris*), when it has left Europe, and has reached in the winter the prairies and forests of Asia, gathers in numerous societies. In the Steppes of South Russia it is (or rather was) so sociable that Nordmann saw them in numerous bands, with other falcons (*Falco tinnunculus*, *F. aesulon*, and *F. subbuteo*), coming together every fine afternoon about four o'clock, and enjoying their sports till late in the night. They set off flying, all at once, in a quite straight line, towards some determined point, and, having reached it, immediately returned over the same line, to repeat the same flight.¹³

It would be impossible simply to enumerate here the various hunting associations of birds; but the fishing associations of the pelicans are certainly worthy of notice for the remarkable order and intelligence displayed by these clumsy birds. They always go fishing in numerous bands, and after having chosen an appropriate

¹² A. Brehm, *Life of Animals*, iii. 477; all quotations after the French edition.

¹³ *Catalogue raisonné des oiseaux de la faune pontique*, in Démidoff's *Voyage*; abstracts in Brehm, iii. 360.

bay, they form a wide half-circle in face of the shore, and narrow it by paddling towards the shore, catching all fish that happen to be enclosed in the circle. On narrow rivers and canals they even divide into two parties, each of which draws up on a half-circle, and both paddle to meet each other, just as if two parties of men dragging two long nets should advance to capture all fish taken between the nets when both parties come to meet. As the night comes they fly to their resting places—always the same for each flock—and no one has ever seen them fighting for the possession of either the bay or the resting place. In South America they gather in flocks of from forty to fifty thousand individuals, part of which enjoy sleep while the others keep watch, and others again go fishing.¹⁴ And finally I should be doing an injustice to the much calumniated house-sparrows if I did not mention how faithfully each of them shares any food it discovers with all members of the society to which it belongs. The fact was known to the Greeks, and it has been transmitted to posterity how a Greek orator once exclaimed (I quote from memory):—‘While I am speaking to you a sparrow has come to tell to other sparrows that a slave has dropped on the floor a sack of corn, and they all go there to feed upon the grain.’ The more, one is pleased to find that observation of old confirmed in a recent little book by Mr. Gurney, who does not doubt that the house-sparrows always inform each other as to where there is some food to steal; he says, ‘When a stack has been thrashed ever so far from the yard, the sparrows in the yard have always had their crops full of the grain.’¹⁵ True, the sparrows are extremely particular in keeping their domains free from the invasions of strangers; thus the sparrows of the Jardin du Luxembourg bitterly fight all other sparrows which may attempt to enjoy their turn of the garden and its visitors; but within their own communities they fully practise mutual support, though occasionally there will be of course some quarrelling even amongst the best friends.

Hunting and feeding in common is so much the habit in the feathered world that more quotations hardly would be needful: it must be considered as an established fact. As to the force derived from such associations, it is self-evident. The strongest birds of prey are powerless in face of the associations of our smallest bird pets. Even eagles—even the powerful and terrible booted eagle, and the martial eagle, which is strong enough to carry away a hare or a young antelope in its claws—are compelled to abandon their prey to bands of those beggars the kites, which give the eagle a regular chase as soon as they see it in possession of a good prey. The kites will also give chase to the swiftly fishing hawk, and rob it of the fish it has captured; but no one ever saw the kites fighting together for the

¹⁴ Max. Perty, *Ueber das Seelenleben der Thiere* (Leipzig, 1876), pp. 87, 103.

¹⁵ G. H. Gurney, *The House-Sparrow* (London, 1885), p. 5.

possession of the prey so stolen. On the Kerguelen Island, Dr. Couës saw the *Buphagus*—the sea-hen of the sealers—pursue gulls to make them disgorge their food, while, on the other side, the gulls and the terns combined to drive away the sea-hen as soon as it came near to their abodes, especially at nesting time.¹⁶ The little, but extremely swift lapwings (*Vanellus cristatus*) boldly attack the birds of prey. 'To see them attacking a buzzard, a kite, a crow, or an eagle, is one of the most amusing spectacles. One feels that they are sure of victory, and one sees the anger of the bird of prey. In such circumstances they perfectly support one another, and their courage grows with their numbers.'¹⁷ The lapwing has well merited the name of a 'good mother' which the Greeks gave to it, for it never fails to protect other aquatic birds from the attacks of their enemies. But even the little white wagtails (*Motacilla alba*), whom we well know in our gardens and whose whole length hardly attains eight inches, compel the sparrow-hawk to abandon its hunt. 'I often admired their courage and agility,' the old Brehm, now grandfather, wrote, 'and I am persuaded that the falcon alone is capable of capturing any of them. . . . When a band of wagtails has compelled a bird of prey to retreat, they make the air resound with their triumphant cries, and after that they separate.' They thus come together for the special purpose of giving chase to their enemy, just as we see it when the whole bird-population of a forest has been raised by the news that a nocturnal bird has made its appearance during the day, and all together—birds of prey and small inoffensive singers—set to chase the stranger and make it return to its concealment.

What an immense difference between the force of a kite, a buzzard or a hawk, and such small birds as the meadow wagtail; and yet these little birds, by their common action and courage, prove superior to the powerfully winged and armed robbers! In Europe, the wagtails not only chase the birds of prey which might be dangerous to them, but they chase also the fishing hawk 'rather for fun than for doing it any harm;' while in India, according to Dr. Jerdon's testimony, the jackdaws chase the gowinda-kite 'for simple matter of amusement.' As to the Brazilian eagle *urubitinga*, Prince Wied saw it surrounded by numberless flocks of toucans and cassiques (a bird nearly akin to our rook), which mocked it. 'The eagle usually supports these insults very quietly, but from time to time it will catch one of these mockers.' In all such cases the little birds, though very much inferior in force to the bird of prey, prove superior to it by their common action.

However, the most striking effects of common life for the security of the individual, for its enjoyment of life, and for the development of its intellectual capacities, are seen in two great families of birds, the

¹⁶ Dr. Elliot Couës, *Birds of the Kerguelen Island*, in Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, vol. xiii., No. 2, p. 11.

¹⁷ Brehm, iv. 567.

cranes and the parrots. The cranes are extremely sociable and live in most excellent relations, not only with their congeners, but also with most aquatic birds. Their prudence is really astonishing, so also their intelligence; they grasp the new conditions in a moment, and act accordingly. Their sentries always keep watch around a flock which is feeding or resting, and the hunters know well how difficult it is to approach them. If man has succeeded in surprising them, they will never return to the same place without having sent out one single scout first, and a party of scouts afterwards; and when the reconnoitring party returns and reports that there is no danger, a second group of scouts is sent out to verify the first report, before the whole band moves. With kindred species the cranes contract real friendship; and in captivity there is no bird, save the also sociable and highly intelligent parrot, which enters into such real friendship with man. 'It sees in man, not a master, but a friend, and endeavours to manifest it,' Brehm concludes from a wide personal experience. The crane is in continual activity from early in the morning till late in the night; but it gives a few hours only in the morning to the task of searching its food, chiefly vegetable. All the remainder of the day is given to society life. 'It picks up small pieces of wood or small stones, throws them in the air and tries to catch them; it bends its neck, opens its wings, dances, jumps, runs about, and tries to manifest by all means its good disposition of mind, and always it remains graceful and beautiful.'¹⁸ As it lives in society it has almost no enemies, and though Brehm occasionally saw one of them captured by a crocodile, he wrote that except the crocodile he knew no enemies of the crane. It eschews all of them by its proverbial prudence; and it attains, as a rule, a very old age. No wonder that for the maintenance of the species the crane need not rear a numerous offspring; it usually hatches but two eggs. As to its superior intelligence, it is sufficient to say that all observers are unanimous in recognising that its intellectual capacities remind one very much of those of Man.

The other extremely sociable bird, the parrot, stands, as known, at the very top of the whole feathered world for the development of its intelligence. Brehm has so admirably summed up the manners of life of the parrot, that I cannot do better than translate the following sentence:—

Except in the pairing season, they live in very numerous societies or bands. They choose a place in the forest to stay there, and thence they start every morning for their hunting expeditions. The members of each band remain faithfully attached to each other, and they share in common good or bad luck. All together they repair in the morning to a field, or to a garden, or to a tree, to feed upon fruits. They post sentries to keep watch over the safety of the whole band, and are attentive to their warnings. In case of danger, all take to flight, mutually supporting each other, and all simultaneously return to their resting-place. In a word, they always live closely united.

¹⁸ Brehm, iv. 671, *seq*

They enjoy society of other birds as well. In India, the jays and crows come together from many miles round, to spend the night in company with the parrots in the bamboo thickets. When the parrots start hunting, they display the most wonderful intelligence, prudence, and capacity of coping with circumstances. Take, for instance, a band of white cacadoos in Australia. Before starting to plunder a corn-field, they first send out a reconnoitring party which occupies the highest trees in the vicinity of the field, while other scouts perch upon the intermediate trees between the field and the forest and transmit the signals. If the report runs 'All right,' a score of cacadoos will separate from the bulk of the band, take a flight in the air, and then fly towards the trees nearest to the field. They also will scrutinise the neighbourhood for a long while, and only then will they give the signal for general advance, after which the whole band starts at once and plunders the field in no time. The Australian settlers have the greatest difficulties in beguiling the prudence of the parrots; but if man, with all his art and weapons, has succeeded in killing some of them, the cacadoos become so prudent and watchful that they henceforward baffle all stratagems.¹⁹

There can be no doubt that it is the practice of life in society which enables the parrots to attain that very high level of almost human intelligence and almost human feelings which we know in them. Their high intelligence has induced the best naturalists to describe some species, namely the grey parrot, as the 'bird-man.' As to their mutual attachment it is known that when a parrot has been killed by a hunter, the others fly over the corpse of their comrade with shrieks of complaints and 'themselves fall the victims of their friendship,' as Audubon said; and when two captive parrots, though belonging to two different species, have contracted mutual friendship, the accidental death of one of the two friends has sometimes been followed by the death from grief and sorrow of the other friend. It is no less evident that in their societies they find infinitely more protection than they possibly might find in any ideal development of beak and claw. Very few birds of prey or mammals dare attack any but the smaller species of parrots, and Brehm is absolutely right in saying of the parrots, as he also says of the cranes and the sociable monkeys, that they hardly have any enemies besides men; and he adds: 'It is most probable that the larger parrots succumb chiefly to old age rather than die from the claws of any enemies.' Only man, owing to his still more superior intelligence and weapons, also derived from association, succeeds in partially destroying them. Their very longevity would thus appear as a result of their social life. Could we not say the same as regards their wonderful memory, which also must be favoured in its development by society-life and by longevity

¹⁹ R. Lendenfeld, in *Der zoologische Garten*, 1889.

accompanied by a full enjoyment of bodily and mental faculties till a very old age?

As seen from the above, the war of each against all is not *the* law of nature. Mutual aid is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle, and that law will become still more apparent when we have analysed some other associations of birds and those of the mammalia. A few hints as to the importance of the law of mutual aid for the evolution of the animal kingdom have already been given in the preceding pages; but their purport will still better appear when, after having given a few more illustrations, we shall be enabled, in a subsequent paper, to draw therefrom our conclusions.

P. KROPOTKIN.

HOW ART KAVANAGH FOUGHT RICHARD THE KING

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY CHRONICLE

I.

THE Pale was all on fire again! There had been raids at Rathcoole, at Newcastle, and at the Naas; raids, too, in Meath, near Trim, at Dunshauglin, and over the greater part of Fingal. The O'Byrnes, the O'Keefes, the O'Nolans, were all out, and swarming over the country like hornets. Calyagh O'Toole, who not long before had assailed the English in Leinster, and had caused 'six score of their heads,' says his native chronicler, 'to be carried in triumph before him, besides prisoners, horses, and other spoils of war,' was again upon the war-path, and might shortly be expected to repeat that delectable performance. Worse still, Art Kavanagh was known to have recently left his headquarters at Wexford, and to be out somewhere with all his young men at his heels, and though nobody upon the English side knew exactly where he was, that only made matters more unpleasant, since wherever you would wish him not to be, there you might be certain he would presently be found.

Barely three years had come and gone since King Richard himself left Ireland, having remained there ten months, and held high state in Dublin, feasting himself and feasting others as a king should do. To him had come in all the greater chiefs, and, having sworn fealty, had accepted knighthood at his hands, not, it must be said, without considerable demur on their part, they declaring loudly that knighthood in their country was invariably bestowed at the age of ten or younger—so soon, in fact, as a lad had shown any signs of spirit, and that it was a toy therefore unfit for grown men and bearded warriors. Seeing, however, that Ard-Reagh made such a point of the matter, they in the end submitted with a fairly good grace, even Art Kavanagh, or Art McMurrough as his own people called him, duly keeping his vigils—the grim penitent—in Christ Church Cathedral, and next day, 'clad in a silk garment edged with fur,' had feasted high at the king's own table, the O'Neil from the North on his right hand, and the O'Connor Faley from mid-Leinster on his left, while the

courtiers made eyes at one another over the feeders' heads—only well behind backs—and Interpreter Castide, through whose eyes Froissart saw it all, and has described it to us, bustled from one chief to another, anxious that his pupils should do *crédit* to his instructions on this great occasion, and the Privy Council from England wrote to congratulate our lord the king upon the success with which he had won over 'le O'Nel,' and that desperate person 'le grand Macmourg,' while that monarch himself, glorious in a new 'cote of gold and stone,' and comely as a prince in a fairy tale, smiled pleasantly, reflecting within himself how easy it was to manage this country after all, if only you had the sense to come over to it yourself, and not trust everything, as his grandfather had done, to fellows like De Bracy, or De Courcy, or De Burgh, whose interest it was to make the worst of every trifling disorder, so as the better to magnify their own office, and extort more out of your already cruelly depleted treasury.

All this was quite as it ought to be, but then you see it was already three whole years ago, and three years leave room for a good many disastrous changes, especially in Ireland! It was Richard himself who began the mischief by being foolish enough to put Art in prison for some trifling offence while still his guest; and though the imprisonment had been but nominal, it had been quite enough to fill the cup of that warrior's fury to the brim, and thoroughly to undo any slight impression produced upon him by previous civilities.

Like many other great personages, Richard, however, never believed in harm accruing from any action which he personally was good enough to undertake, so he sailed away to England soon afterwards with great complacency to see after the Lollards, who were known to be badly in need just then of burning, leaving his cousin, Roger of March, to see after this part of his kingdom in his absence, and follow in his own footsteps, and stroke tigers down the wrong way, and fill yawning gulfs with pats of butter, and generally manage Ireland in the manner most approved by those who had the charge of her.

A very important young man was this Roger of March, seeing that by right of his mother he nominally owned the greater part of Ulster, with a large slice of Connaught to boot. Indeed, if he could have come by his rights, a good fifth of Ireland would at that moment have been his private property, not to mention that, upon the death of his cousin Richard, he was bound in due course to succeed to the crown of England, with all the pleasant things thereunto appertaining.

Out of Dublin he rode upon a certain morning early in July on his way to the castle of Trim in Meath, and many knights with him, and a train of soldiery stretching after them like the tail of a comet. Seldom had a gallanter party ridden out of those gates, or one in better spirits; for, so far as they knew, they had only the

O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes in front of them, who might fairly be expected to run like their own mountain sheep at the mere wind and whiff of all those gleaming swords. Yet the looks of the few people they passed were more scowling than admiring, and there was less of fear than of hate in their eyes, and an old hag, as they rode past Dunboyne, getting upon a log of wood, cried shrilly, 'Vo! vo! and you'd better ride! *Manam an diaoul*, but I see the skean that is lifted to slit that white skin of yours! *Manam an diaoul*, but I know one that will outrun that horse of yours, and will pluck you from it and crush you as I crush a ripe droneen upon the bogs. Vo! vo! *Manam an diaoul!* *Manam an diaoul!*'

So she screeched, looking straight at the young Viceroy, only happily it was all in Irish, so that he and the knights merely smiled and observed to one another in Norman-French that our lord the king had queer subjects upon this side of the Channel, and that as for such an ill-looking crone as yonder 't were well she were tossed into a bog-hole to see would she sink, which, judging by the looks of her, seemed scarce probable. Soon they forgot her, however, having more important matters on hand, and so reached Trim Castle, looking very big with its great square keep and outer walls, the Boyne rolling rapidly past it and away over the flat Meath pastures. Here the horses were unsaddled, the men at arms bustled about, and Roger and his knights gathered into the central hall, where a fire was lit, for though July it was damp enough, and they ate and they drank, and made such merriment as they could, while the ghosts of the De Lacys, who had long ruled there, scurried away into dark corners, for they liked not such goings on.

So all went well, and promised well for the morrow; but about seven o'clock the same evening there came a sudden rattling at the outer gates, and six half-naked kerns belonging to the Lord Dunsany, who was a good man and loyal, rushed in, their cheeks hanging in bags with terror, to say that Art MacMurrough of Wexford had come into Meath with all his men, and had been seen from the top of Tara Hill; that he was burning all the villages before him, and at the rate he was travelling would probably by this time have reached Trim.

Now this was perfectly unexpected news, and unexpected news is rarely pleasant news, especially in Ireland. Nevertheless Roger Mortimer rose to the occasion, and showed no unbecoming discomfiture. He was not a particularly clever, young man, so far as has been recorded, still he was a Plantagenet, and it was not to be expected that any Plantagenet, even the least of them, would turn tail before the very wildest of wild Irishmen. Accordingly he called for his armourer, and ordered his war harness to be gone over, and all its joints duly tried, and he called a council of war, and arranged that all should be in readiness by the morning; and by five o'clock, no later—

for even self-indulgent young gentlemen and heirs to a kingdom had to be bustling in those days—he was in the saddle and spurring fast to Kells, with all his merry men following hard behind him.

II.

Whether Roger of March's horse stumbled that morning on his way to Kells, or whether a single crow flew across his path, or whether his nose bled, or his sword slipped out of its scabbard, or what other portents befell him cannot now be known, though no doubt the chroniclers of the day must have recorded them all in the fullest detail, since it is impossible that anyone so important could have got into such serious trouble without something of the sort happening. When he was within about three miles of Kells he caused his men to halt, for they were coming to an awkward bit of country, a big brown bog, as deep nearly as a bell-tower is tall, stretching in front of them, which would not at all suit the horses, and was about as nasty a place as it was possible for anyone in armour to get overthrown in, since there he was apt to lie like a turtle, getting only deeper and deeper as he struggled to escape, till perhaps some Irishman with a skean came along that way to make matters worse.

Westward, where the ground was firmer, between the bog and Trim, lay a wood, not a large wood, but still thick enough not to be able to be seen through. Now it was a point of some importance to ascertain whether Art Kavanagh and the O'Tooles had as yet joined forces, since, if they had not done so, it would naturally be easier to fight them separately; nay, they might even save trouble by first fighting one another, and so leaving only the victor to be dealt with. Unfortunately there was a great dearth of spies just then upon the king's side, but some turf-cutters caught near Athboy had reported that a body of Irish were lying wait for the Viceroy in a wood upon the other side of the bog. Plainly this must be the place meant, but the point still to be decided was what force could be lying concealed there, and a council accordingly was held, consisting chiefly of young men—for the Viceroy had few others with him—and the unanimous decision they arrived at in their wisdom was that no force of any size could possibly be concealed in such a place, the wood being, as was plain to be seen, so skimpy, and the region around so flat and so open.

Now this only shows the disadvantage of fighting in a country with which you are imperfectly acquainted, and still more against foes of whose mode of warfare all you know is that it is utterly savage, and quite unworthy the consideration of a knight and a Plantagenet! Scarcely had Roger and his soldiers advanced towards the wood before there arose a howl from it as if all the wolves in Ireland had been tied to the trees by their tails, and

were suddenly breaking loose. And so they were, only they were wolves with two legs instead of four, which was simply a more dangerous and unpleasant variety of the species. Out they rushed with yells that might have scared Goliath of Gath, or Hector of Troy, and down they came towards where the Heir of England was advancing with all his knights behind him, and that horrible, squelching bog immediately behind; wolves clad, as was to be seen when they got nearer, in long flannel shirts, with bare legs—for they had not yet taken to wearing trews—their hair gathered in big ‘glibbes,’ so solid that a sword could scarce cut through it. And after them came others, not wolves, but wild horsemen, crowds of them, who had been hidden behind a ridge of scraws, cut to look like a piece of the bog, each man riding his chief war-horse, worth at least two hundred cows apiece. Saddleless rode they, with brass bits and sliding reins, and in front of them came a horseman upon a big black horse, known throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Coal black was that horse, without a single white hair, standing over eighteen hands high, and its name in Irish was ten syllables long, and meant ‘The Tree Leaper,’ and the value of it was six hundred cows—at least that would have been its value, only that Art got it for nothing, having carried it off from its owner upon one of his Munster raids.

Upon the Tree Leaper was mounted Art Kavanagh himself, holding a big, iron-tipped spear in his hands. ‘A man of great stature, very fell and ferocious to the eye,’ says Castide, who knew him well. ‘He rode,’ says the same Castide, Froissart’s informant, describing him at Arklow, ‘so that never in all my life, I declare to you, did I see hare, sheep, deer, or any other animal run with such speed.’ So rode he now, and so rode all his horsemen behind him, with the kerns and the galloglasses swarming after them barefooted across the bog. As for the English, caught in this very uncomfortable trap, they tried to steady themselves, and wished with all their hearts for a good bit of firm ground—‘long heath, brown furze, anything,’ so that they could only find their feet solidly beneath them. Young Roger put himself gallantly in front of his men, and presently, with a clash that was heard three miles away at Kells, the two forces closed, and such was the confusion and rattle of arms, so loud the shrieks on one side, so fierce the war cries on the other, that for a time no one—not if he had been sitting on a cloud overhead—could have told how the battle went, or who had the best of it, for everything was a tangle and a confusion, with horses rearing, and blood spirting, swords clashing, spears flashing, all the tug, struggle, and actual physical contact of war before big cannon and Enfield rifles came to spoil it. Presently, however, there was a lull, for the Irish fashion of fighting was to make one of these tremendous rushes and then draw back a little so as to prepare for another. Back then went Art to the wood and his men after him, leaving a clear space heaped up with the dead and

dying; and then there arose a single, long, loud cry upon the royal side, for—alas for the hopes of England!—amongst those who were lying face uppermost upon that poached Meath soil was no less a personage than the Heir Apparent himself of that kingdom!

A dozen knights flew to pick him up, but too late, for his blood was flowing fast, and Art's big iron-tipped spear was sticking out of his side a little way above the heart. And whether he uttered any last words the chroniclers failed to tell us, but most likely he uttered none, but met his death as every man must, whether out of doors with his armour on, or in bed with the blankets smoothed round his chin. Indeed there was scant time for compliments or leave-taking either, for before anyone had time to breathe Art MacMurrough was out again from the wood, and was charging more furiously than before. And this time, whether from finding themselves overmatched, or from not liking the nature of the ground, or from discouragement at the death of their leader, most of the English waited no longer, but set off at full speed the way they had come. And many got thereby stuck in the bog and so slain, and many more were overtaken and killed in the open, and only the best mounted of the knights cut their way past Art, and, riding for their lives, reached Kells, where, the gates being flung open for them, they rode in pell-mell, one on top of another; the first that entered, a big Gascon knight called Sir Gilles de Fleurance, carrying with him the dead body of poor young Roger of March, hanging limply head downwards over his saddle-bow.

III.

Let the reader imagine for himself the return of Art MacMurrough to Wexford after these events! The march through the Wicklow glens, followed by his men laden with booty, driving before them herds swept from the poor 'obedient shires' to swell their own droves; the triumphant screeching of the bagpipes, the whooping, the hurroushing, the naked arms flung wildly in the air. Then, as they drew near home, the rushing out of the women, their yellow cloaks hitched conveniently, their hair flying dishevelled, the children, too—lithe little sunburnt mortals, naked most of them as on the day they were born—all whooping, all hurroushing, all brandishing arms like mad. Truly a great day for Wexford! enough almost to wash out the stain of the invasion, since had Ireland never been invaded, then the heir to the crown of England could never, it is clear, have fallen beneath the spear of a MacMurrough.

But that doughty warrior himself was no fool, and he knew very well that England, if a long way off, was not utterly out of reach, and that the day of reckoning would come, and would probably be an awkward one to meet when it did. He cast about therefore for some combination which he could bring to bear upon the common enemy,

not such an easy thing to find in a country where no two chiefs ever combined together for a week without becoming deadly foes before the Sunday morning.

In the end he made up his mind to send to Turlough O'Brien, son of Murrough-na-Raithnighe O'Brien, Lord and Prince of Thomond, who was sib to himself remotely upon the mother's side, and announcing the great news, urged him to get ready his young men, so as to be able at any moment to sally across the Shannon upon the Butlers, thereby creating a diversion. For this errand it was necessary to choose a messenger with some care, for between Wexford and Thomond lay the whole width of Ireland, over a hundred miles, a tract beset, too, with worse snares for travellers than probably any similar extent short of mid-Africa to-day. The messenger he in the end decided to send was his foster brother's son, Felim MacLiag, or Felim, the son of Liag. Him he mounted upon the best horse next to the Tree Leaper in his possession—a raw-boned bay, with the temper of a fiend, but the speed of a sea-gull, and the endurance of an ox; and having carefully taught him the message he was to deliver, sent him on his way with this parting greeting:

‘Repeat what I have said to thee to Turlough, son of Murrough-na-Raithnighe, and sixty cows and thrice sixty calves are thine on thy return. Miss it by a word and thy head joins those—a row of grisly mementoes of the late raid—and all thine go with thee. I, Art, the son of Art, have spoken.’

Then Felim MacLiag whooped respectfully, and mounted upon the bay, and rode off in the best of spirits, for as for those parting threats, they were only the common amenities of the time, and meant no more than that he was to do his best and not loiter too much by the road.

The bay certainly showed no signs of loitering, for at the first touch of the spur in its flanks up it rose straight, and its fore hoofs, the bards assure us, were like eagles' claws cleaving the air. Then off it shot down the first long green slope, as if with the express purpose of dashing out its own and its rider's brains at the bottom. Presently, however, Felim got a pull at it, and steadied it as was necessary, they having a long way before them.

On he rode then, first over the undulating country, with Mount Leinster rising grey on his left, till he came to the river Barrow, which he crossed by a ford called Graiguenanamanagh. And now he had to go warily, for this was the boundary into the Ormond country, and since Art's capture of New Ross or Ros-mic-Triuin, as it was then called, a messenger of his would have fared extremely badly in Butler hands.

Soon he was out upon the level country, that broad limestone plain of Ireland which most of us know lying around him, green esker after green esker stretching away like Atlantic waves that had

grown stiff and grassy. As he rode along, the cattle grazing there raced like deer before him. There were no sheep, of course, for, excepting behind sheepfolds, their only use would have been to feed the wolves. Crows, stalking over the grass, rose with a hoarse, offended caw as he galloped towards them. Magpies there were none, nor yet frogs in the pools, for neither were introduced for many a century afterwards. Due westward he rode, his own shadow and the shadow of his horse flying behind him, as the shadow of that big iron horse behind which we travel to-day flies out over the same greenish-grey landscape.

By noon he came to the beginning of the forest country, with wide ragged brushwood skirts stretching a long way before it. And here, in native parlance, he had to wear his eyes upon sticks, for the wood kerns in those parts were remarkably awkward people to meet with, whether nominally under the rule of one of the great lords, or merely reiving and raiding on their own account. And well was it for him that he was on the alert, for, before he had ridden a mile under boughs, six big fellows sprang at him, shouting 'Butler a boo!' like maniacs, and one made a clutch at his rein, and the rest shot a shower of darts after him, and although he rode for his life, and soon got away from them, one of the darts stuck fast, and when he looked down there it was sticking like a big black thorn in his bridle arm.

After this he had to cross another river, and make a long circuit to the north to avoid more Butlers; and about six in the evening, his arm being sore, and the stock of food he had started with exhausted, he ventured to stop at a village, knowing that he was probably by this time in the country of the O'Carrols, who were, as it happened, for the moment friends with Art.

The village lay in the centre of the forest, the houses being built wholly of wood, run up beehive fashion round a stake in the centre, and wattled, the chinks being filled up with mud. Here the dogs barked at him, and the children hooted loudly, but the women drove them away, and gave him food—oaten bread and a bit of meat—after which, fearing to delay, he rode on again till nine o'clock, when it grew too dark to enable him to make his way even at foot's pace. So he dismounted, and lay for a while in a hollow place, with the bay cropping beside him, and glad enough, too, by this time to be allowed to stand still.

As for Felim MacLiag, he sucked at his arm, which was sore, the dart having gone deep, and shivered when an owl hooted over his head, wondering if it was the *Ban sidh*. Presently he dropped asleep, and when he awoke, lo! the first streaks of dawn were already beginning to peer over the tree-tops. So he got up and stretched himself, and wished for breakfast, but had none, and not having to put a saddle on the bay, simply leaped upon its back, and away again

till the light grew broad, and the sun would have shone, only that a thick drizzle happened to be falling which hid it. And about mid-day, or a little later, he spied the Shannon spreading dimly below him, and so got to O'Brien's bridge, the only one in those parts at that time, and a very bad bridge for any man who was not a friend of the O'Briens to cross. And late in the afternoon of the second day he found himself amongst the stony wastes and bright blue lakes of Thomond, with the Atlantic sleeping like a large grey cloud in the distance, by which time the bay could scarce drag one leg after the other, and Felim himself felt as if a good dozen years had gone over his head since he started so blithely from Wexford upon the previous morning.

IV.

And now another year has come and gone, and great events have happened upon the other side of the island. King Richard himself has come again, sailing over from England with such a convoy of ships, such a muster of knights, such a gathering of archers and of men-at-arms as never before were seen, has anchored under the walls of Waterford, and now Art Kavanagh's hour has surely come !

Nothing could be more convenient, either, than such a landing-place. The rebel's country lay close at hand. A few hours' riding, and that green, ragged forest edge, behind which he was known to be ensconced, lay full in sight.

Was Art panic-stricken—helpless at the sight of this great armament gathered to crush him ? It looked like it. Not a sign of life did he give, not a kern of his showed, not a horse or a horseman was to be seen. The town of Carlow, which he had held for the last two years, was left undefended and open to the new comers to take possession of. The whole region seemed to have grown suddenly depopulated. Where a few weeks ago herds of cattle were grazing in all directions, with bare-legged urchins shouting at their heels, not a sign now either of boys or of beasts was to be seen. Apparently, the king had nothing to do but make a progress over the country, and then retire upon Dublin, having fully attained all that he came to Ireland to accomplish.

Unfortunately for himself that ornamental personage was singularly deficient in all the peculiar qualities that go to make a leader, 'loving best, too,' we are emphatically told, 'those councillors which did advise him worst.' Disorder, flourishing upon neglect, was at that moment simply rampant behind him in England: law in abeyance, highwaymen abounding, farmers pillaged, bishops and great lords forced to take refuge in the towns from the disorders of the country. People everywhere were saying openly, 'We have a good-for-nothing king, and the time is come that we seek for a

remedy.' Especially the Londoners, who from various causes were just then in the ascendant, complained openly. 'They spoke one to another,' says Froissart, 'of what had happened in the second Edward's time, for the children of those days, become men, had often been told about them by their fathers, and others had read them in the chronicles of the times, and they said openly: 'They provided a remedy, and now it is our turn.'

How far Art knew of this, and knew, therefore, that time would prove his best friend, or how far he merely followed his own native and time-immemorial fashion of warfare, must be left to be guessed. Certain it is that during the next six weeks he led Richard of Bordeaux a pretty dance amongst those Wexford woods! The king 'sat down' before them, but trees not being forts the sitting down process produced no very perceptible results. His huge army of 20,000 archers and 4,000 men-at-arms presently began to starve. Then an order was given for them to advance, and the big, unwieldy mass did try to advance, but if it did, it got entangled in the coppices, lost in the blinding jungle of trees, where never yet axe had swung or saw plied. The king swore that he would cut down the whole of the forest, but it may easily be guessed how far he got in *that* operation. He had no local aid or advice either to fall back upon, for Felim MacLiag's mission had prospered to the uttermost, and the O'Briens had long before this come swarming across their bridge, and were giving the Butlers and other loyalists in mid-Leinster quite as much as they could do to hold their own without lending any effective help to their master.

Seeing how matters were going, Art began presently to sally out of his fastnesses and take the initiative. He had only 3,000 men with him, mostly extremely ragged ones, but then he was at home, and that, in such warfare as this, is an advantage which outweighs nearly all others. As the army moved he waylaid the stragglers, much as the Russians waylaid the French after Moscow, and cut them off by the score. One night he gained a more considerable advantage. Four hundred archers had been posted, for some reason, a mile from the main force. Upon these Art fell silently at early dawn, and though his own men were actually fewer in number, such was the confusion and the intricacy of the forest that only a few of the English escaped, and rushed bleeding and panic-stricken to the main camp to tell the news.

Out, upon hearing of it, came King Richard himself from his tent, clad in a gorgeous loose surcoat, embroidered all over with golden ears of wheat; and when he heard of what had happened, and when, going to the place, he found not a trace of Art, but saw all his own poor men lying one upon the other, and dead as so many sheep in a shambles, then he broke out into the most unkingly cursing, and vowed that if ever he caught that pernicious traitor,

there should not be a town in Ireland—no, nor in England either—but should have a piece of him to decorate its gates withal.

His cursing, however, mended nothing, and, as for his unhappy soldiers, they were by this time beginning to die off like flies from want of proper food, and from cold and damp and dysentery, and those who did not die were so weakened that they fell all the easier prey to Art's young men, who lay in wait for them in every direction in the forest, and cut off all they could find, especially the sentries, so that when in the morning they had to be relieved, lo! there was found to be no occasion to relieve them, for they lay perfectly still and quiet, and would never feel any more cold, or hunger, or fatigue, or curse the Irish service ever again in their lives.

Picture to yourself that huge heterogeneous host, such as always in those days accompanied a king on his travels! Not soldiers only, by any means, but also courtiers and secretaries, churchmen and politicians, suitors, dicers, hucksters, singers, barbers, stray women, odds and ends of every kind, all gathered together in such a place and under such circumstances! Six mortal weeks they stayed in those weary Wexford woods: rained upon, blown upon; never having a chance of striking an open blow at their foes; with hardly any food; without, it is needless to say, the ghost of a commissariat, or any arrangement as to sleeping quarters. Richard himself had his tent, but for the rest they might lie as they could. Sometimes a cry would be raised at dead of night that Art was upon them. Then you might have seen a wild scurrying, and heard a clatter of armour, as out of holes and corners of the earth, or the hollow places of trees, grim, warlike figures, might have been seen to rise, and swords be buckled on with stiff fingers, and many curses in many tongues rise to the dull grey Irish sky overhead!

Even when no night surprises occurred matters were rather worse. Art might relax, but the weather never relaxed. Never in the memory of man had there been such a season! The whole camp was one vast swamp. The horses had only green oats to eat; their riders, less happy, not as much. Rations, already short, were daily growing shorter; the provision ships, which had formed part of the fleet, had sailed away, no one knew whither, and knightly men fought one another for scraps which two little months earlier their own dogs would have rejected.

From bad matters grew to worse. Provisions of all sorts were nearly at an end and no fresh ones procurable. The country round seemed to be a desert, and famine in its worst forms was staring everyone in the face. At last in despair the order was given to make for the coast. The point to be attained was Arklow, and at first the army moved thither with some appearance of order. Famine, however, is a sad corruptor of discipline. The soldiers broke line; straggled away whenever a chance of food, the remotest hope of

plunder; a hint of a hen-roost, nay of a few handfuls of bilberries or bearberries presented itself. By the time the village was reached the king's great army had become a mere mob—hungry, fierce, miserable, disorganised. Bell-mell they rushed into it, and proceeded to ransack it to the uttermost. But its resources were easily exhausted. Butchers' or bakers' shops, as may be guessed, there were none; the cattle had all been long since driven away; the few inhabitants left stared helplessly, or fell grovelling upon their knees in terror before their depredators.

Suddenly a cry arose that the provision ships had been seen sailing round Grenore Head! Like an avalanche the hungry host poured out of the village, and proceeded to discharge itself over the sand-hills to the sea. There, sure enough, were the ships, but alas! the wind was contrary, and it seemed doubtful whether they would be able to make the shore, even if they realised the imminence of the need, which in all probability they did not. The excitement grew desperate. Fires were lighted on the heights; signals of distress shown; men ran wildly to and fro, scarce knowing what they did. Others—past this stage—lay down in all directions, staring with haggard eyes upon the ships; the sands were strewn with them; helpless as so many shipwrecked sailors, and dying with the provisions they needed full in sight. Many did actually so die, and had eventually to be buried in the sand-hills, while the king fumed and fumed, and the vessels tacked in the offing, and the wind blew capriciously here and there and sent great circling flurries round and round in the air to fill those starving mouths.

At last Richard's pride broke down. While the ships still hung doubtfully in the bay he sent to demand a parley with Art. If that contumacious rebel could only be induced to come to terms, the strain of the situation would at once be relaxed. Cattle would be obtainable; his starving army could be fed; he himself would be able to fall back upon Dublin; this horrible state of affairs which was so severely trying to his nerves and temper would be over, and everything might then still go as it ought to go.

Probably Art knew all this at least as well as Richard himself, for his terms rose steadily. He consented to hold a parley with the Earl of Gloucester, but his tone was the tone of an equal and not of a repentant rebel. He would make peace, he said, with the king, but it must be a peace without reservation. All that he had seized upon he was to keep; the disputed lands in Kildare, which he claimed in right of his wife, were to be handed over to him; the O'Briens, his allies, were not to be molested; his own title of King of Leinster was to be formally recognised. Richard swore by St. Edward that he would remain in Ireland all the days of his life rather than yield to such terms, and ordered Gloucester to return at once to Art, and command him to appear before him in Dublin, whither he was now bent upon going, come what would.

Gloucester, however, avoided doing anything of the sort, doubting probably the wisdom of the proceeding, but sent instead a humbler messenger, whose throat, if Art cut it, would be of much less consequence. This second messenger found that redoubtable rebel feasting high in the open air in the middle of the forest, like an Irish Robin Hood, with all his clan about him. To him he delivered the king's message, Art the while sitting cross-legged, his feet tucked tailor-fashion under him, his private chaplain upon one side and his harper upon the other, as may be seen in the illuminations of the day.

Then, when the interpreter had finished expounding the king's message, Art smiled scornfully—

'Bid your lord,' said he, 'command his own kerns, and not meddle with me. If he wanted me in Dublin why did he not bring me while he was here? Six weeks had he to do it in, yet here I, Art, still sit. Tell him, too, that the air of Wexford agreeth not well, methinks, with his young men, for they were very fresh, hale, and lusty of aspect when they came to it, whereas they lie now for the most part green, sad, and very mouldy under our feet!'

'*Wurrah! wurrah!* True! true! Hurrah for Art MacMurrough!' shouted the clansmen, delightedly.

'Tell him too,' pursued Art, warming under the breath of that popular applause, 'that I have eaten before of his meat and drank of his cup, and that though the flavour of both of them was strong and good, yet I liked not the after-taste of the same. Tell him that Lord of Leinster, I, Art MacMurrough, was born, and that Lord of Leinster, I, Art, intend to die, and that 't were well for him could he say the same of that kingdom of his yonder beyond the wave. Say, too'—here he suddenly set his teeth like a wolf, all the hereditary savage within him alive and menacing—'that I spare you because I require you to yelp your errand into his ear, but that the next messenger he sends to me will travel back to Dublin without eyes to find the way, hands to grope along the paths, or a tongue with which to insult the MacMurrough. I, Art, the son of Art, have spoken!'

Then that messenger returned with his teeth chattering woefully, and his knees knocking one against the other, for the looks of Art were worse even than his words, and having, by the help of all the saints, got alive to Dublin, he told what had been said to him to the king.

'By the eyes of God,' exclaimed Richard, 'this fellow's insolence exceedeth belief. As I am a king I will yet cut down that wood of his, and will hang him up for a mawkin upon the last bough of the same!' and he looked for the moment like a Plantagenet as he said it.

It was not to be, however, for worse things than even Art's scoffs

were at that moment hanging over his head, and only a week later, upon the Sunday morning as he was coming out of mass, there met him Bagot and two other messengers from the Duke of York, to say that his cousin, Henry of Hereford, had landed at Ravensburg, and that the whole of England were gathering to him as one man.

Richard's usually ruddy face grew suddenly grey, we are told, at the news; but confident still in his own charm, and in that divinity which hedges kings, he yet delayed and delayed. God, he told those who urged him to set off at once, would assuredly fight for his Richard, and England, he felt privately convinced, would never have the heart to turn her back upon one whom she had certainly once cared for. Here, however, as we are aware, he deceived himself. 'Alack for woe, that any harm should stain so fair a show!' Richard's England had had quite enough of him, and preferred for the moment some one who would at least show her a little variety in the way of bad government. So, having delayed just long enough to make his cause absolutely hopeless, he did at last return to meet the fate which was in store for him. But as for Art Kavanagh, he remained behind at home in Wexford, and ruled over his own land, as he had predicted, until his death.

EMILY LAWLESS.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN ENGLISH POLITICS.¹

Sunday, January 28, 1855.

I dined with Edward Ellice and met Lord Leicester, Lord Yarborough, and General Ellice. Ellice believes, and rather wishes, that the Ministry may be defeated to-morrow. But, I said, will it be possible to carry on the war with such a committee sitting? Of course not, he answered; Roebuck's motion is merely a vote of want of confidence disguised. On Tuesday, the Ministry will resign, and the order for the committee will be discharged. This, I said, is one of the few cases in which the Queen can choose her ministers.

¹ Lord Aberdeen's Ministry was formed in December 1852. It was a coalition between the Peelites, the Whigs, and the Radicals, represented by Sir W. Molesworth. Lord J. Russell entered the Cabinet against his own will and judgment, and upon terms which were indistinctly understood by himself and Lord Aberdeen. Lord John agreed to accept the Foreign Office, and to vacate it at his own convenience in favour of Lord Clarendon, continuing to lead the House of Commons and to sit in the Cabinet without office. But he also believed, it appears, that Lord Aberdeen would ultimately resign the Premiership in his favour, and that, in the interval, he would exercise a general superintendence over all departments. The new Ministry were pledged to introduce a Reform Bill.

At the end of 1853, the long peace of thirty-eight years terminated. Disputes arose between Russia and Turkey respecting the custody of the Holy Places, and the protectorate which Russia claimed over the Christian subjects of the Porte. On the 2nd and 3rd of July 1853, the Russians crossed the Pruth, and occupied the Danubian Principalities, which by the Treaty of Balta Liman (1849) were to be evacuated by the forces both of the Czar and the Sultan, and not to be entered by either except for the repression of internal disturbances. Two courses were open to England. The Ministry might have informed Turkey that England could render her no assistance, or warned Russia that, in case of war, England would stand by Turkey. Either course might have secured peace. Lord Aberdeen wished to take the first course; Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston advocated the second. Halting between two opinions the country drifted into war with Russia, which was definitely announced to the House by a Royal message on the 27th of March, 1854.

Other divergences of opinion, especially with regard to the Reform Bill, increased the irresolution of the Government, and throughout the year 1854 Lord John Russell repeatedly threatened to resign, and as often was persuaded by his colleagues to withdraw his resignation. Meanwhile the country became profoundly dissatisfied with the want of energy and foresight which was shown both in Downing Street and the Crimea. Parliament met on the 23rd of January 1855, and Mr. Roebuck gave notice of a motion demanding a formal inquiry into the whole administration of the war. On the same day Lord John Russell, without announcing his intention to his colleagues in the Cabinet, resigned his office rather than attempt the defence of the Government.

It is to this crisis that the following notes of conversations, held by Mr. Nassau

Certainly, answered Ellice, the country will support, for a time, any post or log whom she allows to call himself Premier. If she sends for Lord Derby, he will have a working majority; so will Palmerston, so will Clarendon, so perhaps would the best of them, Grey. What do you expect? I asked. I think, he answered, that she will send for Palmerston. He must lead the House, and cannot do so if he is Minister of War; no man could endure the double labour. I do not think that Lord John can return. He has too deeply disgusted his friends by deserting them in the moment of danger, or rather of defeat. Of course the Duke of Newcastle goes; perhaps Lord Lansdowne may be persuaded to remain.

The two peers, Whigs as they are, were anxious for the defeat of the Ministry. Don't be uneasy, said Ellice, they will be beaten by two to one.

Monday, January 29.

I breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne. He asked me what was the impression produced by Lord John's resignation.

I said that it was universally disapproved; that it was compared to a resignation by Lord Raglan the day before the battle of the Alma.

It came upon us, said Lord Lansdowne, like a thunder-clap in fair weather. No one thought it possible. I perhaps had a right to be the most surprised, for when the War Department was created, I was anxious to put Palmerston there instead of the Duke of Newcastle, and was overruled by Lord John and Lord Aberdeen. When the head of the Whigs and the head of the Peelites united in preferring the Duke, I did not think that I could decently persist.

Senior with some of the leading men of the day, mainly refer. They represent the educated public opinion of 1854-5, and illustrate, with the freshness of contemporary criticism, the conduct of the last great European war in which this country was engaged.

A list of the Cabinets of Jan. and Feb. 1855 is given below, for convenience of reference.

THE CABINET	Jan. 1855	Feb. 16 1855	Feb. 22 1855
<i>Treasury</i>	Earl of Aberdeen	Viscount Palmerston	do.
<i>Lord Chancellor</i>	Lord Cranworth	do.	do.
<i>Exchequer</i>	W. E. Gladstone	do.	Sir G. C. Lewis
<i>President of Council</i> . .	Lord J. Russell	Earl Granville	do.
<i>Lord Privy Seal</i>	Duke of Argyll	do.	do.
<i>Home Secretary</i>	Viscount Palmerston	Sir G. Grey	do.
<i>Foreign Secretary</i> . . .	Earl of Clarendon	do.	do.
<i>Colonial Secretary</i> . . .	Sir George Grey	Hon. S. Herbert	Lord J. Russell
<i>Admiralty</i>	Sir Jas. Graham	do.	Sir Chas. Wood
<i>Board of Control</i>	Sir Chas. Wood	do.	R. Vernon Smith.
<i>Board of Works</i>	Sir Wm. Molesworth	do.	do.
<i>Duchy of Lancaster</i> . . .	Earl Granville	—	Earl of Harrowby
<i>Postmaster-General</i> . . .	—	—	Viscount Canning
<i>Secretary at War</i>	Hon. Sidney Herbert	—	—
<i>Secretary of State for War</i>	Duke of Newcastle	Lord Panmure	do.
<i>Without Office</i>	Marquis of Lansdowne	do.	do.

Lord Lansdowne surprised me by his expectation that the Queen would send for Lord Derby, and that a Derby cabinet was possible. Lords Ellenborough and Malmesbury, he said, are his great difficulties. Disraeli is ready to accept whatever may be offered to him, but Ellenborough demands the War Department, and Malmesbury will claim the Foreign Office. Malmesbury might perhaps be satisfied if he were sent to Paris and Lord Cowley removed to Downing Street, but we could ill afford to lose Cowley in Paris. Nor could we well spare Clarendon here. His management of our foreign affairs appears to me to have been as nearly perfect as an administration—which, of course, is often only a choice of dangers—can be. If the Queen wished to punish Lord John, she should send for *him* as the destroyer of the present Cabinet, and offer him *carte blanche* to form a new one.

What do you hear said, he added, of the Duke of Newcastle?

I hear, I answered, that he is perfectly honest and very laborious, but very slow, and very indecisive, as a man anxious to do what is right, but without knowledge of principles, or fertility of resources, always must be. The worst fault imputed to him is an affinity for fools, such that if he were dipped into a crowd, he would come out richly encrusted with all the folly that came in contact with him. Whether that be owing to his preferring fools to men of sense, or to his inability to distinguish between them, and the excess in the world of folly over intelligence, my informants do not venture to decide. The consequence, I am told, is that all the departments which he has anything to do with, are full of incapacity. As there is nothing that an incapable man dreads like responsibility, all his officials try to escape it by tossing the duty of deciding, and even the duty of giving an answer, from one department, or from one branch of a department, to another.

In the Cabinet, said Lord Lansdowne, the Duke always appeared to be very diligent, and perfectly frank, always ready to state fully what he was doing, and why he was doing it. The worst managed department, I am told, is the Ordnance. Lord Raglan, the master-general, is absent, so is Burgoyne, the lieutenant-general, and the business is managed by old officers, men of prejudices and routine, who stop everything. Bitter complaints, too, are made of the Medical Department.

Is it true, I asked, that Palmerston was objected to for the War Department, lest Austria should be offended?

I do not believe it, said Lord Lansdowne. Austria must be as anxious as we are for our rapid success, and for the man that gives us the best chance of it. But years have told even on Palmerston. He dined with me yesterday, and I never saw a man so *terrassé*. One thing is certain. He cannot be war-minister and lead the House.

I should like, I said, to see the House led by Sidney Herbert.

So should I, said Lord Lansdowne. He is a man of the world,

he is conciliatory, he is an excellent speaker, he is very honest, his heart is in his duties. He has not Gladstone's genius, and who has? but he is a much better manager of men.

I wish, I said, that we could put our army under Canrobert.

I wish we could, said Lord Lansdowne. The forces would be much better distributed. Up to the present time, the attack has been divided between the two armies, and we have had much more than our share, considering the disproportion of our numbers. If the army were considered as one, and one general were responsible, the fatigue would be more equitably shared. And I have no doubt that the French would put their fleet under our Admiral.

I am inclined, I said, to believe that, in the present state of opinion, such a change is possible. Lord Raglan is not trusted here, and I do not believe that he is trusted in the Crimea. I am told that he spends a couple of hours at dinner, and is immersed in family law business of his own, and as trustee for his nephew, the Duke of Beaufort. Everybody is prepared for something new, or rather anxious and eager for something new. And certainly an English army, commanded by a Frenchman, would satisfy the most voracious appetite for novelty.

You complain, said Lord Lansdowne, as everyone else does, of our bad military appointments, but where are the good men to be found? An old friend of mine, a retired military man, wrote to me from the country, to complain of our inefficient generals and military administrators. I called on him when he came to town with the army list in my hand, and we went over all the names; after a couple of hours, we found only two men on whom we could rely: one of them, MacMurdo, has since been employed. Of course I do not mean to say, nor do I believe, that many more might not have been discovered, but those two were all whom our joint knowledge of military men enabled us to select.

Tuesday, January 30.

Frederic Elliot called on us. He had just come from Lord John. Lord John defends himself for not having made more public among his colleagues his objection to the Duke, by saying that, having urged it in the proper quarter, to Lord Aberdeen, he thought that he had done enough: that to mention it to the other members of the cabinet would have been a sort of cabal. 'I might,' said Lord John, 'have resolved to fight the battle on Thursday; I might have told the proper lies and used the proper sophistry, and have gone out on Friday, after having been beaten, with the grace of fidelity. But what would have been my situation if we were *not* beaten?—if we had had on Friday, as we had six weeks ago, a majority of thirty-nine? Ought I to have remained a member of a Government which cannot, or will not, conduct well the war? And how could I quit

it after having successfully defended it? What would have been the contrast between my defence of the Duke on Thursday, and my defence of myself on Friday? I ought, perhaps, to have gone sooner, but I could not stay longer.'

What I complain of, said Elliot, is that we abuse the traitor, while we delight in the treason. Everyone breathes more freely since Tuesday; everyone feels that the first step out of the path that was leading to ruin has been taken; we all admit that Lord John has rendered an immense public service, and we all cry out against him. I confess that he ought to have resigned in November. But the kindness of his nature made him put off, and put off, a separation from the friends of his whole life. He hoped that things might mend, that it might be possible for the party to retreat with less dishonour. I do not say that these excuses are sufficient. I acknowledge that they are not, but I wish the blame which he deserves to be properly assessed. I wish him to be reproached, not for resigning on January 24, which was a great and meritorious act, but for remaining in office after November 16, which was a weak and mischievous act.

Lord John's silence, he continued, is pushed to an excess rare among public men. I am inclined to think that he distrusts his own powers of resisting persuasion, and therefore will not take counsel with anyone, except his wife and his relations. This gives to all that he does an appearance of precipitation even when he is right. Then he judges men in gross much better than he does men in detail. I do not trust his opinion as to A. or B., but he has an instinctive prescience as to what will be the feeling and the conduct of the House of Commons.

His ignorance of men in detail, I said, probably arises from his not mixing with them. How can a man, who talks to no one but his wife and his sisters, and his brother, and brothers-in-law, and his cousins, know where to find good men, or indeed know good men when he stumbles on them? I admit that he knows instinctively the temper of the House of Commons, but he cannot know that of the country, or he would not make such enormous blunders. He would not have written his Durham letter, or introduced his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, or his detestable 5*l.* Franchise Reform Bill.

We laugh at that reform now, said Elliot, and I have no doubt that its immediate effects would have been mischievous; but do we know what may be in store for us? Do we know that it was not a Sybil's book? The country is now calm and prosperous. The war is felt only in the income-tax; the high prices please our farmers and landlords, and are met by good wages and ample employment. Yet there is a growing discontent with our institutions. We are tired of our ducal ministers, and of Lord Raglan and his noble incompetents. How will it be if we have a panic, or a scarcity? I do not foresee a

revolution of the earthquake kind, a revolution that shall ruin the public creditor, exile the aristocracy, and pull down Holland House; but I foresee some great change. I do not think that the present system can last twenty years. It may explode in five, or in one.

In the evening I went to the House of Lords, to hear Lord Grey's admirable speech on military reform. When the debate was over Lord Aberdeen came to me before the throne. I told him that I had just left Tenby, and that my brother-in-law, to whom he gave the living a few months ago, was justifying his selection.

It was lucky, said Lord Aberdeen, that the vacancy occurred when it did. To-morrow would have been too late.

No one doubts that the ministry would be beaten in the Commons by an immense majority, and that Lord Lansdowne will be sent for.

The defeat of the Government has been more signal than was expected. The majority against them is more than two to one. As Lord Lansdowne (and he alone) expected, Lord Derby has been sent for, but no one expects him to form a Government.

Friday, February 2.

I have been confined all day by an attack of bronchitis. Elliot called on me. He had been sitting with Lady John, who told him that everybody approved of Lord John's conduct. On examination it appeared that all the world consists of herself, Fr. Romilly, and Lord Melgund. He is in bad spirits.

What alarms me, he said, is not merely the loss of an army; it is not merely the loss of our military character, great as these calamities are; it is the apparent revelation that our system of government is worn out. When the Duke of Wellington, at the time of the Reform Bill, asked how the king's government would be carried on, he saw the amount of danger, but not the kind. The reformed House, so far as its mere votes go, is as good an instrument as the old one was—indeed much better. It has done more good in twenty years than its predecessors did in fifty. Our difficulty is, not to get a majority, but to get a ministry. Under the old system politics was a profession. Young men were taken up by patrons of boroughs and brought early into public life.

Now, there are not ten seats, perhaps not five, into which a public-spirited patron can put a promising young friend. Even our great families, though they can return their sons and nephews, cannot return a stranger. Lord Lansdowne can put Lord Shelburne in for Calne, but cannot put in a man unconnected with his family, even if he were such a man as Macaulay was when he returned him thirty years ago. With the exception of these sons and nephews, our members are middle-aged gentlemen, great landowners, or manufacturers, or the people who have banking-houses in a borough, or villas, with

little parks and clipped hedges, near one, and who have not taken to politics, except parish politics, till they were forty or fifty. I spent some time in one of the new manufacturing boroughs in the autumn. 'The man whom we like for a member,' they said, 'is somebody who lives with us, or near us—who can take the chair at our meetings, tell us the London gossip, and hear from us what we think of public affairs. We don't want a man who is too busy to come among us, and thinks our internal affairs a bore, and our political opinions too idle.'

What statesmen can be made of members such as these? What public men has the Reform Bill given us? Bright, Baines, Cobden and Hawes—two of them fit for the second places, and two fit for no place. The youngest men in the late ministry were in Parliament before the Reform Bill, and they have no successors. The great families and their sons and nephews afford too narrow a field of selection, and there are no others who have taken to political life.

France, I said, under Louis the Eighteenth and Louis Philippe was equally without professional politicians, and yet she obtained distinguished statesmen.

France, he answered, was governed by men of letters. Journalists, historians, and professors were gradually promoted to be ministers and ambassadors. We may have to do the same in England. If our constituencies are to choose for themselves—if we had rather have the member for Calne named by the grocers and butchers of Calne than by Lord Lansdowne, they must choose either their neighbours, or men old enough to have already established their reputations. Literary reputation is more diffused in the country than political reputation, and no literary fame is so wide as that of a writer of narrative. Dickens and Thackeray and Macaulay and Bulwer, or the men who then will fill their literary places, may perhaps, twenty years hence, occupy the treasury bench; but we are not ripe for that yet. In the meantime we are trying over and over the same little knots of ancient gentlemen, and finding them yet more feeble and more quarrelsome every day.

If I were Minister, I would try something new. If we must lose Sir J. Graham, I would put Sir Baldwin Walker, or any other good naval man, at the Admiralty, and if he were a *parvenu* so much the better. The aristocrats have been tried long enough in vain. I would recall Lord Raglan, and put Sir Colin Campbell or Canrobert in his place.

Sunday, February 4.

I am still confined to the house, and hear only what my visitors tell me.

The news of to-day is that Lord Lansdowne's negotiations having failed, the Queen sent for Lord John, and that he is still charged

with the commission. It is said that Herbert and Gladstone refused to join him—that Palmerston is ready to serve, but fears the fatigue and responsibility of the War Department.

As to the secession, Elliot said, of Herbert and Gladstone, it is a great blow to the future Government and a prodigious accession to the Tories. But I am not sure that it is a loss to the country. If Gladstone had remained he could only have made a loan and raised the income-tax to ten per cent. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer can do that as well as he could. And we may find a Secretary of War as good as Sidney Herbert, or we may abolish the office by merging it in the Department. We have been trying, without great success, a strong Ministry and a weak Opposition. Now we shall have a strong Opposition. Perhaps if we had had one sooner, we might have escaped some of our present disasters.

Will Gladstone, I said, oust Disraeli? Will he be able, as soon as he crosses the floor of the House, to assume the command of his old enemies?

Not immediately, said Elliot. He will at first take a neutral position. He will protect the Government, but from time to time candidly admit its shortcomings, and gradually, from damaging them by his support, will slide into damaging them by his attacks, until Dizzy is deposed and Herbert and Gladstone and Cardwell become the leaders of the Opposition without anybody's knowing how it was done.

Dizzy, I said, will scarcely submit to be so blandly absorbed. If the Tories throw him off he will return to his early love, the Radicals.

He may try it, said Elliot, but he will fail. They will not accept him. He is purely a rhetorician, and a rhetorician powerful only in attack. He wants knowledge, he wants the habits of patient investigation by which it is to be acquired; he wants sincerity, he wants public spirit, he wants tact, he wants birth, he wants fortune, he wants, in short, nine out of ten of the qualities that fit a man to lead a party. Nothing but the penury of talent among the Tories after the secession of the Peelites gave him importance. If the Peelites rejoin their old associates, he is lost.

Henry Bowyer dined with us.

I do not understand, he said, this general wish, that Lord John may not be minister. He may have behaved ill to his colleagues, he may have intrigued against Lord Aberdeen, he may have let the Duke go on until he became intolerable to the country, and have then seized this opportunity to stab the ministry through him, and to escape himself by turning a sort of king's evidence, but what has the public to do with all this? They say that he ought to have retired before. But so ought they all. If you defend them by saying that they did *not* perceive the Duke's incapacity, that is to save

their honesty at the expense of their intelligence. If they *did* perceive it, they acted much worse than he, for they did not retire till they were kicked out. Lord John has clearly shown more sense, or more patriotism, than any of his colleagues. If the world is ready to take Palmerston or Clarendon, why object to him?

As representing the public, all that I wish is, to have the war vigorously carried on. I care nothing about the squabbles in the Cabinet. I want the man who can and will fight. Lord John has shown the most willingness to do so. I hope that he also possesses ability.

It is true that he has not shown it as war minister, but neither has Lord Palmerston, nor indeed anyone else, except perhaps Lord Grey.

Monday, February 5.

We went to the House of Lords to hear Lord Lyndhurst's motion, but, as I expected, it was put off.

I went to the Commons, where I found that Lord John had finished his answer to the Duke of Newcastle, and that Gladstone was replying to Lord John. I was told that Lord John's speech was well received, particularly the passage in which he complained that Lord Aberdeen, knowing that the Duke had virtually resigned, had accepted his (Lord John's) resignation, without further explanation, without telling him that the Duke's war-ministry, the ground of his resignation, was over.

Gladstone's reply was heard coldly, and when he said that Lord Aberdeen could not communicate to Lord John the Duke's intention to resign, because it was only an intention, which he might have revoked, much disapprobation was expressed on each side of the House.

All sorts of reports are current: one that Palmerston has failed; another that Lord John is to be in his cabinet, and that Gladstone will not sit with him; another that Lord John refuses to serve under Lord Palmerston, either as having been premier himself, or from a feeling that his present unpopularity would communicate itself to his associate.

Many persons think Gladstone indispensable. Any other Chancellor of the Exchequer, they say, would be torn to bits by him.

There is a general impression that this discussion is discreditable to aristocratic institutions; that the Cabinet seem to think much more of their duty to each other than to the country; that the Duke was made war-minister on a point of etiquette, merely because he held an office which was called War and the Colonies; that Lord Aberdeen kept him because he was doing his best, and to remove him would hurt his feelings; that Lord John did not press his removal, because it would give pain to Lord Aberdeen, and because he, as the head of the Whig section in the coalition, was not the fit

person to turn out his Peelite associates ; that the rest of the Cabinet shut their eyes to the Duke's incompetency because they did not wish to break up the Government. In short, that the only things left unconsidered were the safety of the army and the safety of the country.

I hear that the Duke has long been dissatisfied with Lord Raglan, but that, with the characteristic politeness of an aristocratic minister, instead of recalling or reproving him, he has administered only kind notes of advice.

Wednesday, February 7.

Dr. Jeune, the master of Pembroke, breakfasted with us. He is in attendance on the Oxford Commission.

Jeune told me that he had been with Potter, who, with his partner, Price, of Gloucester, had supplied the wooden houses for the Crimea. Potter told him that, for three weeks after he had made his proposal to the Duke of Newcastle, he got no answer. That he wrote to ask what was to be done, and was told that the paper had been mislaid, and that they wished for a copy of it. That at length, the War Department having, after great delay, resolved to have them, they were made and sent by rail to Southampton. But that the contract entered into by the Ordnance ended when they reached the railway terminus. That, after some delay, another contract was entered into for putting them on board of steamers, but that this contract merely heaped them on the deck. That a further contract, and a further delay, was necessary to get them down into the hold : and he does not believe that at this instant they have got beyond Balaklava. Louis Napoleon sent for Potter to Saint-Cloud to consult about their being supplied to the French army. In a couple of hours the whole matter was arranged between Louis Napoleon and himself. The question then was how soon the execution of it could be begun. This was satisfactory. A letter could not get to Gloucester before Monday. Louis Napoleon rang for a courier, gave him fifteen napoleons, and ordered him to be in Gloucester in twenty-four hours. Potter proposed to go to his hotel, write out the contract and specification, and return with them. Louis Napoleon said no, they must be written out immediately ; that he was going out for a couple of hours, and hoped on his return to find all ready. Potter was thus left two hours alone in Louis Napoleon's cabinet, with all his private papers about. The contract, &c., was ready in two hours, was in Gloucester on Sunday, and the workmen were employed in executing it by six o'clock on Monday morning.

Thursday, February 8.

Herbet, the French consul, and Sir Edward Colebrooke dined with us. Sir E. Colebrooke saw the battle of the Alma from the tops of the

'Agamemnon,' and remained in the Crimea till after the battle of Balaklava.

I asked him about Lord Raglan.

He is gentleman-like, said Colebrooke, and brave, but seems to want the power of locomotion. No one ever saw his horse out of a walk. Lyons, who went out with him on a reconnaissance, came back, after having had to walk his horse for five hours, numbed with cold.

What were the criticisms, I asked, in the camp, as to the battle of the Alma? I cannot answer, he replied, as to the camp, but to us in the 'Agamemnon' it seemed that he charged too soon. When we saw the Zouaves in possession of the heights on the right, we supposed that the Russians, taken in flank, would be easily driven off, but Lord Raglan charged before the French could come to his assistance. What do they say, I asked, about the charge at Balaklava? They say, he answered, that Lord Raglan, who was two miles from the spot, ought not to have given an order which did not obviously allow the officer, who was to execute it, a discretion. He ought to have known that during the ten minutes which it took Captain Nolan to bear the order, things might be altogether altered.

Is it true, I asked, that Lord Raglan is invisible? Quite true, he said; I have heard of men who were seven or eight weeks in the camp without seeing him. To move seems to give him pain.

Our first great blunder, he continued, was commencing the siege with insufficient forces. Our second was turning our whole force on the attack before we had fortified our position and made our road. It is true that we had not men enough to do both, but if the attack had been delayed till we had secured our communications with our base of operations, we should not have been forced to suspend it for want of ammunition, or have seen our men die by thousands for want of proper food, clothing, and shelter.

Our third error was dividing the attack into two halves, and taking one for ourselves. This may have been right at first, when the numbers in each army were about equal, but when the French were doubled and trebled by their reinforcements, and we were reduced to one half by disease, the disproportion in the tasks allotted to the armies respectively became enormous. The greater part of our loss is to be attributed to this. We have not half enough men for the trenches alone, leaving, as to a great degree we do leave, all our other duties unperformed.

Saturday, February 10.

Still confined. Lord Lansdowne called on me on his way to the cabinet. We talked of the difficulties of the Government. One is the inquiry. It is impossible to carry it on without showing up our allies in blue-books, the mere idea of which has seriously alarmed the French, and yet the House is pledged to it. Some means of

escaping from the pledge must be afforded. Perhaps a commission which need not report till the war is over. Another difficulty is Lord Raglan. That he has done ill in some respects, and not so well as he ought to have done in others, said Lord Lansdowne, is certain. On the other hand, he has shown great military qualities, and—what, without showing great qualities, shows rare ones—he has lived on good terms with the French. Where can we find a man of military and administrative genius, and also of conciliatory temper and manners? Sir Colin Campbell may have the former merit, but he has not the latter. I hear that he is hot-tempered, almost to violence. What would be the consequences of a quarrel between him and Canrobert? To put the whole allied army under one commander would, of course, be the right thing if it could be done. But there would be an outcry against it, perhaps irresistible, and if a calamity followed it would produce a storm which no one could stand. I believe that we must keep Lord Raglan, requiring a complete change in his staff, and sending out the best man that we can find to be at its head. I am told that there is a very good man, a major-general in India, under forty. He is to be sent for, but it will take time.

What would Lord Derby, I asked, have done with Lord Raglan?

Recalled him, answered Lord Lansdowne. Ellenborough is furious against him, and is rash enough for anything.

Another difficulty, continued Lord Lansdowne, is Layard. We are very anxious to have him, but the prejudice against him is strong and general. I had to defend him the other day to the Queen. She is the soul of honour and sensitive, to a degree unusual even among sensitive persons, to any breach of it.

NASSAU W. SENIOR.

(To be concluded.)

A POMPEII
FOR THE TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY.

WE live in an age of archæological research ; and there never was a time when so much industry and genius were given to restore for the men of to-day the exact life of our ancestors in the past. All ages, all races, all corners of the planet have been ransacked to yield up their buried memorials of distant times. Rome, Pompeii, Athens, Asia Minor, Egypt, Assyria, India, Mexico, have rewarded the learned digger with priceless relics. The Rosetta stone, the Behistun rock, have revealed entire epochs of civilisation to our delighted eyes. We have a passion for *looking backwards*—and it is one of our most worthy and most useful pursuits. There is one age, however, for which our archæological zeal does nothing. We are absorbed in thinking about our ancestors : why do we not give a thought to our descendants ? Should we not provide something for posterity ? Let us, once in a way, take to *looking forwards* ; and, with all our archæological experience and all the resources of science, deliberately prepare a Pompeii, a Karnak, a Hissarlik, for the students of the twenty-ninth century.

Every student of history knows that the vast superiority we possess to-day over the age of Shakespeare and Bacon in our accurate understanding of the past is due to the antiquarian research and the marvellous discoveries of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The unearthing of Pompeii, of the Forum, the Acropolis, of Budrun, the tombs along the Nile, and the palaces of Nineveh, the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, of the arrow-head inscriptions, of the Etruscan tombs, of the Runic monuments, the recovery of the Institutes of Gaius by Niebuhr, the collection of the Vatican Manuscripts, the labours of such men as Niebuhr, Mommsen, Savigny, Canina, Lepsius, Brugsch, Layard, Thorpe, Stubbs, Freeman ; the editing of the Calendar of State Papers—all that is represented by the British Museum, the Record Office, the Louvre, Boulak, and the libraries of Berlin and the Vatican—have enabled historians accurately to present to our minds the thoughts, the life, the very look of the past. After infinite labour and through cruel disappointments, we are beginning to feel the unbroken biography of the human race as a single and intelligible story.

And yet how incessant the labour by which these triumphs have been won! How heartrending the disappointments, how cruel the waste, how irreparable the loss! We, the heirs of time, stand, like Crusoe the morning after the wreck, mournfully surveying the destruction, and eagerly picking up the priceless fragments that chance and the elements have spared. The glorious ship was but a mass of splinters; his comrades lay tossing with the seaweed beneath the waves; the stores and tools, merchandise, food, arms, books, instruments and charts were swept into the deep, whilst here and there he could pick out a gun, a saw, some damaged biscuit and a soaked Bible. It was his all. So we rescue now and then the torso of a Melian Aphrodite, a Vatican Testament, the Domesday Survey, a fresco from the Palatine or the tombs of the kings.

But, if we had the seventy plays of Æschylus, the hundred and more of Sophocles, the whole of Polybius, of Livius, of Tacitus, if we had Dante's entire writings in his own manuscript, if we had an authentic, perfect holograph Shakespeare, if we had intact one single statue of the great age, one absolutely genuine portrait of some ancient hero, poet, or thinker! If we could only imagine what the *Agamemnon* or the *Clouds* sounded like, as men sat and listened on the tiers of the Theatre of Dionysus! Whole lives have been spent in trying to restore for us the *Zeus* or the *Athene* of Pheidias, as they shone forth all ivory and gold; in recalling to life an Egyptian sacred procession, a Roman triumph, a mediæval army, a pilgrimage to Canterbury or Jerusalem. How cruelly chance has gone against us! Cursed was the fire that consumed the *Cnidian Aphrodite* of Praxiteles: abhorred be the sea which overwhelmed Michael Angelo's designs for the *Inferno*! If science had been able then to preserve for us but a tithe of the precious things which fire, water, air, the brutal ignorance of man, the bleary-eyed stupidity of monks, the ambition of kings, the greed of traders, and the slow all-consuming dust of ages have destroyed! If some contemporary photograph could have presented for us the faces of Pericles, Socrates, Virgil, Alfred, Columbus, Shakespeare; or the Parthenon as it looked on the day of its dedication; or the Forum, when Julius triumphed over the Gauls! If some phonograph could repeat to us the very tones of Æschylus reading his *Prometheus*, or Virgil's as he recited the sixth *Æneid* to Augustus, or the very voice of Saint Bernard at the Council of Sens, or of Shakespeare as he played Hamlet! Or—oh that the invention of printing could have been antedated, and that we had exact copies of the entire works of Tyrtaeus and Sappho, of Menander and Ennius, of Archimedes, Aristotle, and Pythagoras! If but one library, one cathedral, one castle, one market-place of the middle ages had been preserved for us untouched, unfaded, with all its surroundings perfect!

The proposal I make is this. Let the science and learning of the nineteenth century do for the twenty-ninth century what we would give millions sterling to buy, if the ninth century A.D., or the ninth century B.C., had been able and willing to do it for us. In other words, let us deliberately, with all the resources of modern science, and by utilising all its wonderful instruments, prepare for future ages a sort of Pompeii or Boulak museum, or Vatican library, wherein the language, the literature, the science, the art, the life, the manners the appearance of our own age and its best representatives may be treasured up as a sacred deposit for the instruction of our distant descendants. Let us no longer leave it to chance whether our knowledge and our life be preserved for them or not. Let us do all that forethought, experience, and science can do to perpetuate the best products and the noblest men of the present age. The thing is done in every royal and important family. Portraits are accumulated by each generation to give to its successors the living effigy of its ancestors. All published books are by law deposited in the British Museum. A complete series of all coins, seals, and medals is carefully preserved in more than one public institution. Coins form, perhaps, the most absolutely trustworthy and continuous series of monuments in the whole range of our materials for historic research; for they alone are able to withstand the attacks of time. It is usual, when a public building is begun, to place, in a ceremonial manner, a series of coins, a few documents, and a copy of the *Times* newspaper under the *first stone*. That is indeed a futile and trivial mode of providing for the historic research of ages to come. But it contains the principle. And the present proposal is simply to do, on a truly national scale, and in a complete, systematic, and scientific mode, what on a local scale, and in a shamefaced, serio-comic style, and with much tomfoolery of the aldermanic sort, we do, up and down the country, a dozen times in every year.

The problem is this—to preserve for the next ten (or even twenty) centuries a small museum in which we may store a careful selection of those products of to-day which we think will be most useful and instructive to our distant descendants. The conditions to be observed are these.

1. A place, as far as human foresight can tell, secure from any possible change, physical, social, industrial, or mechanical—so strong, so remote, so protected that nothing but great labour, scientific appliances, and public authority could ever again disturb it.

2. The construction in such a spot of a National Safe, on a simple scale and at moderate cost, scientifically contrived to protect valuable things in deposit; but such as to awaken no possible opposition from artistic, economical, political, or religious susceptibilities.

3. An arrangement so that each century, in its turn, might have access to its own safe, without disturbing the rest.

4. The placing therein a rational and fairly representative collection of the best works, memorials, and specimens of our own age.

5. The construction of such a museum within moderate limits and at a practicable cost.

6. The protection of the museum by some public sanction and national authority.

Let us examine each of these conditions in detail.

I. A strong room, which is to last ten centuries, must be placed far from any city, in a remote spot not liable to be wanted. If it were in the capital, or indeed anywhere near the haunts of man, some Sir Edward Watkin or J. S. Forbes of the future would be driving a railway through it, or make it, perhaps, the central Balloon Terminus of the Universe. Like St. Paul's, the Tower of London, or Westminster Abbey, it might be wanted by the enterprising engineer, or a syndicate about to found a new electric city or a continent in the air. I propose a spot, like Salisbury Plain, which it is difficult to imagine that even Sir Edward Watkin could ever persuade Parliament to give him, or that even in the twenty-ninth century could ever be included in the suburbs of London. Say Salisbury Plain, a spot beside Stonehenge: nay, it might be incorporated with Stonehenge itself, and thus link the centuries A.D. to those B.C.

II. No building of any kind would be safe: and none is wanted. A Pyramid would serve the purpose; but we have no Pharaohs and no Chosen People; and though Pyramids may be built without straw, we cannot as yet build them without hands. Any building, however massive, may be destroyed. Fire, war, insurrection, greed, taste, caprice, and necessity have it down in the end. The Tower of Babel, Babylon itself, the Colosseum, and the Temple of Ephesus, have all gone the way of all brick and stone. Besides, a building would cost much money. It would provoke the communists, the contractors, and the art societies to destroy it, or convert it. Lord Grimthorpe would want to restore it. And he, William Morris, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck would squirt vitriol at each other about it, and its destiny. No! A building of any kind is quite out of the question, and none is wanted.

All that we want is a vaulted chamber. And this must be subterranean. It would practically occupy no space at all on the surface, or none that any man could ever want. A hundred pounds might buy the site, or we might utilise a disused mine or drive a gallery underneath Skiddaw or the Malvern Hills. Nothing is simpler than a few vaults—dug, say, underneath Stonehenge, cased twenty feet thick with the strongest known cement. A plain granite portal with a suitable inscription would be the sole architectural feature. When finished and filled, the museum would be solemnly closed up with twenty or thirty feet of cement, and a plain granite block between the granite piers would finally bar the entrance. There would be

neither doors, keys, nor locks. Nothing but a gang of navvies, working for weeks under a staff of engineers, could ever open it again. It would need no guarding, no insurance, and no outlay. Fire, destruction, contractors, even an earthquake, could not touch it. So long as this island keeps its head above the German Ocean, so long the National Safe would exist.

III. The National Safe might consist of a gallery with a series of subterranean vaults, like the catacombs at Rome, or the chambers under the Pyramids. The scheme might be carried to any extent; but for simplicity we may limit our views to the next ten centuries, and provide ten vaults, each thirty or forty feet square, with perhaps a double or treble space for the tenth. Each vault would contain a careful collection of products, works, inscriptions, pictures, books, instruments, and the like, of the nineteenth century. Each vault might be opened officially by some public authority and with legislative sanction only, on the last year of each century. As the collection would be in duplicate, each vault containing practically the same objects, there would be no inducement to anticipate the ages by opening any vault before the appointed time. Each century, having opened its own vault, might make its own deposit, seal it up, and finally close the general entrance in the same way, or as its own improved scientific knowledge might suggest. The tenth vault might hold a special and fuller collection, as being the more distant and liable to decay.

IV. As to the mode of preservation the present writer would rather make no suggestions. It is a problem for engineers, physicists, mechanics, opticians, photographers, architects, and specialists of various kinds. It might call out a body of ingenious suggestions; and the problem appeals to great numbers of experts. How can we preserve untouched for a thousand years books, pictures, records, portraits, models, instruments, coins, medals, specimens, and products of various kinds? We may assume that, as an outside casing, some form of cement, to some thickness yet to be determined, would be an almost absolute protection from fire, water, plunder, and even a restoration committee. Inscriptions cut upon lava and cased with glass might be trusted to see out the life of the planet. Let experts tell us how to protect books. A few precious poems or the like might be printed on vellum or composition, and secured in hermetically-sealed glass cases. Photographs on stone, similarly protected and with all light excluded, might remain for centuries. A few choice paintings, if needful on panel, or on porcelain or ivory, might be sealed up in airtight boxes. If experts could suggest a mode of protecting photographs from decay, or of transferring a photographic picture to some indestructible substance, it is clear that we might preserve for the twenty-ninth century photographic portraits of our great men, views of our public buildings, of our daily life, of many a

historic incident. What would Lord Rosebery or the Duke of Westminster bid at Christie's for a permanent photograph on porcelain of Augustus at supper with Virgil, Horace, and Ovid round him, or of Alfred sitting in council at Winchester, or of Edward the First in his first Parliament, or the signing of Magna Carta, or the battle of Agincourt, or even Elizabeth listening to a play of Shakespeare? And why should not the phonograph be tried also? The Laureate would recite the *Princess*, and his chosen bits from *In Memoriam* into a phonographic box, which it would be the business of Mr. Edison to protect for a thousand years. A copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would give the twenty-ninth century an adequate idea of our present knowledge and opinions. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Professor Huxley, might live again by photograph, phonograph, and preserved speeches and writings. A copy of *Hansard*, of the *Times*, of the *Graphic*, of *Bradshaw*, of Whitaker's *Almanack*, of the *Nineteenth Century*, a set of Ordnance maps, the *British Museum Catalogue*, the catalogues of the Art galleries, would teach the twenty-ninth century more about the nineteenth than a thousand scholars have been able to teach us about the ninth. If one had but a Whitaker's *Almanack* for the year 1 A.D., or for the year 1,000, or 1,300, or even 1,600! Models of a locomotive, of an ironclad first-rate, of the Forth Bridge, of the House of Commons, might be thrown in, along with a dressed model representing Mr. Irving in Hamlet, and a fine lady dressed for a drawing-room. There is no limit to the exact and interesting information which we might store up for the use of our posterity, if science will only show us how to preserve photographic pictures indefinitely, and how to protect from decay, books, drawings, paintings, instruments, and specimens.

A wide field would be open to our physicists and inventors to discover processes by which things in daily use could be protected against decay and the action of the elements. Whether any metal, or some form of porcelain, or a composition be the better material, we need not decide. It might be worth while to place specimens of various materials together, so as to give posterity the means of judging which material, under exactly the same conditions, ultimately proves the most durable. But, having found a suitable material, or a suitable casing, the most delicate and fragile of our ordinary surroundings might be preserved for our most distant descendants. Portraits by hand and by photographic process of our foremost statesmen, poets, thinkers, and men of mark, copies of our most important books, catalogues, plans, maps, views, dictionaries, and the like, would be of surpassing interest a thousand years hence. If the phonograph could be protected from decay, the twenty-ninth century might listen to a speech by Mr. Gladstone, a poem by the Laureate, a song by Madame Patti, and a sonata by M. Joachim. Sets of the Ordnance

maps, plans, geographical atlases, post-office directories, catalogues of public libraries, and dictionaries of various kinds would be useful to distant ages. Let us reflect on the unique value to the historian of the rare official documents which have survived—the Domesday Survey, the Great Charter, the English Chronicle, meagre and accidental as these notices too often are. Of what extreme value to the historian of the twenty-ninth century would be the possession of a complete official record of England in the nineteenth century!

There are a few things to which attention might be specially directed, as being such as are liable to disappear altogether, or such as are certain to undergo continual change. Such are plans of great cities and great public buildings, maps of the country, marine and geological charts, pictures and descriptions of the actual fauna and flora. Special care might be given to preserve for distant ages some exact record of the animals and plants which there is too much reason to fear will have disappeared from the planet long before many centuries have passed. It is a melancholy reflection that our descendants will never see a most beautiful, useful, and unique substance—which we so carelessly abuse and waste—ivory. The elephant, the last of the great mammoth tribe, which savage fools kill for ‘sport,’ and foolish savages kill for gain, can hardly last another century on this planet. In the twenty-ninth century the elephant will be a memory far more distant than the mammoth. And with the elephant will disappear no doubt the seal, the whale, and all the marine mammals, whose habits and forms expose them to the reckless cupidity of man. By the twenty-ninth century we may fear that all the larger wild mammals will have disappeared—certainly the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, with all rare African beasts; no doubt also, the lion, the tiger, the bear, the buffalo, and their congeners.

Of course the wolf, the fox, the chamois, the antelope, the wild boar, the kangaroo, and the like, are doomed to early extinction before the march of civilisation and the vile thirst for ‘sport.’ We ought not to leave to our descendants the task of piecing together their scattered bones, as we have had to do for the *Megatherium* and the *Dinornis*. Of all the fauna which we may reasonably expect to be ‘extinct’ a thousand years hence, we ought to leave our posterity an exact and full record.

In the same way, we ought to leave them a record of the actual state of this planet and our island. When we reflect on the enormous value to us of the travels of Herodotus, of the paintings on Egyptian monuments, of the engraved plan of the Forum, of the Bayeux tapestry, of the Hereford *Mappa Mundi*, and of a few rude sketches in illuminated manuscripts, we may estimate what it would be to our descendants to have full, accurate, and contemporary maps and plans of England as it stands to-day. London in the twenty-ninth century may be as desolate as *Birs Nimroud* or Egyptian Thebes. What a

boon will it be to the New Zealand globe-trotter of 2890, as he sits on the last broken arch of London Bridge to which his electric balloon is moored, and takes his luncheon of ambrosia and manna, to have by his side, as he tries to trace the mound which covers St. Paul's and the Abbey, an electro-photographic reprint of the Ordnance plan of 1890! And if to this plan of the ancient city he could add authentic views of London, as it appeared in the dim light of hoar antiquity, how well-informed, to the ninth power of a German professor, would be our young friend from the Antipodes! A use might even be thus found for the admirable studies of Cockneyism at home on which Mr. Frith and Mr. Logsdail have bestowed such unrewarded labour.

It may be said that these things will take care of themselves, and that all which is useful will survive. A few great books no doubt will survive a thousand years and more. But there will be infinite interest a thousand years hence in the ordinary books of information which are very likely to perish. Our curious young New Zealander of 2890 would no doubt much prefer a Whitaker's *Almanack* or a Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* of 1890 to all the works of Mr. Froude or Robert Browning. Which would we rather have to-day—the epics of Lucius Varius, or a complete gazetteer, or post-office directory, of Rome under Augustus? These things should not be left to chance.

V. And now comes the question:—How is this to be paid for, and how is it to be done? A question not so difficult as it seems. In a normal state of society, one would say that it was the business of the State or the Church. But there is no State and no Church now-a-days: these are obsolete legal formulas. If Mr. Balfour proposed it, Mr. Healy would foam at him with indignant patriotism. And if Mr. Gladstone proposed it, Mr. Balfour or Lord Randolph would mock at him, as the children mocked at Elisha the Prophet, saying, 'Go up, thou bald head!' And if the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed it, the Dissenters would rise up as one man. And if Mr. Spurgeon suggested it, Churchmen would see in it a fresh attack on their beloved Establishment. So State and Church are alike out of the question: both are reduced to a condition of dead-lock.

It must be done by voluntary effort and by free gift, if at all. Perhaps, if Mr. Goschen saw that the Treasury were not asked for a penny, he would consent to giving the movement some simple legislative authority, or the sanction of a Royal Commission. The outlay in money would be very moderate, for neither costly building nor valuable site is needed. All that is absolutely wanted is a small catacomb somewhere in a remote waste, such as Salisbury Plain, not more expensive to make than a few vaults in a cemetery. The objects stored would not be intrinsically of much market value; or, if they were, they might be looked for as free gifts. The difficulty of the committee of selection would be to refuse, to reject, to exclude.

Artists, authors, inventors, and producers of all kinds would be only too eager to deposit works which would be destined to so distant and certain an immortality. A Greek or Roman temple was cram full of votive offerings of great beauty, inscribed with the names of donor and artist, which century after century remained to delight and instruct posterity. We gaze to-day with profound pathos on the simple words—ΚΑΛΛΙΑΣ ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝ ΙΙΤΡΡΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕΝ—*Callias dedicated this: Pyrrhus made it*. What, if the temple of Delphi, or the *Cella* of the Parthenon, or the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, had been, with all their contents, sunk in the earth and hermetically sealed until our day! With what wonder and joy should we proceed to open and survey the sacred treasure-chamber! And what artist or patron of art would not long to inscribe his name on the offerings which would one day be the object of such interest?

If Sir Frederick Leighton would dedicate thus his *Psyche*, Sir J. Millais his *Chill October*, Mr. Watts his *Portrait of Mr. Gladstone*, the Laureate present his *Poems* printed on vellum, Mr. Ruskin offer the manuscript original of the *Modern Painters* with his own sketches for his published works, if Mr. Gladstone would give his correspondence, if Lord Rothschild would offer a collection of his historical curios, and some other collectors would supply cases of autograph writings and letters, a series of contemporary portraits and the like, posterity would have an archæological 'find' such as never before occurred in history. Permission to inscribe the name of author or donor would be enough to cause the committee of selection to be inundated with offers and overwhelmed with gifts.

For this reason it would be necessary to clothe the committee of selection with a national character and some legislative sanction. A Royal Commission of men representing Art, Science, Literature, Industry, and Statistics, could easily manage an undertaking far simpler than a Great Exhibition. Let us have a rest from Great Exhibitions for a year or two: and try to organise a posthumous Exhibition for the benefit of posterity. As to funds, since we cannot effect a *post obit* for the amount, or draw a cheque on the twenty-ninth century, a simple contrivance will suffice. It will be reasonable that the portal of the National Safe should contain a statement of its origin and purpose: and such statement would naturally include the names of those who assist it. A statement with a list of all who share in the work might fairly be inscribed both within and without the chamber.

VI. All that is needed further by way of legislative sanction would be a short Act, which perhaps would not be blocked either by Dr. Tanner or Sir George Campbell, to the effect that the National Safe was to be held as incorporated with the British Museum, held in trust for the nation by the trustees of the Museum, and protected

from wanton injury by the law for the time being applying to the protection of works of art and interest in the national collections. From its own enormous strength, the National Safe would not be liable to accidental or mischievous destruction. And as it would contain nothing of market value, it would never be exposed to plunder, even during war or insurrection. Access to it in any case would be physically difficult: a matter of prolonged engineering labour. But to prevent the premature examination of its contents, out of mere curiosity and impatience, the Act should provide that it could only be opened by formal national authority, and by Act of Parliament *ad hoc*, or such supreme legislative Act as may hereafter replace our Acts of Parliament of to-day.

If, with means so simple, and without any call on the public purse, so useful an end can be obtained, there seems to be no reasonable objection to making the attempt. Its enormous value and interest to our distant descendants is obvious. That posterity has done nothing for us is a claptrap objection which we need not stop to notice. Nothing could be more useful than to think about posterity's interests more seriously than we do, to leave fewer things to chance, and to husband and store the perishable things of this earth. The lesson of history is continually reminding us of the cruel and wanton destruction wrought by generation after generation, each in brutal indifference to its successor. Forests, plantations, animal races, mines, and a thousand useful things are being consumed or driven from the face of the earth. A few centuries more and the human race will have exhausted gold, silver, coal, ivory, fur, whalebone, and perhaps oak and mahogany. Substitutes of course will be found; but catskins are not so nice as sable, aluminium is not so beautiful as gold, and a vegetable compound is a poor makeshift for ivory. It is fearful to think of all the waste and destruction that each age has wrought on the products of the last. The ruin of the Acropolis and the Forum in sheer wantonness; the burning of the Alexandrian Museum; the loss of priceless works of human genius; the statues of Praxiteles and Scopas burnt to make mortar; Greek dramas and Roman institutes erased to write over them patristic homilies; temples destroyed by Vandals, by Catholics, by Saracens, or Norman adventurers; mediæval cathedrals gutted by Anabaptists, Independents, and Protestant zealots generally. And what Protestant bigotry has spared, in our own day is 'restored' away by Puginesque committees and Lord Grimthorpe's learning. *Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecere Barberini.* Let us turn over a new leaf, and lay by out of our abundance a trifle for the use of posterity.

A friend tells me that all this is but a fresh example of the self-consciousness of the nineteenth century. I would rather say of its 'historical-mindedness,' as the jargon has it. It is the duty of an

age to be self-conscious, and to reflect how its acts and its thoughts will appear in the eyes of a distant posterity. It is mere affectation to deny that our doings and our lives will be as interesting to the men of the twenty-ninth century as the doings and the lives of the ninth century are to us. It may well be that our descendants may smile at the simplicity, the ignorance, and the faults of their ancestors, and may hold very cheaply indeed much that we pride our age on to-day. It will be a useful lesson to them to know what it was that we thought most precious or most worthy to preserve. And for us it cannot but be good to ask ourselves what, after all, of our present age will be thought a thousand years hence to have been worth preserving, what of all our eager struggling and our feverish industry will, after the lapse of ten centuries, be still judged to have added something to the progress of mankind.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS AND BRITISH FARMERS

A DISTINGUISHED American economist has declared that the railroads of the United States have been the 'prime factor' in enabling the people of that country 'to overcome the losses of the Civil War, in enabling the Government to resume specie payments, and in establishing prosperity on a solid basis.'¹ He might have gone much further, and added that to the same potent agency have been due the serious depression that has prevailed in the commercial and industrial world generally, outside of the United States, the revolution that has taken place in the sources of the food supplies of European countries, the general cheapening of the cost of commodities throughout the world, and the remarkable depreciation that has been witnessed in the value of land and the products of agriculture in our own and other countries. Finally, it is not, perhaps, too much to affirm that there is no source of danger threatening her industrial supremacy and her commercial prestige, from which our own country has so much to fear in the future.

As this has something of the appearance of a paradox, it is well that it should be more clearly demonstrated and better understood than it has hitherto been. The present time appears to be singularly ripe and opportune for such a demonstration. The traders of the United Kingdom have been much exercised during the last twelve months in reference to the future of their relations with the railway companies. An extremely costly and protracted Parliamentary inquiry into the existing statutory powers and the actual conditions of working of British railways has recently terminated. Both traders and railway companies are awaiting with impatience and apprehension the results of that inquiry, which will shortly be submitted to Parliament by the Board of Trade. Every class of the community is more or less interested in cheap transport, and naturally, therefore, the question of how American railways carry traffic so much more cheaply than English lines is one that is much more frequently put than satisfactorily answered. The conditions of the problem are, indeed, complex, and not a little obscure, as well as in some respects highly technical. The main facts are generally unquestionable, but their origin is not in all cases readily traced.

¹ *The Railroad and the Farmer*, by E. Atkinson.

Broadly stated, the position of the railroads of the United States is simply this: The average rate charged and received per ton per mile for the transport of all descriptions of traffic has been reduced from 2·164 cents (1·082*d.*) in 1869, to ·91 cent (·455*d.*) in 1888. This amounts to a reduction of ·627*d.* per ton per mile, or nearly sixty per cent., and it means that if the traffic carried on the railroads of the United States in 1888 had paid the same average ton-mile rate as they did twenty years before, the people of that country would have been charged for the transportation of the products of their fields, factories, and mines about 192,000,000*l.* sterling more than they actually did pay in that year.²

It is necessary to halt for a moment, in order to appreciate what is meant by a saving of this amount. It is difficult, indeed, to lay hold of it without a conscious effort. The sum in question is more than twice as much as the whole public income for State purposes of the United Kingdom, and about one-fourth part of the national debt of Great Britain and Ireland. It is, again, more than six times the annual net earnings of the railway system of the United Kingdom, and, what is still more remarkable, it is rather more than the present aggregate gross income of the railways of the United States. If we seek comparisons in Continental countries, we shall find that this amount is almost equal to the amount paid by France to Germany in the form of war indemnity.

Naturally enough, the first inquiry that these stupendous figures suggest is the question, Were not the rates of 1869 abnormally high? The second inquiry would probably be, How was the reduction of rates effected? And, most probably, the third subject upon which information would be desired, would be that of the results to the railway companies themselves.

If the remarkable fall of rates that has occurred on American railways had been a fall from an abnormally high level, the extent and the effects of the reduction would have been much less surprising than they actually are. But the rate of 1869 was not exceptionally high; on the contrary, it was considerably under the average ton-mile rate in England at the present time, and it was much under the average rate of ten years before in the United States. It has therefore been a fall from a relatively low level of rates, and it is from this point of view that the circumstance is chiefly important to the European railway world. It thereby demonstrates the fact that it is possible to give substantial abatements on rates already fairly low, with results that are proved to be beneficial alike to traders and to railway companies. This is a view of the case that English railways

² The railroad traffic returns show that the movement of merchandise on the railways of the United States as a whole in 1888 amounted to 70,123 millions of ton-miles, on each one of which there was a reduction of ·627*d.*, as compared with the average ton-mile rate of 1869, giving the sum stated above as the total amount of the reduction of transportation rates.

do not appear disposed to allow. Their policy has hitherto been to keep up rates to a point which they arbitrarily fix among themselves as being the amount that the traffic will bear. This point, in the estimation of English railway managers, is not the irreducible minimum so generally adopted on American lines, but the practicable maximum—practicable, that is, in view of retaining, or, at any rate, not immediately destroying, the traffic. What has been the course of the traffic on the two systems as a consequence? The comparison, or rather the contrast, is remarkable. On British railways the goods traffic receipts have only increased from $26\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1871 to $38\frac{3}{4}$ millions in 1888, while on American railways, during the same period, the goods traffic receipts have advanced from $294\frac{1}{2}$ to about 700 million dollars. To take a much shorter interval, it appears that while on American railways, between 1880 and 1888, the traffic has advanced from $290\frac{3}{4}$ to $589\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, being an increase of over 100 per cent., the increase on British lines, in the same interval, has only been from $235\frac{1}{4}$ million to $281\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, or 19 per cent. The inference is clear and obvious. The low freight rates of the American railways have greatly stimulated traffic, while the high freight rates of British lines, if they have not hindered absolutely the development of traffic, have at any rate kept it from assuming the proportions that it otherwise probably would have attained, and, to that extent, have interfered with the general development and prosperity of the country.

The immediate impulse to the reduction of rates on American lines has doubtless been the competition for the traffic to be carried. American railway managers and directors do not carry on their business, any more than English, for other than purely business purposes. Benevolence, disinterestedness, and the general good of the community, apart from their own direct interests, were probably not in all their thoughts. The stimulus came, in the first place, from the competition of the canals for a large part of the heavy traffic, and more especially for the traffic in cereals passing from Chicago to New York. This traffic was being carried between these two points, a distance of about 1,000 miles, by lake and canal for fourteen cents per bushel, when the railways were charging twenty-nine cents. Naturally, under these circumstances, the competition of the railways was not entirely effective for a time. But between 1874 and 1881 the railway rate from Chicago and New York was reduced by one-half, having fallen to $14\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel as against $8\frac{1}{4}$ cents by lake and canal. The railway companies then found that they were making a strong impression on the traffic, not only by taking a large share from the canals, but also by developing new transport. The keen competition forced the railways to adhere to their low rates, the more so that in the meantime the New York State canals were exempted from toll, and it became necessary, therefore, to solve the problem of making low rates

remunerative. This was done successfully by the introduction of different sources of economy that had not been attempted—probably because they were not really necessary while high rates were the order of the day—up to that time.

There are many technical questions surrounding and underlying the achievements of American engineers and railway managers in the direction of cheapening the cost of transport, but we need not deal with them at any length. Suffice it to say that they first doubled, and then, in many cases, trebled the average load carried; they provided much larger waggons, whereby the proportion of the tare to the live or paying load was much reduced; they got a much larger duty out of their locomotives; and they largely cheapened the cost of the permanent way.

The question is often asked—and it is important that it should be correctly answered—Is it not possible, by similar reforms and alterations of system, to bring about similar results in the United Kingdom? This, however, is a matter that is rather aside from the scope of our present inquiry, although it may be a tempting and useful theme to take up. The position assumed by English railway experts is that the conditions of transport in the two countries are so essentially different, in reference to the traffic carried, the average distance traversed by trains, the methods of consignment, the conditions of the roadway and gradients, and other circumstances, that we could not apply in England the methods that have been successfully adopted with a view to economical transport in the United States. Others, again, are of opinion that, even if American methods could not be wholly applied in England, they could at least be adopted to a much greater extent than they have been, with highly advantageous results.

Letting alone for the present the *pros* and *cons* of this question, the problem that now demands consideration has a twofold aspect: the first, that of how the reductions of freight rates referred to have affected American railways; the second, that of how these same reductions have influenced the relations of the United States with the rest of the world.

On the first blush of it, it would certainly appear as if the withdrawal from the possible revenues of the railways of the United States of the enormous sum of nearly 200,000,000*l.* sterling per annum could hardly fail to be disastrous. It must not, however, be forgotten that the sum in question would not have been nearly so large as that just quoted had these reductions not taken place. It has been the gradual cheapening of the cost of transport that has brought about the enormous traffic that is carried to-day on American railways. It is difficult to realise what the extent of that traffic really is. The American railways carried in 1888 a larger volume of traffic than all the railways of the continent of Europe taken together, and including

Russia. They carried about six times the tonnage that was carried on the railways of France, about three times the tonnage that was carried on the railways of Germany, and fully ten times the traffic that was carried on the railways of Russia. They carried about ten tons per head of the population, as compared with only seven tons per head in the United Kingdom, four tons per head in Germany, and three tons per head in France. This enormous development of traffic has naturally benefited the community as a whole, even if the cheap rates at which it was carried have temporarily lowered the net receipts of the railways. That this latter result has occurred is not to be denied. The dividends paid have become more attenuated every year. In 1872 the average percentage of net earnings on capital expenditure was rather over five per cent.; in 1888 the return, similarly ascertained and expressed, was only about 3·1 per cent. But it is not a little remarkable that some of the leading railways, with the lowest rate of freight, have had the highest rates of dividend. The most important railway system, not in the United States alone, but in the whole world, is that known as the Pennsylvania Railway. This wonderful fabric, with some 4,000 miles of line, had in 1887 a gross income of 23,300,000*l.*, carried 113½ million tons of traffic, and over 74 millions of passengers. And yet the company were content with an average rate of ·3*d.* per ton per mile, and an average profit of ·10*d.* per ton per mile, which is approximately less than one-third the average freight rate charged in the United Kingdom, and less than one-fifth the average profit charged on British railways per ton per mile. Did the company in consequence go into liquidation? Not a bit of it. They paid a five per cent. dividend all round and carried 330,000*l.* to the credit of profit and loss. The experience of the Pennsylvania has been that of other companies, only 'writ large.' If the unremunerative and recently constructed lines in the West and South are eliminated, and if the group of States in which the traffic has been matured are alone considered, such as the Central and Eastern States, it will be found that the average net receipts from American railways are sufficient to pay quite as high dividends as are paid by the average of the railways of the United Kingdom. This fact is clear and sufficient proof that, in the United States at any rate, high railway charges are not necessarily a correlative of high prosperity, although that appears to be a not uncommon view of the case in the United Kingdom.

We are not concerned to enter into all the various elements that differentiate American from English railways, but one element stands out so pre-eminently head and shoulders above all the others that it will naturally be expected that it should not pass without some notice. The English railway system has cost much more money than the American, although whether there is sufficient justification for the difference is a doubtful point. The average capital expenditure on

English lines has been about 50,000*l.* per mile ; on American lines, notwithstanding a great deal of 'watered' or fictitious outlay, the average capital expenditure has been rather under 12,500*l.* In other words, the English lines have cost about four times as much as the American. This means, of course, that whereas a net revenue of 625*l.* per mile will pay a five per cent. dividend on the railways of the United States, it requires a net income of 2,500*l.* to pay the same rate of interest on English railways ; and the argument of the latter usually is that this fact alone is sufficient to explain, and must continue to create, the differences in the rates of freight already mentioned. Since, now, we have taken pains to make clear the most essential difference between English and American lines, it is only reasonable that we should endeavour to gratify the natural curiosity that is likely to be excited as to how these differences arise. Every one who has travelled in the United States must be aware that the American railways generally leave a good deal to be desired—more especially the pioneer lines, that are laid down in many cases without much regard to ballasting or permanence of construction generally, and the equipment of which is usually far from perfect. This, however, is by no means the case in the older states. If, for example, we take the Middle group of states, which includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, it will be found that they have practically as dense a traffic as the railways of England and Wales, and a denser traffic than the railways of Great Britain. In 1888, the average tonnage of goods and mineral traffic carried in this group was about 10,500 tons per mile ; or, put in another way, about 100,000 tons were carried one mile for every mile of railway open. This is quite as dense as the movement of traffic on British railways in the same year ; but the average cost of the railways opened in the Middle group of states was only 18,400*l.* per mile, being a little more than one-third of the average cost of the railways of England and Wales. Their density of traffic, therefore, does not explain the difference of cost. Nor is that difference explained by the greater cost of land in our own country. It is a common mistake to suppose that American railways have cost nothing in the matter of land. It is true that, in the earlier days of the system, land was often gifted to railway promoters in the United States ; but of late years, in the Middle and Eastern states at least, it has almost invariably been paid for at full market value. The only available returns as to the general price paid show that in 1880 the railways of the United States, as a whole, had paid an average of 234*l.* per mile constructed for land alone, which means that in the more thickly populated and highly developed states the price must generally have run pretty high.

^a The expenditure incurred for land on the New York Central, a few years ago, was 3,200*l.* per mile of line worked. It is now likely to be more, and so also with other leading railways.

Next to land, the first expenditure incurred in the building of a railway is generally made up of the cost of the permanent way, the cost of labour involved in laying out the line, the cost of equipment, locomotives, waggons, and carriages, the cost of permanent erections, such as bridges, viaducts, and stations, and the cost of parliamentary and other expenses. In all of these items except the last, the American railways are, or are generally supposed to be, at a disadvantage as compared with the railways of the United Kingdom. These items, as a rule, are mainly made up of the cost of labour; and the wages paid in the United States are now, and have all along been, much higher than the average rate of wages paid in the United Kingdom—so much so that probably in the latter country a sovereign would go as far as fourteen shillings would go in the former. In reference to steel rails, which are a very important element in the cost of permanent way, the difference is not now nearly so much as it has been, but over the last twenty years it has been quite as much as that supposed; and rolling stock will probably, on an average of years, have shown similar differences against American lines. All this makes the problem appear to be more difficult of solution.

The only way in which the actual facts could be correctly ascertained would be by having a return ordered of all the principal items of cost incurred in the construction of English lines, especially the items of parliamentary contests, stations, land, and works of art such as viaducts and bridges. The expenditure incurred on the latter has no doubt been much greater than that incurred on the railways of the United States, where the configuration of the ground is usually more favourable. Even so, however, the difference is much more against British lines than it should be.

One characteristic of the American railways that requires more careful study and imitation by our railway managers is the system of running more heavily loaded trains than are usual in this country. On the railways of the Middle and Eastern states, a train-load of 1,000 or 1,500 tons is by no means uncommon. In this country a train-load of 400 tons is comparatively rare. The rolling stock on American lines is, moreover, as was pointed out by Mr. Hickman in the course of the recent inquiry before the Board of Trade, better adapted to the transport of heavy loads, having a much lighter weight, relatively to the amount of paying load carried, than English lines, so that the same tonnage would be more remunerative.⁴

As a consequence of the adoption of these and other improvements in transport, the duty got out of the locomotives employed on

⁴ In my book entitled *Railway Problems*, published in 1887, I pointed out that the standard capacity of the ordinary American goods-waggon, which was nine gross tons in 1876, was increased, about 1877, to twelve tons, and in 1879 to eighteen tons. A Pennsylvania box-car, in 1870, had a paying load that was only 49 per cent. of the total, as against 64½ per cent. in 1881, owing to the larger sizes adopted.

the railways of the United States has greatly increased. In 1870, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the average number of tons hauled one mile by each locomotive was only 2·1 millions, whereas in 1881 the average had increased to 5·1 millions, being an increase of 143 per cent. On the same system each locomotive in 1870 covered an average distance of 19,888 miles, whereas in 1881 the average had increased to 29,297 miles, being an advance of 47 per cent. This movement, instead of being attended by a large bill for repairs, has actually been attended by a reduced expenditure under that head. Per 100 miles run on the Pennsylvania Railway, the average cost of repairs per locomotive fell from $16\frac{1}{2}$ dollars in 1865, and 9 dollars in 1870, to 6 dollars in 1881. If the same average fall of 10·4 dollars per 100 miles had occurred on the railways of the United States generally, the total extent of the economy realised on the 650 millions of train-miles run in 1888 would have been $67\frac{1}{2}$ millions of dollars, as compared with the year 1865.⁵

Compared with the sources of economy of transport just referred to, what have the railways of the United Kingdom got to show? The mineral trains on English railways seldom exceed 300 tons net weight, and as the waggons employed are very often of greater weight than the load which they carry, the net or live load, instead of being $64\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole, as in the case of the Pennsylvania box-cars already referred to, is likely to be more like 45 per cent. In other words, the English railways will be likely to carry well on to 20 per cent. more dead weight relatively to the paying load than the American lines. It is only fair to the English railways to say that they would have some difficulty in adopting the much larger vehicles used on American lines. All their arrangements—their turntables, their tips, their engine-sheds, and other accessories—are constructed for waggons of much smaller size, and the rolling-stock programme would have to be entirely revolutionised before the American type of truck could become the order of the day. Not only so, but the distance over which each ton of traffic is carried, or, as it is expressed in railway nomenclature, the 'average length of lead,' is much less in this country, and loads are much more broken up. It is also undoubtedly true that, on a number of leading lines, the gradients are much heavier than they are generally found to be on American lines, which more or less limits the average practicable load. But all this notwithstanding, the present English system is, beyond question, more wasteful and expensive than it need be.

It is much the same with English locomotive power. The average number of train-miles covered by each locomotive on the railways of the United Kingdom in 1888 was 18,500, but it has already been shown that on the Pennsylvania Railroad the average in a recent year was as high as 29,297 miles, which is 58 per cent.

⁵ See *Railway Problems*, p. 326.

more, and the Pennsylvania, with the New York Central, and one or two other leading lines that have much the same sort of record, are the controlling factor in the situation.

We have seen, therefore, that, alike in construction and in working, the American railways have attained a degree of economy to which British railways are strangers, and hence it is that the one system can carry agricultural produce and other commodities at rates which, if they were equally at the command of English agriculturists and traders, would be likely to make a substantial difference in the existing economic situation, and to give the people of this country, in so far as they are affected by railway rates, much brighter hopes for the future.⁶

However interesting it might be to follow this part of the subject further, it cannot be done without infringing upon the space to be devoted to the subsequent problems that it is necessary to consider—that is to say, the question of how far the revolution that has taken place in American transportation charges has affected the economic circumstances of that country; and the further question, of the effect that the same influence has produced, and is likely to produce in the future, on the economic circumstances of European countries.

It goes without saying that the more the trade of a country is developed, and the more extensive the interchange of commodities, either with different sections of the same country, or with foreign nations, the more prosperous the country is likely to be. Transportation means commerce, commerce means barter, and barter does not usually take place without profit to one side or the other, if not to both. It can hardly be necessary to prove so self-evident a proposition. There is one other proposition equally obvious. The more that the cost of a commodity is cheapened the greater will be the demand for it, especially if it is a commodity that is in everyday request, and this applies as much to transportation as to food or fuel. These general principles, as applicable to one country as to another, have underlain and controlled the recent commercial annals of the United States. Within fifteen years the quantity of traffic moved on the railroads of that country has increased from about 200 to 589 millions of tons; in other words, the railway traffic has nearly trebled. Manifestly this could not have happened without enormous gain to the general community, whatever may have been the immediate effect on the railways themselves. The extremely important part which the railways of the United States have played in developing the foreign

* In the recent discussions before the Board of Trade Commissioners I was anxious and attempted to get attention prominently directed to the differences that distinguish American from English railways, but the raising of this point did not appear to be acceptable to the tribunal. I still think that the matter is one that is well worthy the attention of the Board of Trade and of Parliament, although it might not come strictly within the terms of the reference.

trade of that country is a matter that has not been so fully understood as it should be. One or two figures may be quoted by way of making this position clear.

During the ten years ending with 1869, the annual value of the exports of agricultural produce from the United States, including cotton and provisions of all kinds, was only 258 millions of dollars. In the ten years ending 1889, however, the annual value of the exports of the same agricultural products was not less than 671 millions of dollars; and if the general range of prices had been as high as in the ten years ending 1869, the value for the later period would probably have been fully 800 millions of dollars.⁷ This latter figure is considerably more than the average annual gross income from the railways of the United States over the period to which it applies. It appears, therefore, that, in point of volume, the railway system has trebled the exports of agricultural products from the United States within so short an interval as that bridged over by the ten years that separate 1860-69 from 1880-89.

In the opening part of this paper stress was laid on the effect that had been produced on the commerce and industry of Europe by the cheapening of the cost of transportation in the United States. This again becomes self-evident if the figures be merely stated. The value of the American exports of breadstuffs to Europe increased from 24½ to 288 millions of dollars between 1860 and 1880; while the value of the exports of provisions increased from 16 to 156 millions of dollars during the same interval. These exports would not have taken place unless they had introduced a lower range of prices, and, as a matter of fact, as regards certain important articles they knocked down the previously existing prices by some 40 or 50 per cent. This meant the gradual reduction, and finally the almost complete extinction, of the profits of British farmers, who could only command 30s. for the wheat that they had formerly sold at 45s., 50s., and even 60s. per quarter. As with wheat, so with other agricultural produce. Prices were kept down continuously and steadily by the unlimited supplies that the United States were always ready to throw upon the market, and agriculture languished and declined more and more until it appeared as if it had suffered complete collapse. The evil has, of course, been partially met by introducing certain modifications in the arrangement of the crops. In Great Britain the area under corn crops has been largely reduced, while the area under permanent pasture, orchards, and market gardens has been largely increased.

It seems, on the face of it, the most absurd and impossible thing

⁷ Taking wheat as an example, it appears that the average market price of wheat per bushel was 1.36 dol. for the ten years ending 1869, and only .98 dol. for the ten years ending 1889, so that the average was nearly forty per cent. higher in the former period.

in the world that the United States, with an average yield of only about twelve bushels to the acre, can send their wheat a distance of nearly 5,000 miles and compete successfully with English-grown wheat of which the yield is hardly ever less than double that figure. How is it done? Can it be done for long? If it is possible to continue it, can English wheat-growers do anything to mend their position? These are a few of the questions that the problem suggests.

In the first place, the question of distance has next to nothing to do with the matter. A bushel of wheat is carried from Chicago to Liverpool for about tenpence, including both railway and sea freights. The greater yield in the United Kingdom is only got by an elaborate and costly system of cropping and fertilising, so that the American-grown wheat, without these items of expenditure to deal with, is not much, if any, more costly *in situ*, notwithstanding the inferior yield. Finally, the American wheat grower is usually free of rent, owning, as he does, his own homestead, while the English agriculturist has to pay a rental varying from 15s. to 30s. per acre, and very heavy burdens besides.

The recent revolution in the growth of breadstuffs in other European countries may distinctly be traced to the facility with which they can be received from countries like the United States and Russia, which are specially adapted for their cultivation. In most of the older countries of Europe the area under wheat crops has been steadily diminishing for years past, owing to their inability to produce wheat successfully in competition with the countries named. In Belgium, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, and Switzerland, as well as in the United Kingdom, the home-grown supplies of wheat have been diminishing and the importations of that cereal have been increasing. The agriculturists of Europe have been endeavouring to adapt themselves to the altered situation by the cultivation of other crops, and more especially by giving more attention to the raising of live stock. But even here they are increasingly threatened with competition from the newer and less populous countries. The United States, for example, increased its exports of provisions, including beef, bacon, and ham, by no less than 406 per cent. during the eleven years between 1870 and 1881. It is true that since the latter year the value of the provisions exported from the United States has rather fallen off; but this is a fall of price rather than a fall of volume, and there is not much likelihood that the supply will further diminish in the near future.

Within the last few years there has been a reduction in the exports of breadstuffs from the United States, which appears to have inspired some hope in England. The quantities of wheat and wheat-flour shipped from American ports to different European countries in 1880 and 1889 were as under in bushels :—

Country	WHEAT		WHEAT-FLOUR	
	1880	1889	1880	1889
	1=1,000	1=1,000	1=1,000	1=1,000
Belgium	13,418	1,836	49	47
France	43,601	7,655	10	—
Germany	1,223	—	12	13
United Kingdom	79,068	31,568	3,645	5,271
Portugal	2,196	1,996	5	22

<i>Corn and Corn-Meal.</i>				
Country	CORN		CORN-MEAL	
	1880	1888	1880	1888
Belgium	2,471	4,009	—	—
France	8,573	0,564	—	—
Germany	7,589	4,608	—	—
United Kingdom	55,635	41,096	17	1

It is clear from these figures that there has been a material falling off within recent years in the quantities of wheat exported to different countries from the United States. This decline of exports is made still more apparent in the figures which follow, showing the volume of the exports, compared with the production of cereals, in the United States in 1880 and 1888 :—

<i>Exports.</i>			
	1880	1888	
	1=1,000 bushels.	1=1,000 bushels.	
Wheat and wheat-flour	186,475	88,822	
Corn and corn-meal	93,648	70,841	

<i>Production.</i>			
	1880	1888	
	1=1,000 bushels.	1=1,000 bushels.	
Wheat and wheat-flour	498,549	415,868	
Corn and corn-meal	1,717,434	1,987,790	

<i>Percentages of Total Production Exported.</i>			
	1880	1888	
Wheat and wheat-flour	37.4	21.3	
Corn and corn-meal	5.4	3.6	

Here it appears that the percentage exported of the quantity of wheat and wheat-flour produced in the United States fell from 37.4 to 21.3 during the ten years ending 1888. Put in another way, there has been a decline of 17 per cent. in the quantity produced and a decrease of 53 per cent. in the quantity exported during that period. This does not, however, mean that the people of the United States are themselves consuming more wheat relatively than formerly. The 15 million bushels more that they used at home in 1888 is, indeed, hardly equal to their relative increase of population.

The fact that increased importation of breadstuffs into the leading countries of Europe falls concurrently with a diminished production

in, and a reduced exportation of such commodities from, the United States appears to indicate that the United States do not now hold the position that they formerly did in relation to the food supply of Europe. Whether that position is likely to become increasingly unimportant and indeterminant is a moot point, but it is by no means doubtful that the agriculturists of North America, acting in concert with the railway interest and the shipping trade of that country, as well as with a not uninfluential section of the shippers of the United Kingdom, mean to do what they can, not only to keep the trade, but to monopolise it as far as lies in their power. There has been, as we have shown, a constant tendency towards the cheapening of production and of transport in that country. Whether that tendency can be carried much further in practice is probably very doubtful, but it does not, in any case, stand alone. No country has the command of cheaper ocean transport than the United States, as the following return—compiled from the official publications relative to foreign commerce—of the average through freight on grain and provisions per 100 lbs., from Chicago to European ports by all rail to the seaboard, and thence by steamer, will sufficiently show:—

Port	Article	1880	1889	Decrease, Amount
<i>Chicago to—</i>		\$	\$	\$
Liverpool . . .	Grain	·492	·395	·097
"	Sacked flour	·542	·416	·126
"	Provisions	·687	·574	·113
Glasgow	Sacked flour	·565	·442	·123
"	Provisions	·673	·614	·059
Antwerp	Provisions	·738	·609	·129

Curiously, it appears that over the same period the exports to London have cost more for transport instead of less. This is not due to the dock charges being heavier than those of Liverpool, for a recent comparison shows that for a ton of wheat the total charges from the ship to the truck, including dock dues, are—

	<i>s. d.</i>
For Liverpool	3 11
" London	3 3
" Glasgow	2 9

We are now face to face with the question, If the exports of breadstuffs from the United States have ceased to have the controlling influence that they once had, is that influence likely to be recovered; and if not, what other country has taken, or is likely to take, the ascendant and determining place in relation to British agricultural prospects?

Two matters must, on the face of them, largely affect the final settlement of this question, namely:—

1. The possibilities of future reductions in the cost of transport in the United States and on the ocean.

2. The extent to which virgin lands are still available for the production of wheat and corn crops in the United States.

There is, of course, the further question of how far other countries, such as Russia and India, may in the future improve their means for furnishing supplies of breadstuffs to outside consumers. It is also possible that countries not hitherto distinguished as wheat-growers may in the future come into the field, and take up a large share of the trade.

Although there must of necessity be a limit beyond which freight rates cannot be further reduced, even on American railways, it is by no means certain that such a limit has yet been reached. In 1870 the average freight rate on the eighteen principal railroads in the United States was a fraction over two cents per ton per mile; At that figure, which was an enormous reduction on the average of ten years before, it was thought by many that finality had been attained, and that both railroads and freighters had just cause to 'rest and be thankful.' But in 1880 the same railroads had reduced their average ton-mile rate to 1·29 cent, or ·64*d.*, and in spite of the fact that Europe looked on with wonder, and English railway managers with not a little incredulity, the average freight rate of the same lines in 1888 was only ·92 cent or ·46*d.* per ton per mile.

'How has it been done without ruin to the railroads?' is the question that the slower-moving minds of Europe are anxious to solve. That interrogatory opens up a large controversy that we shall not here attempt to answer or deal with further than we have already done. But that the railroads have not been ruined is proved incontestably by two facts—the first, that the gross earnings from freight traffic have increased between 1880 and 1889 from 467½ millions to 639½ millions of dols.; the second, that within the same period the quantity of traffic carried has more than doubled, and amounted in 1888, as already shown, to the enormous total of 589½ millions of tons.

It would, therefore, be rash to assume that 'there shall be no more cakes and ale,' in the form of further concessions, on the part of the American railroad companies. These vast corporations have made it their business to create freight where it did not already exist, and to carry freight at any price so long as it was to be carried. They have, in fact, applied with some variation the principle which is said to have been instilled into the mind of the Quaker's son—they have determined to get freight, honestly if they can, but at all events to get freight, and, so long as this continues to be their guiding consideration, who shall say what is the irreducible minimum of charge? Only within the last few months a project has been under discussion that aims at making a new Erie Canal, whereby vessels of large size may proceed direct from Chicago to New York, delivering wheat at the latter centre at a transport charge of not more than three

cents per bushel. It is claimed that the cost of transport by the large steamers that now navigate the lakes between Chicago and Buffalo is only two cents per bushel for 800 miles, and that the remainder of the distance to New York, some 400 miles, could, with an improved canal, be done for about 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ cent more.

If this conclusion is correct, a quarter of wheat should be transported between Chicago and New York, a distance by water of close on 1,200 miles, for about one shilling. Let us now see how much it should, under the most favourable conceivable conditions, cost to transport this wheat across the Atlantic.

At a comparatively recent date a large quantity of wheat has been carried between New York and Europe for about 10s. per ton, or, roughly, 2s. per quarter. This means a rate of about $\cdot 04d.$ per ton per mile. But as the daily expenses of a large steamer, even now, may be taken at only some sixpence per ton register, and as such a vessel can steam 200 to 250 miles per day, the actual cost of transport will probably not exceed $0\cdot 03d.$ per ton per mile. In some cases the cost of ocean transport has been reduced to a penny for forty miles of journey, including not only food, fuel, and wages, but interest and depreciation as well. At such a rate the Atlantic freight would not exceed 6s. 3d. per ton, or, say, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. per quarter of wheat; and if this rate could be generally established, as with the improvements even still conceivable in ocean transport it may easily be, we may have the actual cost of carrying a quarter of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool reduced to 2s. 6d. per quarter as an average normal figure.

Another very important and relevant consideration is that the area of the United States has not yet been by any means fully taken up. The total area of that country, excluding Alaska, is 1,923 millions of acres, of which, however, in 1889, only 38 millions were under wheat, 78 millions under corn, $27\frac{1}{2}$ millions under oats, and about $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions under rye, barley, and buckwheat. Of all crops of cereals the total area in 1889 was $146\frac{1}{4}$ million acres, or rather more than seven per cent. of the total area of the country, disregarding Alaska. Since 1873, however, the area under cereals has just about doubled, so that it is increasing much faster than the population of the country. Nor can it be said that the land is becoming less prolific than it was formerly, although, no doubt, in some of the older states manures or fertilisers are more largely used. The maximum average yield per acre over the last ten years was 13·1 bushels in 1880; the minimum 10·1 bushels in the following year. The value of the yield has, however, been greatly reduced, mainly, of course, on account of lower prices. It was as much as 15·27 dols. in 1879, and as low as 8·98 dols. in 1889. It is in the matter of value that the greatest change has taken place, and it is this lowering of value that causes the despondency of English agriculture.

It seems, then, to be the 'manifest destiny' of the United States to continue for many years to come to be the dominant factor in the agricultural, and perhaps, also, in the industrial situation of Europe, and more especially of the United Kingdom. The time when the United States will, like the older European countries, absorb for their own requirements the food supplies that they are capable of producing is evidently very remote. It is not easy to determine the point at which a population ceases to become self-supporting in reference to its food supplies. In Great Britain that point has, as everybody knows, long been passed, and at the present time practically one half of all the food supplies of the country is received from abroad. The present population of the United Kingdom is about 38 millions, or an average of 314 to the square mile of area. If this average is divided by two, in order to represent the population actually fed from home-grown supplies, it would still be 84 per cent. in excess of the population of the United States per square mile of cultivable area. The density of population in the United States, excluding Alaska, is now only 31 to the square mile, as compared with 314 in the United Kingdom, so that in the latter country it is about ten times as much as in the former.

One thing appears to stand out with unquestionable prominence in any consideration of the future food supplies of the United Kingdom. They may be received from Russia, from India, from British North America, or from the United States; but the United States will long be the dominating source of supply, because they will be ready, at a price, to furnish unlimited supplies, and that price is certain to continue a relatively low one. The quantities received from this country and that vary considerably, as between one year and another, and are likely to continue to do so. Thus, for example, we received in 1887 nearly twice as much wheat and wheat-flour from the United States as we did in 1888, whereas in the latter year we took from Russia about five times as much as we did in the former. But Russia can only be depended on to this extent in years when there has been a specially abundant harvest; whereas the United States can almost immediately put under the cultivation of a particular crop a practically unlimited area if it is shown to be worth while to do so. Australia and British India are probably too remote to be entitled to the same degree of dependence. At any rate, it is a notable fact that the supplies from these sources have within recent years been diminishing instead of increasing.

The United States had, at the end of 1888, a railway system of 154,000 miles, and in the previous seven years had added about 40,000 miles to the system. There are those who seem to suppose that the future cannot see the same rapid railway extensions as the past has witnessed, but this is by no means a foregone conclusion. It must not be forgotten that at the present time the United States

have only one mile of railway to every twenty square miles of territory, excluding Alaska, whereas in the United Kingdom there is one mile of railway to every six miles of area. In order, therefore, to establish in the United States the same relation of railway mileage to geographical area as in this country, it would be necessary to extend the system to some 500,000 miles. Probably this extent of mileage will never be attained. It is hardly likely to be attained in any case within a measurable period of time. To begin with, the water area of the United States is larger than that of any other country. The American lake system alone covers some 135,000 square miles, or, roughly, 15,000 square miles more than the entire area of the United Kingdom. But this, after all, is but a small proportion of the total area of the country, which is generally fertile, and capable of a high degree of cultivation, so that there is still scope for large and profitable extensions of the means of transport.

There can be no more interesting subject for speculation than that of how far the experience of the past is likely to be repeated in the future history of the United States. While it is not probable that the railway system of that country will within any measurable period be extended to half a million miles, it is important to remember that at the rate of progress witnessed during the last twenty years that mileage would be attained in sixty-three years from the present time. In other words, the mileage constructed between 1870 and 1889 was 108,341 miles, or 5,417 miles per annum, and sixty-three years of the same annual average would complete the 339,000 miles wanted to make up the round half-million.

Who shall say, however, that we may not in the next twenty years witness the same rate of annual development that we have, with wondering and admiring eyes, beheld in the last two decades? There is in this anticipation nothing in the least degree improbable. On the contrary, the impression that we may at least see an equally large development is encouraged by the fact that while the mileage constructed between 1830 and 1849 was only 7,342 miles, and between 1840 and 1869 was only 37,823 miles, the rate of increase in the twenty years ending 1889, as we have seen, was not less than 108,341 miles. Railway construction, in point of fact, has proceeded over the whole period in an accelerating ratio.

If, then, the American railway system should, in twenty years' time, reach the portentous figure of 269,000 miles, which would be the result attained by the same annual mileage increase as in the past two decades, the traffic required to feed such a system must be greatly in excess of that which exists at present. The American railways carried in 1888 about 3,800 tons of goods and mineral traffic per mile of line operated. With the same average, the railway system of the United States should in 1909 carry 411½ million tons more than they did in 1888, or 1001 million

tons in all. This is exactly the volume of traffic carried on all the railways of Europe and the United States, collectively, in 1882. Should the traffic of American railways increase to anything like this extent, the competition for it, already extraordinarily keen, is likely to increase also, so that more considerable abatements of transportation rates may be looming in the not distant future. Meanwhile what is to be the outcome of the higher rates exacted in European countries, and especially in England, the highest of all? It must have been to some such contingency as this that Lytton looked forward when, in 'The Coming Race,' he speaks of having 'touched but slightly, though indulgently, on the antiquated and decaying institutions of Europe, in order to expatiate on the present grandeur and prospective pre-eminence of that glorious American republic, in which Europe enviously seeks its model and tremblingly foresees its doom.'

J. STEPHEN JEANS.

BION OF SMYRNA.

Few poets with fame so great have left so little to the lovers of song as Bion. Even including a certain fragmentary idyl sometimes assigned to him, but probably the work of a later writer, there are less than two hundred and fifty lines upon which must rest Bion's claim to immortality. Our own Gray, notable among English singers of eminence as much for his poetic reticence as for the exquisite quality of his utterance, is the author of more than three times as many verses. Among the Romans, Catullus and Persius have left six or seven times as much. I do not now think of a single world-poet, unless it be Sappho, a figure fascinating in its vagueness with an almost mystic charm in the shadows of the Greek twilight, whose literary influence has been so great and yet so incommensurate with the extent of the poet's activity. Four of the most beautiful elegiac poems in the world might never have existed at all, and certainly would not have existed in their present beauty and grace, had Bion not written his *Lament for Adonis*. Yet this poem is the only one of any length that we have of his from which it is now possible to learn of him; a few fragments still remain; but longer poems, notably a treatment of the popular story of the love of Polyphemus and Galatea, so congenial a subject to the later Greek writers of verse, are almost, if not quite, lost. Yet enough still exists for us to gather something more about the poet himself, both as a man and as a writer, than the critics have yet told us. Surely his distinction as the direct inspirer of *Lycidas* and *Thyrsis* and *Adonais* is enough to awaken an especial interest in him and in his work.

The verses that Bion has left to us, a few references to him, simply by the way, in Suidas, and the passionate threnody written at his death, usually regarded as the work of one Moschus, who styles himself Bion's pupil, are our only sources of information concerning him. For almost seventeen centuries, in fact, his identity was entirely lost in that of his great master Theocritus. It is doubtful, if, to the Roman writers, he was individually known at all. With little discrimination, all the work of the imitators of Theocritus seems to have been assigned to the Sicilian merely because of its general

similarity of spirit and form. Thus Quintilian says of Theocritus that he is admirable in his peculiar style, but he makes no mention of either Bion or Moschus. Moreover, no distinction is made by the manuscripts between these poets. It was not, indeed, until 1565 that Bion and Moschus were first separated from Theocritus and their works published by themselves.¹ Since then, however, the text being established by Stephanus a year later in his edition, editors have accepted the arrangement made, tacitly assenting, on the whole, to its correctness, and incorporating it with their editions. These poems, then, as we now have them, and the allusions in Suidas, already mentioned, are our only sources of information in regard to Bion. The little that these give us can soon be told.

At the end of the *Life of Theocritus*, written by Suidas, he urges upon our remembrance that there are 'three bucolic poets,' and enumerates them as 'this Theocritus, Moschus of Sicily, and Bion of Smyrna, from a village called Phlossa.' No stronger evidence need be desired of Bion's birthplace, or at all events of his early home. But this statement possibly receives corroboration in a passage from the threnody on Bion's death, although we must be strongly on our guard against hoping to gather historical facts from a poem couched in a style so Oriental and affected. Phlossa is a little town on the river Meles; and the poet, joining gracefully in one resonant couplet the earliest and the latest of the Grecian bards, says of Bion's death:

Τοῦτό τοι, ὦ ποταμῶν λιγυρώτατε, δεύτερον ἄλγος.

τοῦτο, Μέλη, νέον ἄλγος, ἀπώλετο πρῶν τοι Ὅμηρος.

This, oh! of streams most musical, this is thy second woe:

This is thy new woe, Meles: for Homer perished aforetime.

And then he tells how the river mourned of old for her fair son, 'with streams of many tears,' and 'filled all the sea with her cry.' 'Now again for another you weep, and in new sorrows pine.' Moschus, or whoever the author of this threnody may be, then proceeds to draw a parallel between Homer and Bion in language quite worth one's while to note.

Both, both to the eternal founts were dear.

he sings, but one drank of the well-spring of Pagasæ, the other a draught from Arethusa.

¹ By Adolphus Mekerchus, Bruges, although twelve years before Joachimus Camerarius is said to have said in the preface to his edition of Theocritus: 'Εν τοῖς ἱπομένοις εἰδυλλίαις εἶναι δοκοῦσι τινὰ οὐ πεποιημένα ὑπὸ τοῦ Θεοκρίτου, ὡς τὸ ἐπικηδεῖον εἰς Ἀδωνιν ὅπερ τις εἶναι τοῦ Βίωνος φάμενος οὐκ ἂν ὡς οἶμαι ἀμάρτοι μακρὸν τοῦ ἀληθοῦς. This early Flanders book of Mekerchus is almost an *édition de luxe* with its wide margins and clear type. There is a Latin translation and notes. I have looked at Bentley's copy of Camerarius and fail to find this passage. Camerarius prints the *Lament for Bion* as the nineteenth idyl of Theocritus, however.

Of Tyndarus' fair daughter sang the first,
 And Thetis' mighty child, and Atreus' son.
 But not in such wise sang that other one.
 He not to yars and tears tempered his note,
 But of his brother herdsmen and of Pan,
 His measure ran ;
 And as he sang he watched his flocks afield.
 To him their richest milk the kine would yield :
 Right deftly could he fashion
 The oaten pipe, and teach the lads to kiss
 With lips only less cunning sweet than his ;
 And well he knew Love's passion,
 For Aphrodite's self did on him dote.²

It is a small matter, but one of curious literary interest, this probable identity of locality and environment between the earliest and almost the latest singer of Greece ; and although it is not very likely that Bion lingered long on the Ionian shore, I fancy that we have almost a right to refer to his birthplace, as some of the more subtle influences of that delightful home, a finer temper in him, and a more delicate refinement of literary style, than are characteristic even of the choicest of the idyls of Theocritus. But of his wanderings, if he wandered at all, of his lingering at courts, and of his literary relationships, we have absolutely no information whatever. I imagine him as visiting Sicily, the home of pastoral song ; but save the general probability of such a visit, we have no other evidence except Moschus's cry to the nightingales 'moaning among the thick leaves to announce to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa that Bion the herdsman is dead, and with him hath perished the Dorian minstrelsy.' But on similar grounds one might conclude that he visited Thrace and Macedonia ; for Moschus calls upon the maidens of Oiagræ, and the Bistonian Nymphs, to add their lament and to cry, 'The Dorian Orpheus is dead.' But all this is very uncertain. We do not know even whether a certain fragment of his of but two lines may not refer to an actual request to some prince for court favour and honour, such as Theocritus, we know, made in his sixteenth idyl. 'Leave me not unrewarded,' says Bion, 'since even Phœbus singeth for pay, and that kind of distinction maketh everything better.' But the real reference of this we can never know. And looking elsewhere among his poems for information in regard to the events of his life, we find not a single hint.

We are hurried on to his death. It is Moschus, again, who gives us our only information in regard to this matter ; but his words, I

² The renderings of the *Lament for Bion* in this essay I have taken from a translation that appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January 1888. It is in general the best translation that I know ; but in the most important passage of the poem, the supposed reference to Bion's death, I have been forced to use a literal rendering of my own.

believe, have always been misinterpreted. Everyone, on the authority of the following lines, has asserted unequivocally that Bion died of poison, administered to him by several persons, who afterwards, however, received their well-deserved punishment for the crime.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, poison thou knewest.
To such lips did it run, and not become sweet.
Who is the man so savagely cruel as to mix or
To give thee while speaking a poison? Surely avoideth he song.

But Justice findeth out all.³

The whole of this passage without its context certainly seems to intimate that, as the commentators and biographers are for ever asserting, Bion was poisoned by enemies who were punished for the crime; such meaning is only too obvious. But I am convinced that this is a false interpretation. I believe it to be scarcely tenable. Apart from the very strong improbability that at that period, and in that luxurious, highly cultivated society, a poet, of all men, would have been poisoned in cold blood by a band of conspiring enemies, murdered by a number of his associates, the passage itself offers a quite contrary view. It is this interpretation that I venture now to give.

In *Adonais* we read in regard to Keats certain verses which I have no doubt were directly suggested by the verses just quoted from Moschus's *Lament*.

³ The Greek is as follows :—

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες.
τοιούτοις χεῖλεσσι ποτέδραμε κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
τίς δὲ βροτὸς, τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος ἢ κερᾶσαι τοι
ἢ δοῦναι λαλῶντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἢ φύγειν ψῆδαν.

Ἄλλὰ Δίκη κίχῃ πάντας.

I have translated the passage quite literally. The text is the latest scholarly recension of Ziegler, as given in his *Bionis et Moschi Carmina ex Codicibus Italis a se collatis*, Tubingæ, 1868. This is later than the famous text of Ahrens. The variant readings in the text of Ahrens are, in the first line, *φαρμακοειδές* for *φάρμακον εἶδες*, in the second *ὡς τευ τοῖς* for *τοιούτοις*, in the third *ὥς* for *ἢ*, in the fourth *οὐ* for *ἢ*, in the fifth *πάντα* for *πάντας*, all variations of slight importance, making, however, if at all significant in their variations, rather than not in the line of my theory. The last line seems to be a general remark in the form of a proverb, and *κίχῃ* will thus be a gnomic aorist. Cf. Eur. *Bach.* 903. This is a point of some importance in writing for English scholars, by whom the line, having uniformly been translated with particular reference to Bion's life, has received a biased rendering that does not belong to it. 'Well, Justice hath them in her grip,' one of many mistaken renderings I call to mind, is hardly warranted by the context. For Moschus proceeds immediately:

'But I for this grief must mourn thy loss with tears;'

that is, even though I know that, in the great reversal of human judgments, Time will set all right, still now I must mourn my friend, for whom, if only so I might, 'I would break the bars of death, like Orpheus, like Odysseus, like Alcides, and seek thee out to hear once more thy voice singing sweet song to Ploutos and to Proserpine.'

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh,
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown;
 It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.
 Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;
 Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee,
 Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

When Macaulay's New Zealander (if I may be allowed for once the aid of so tiresome and heathenish an *ex machinâ* god) discovers these lines among the ruins of the British Museum, and, smitten with a love for humane letters and aspirations for philological distinction, succeeds in deciphering their obvious meaning, he will certainly conclude that the poet's passionate eloquence is directed against some friend of his who was literally poisoned to death through a potion administered by murderous enemies. But the New Zealanders are anything but critical. As for us, of course we know better. We know the application of this language to the dead Keats. But to one who was ignorant of the circumstances of the life of Keats and the fable that has grown up in regard to the story of his death, it would be not only the most natural, but plainly the most obvious interpretation of Shelley's lines, to conclude that Keats, his dear departed friend, was the victim of such a practical expression of murderous hate as fills the poet's pen with so bitter and scornful denunciation in the well-known stanzas quoted.

The possibility of such a conclusion, indeed, reveals one of the very few artistic defects in Shelley's manner and style, and illustrates as well a corresponding defect in very much of the later literature of the Greeks. It is nowadays a clearly enough determined canon of criticism, that figurative or symbolic language which does not contribute to lucidity of expression, however beautiful it may be in itself, cannot be really worthy and fitting. A rainbow hue of fancy, flashing across the narrative and falling with its iridescent glow in places unsuited to it, inevitably detracts from that pure white light which should always attend excellent writing as with an atmosphere; for it destroys the singleness of effect. Every bit of fancy, that in this way interrupts, is an obtrusive gargyle upon literary style.

But the case is even worse, if, instead of its being superficially adorned, a style be penetrated by an atmosphere of fanciful exaggeration and literary conceits. It is worse, by just so much as its faults are more inherent and inextricably involved in its development and structure. Poetry must of all things be true; and when imagination does not act in the service of sincere interpretative statement of things in their real relations, it is but a showy power, leading to vulgar adornment, possessing no suitable value or charm. The passage from *Adonais* offers almost perfect illustration of this fault. In *Adonais*, Shelley is too often literary rather than true. *Lycidas* has a similar fault although not so marked; its chief defect, as Matthew Arnold says, being Milton's savage introduction of his anti-Church feeling. 'Whatever Bion and Moschus recorded as a fact,' Mr. Symonds has written, 'becomes, consistently with the spiritualising tendency of modern genius, symbolical in Shelley's poem.' Even in its context there is a pleasant vagueness about this criticism; but undoubtedly Mr. Symonds is referring, and not to disapprove, to characteristics growing out of the spirit which I have marked as inartistic. Shelley, however, although deliberately accepting the form of Moschus's art, was truer than Moschus, and possessed of a juster taste in expression. His own habit in *Adonais*, moreover, gets a certain supposititious vindication from his undoubted success in the use of methods which we, as well as he, from old association with the rare beauty of the Greek elegy, must always find exercising over us a peculiar charm. Shelley's literary sense, so faultless at its best, was prejudiced in this case by his scholarship. Yet no more conclusive proof could be had that the passage in Moschus referred to is to be interpreted figuratively instead of literally, than Shelley's own adoption of its form for the expression of what he strongly believed to be the actual cause of the death of Keats. And his opinion in regard to Bion's death, logically involved in his employment of the same form of expression chosen by Moschus, and corroborated by his choice of the original four Greek lines as a motto for his poem, is far more important confirmation of my way of interpreting the passage in Moschus than, in the lack of direct proof, anything else I might record. For Shelley had the poet's insight and sympathy, a poet's interpretative intuitional power and sense for artistic effects. And I do not believe it could have occurred to him as possible that any one would so far fail to appreciate the spirit of the Alexandrian poem as, for one moment, to take the passage in question literally. To do so would have been, in his opinion, the confession of a disastrous deficiency in one's feeling for style.

It is evident, from the nature of my inquiry, that anything like scientific and positively tangible proof of this point is not to be expected. The argument appeals mainly to the cultivated sense for

style. It demands in general a wide appreciation of literary forms, methods, and devices, and an adequate acquaintance with the special characteristics of the Alexandrian literary period. It tends to be too subtle to be tangible, and not even the *à priori* grounds for its probability make it wholly satisfactory in the lack of definite historical corroboration. But if it be continually remembered in this connection, that the air of the court and university life of Alexandria was charged with bickering and envy and dissension, the force of the argument will be much strengthened. The literary quarrels between the old and the new, fought with so much violence, but so little brilliance, of polemic, give to the period an interest which furnishes one more parallel between that age and our own, although, surprisingly enough, the knowledge of this parallel has generally escaped the lovers of literary gossip. In the great quarrel of the time, that between the leader of the school, Callimachus, and an enthusiastic youth, Apollonius, who had been his pupil, the entire culture of the town took sides. To Callimachus belonged the authority and prestige of a recognised position at the head of the university and library, and his distinction as virtual poet laureate. His learning was impeccable, his industry untiring, his cleverness, equally combined of a considerable talent and tact, exactly fitted to make him the chief distinguished and successful exponent of the time. Of cleverness among the Alexandrines there was no lack, but Callimachus was the cleverest of them all.

Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbi :
Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet,

is Ovid's discriminating opinion of this prince of pedants. Under his guidance, taste ran in narrow lines, and criticism was stereotyped into undeviating scholastic principles, which tolerated in genius little liberty of novel expression. In every institution of the kind the intellectual air is sure to become somewhat too rarefied for the satisfaction of men with ideas and a living flow of thought. And young Apollonius, perhaps because he was less the pedantic scholar than the generalising thinker, displayed a certain ungracious intention of adopting literary principles of his own. This ambition Callimachus and the majority of the University failed to appreciate. So that when Apollonius on one occasion read to a considerable audience a long epic poem on the expedition of the Argonauts, a poem in which he directly challenged the principle of the school, that at that period nothing was worth the doing except epigrams and short idyllic pieces, his verse met with scornful raillery. Vowing vengeance, he left Alexandria and went abroad. For many years he lived in Rhodes, where he found a more sympathetic audience. His story in its sequel I need not consider, but state

only that he lived to accept the highest honours in the gift of the university which had snubbed him in youth for his originality.

But long before this change in university feeling, Apollonius's struggle for more catholic principles of literary appreciation bore fruit. Many critics and professors and Alexandrian dilettanti supported him. And epigrams, as bitter and as unjust as Mr. Browning's on Fitzgerald, exploded like bombs throughout society. Their din is still heard in many an echo in the *Anthology*. And a hint of the strong feeling of the time is to be had in an undoubted allusion in Theocritus to a literary party opposed to his own, and holding odious and unfashionable principles of composition. Theocritus was the best of courtiers; and coming to Alexandria as a foreigner, he had fallen easily into the good graces of Callimachus, and had adopted his principles of literary art. So in his Amœbean strain with his friend Lycidas, before the trial begins, he thus addresses him with a challenge: 'So come,' he says (I give the passage in Calverley's translation)—

'So come: the way, the day, is thine as mine:
Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from each.
I am, as thou, a clarion voice of song;
All hail me chief of minstrels. But I am not,
Heaven knows, o'ercredulous: no, I scarce can yet
(I think) outlive Philetas, nor the bard
Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song,
They are as cicadas challenged by a frog.'

I spake to gain my ends; and laughing light
He said: 'Accept this club, as thou'rt indeed
A born truth-teller, shaped by Heaven's own hand!
I hate your builders who would rear a house
High as Oromedon's mountain pinnacle:
I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-cry
Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard.'

These builders of the lofty rhyme thus alluded to, and these song-birds with their cuckoo-cry, are the aspiring *jeunesse* of the Apollonian mantle, who could not brook the pedantic restrictions of the great school. And the language of this passage, be it remembered, is exceedingly temperate in comparison with most references of the kind in other Alexandrian verse. From the later critics Apollonius seems never to have got his due; for in the *non contemnendum edidit opus æquali quadam mediocritate* of Quintilian, we have in bland and elegant accents the hasty generalisation of one who himself possessed many of the characteristics of the omniscient and pedantic old dictator, Callimachus.

This digression will have served its purpose, if it indicates the amount of average cleverness at the time, and the bitter rivalries that existed throughout cultivated circles. Apollonius, without any

high endowment as a poet, still holds the fourth place, although at a wide interval from the three writers Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, among the authors of his time. This much, at least, of the characteristics of the true artist he shows, that he had the sustained courage of his convictions. He had determination and industry and continuity and sincerity. But what might have been the result if, instead of these manlier qualities, he had possessed the sensuous, sensitive, almost tenuously refined, organism that Bion's poems show him to have had, and then suffered this neglect, we may legitimately conjecture. He would have been crushed, and, as Shelley thought true of Keats, worried with anxiety almost unto death. I do not know if Bion was lovable; but if he was not, never did poet's verses so belie him. At least we have the burning impetuous *Lament of Moschus* to prove how strong a love, at least in one man, he could inspire. In the dearth of any knowledge in regard to him save the bare fact of his birthplace, these considerations I have suggested come to lend a deeper and wider interest to his life and personality than had before been recognised. I see him a pathetic figure in that rushing lively time, too delicate to struggle for advancement, with tenderest thoughts for all; brimming over with sweet and nice rare fancies, almost, under any circumstances, too beautiful to be revealed, and presentable least of all in that Alexandria which was given over to the commentators and the archæologists and the makers of catalogues; never vulgarly querulous, because always sustained by the smiles of the Vision of Beauty who was luring him on, although never free from a certain morbid artistic joy in his own pain, his own melancholy; sometimes, however, unable to conceal his spasms of despair; determined, in the neglect of the world, to be true at least to himself and his work; content, having tried his best, to take what came, for, as a true poet, he saw that the only way of life was in finding one's place and cleaving unto it, confident of success at least for the general issue. This is no vague or unwarranted delineation of a poet, the evidence of whose work proves him to be sincere and endowed with a high poetic gift. For all this is hinted clearly in the fragments, and corroborated by the spirit of the larger pieces I have quoted or shall quote. Listen:—

VII.

I know not the way, nor is it fitting to labour at what we have not learned.

VIII.

If my ditties be fair, lo these alone will win me glory, these that the Muse
 aforetime gave to me. And if these be not sweet, what gain is it to me to labour
 longer?

X.

Happy are they that love, when with equal love they are rewarded. Happy
 was Theseus, when Pirithous was by his side, yea, though he went down to the

house of implacable Hades. Happy among hard men and inhospitable was Orestes, for that Pylades chose to share his wanderings. And he was happy. Achilles Alcides, while his darling lived—happy was he in his death, because he shielded him from dread fate.

XV.

It is not well, my friend, to run to the craftsman whatever may befall, nor in every matter to need another's aid; nay, fashion a pipe thyself, and to thee the task is easy.

XVI.

May Love call to him the Muses, may the Muses bring with them love. Ever may the Muses give song to me that yearn for it, sweet song—than song there is no sweeter charm.

XVII.

The constant dropping of water, says the proverb, it wears a hole in the stone.

XVIII.

Nay, leave me not unrewarded, for even Phoebus sang for his reward. And the meed of honour betterers everything.

Surely there are here no doubtful notes of suggestion. We see the clear temperamental marks of the poetic nature. We see here the temperament of a Keats far more than that of a Shelley, or the man of the world, Theocritus, and a type at all events quite distinct from any others of the time as they are known to us, save the friend who celebrates him. Moreover, we know that there were quarrels of great bitterness among men of letters belonging to hostile schools, and we should be surprised indeed from the distinct quality of his work if his age had appreciated him. Moreover, if it did not, the worry and the anxiety of its neglect upon a man so delicately organised, so high strung, might be what it was possibly to Keats, what it certainly has been to many, a power predisposing to disease already in germ, which had been waiting only for favourable environment to advance with accelerated speed. And moreover, finally, the only passage in the world which enables us to verify this theory is in the midst of a passionate threnody for his death, loaded down with extravagance of imagery and almost fulsome expression of feeling, but saved from fulsomeness and an air of *rococo* by its consistency and interior harmony and the indisputable sincerity of its affection in the impetuous warmth of its utterance. This is a passage which, in days before men began the comparative study of style, naturally enough was read literally. But now to read it so would be as wise as to suppose Bion actually to have been the 'beloved herdsman' sitting beneath 'the lonely oaks' which the same poem calls him; or to believe, as Moschus says, that actually in sorrow for his fall 'the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded;' or to imagine that Moschus really was speaking scientific literal truth when he wrote:—

Every famous city laments thee,
 Bion, and all the towns. Ascrea
 Laments thee far more than her
 Hesiod, and Pindar is less regretted
 By the forests of Bœotia.

Why, Moschus is singing here, and in an Alexandrian key. Perhaps, indeed, his voice is a little falsetto. But at all events it seems to me clear that it is not inspired by the muse of history.

The passage in the elegy of Moschus in regard to Bion's death, then, is not to be taken literally. In its place it is beautiful, but it is not true. In it the spirit of Alexandrian poetry, of all later Greek poetry, as I said, is admirably illustrated, that spirit which permits the use of the imagination merely for the sake of gilding or ornamentation, a use in which the imagination is debased. 'Art for art's sake,' as the phrase is ordinarily interpreted, has never been the watchword of any period of high intellectual activity. And all through Bion and Moschus, much more than through Theocritus, and even in *Adonais* and *Lycidas*, and in these much more than in *Thyrsis*, one finds art not altogether true, and not altogether simple enough to be seen in its real grace and charm. And the result of all this somewhat subtle literary argument is, that the critics cannot be right when they say, that about the deaths of the three idyllic poets history 'only tells us, through the dirge by Moschus, that Bion was poisoned.' The meaning of Moschus is simply not rightly read. What we do, and do not, know in regard to Bion's death, I have already shown.

I have spoken of Bion's nature as tender, gentle, and refined. These are qualities that one is always eager to discover in the character of any poet of delicate fancy and facile expression. And they are true of Theocritus, but much less true than of Bion. Sunny and refined as are the songs of the Sicilian poet; freer, fresher, as is the air he breathes, he writes sometimes with a directness of allusion to matters of which we nowadays are unwilling to speak, and at times even with a coarseness, which are entirely foreign to the spirit of Bion, at least to his spirit as revealed to us in the few verses that we still have. Bion's song to the Evening Star, 'Sacred glory of the dark azure night,' is the exquisite origin of all succeeding love poetry to Hesper, although through his lines a memory of Sappho must have sung; and it has a touch that is quite beyond the power of Theocritus. Bion sings in a more thoughtful modern vein. Two poems especially are worth quoting as illustrating the wide difference between the spirit of Bion and that of Theocritus, or at all events Bion's more miniature style. The refinement of the conceits, and, in the Greek, of the metre, as well as the perfect felicity of expression, are much akin to certain of

the same qualities in the other fine, delightful, but by no means important or great work produced, in that age of diffused culture, all about the shores and islands of the *Ægean*. It lacks the life and virility of Theocritus, but it is far prettier, far more luminous with that ethereal atmosphere in which *le grand monde*, of which Amiel speaks, statuesquely breathes; and more as we write in our own time. I use Mr. Lang's excellent translation.

Great Cypris stood beside me while still I slumbered, and with her beautiful hand she led the child Love, whose head was earthward bowed. This word she spake to me: 'Dear herdsman, prithee take Love and teach him to sing.' So said she and departed, and I—my store of pastoral songs I taught to Love in my innocence, as if he had been fain to learn. I taught him how the cross-flute was invented by Pan, and the flute by Athene, and by Hermes the tortoiseshell lyre, and the harp by sweet Apollo. All these things I taught him as best I might; but he, not heeding my words, himself would sing to me ditties of love, and taught me the desires of mortals and immortals, and all the deeds of his mother. And I clean forgot the lore I was teaching to Love; but what Love taught me, and his love ditties, I learned them all.

This is almost an autobiographic poem. In it we see the growth and development of Bion's literary manner from pastorals to love songs, and then to the lighter, more graceful society verse which the changed culture of his time demanded. There is a touch here, a certain something, which is without a single satisfactory parallel in Theocritus. There is a pervading flavour in this poem in the original, as also in the next which I shall quote, a *finesse*, a lightness of touch, a playful graciousness of spirit, such as Theocritus rarely gave to his verse. Apparently Bion began in the spirit of Theocritus, learning from him to sing the pastoral song, and tuning in his earlier work all his love ditties to his shepherd's pipe, just as Theocritus had done until he lost himself for a time in Alexandria; but afterwards the power of Cypris crept over him more enticingly, and it came to be possible in time for him to say: 'I clean forgot the lore I was teaching Love; but what Love taught me, and his love ditties, I learned them all.'

But let us see again if he taught him well. To this other poem, as to the preceding one, Spenser and many others have owned much.

A fowler, while yet a boy, was hunting birds in a woodland glade, and there he saw the winged Love, perched on a box-tree bough. And when he beheld him he rejoiced, so big the bird seemed to him, and he put together all his rods at once, and lay in wait for Love, that kept hopping, now here, now there. And the boy, being angered that his toil was endless, cast down his fowling gear, and went to the old husbandman that had taught him this art, and told him all, and showed him Love on his perch. But the old man, smiling, shook his head, and answered the boy: 'Pursue the chase no longer, and go not after this bird. Nay, flee far from him. 'Tis an evil creature. Thou wilt be happy so long as thou dost not catch him; but if thou comest to the measure of manhood, this bird that flees thee now, and hops away, will come uncalled, and of a sudden, and settle on thy head.'

But on a much higher plane than these *ἔρωτίλα*, love ditties, are two poems which give still further and still better illustration of Bion's qualities of tenderness, his gentleness and refinement. Both are well worth quoting. The dignity of their subject is greater, and both contain short passages which betray the same religious spirit to be found now and then also in the *Lament for Adonis*. In the poem on *The Seasons*, for example, some one asks a friend which is sweetest to him—spring, or winter, or the late autumn, or the summer. He names some of the especial charms of each season, and finally asks, 'Which does thy heart choose? For our leisure lends us time to gossip.' Then Myrsom thus replies: 'It beseems not mortals to judge the works of God; for sacred are all these things, and all are sweet; yet for thy sake I will speak out, Cleodamus, and declare what is sweeter to me than the rest.' Of course he chooses spring, when all is fruitful and all things blossom, and 'night and dawn are evenly meted to men.' But I would call especial attention to the fact that we may seek widely through Theocritus, and yet fail to find such a habit of contemplation and such a quiet philosophical temper as is betrayed in these verses; verses which, however, are but a sample of much in Bion, and of much in his pupil and successful imitator, Moschus. Theocritus moralises fitfully. Bion sustains his mood. But in still further illustration of this quality in Bion's work, take the following, a mere fragment as we have it now. 'Ah! if a double term of life were given us by Zeus, the son of Cronos, or by changeful Fate; ah! could we spend one life in joy and merriment, and one in labour, then perchance a man might toil, and in some later time might win his reward. But if the gods have willed that man enters into life but once (and that life brief, and too short to hold all we desire), then, wretched men and weary that we are, how sorely we toil, how greatly we cast our souls away on gain, and laborious arts, continually coveting yet more wealth? Surely we have all forgotten that we are men condemned to die, and how short is the hour that to us is allotted by Fate!' These bits are interesting. Bion's literary activity cannot have been far from the year 280 B.C. This was the very period when the popular dilettantism of that easy, indulgence-surfeited, pessimistic age of taste first found idealised expression in the philosopher Epicurus, and was crystallised by him into an organic system. By the year 270 all of Epicurus's three hundred volumes were scattered round the shores of the Ægean. And in this passage from Bion, we see the very evident traces of the air in which the prevalent philosophy of the time was born. For even with the little that we have of his works nothing is clearer than that Bion was the legitimate offspring of his age. Theocritus made, to a certain extent, a field for himself. Bion was merely in a humble way the half-passive poetic exponent of the most cultivated sentimental thought of the first half of the

third century before Christ. Just as the life of the fifty years that followed Theocritus's death was more stirring and more intense, more luxurious and more hopeless, more easy and more refined, so was Bion's verse more exquisite and more subtle, more delightful in its conception and form, yet more gossamer-like in its texture, than any verse that had preceded it. It was not inspired by one single quality of grandeur, but it was to be beautiful for ever, and for ever a joy.

'But beauty is a fair thing for a woman, and strength for a man,' says a fragment of Bion; and Bion must have felt his lack. The *Lament for Adonis* comes nearer than anything else Bion has written to combining beauty and strength in appropriately harmonious measure. For a consideration of this poem still another essay is needed. But I cannot lay down my pen without noting how strong is its passion in the long wail of Cypris for Adonis, when, having besought him long, as he lay dead, to stay with her,

That thee I may feel in my arms, and kisses with kisses may mingle,
the goddess finally breaks forth in a cry of despair, and says with almost startling power:

. . . and gone hast thou to Acheron,
To the baneful and cruel king. But miserable I,
I live and am god, and cannot, oh, cannot pursue thee.
Persephone, take then my lord; thou art far more powerful than I:
All, all that is fair, glides to thee.

And thus did Cypris lament, and the Loves cried mournfully too,
'Woe, oh! woe for Cytheræa, the lovely Adonis is dead!'

Of this poem I have time to say only this in passing, that its merit is so great as amply to vindicate the panegyric eloquence of the elegy of Moschus. There are other similar passages, variations of the text which stands at the head of another fragment: 'Blessed are they that love, when they are loved equally in return;' but after all, 'beauty is a fair thing for a woman, and strength for a man.' Strength and large ethical significance and deep-sea soundings of thought and emotion are not often to be found in Bion any more than in much of Theocritus; and it is sad to remember in relation to these sweet singers that the art of an age is its truest exponent. It is a pathetic thing to find an art which ought to lead mankind as *avant-coureur* on the high road to noble ideals, expressing merely the characteristics of the time from which it springs, a beautiful but coward slave walking with graceful but trembling motion in the face of the cynical stare of society; and this is too often the nature of Bion's art. Yet I cannot say always. While pre-eminently the child of his time, he came from the wider and the fairer country which is the home of poets. There is a continual mild radiance in the temple

of his song. But his temple is not altogether Greek, like those of old, open to the sky and air. Nay, rather it is closed around, and in the shadows aloft and beneath Despair may now and then be seen to hide. Of him the little loves that flutter through the temple have now and then caught glimpses, and even they, whom one would have thought would be the first to flee his influence, frequently follow him into the darkness and are heard of no more.

WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON.

WATER IN AUSTRALIAN SAHARAS.

THE problem of dealing with the constant increase of population in this country has in the past few years come into much greater prominence. The colonies and America have hitherto absorbed our surplus population; but the cry of 'Australia for the Australians,' and of 'America for the Americans,' grows louder year by year, and the disinclination to allow a free entrance to pauper immigrants becomes stronger. Any scheme, therefore, which will develop the productive powers of our colonies and render them capable of supporting an increased population is worthy of public consideration.

It must strike anyone who travels in Australia that the future development of the country depends very largely on irrigation and the conservation of water, and it strikes with more especial force the traveller who has visited India and Ceylon, where irrigation works, both by the rajahs of remote antiquity and by the rulers of our own day, have been carried out on such a large scale. Australia, like India, is subject to periods of drought. The drought, which only came to an end in 1886, was one of the worst ever known. It was felt in South Australia, New South Wales, Queensland, and in lesser degree in Victoria. In South Australia all the farmers who disregarded Goyder's line of rainfall—i.e. who attempted to grow wheat in the salt-bush country—were ruined. In the districts lying between the Murray and Murrumbidgee in New South Wales the loss in sheep was two millions on eight millions in one year (1884-85), and the loss in sheep for the whole colony during the four years of drought was estimated by the Chief Inspector of Stock at twenty-three millions. In Queensland many squatters lost nearly all their cattle, some 50 per cent., and those who suffered least—i.e. those who had stations in the coast country—lost 20 per cent.

In the early days droughts were severely felt; but it was often possible for the squatter to move his sheep or cattle on to fresh ground when the feed was exhausted on his own. Of late years so much of the land has been taken up, and so great has been the increase in the number of stock, that it is no longer possible to move them. Land, which in a good season might carry one hundred thousand sheep, in a bad season would not carry twenty-five thousand. For a

few years the squatter may make a large profit. A bad year comes : he finds his run enormously overstocked, and his sheep die in thousands.

Sufficient has already been done by private enterprise in Australia to show the value of irrigation as a protection to the stock-farmer against drought. It not only largely increases the carrying capacities of a run where the natural grasses are irrigated, but it enables land, otherwise only fit for pastoral purposes, to grow heavy crops of lucerne, hay, or wheat. The former is one of the most valuable crops that can be grown by irrigation, and is the mainstay of the stock-farmer in Western America. It has been grown on the Hunter Flats in New South Wales, and at Bacchus Marsh in Victoria, for many years without replanting. It can be cut five or six times a year, yields seven or eight tons, and can be used either for hay or ensilage. It is estimated that one hundred acres of lucerne will keep five thousand sheep for three months, and that a hundred irrigated acres to every twenty thousand acres of pastoral land would afford complete protection against drought. The results of growing grain in Victoria show that the yield per acre of wheat on irrigated lands is nearly double that on neighbouring lands which are unirrigated ; but the experience of California, Arizona, and Mexico shows most conclusively that grain is the poorest-paying crop that can be raised under irrigation. The colonies founded by Messrs. Chaffey on the river Murray are almost entirely devoted to fruit-culture, but they have not been long enough in existence to give any financial results ; we have only limited evidence from Victoria, where vines which produced twenty-two cwt. per acre on unirrigated, produce fifty-five cwt. on irrigated land. We must, therefore, turn to California, where Messrs. Chaffey themselves established a most successful fruit colony at Ontario.

In California twenty acres under vines or fruit are preferred to one hundred and sixty acres under grain ; the old grain-farms are being broken up and fruit-culture is being carried on, generally in small blocks of ten or twenty acres. Fruit-culture can only be undertaken by a man with a certain amount of capital, because, even with irrigation, a considerable period must elapse before any return can be expected, although if a market is available, a certain profit can be made from vegetables until the fruit-trees come into bearing. Mr. Deakin, in his memorandum on irrigation in Western America, puts the unprofitable period for peaches, apricots, almonds, and vines at four years, for oranges at ten years from seed and five years from bud, and for olives at seven to ten years. According to Messrs. Chaffey's prospectus some return from orange-trees and olive-trees may be expected at four years, and from the raisin-grape at three years ; though it is doubtless fully as long as Mr. Deakin says before they yield a good return on the capital invested. The profit to be expected from oranges is reckoned by Mr. Deakin at from 120% to 300% per acre ;

from small fruit at from 15*l.* to 20*l.* per acre ; from peaches and apricots at from 40*l.* to 60*l.* ; from vines at from 40*l.* to 80*l.*, and from olives at from 100*l.* to 150*l.* per acre. The general average of profits on all kinds of fruit crops he calculated at from 40*l.* to 50*l.* per acre per annum. Messrs. Chaffey's estimate for the profits to be made on orange-growing in Australia is lower, that on vines about the same, and that on olives considerably higher than Mr. Deakin's estimate of the profits per acre on the different fruit crops in California. That there is a large market available in Australia itself is clear from the fact that each of the southern colonies import large quantities of dried fruit and bread stuffs every year in spite of a considerable duty. The returns from New South Wales show that in the five years ending in 1883, she imported annually over 1,000,000*l.* worth of produce which could well have been grown in the country. Fresh, dried, and preserved fruits alone are now imported into Australia to the amount of three quarters of a million annually. Though we cannot estimate the profits from fruit-growing in Australia from any return of results obtained, we have a practical illustration of what can be achieved by irrigation in the vegetable gardens of the Chinese which are one of the most remarkable features of the up-country districts. We may conclude, then, that irrigation in Australia will be used mainly for fruit-culture, but that in the central districts, where the supply of water is most limited, a squatter will probably prefer to grow lucerne, which will enable him to keep his run stocked without risk of drought, rather than the more intrinsically profitable crop of fruit.

Enough has been said to show the importance of irrigation as a preventive against drought, and as a means of increasing the general productiveness of the country. Granted its importance, what resources are available for increasing the water-supply ? and how is the country fitted for extensive schemes of irrigation ? To answer these questions we must understand something of the physical features of the country.

It must always be remembered that ordinary drought renders nearly all the rivers of Australia intermittent ; as rivers they really cease to exist every year. The history of Lake George is an admirable instance of the variation between seasons. In 1824 it was twenty miles long by eight broad. In 1837 it was a grassy plain ; in 1865 it was seventeen feet deep ; in 1867 it was two feet deep ; in 1876 it was twenty miles long and twenty feet deep. Though there are considerable rivers fed by the tropical rains in the northern territory, little, as yet, is known of them. The Murray river, with its tributaries, is the only river of Australia which carries a large body of water at all seasons of the year to the sea, and it alone flows through country suitable for an extended scheme of irrigation. We may, therefore, confine our inquiry to the region which it waters, *i.e.* to the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia.

Down the eastern side of the Australian continent runs a range of mountains at a distance varying from 30 to 150 miles inland from the coast. The prevailing S.E. winds which have swept across the Pacific ensure a copious rainfall on the eastern slope. On the western side the rainfall gradually diminishes from thirty inches, close to the foot of the mountains, to ten inches or less on the borders of South Australia. In New South Wales the whole of the country to the west of the mountains is one vast plain; Victoria is more undulating and broken up by mountain ranges. Through this plain flows the Murray, with its great tributaries, the Murrumbidgee, the Lachlan, and the Darling. The Murray rises in the highest part of the range on the borders of New South Wales and Victoria, flows west, forming the boundary between the two colonies, until it enters South Australia, when it turns south and flows into the sea through Lake Alexandrina. It has a course of over 3,000 miles, and is the only river of Australia which at all seasons carries a great body of water to the sea. At Murray Bridge, where the main line from Adelaide to Melbourne crosses it, the river is fifty feet deep, and many a time has it been said by the drought-dreading squatter, 'If we could only conserve the water which is now flowing to waste down the Murray, we should be secure from drought for years to come.' The Murrumbidgee, which rises in the coast range not far from the Murray, flows parallel to and from 50 to 100 miles to the north of the latter river. Irregular as is its discharge, the Murrumbidgee, like the Murray, carries a good supply of water at all seasons. This is due to the fact that both rivers are fed by the melting of the snows on the high mountain-peaks round Kiandra, which rise to over 7,000 feet. Another important river, as regards discharge, rises in the same district, and, as its name implies, is also fed by snow; but the Snowy river, for the greater part of its course, flows through poor land. The next river north from the Murrumbidgee is the Lachlan, which also rises in the coast range, but has not nearly so large a discharge. The Darling, of which the catchment basin lies to a great extent in Queensland, is also very irregular in its discharge. It has a number of large tributaries on either bank: the Warrego, Paroo, Maranoa, on the north, the Namoi and others on the south. These rivers, especially those on the south, have a very fair discharge some way from their source; but, except in extraordinary seasons, their waters never reach the Darling, but are lost in large swamps.

One most curious feature in the physical formation of Australia is the existence of subterranean water over a great part of the continent. In the Mount Gambier district there are large streams of water flowing sixty to one hundred feet below the surface of the ground. In wells sunk in the districts between Adelaide and Gawler, water is found at a depth of 300 to 400 feet, and it is impossible to lower it by means of pumps or otherwise. Many artesian wells are

also used in the Darling district. But though a considerable amount has been spent already, both by private persons and by the governments of the various colonies, on borings for artesian wells, the water derived from this underground supply can only be used for domestic purposes or for the watering of stock. The flow of water is insufficient even from the most successful wells to be used for irrigation. It is the waters flowing to waste down the rivers that alone can be used for this purpose. In the winter or spring months there may be too much water in these rivers; in the summer months there may not be enough. For a few years there may be plenty of rain; for the next few years there may be a drought. The rain which falls in the good seasons must be conserved for use in the bad, and the discharge of the rivers must be equalised as far as possible.

There are several means either proposed or adopted for utilising the waters of the Murray and its tributaries. Of these the most important is the scheme put forward by the New South Wales Water Commission some four years ago. The hilly nature of the country renders it possible to construct storage reservoirs at the head waters of the Murray and Murrumbidgee, which would equalise the discharge of those rivers. From levels taken it appears possible to divert a portion of the waters of the Snowy river, which, as has already been said, flows through an unproductive country, to supplement the discharge of the Murrumbidgee. The country between the Murray and the Murrumbidgee, as well as to the north of the latter river, is almost flat, and renders it no less practicable to distribute the water than it is to store it near their sources. It is intersected with effluent creeks, amongst which are the Edwardes, the Yanko, the Colombo. A continuous supply of water could be diverted into these by cuttings, and retained in them by dams, which would enormously increase the water frontage available. It has, moreover, a gentle slope towards the west and north-west, which renders it extremely suitable for the construction of canals. It was proposed by Mr. McKinney, the engineer to the Commission, to construct three canals—two leaving the Murrumbidgee on either side near Wagga, and running parallel to the general direction of the river; the other leaving the Murray near Albury. From these canals numerous irrigation channels would be taken off, which would still further distribute the water. The normal discharge of the Lachlan and of the Darling is too small to provide for permanent irrigation canals to carry the water to a distance from the river. On the other hand, there are rocky bars, both in the Lachlan and the Darling, suitable for the foundations of weirs. These weirs would hold the water back for pumping in the dry season, and would be suitable points of offtake for inundation channels. There are, besides, along the course of the Darling, numerous large lagoons, the overflow from which is said to keep the river open for traffic

for some weeks longer than the discharge of the river alone would do. These lagoons could be easily converted, by dams and cuttings, into enormous reservoirs.

The vast scheme contemplated by the New South Wales Water Commission has never been carried out, and nothing has hitherto been done by the Government in the direction of irrigation. Last year the town of Wentworth, close to the junction of the Darling and the Murray, seeing that its population was drifting off to Messrs. Chaffey's colony at Mildura, applied for permission to raise funds to irrigate some 20,000 acres of common land belonging to the town. The Bill was passed after an interesting debate, in which many members urged upon the Government the pressing necessity of dealing with the question of irrigation and water rights on a comprehensive scale.

But while New South Wales has been talking, Victoria has been acting. The first Water Conservation Act in Victoria was passed in 1883, and subsequently Mr. Deakin was sent to California to report on the system of irrigation in use there. As a result of his visit, another Water Conservation Act was passed in 1886, which amended previous acts, and gave extended power for the creation of irrigation trusts. A petition to be proclaimed a water trust district could be presented by a majority of the inhabitants, these owning more than half the land in the district. A trust can borrow money from the Government at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the amount of the loan may not exceed 70 per cent. of the value of the land in the district. Under this Act there had been created, on June 30, 1889, twenty irrigation and water supply trusts, with an irrigable area of 1,078,779 acres, of which 294,240 acres are capable of being irrigated annually. Besides these, several trusts have been created for the supply of cities and towns. Of both classes of trust there are ten which derive their water-supply direct from the Murray, while many of the remainder derive theirs from its tributaries. Most of the works are constructed by the trusts themselves; but in some cases, especially where they are designed to supply several districts, the works have been classed as national, and are constructed by the Government. The most important of this latter class is the great weir above Murchison, on the Goulburn river, which is designed to dam back the water for twenty miles. There are offtake canals on either side of the river designed to carry 120,000 gallons and 20,000 gallons per minute respectively, which will be sufficient, it is estimated, to irrigate 300,000 acres in the winter, and 150,000 acres in the summer.

In discussing irrigation in Australia the work that is being undertaken by the Messrs. Chaffey at Renmark in South Australia and at Mildura in Victoria, is on so large a scale that it must be treated separately. Their operations are being carried out under

special acts passed by the Parliaments of South Australia and Victoria, the provisions of which are substantially the same.

The Government agrees to set apart 250,000 acres in each case for an irrigation colony, on which Messrs. Chaffey undertake to spend 300,000*l.* during a period of twenty years, 10,000*l.* in the first year, 35,000*l.* during the first five years, 140,000*l.* during the second; 75,000*l.* during the third, and 50,000*l.* during the fourth. As a commencement 30,000 acres of land are licensed to them, blocks of which are handed over to them when they have expended 4*l.* per acre upon it in permanent improvements such as irrigation works, horticulture, roads, bridges, and the establishment of a fruit-canning industry. If they carry out their undertaking on the first 30,000 acres, they will have a further block of 20,000 acres on the same terms. The remaining 200,000 acres will become their property on their expending 1*l.* per acre upon them and on their paying to the Government a purchase price of 1*l.* per acre. The bargain is not a bad one for the colony, for besides any indirect benefit they may derive from it, they get sixteen shillings per acre for land which was previously almost worthless. As Messrs. Chaffey carry out their part of the bargain the land is handed over to them and they dispose of the fee simple. The price hitherto asked has been 20*l.* per acre for horticultural land, 15*l.* per acre for agricultural land, for town lots of 33 feet by 150 feet 20*l.*, and for villa sites of 2½ acres 100*l.* The price in each case includes a share in the pumping plant and irrigation works. Purchasers at these prices have to prepare the land for cultivation, fence and plant it, and pay a yearly charge to defray the working expenses of the irrigation works. The money spent, according to Mr. Kilburn's report in the Victorian Yearbook, already amounts to 120,000*l.* and crown grants have been issued of 13,000 acres. The irrigation works consist of thirty-three miles of main canals and sixty miles of distribution channels, besides pumping plant capable of raising 50,000 gallons per minute. The quantity of water which might be diverted each month is limited, first, by the quantity of water which must be allowed to pass down the river; secondly, by the number of acres it is proposed to irrigate. Thus in the month of March 20,000 cubic feet per minute must be allowed to pass down below Mildura, not more than twelve cubic feet per minute per acre may be diverted, and the maximum quantity of water which may be diverted when 240,000 acres are under culture is 20,000 cubic feet per minute. In the month of October the figures are 240,000, 4, and 60,000 cubic feet per minute respectively.

Mr. M'Mordie, C.E., who drew up a report in 1889 by direction of the New South Wales Government on the question of irrigation in Victoria, estimates that the quantity of water which can be diverted from the Murray in Victoria alone amounts to 65,000 cubic feet per minute, while Mr. Gordon, C.E. of Melbourne, states that the flow of

the river at Echuca in 1881 sank as low as 50,000 cubic feet per minute. . The wholesale diversion of the Goulburn and other tributaries of the Murray is estimated at 50,000 cubic feet per minute, so that, even were Mr. Gordon's figures abnormal, there would be in a moderately dry summer but little water left in the river.

Though, for much of its course through the territory of South Australia, the Murray flows between barren limestone hills, there is land available for irrigation on its banks, both above and below the Great Morgan Bend, where the river turns to the south. Renmark is situated between this point and the Victorian border. It is the only attempt at irrigation on a large scale which has hitherto been made in South Australia, though during the session of 1889, a Water Conservation Act was passed. During the debate on the second reading of this Act much was said on the proposal of the Government to utilise the waters of Lake Bonney for the purpose of irrigation. The lake is four miles long by two miles broad, and is estimated to be capable of containing 12,000,000,000 gallons. It is filled every year when the Murray is in flood through Chambers' Creek, but the water runs away again as the river subsides. It is proposed to impound this water in the lake by the erection of floodgates, and to irrigate with it 6,000 acres. The chief objection urged against the scheme was that the flow of the Murray in a dry season is even now insufficient to prevent the waters of Lake Alexandrina from becoming salt, and so seriously diminishing the value of the land in its neighbourhood. To meet this it has been proposed to construct a weir, or weirs, at the Murray mouth, to keep out the sea-water.

From what has been said it will be seen that extensive irrigation works are practicable on the Murray and its tributaries in each of the three colonies. The next question is, will they pay?

Arguing from experience in India and from previous experience in Australia, which, after all, as compared with India, is only from works on a small scale, there is no doubt that they will. In India the enormous system of canals in the Punjab, which irrigate 8,000,000 acres, pay 4 per cent., some irrigation works return as much as 12 per cent., and the average return from all irrigation works is 6 per cent. In the Wimmera district of Victoria, where irrigation has been tried on a large scale, the increased value of the land irrigated was at least 1*l.* per acre, and was estimated at more than seven times the total cost of the works. In every case where it has been tried by private persons, it has been found a paying investment. One acre of irrigated land, in a drought at any rate, is worth more than a hundred unirrigated acres. The loss of stock through drought in the one year 1884-85 was valued at 960,000*l.*, or more than a quarter of the estimated cost for all the works for the utilisation of the waters of the Murray and Murrumbidgee. There seems to be little doubt that the proposed works would pay, merely as a commercial

investment, and without taking into consideration the advantage of increased settlement on the land, which is one of the great desiderata of these colonies.

There are two principal obstacles in the way of the system of irrigation being largely extended. In the first place considerable opposition will be offered by those interested in the navigation of the rivers. To make the rivers practicable as waterways will need great expenditure on weirs and locks, which would not be justified by the circumstances. The traffic on the rivers by steamers is always intermittent. The Darling has only been navigable as far as Bourke for short periods since 1879—the Murrumbidgee the same. Since the opening of the railways to Hay, Bourke, and Echuca, the value of the river-borne trade has enormously diminished. At Hay the value of exports by water decreased from 489,000*l.* to 160,000*l.*, the value of imports from 32,000*l.* to 6,000*l.*, in the first two years after the opening of the railway. If the river is kept open for traffic, the country remains undeveloped. The proper course is to use the railways for communication and the waters of the river for developing the country.

In the second place the supply of water in the river, though large, is limited, and there will be much difficulty in harmonising the claims of the three colonies interested. The area to be irrigated by the works suggested by the New South Wales Water Commission on the Murray, Murrumbidgee, and Snowy rivers is estimated at one million acres, and the quantity of water to be diverted at 107,200 million cubic feet per annum. The estimated area irrigable from the waters of the Murray and its tributaries in Victoria is over two and a half million acres, though it is only proposed to irrigate one million acres, and to divert 90,700 cubic feet, including 21,780 for Mildura, in any single year. In South Australia Messrs. Chaffey's Renmark scheme will divert 21,780 million cubic feet per annum.

The discharge of the Murray as gauged at Morgan was:—

During the year 1884	.	.	.	224,788
" " 1885	.	.	.	240,014
" " 1886	.	.	.	310,095
" " 1887	.	.	.	731,458
" " 1888	.	.	.	503,288

It is evident that in such years as 1884–85, with the enormous diversions contemplated in Victoria and New South Wales, the river would be almost dry within the South Australian border.

Considerable correspondence has already passed between the governments of the three colonies interested on the question of water rights, and proposals have been made for a conference of water commissioners. As yet this has not been carried into effect, but the question of riparian rights will have to be faced, and that soon, as it becomes daily of more importance. The fact that at the conference

at Melbourne the proposal to develop the Federal Council into a Parliament for Australia was so well received is a happy augury for a friendly settlement of this great question of water rights. It is possible—nay, even probable—that it will be one of the first questions with which the Australian Parliament will have to deal, and in endeavouring to reconcile the interests of the three colonies they will perhaps learn to appreciate more than they do now the difficulties of the Imperial Government in reconciling the interests of various parts of the empire.

Australians have a great belief in their country and its possibilities. In my humble opinion they are fully justified in that belief. With a complete system of irrigation, under government management, Australia will support ten times its present population. With the differences between the colonies reconciled, we may expect to see her enter on a new career of development and prosperity, which will not be marred by the devastating effects of drought to the same extent that it has been in past years.

T. A. BRASSEY.

THE TRUE FUNCTION AND VALUE OF CRITICISM;

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING
NOTHING: A DIALOGUE

(Concluded.)

Scene.—THE LIBRARY OF A HOUSE IN PICCADILLY OVERLOOKING
THE GREEN PARK.

Persons.—GILBERT and ERNEST.

Ernest. The ortolans were delightful, and the Chambertin perfect. And now let us return to the point at issue.

Gilbert. Ah! don't let us do that. Conversation should touch on everything, but should concentrate itself on nothing.

E. I am afraid I don't agree with you. I want to discuss the critic and criticism. In fact, I insist upon it. You have told me that the highest criticism deals with art, not as expressive, but as impressive purely, and is consequently both creative and independent, is in fact an art by itself, occupying the same relation to creative work that creative work does to the visible world of form and colour, or the unseen world of passion and of thought. Well, now tell me, will not the critic be sometimes a real interpreter?

G. As you insist upon it, I suppose I must descend to serious conversation. Yes; the critic will be an interpreter, if he chooses. He can pass from his synthetic impression of the work of art as a whole, to an analysis or exposition of the work itself, and in this lower sphere, as I hold it to be, there are many delightful things to be said and done. Yet his object will not always be to explain the work of art. He may seek rather to deepen its mystery, to raise round it, and round its maker, that mist of wonder which is dear to both gods and worshippers alike. Ordinary people are 'terribly at ease in Zion.' They propose to walk arm in arm with the poets, and have a glib ignorant way of saying 'Why should we read what is written about Shakespeare and Milton? We can read the plays and the poems. That is enough.' But an appreciation of Milton is the reward of consummate scholarship, and he who desires to understand Shakespeare truly must understand the relations in which Shakespeare stood to the Renaissance and the Reformation, to the age of Elizabeth and the age

of James; he must be familiar with the history of the struggle for supremacy between the old classical forms and the new spirit of romance, between the school of Sidney, and Daniel, and Jonson, and the school of Marlowe and Marlowe's greater son; he must know the materials that were at Shakespeare's disposal, and the method in which he used them, and the conditions of theatric presentation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, their limitations and their opportunities for freedom, and the literary criticism of Shakespeare's day, its aims and modes and canons; he must study the English language in its progress, and blank or rhymed verse in their various developments; he must study the Greek drama, and the connection between the art of the creator of the Agamemnon and the art of the creator of Macbeth; in a word, he must be able to bind Elizabethan London to the Athens of Pericles, and to learn Shakespeare's true position in the history of European drama and the drama of the world. The critic will certainly be an interpreter, but he will not treat Art as a riddling Sphinx, whose shallow secret may be guessed and revealed by one whose feet are wounded and who knows not his name. Rather, he will look upon Art as a goddess whose mystery it is his province to intensify, and whose majesty his privilege to make more marvellous in the eyes of men.

And here, Ernest, this strange thing happens. The critic will indeed be an interpreter, but he will not be an interpreter in the sense of one who simply repeats in another form a message that has been put into his lips to say. For, just as it is only by contact with the art of foreign nations that the art of a country gains that individual and separate life that we call nationality, so, by curious inversion, *it is only by intensifying his own personality that the critic can interpret the personality and work of others*; and the more strongly this personality enters into his interpretation the more real the interpretation becomes, the more satisfying, the more convincing, and the more true.

E. I would have said that personality would have been a disturbing element.

G. No; it is an element of revelation. If you wish to understand others you must intensify your own individualism.

E. What, then, is the result?

G. I will tell you, and perhaps I can tell you best by definite example. It seems to me that, while the literary critic stands of course first, as having the wider range, and larger vision, and nobler material, each of the arts has, as it were, a critic assigned to it. The actor is a critic of the drama. He shows the poet's work under new conditions, and by a method special to himself. He takes the written word: and action, gesture, and voice become the medium of revelation. The singer, or the player on lute and viol, is the critic of music. The etcher of a picture robs the painting of its fair colours,

but shows us by the use of a new material its true colour-quality, its tones and values, and the relations of its masses, and so is, in his way, a critic of it, for the critic is he who exhibits to us a work of art in a form different from that of the work itself, and the employment of a new material is a critical as well as a creative element. Sculpture, too, has its critic, who may be either the carver of a gem, as he was in Greek days, or some painter like Mantegna, who sought to reproduce on canvas the beauty of plastic line and the symphonic dignity of processional bas-relief. And in the case of all these creative critics of art it is evident that personality is an absolute essential for any real interpretation. When Rubinstein plays to us the *Sonata Appassionata* of Beethoven, he gives us not merely Beethoven, but also himself, and so gives us Beethoven absolutely—Beethoven reinterpreted through a rich artistic nature, and made vivid and wonderful to us by a new and intense personality. When a great actor plays Shakespeare we have the same experience. His own individuality becomes a vital part of the interpretation. People sometimes say that actors give us their own Hamlets, and not Shakespeare's; and this fallacy—for it is a fallacy—is, I regret to say, repeated by that charming and graceful writer who has lately deserted the turmoil of literature for the peace of the House of Commons, I mean the author of *Obiter Dicta*. In point of fact, there is no such thing as Shakespeare's Hamlet. If Hamlet has something of the definiteness of a work of art, he has also all the obscurity that belongs to life. There are as many Hamlets as there are melancholies.

E. As many Hamlets as there are melancholies?

G. Yes: and as art springs from personality, so it is only to personality that it can be revealed, and from the meeting of the two comes true interpretative criticism.

E. The critic, then, considered as the interpreter, will give no less than he receives, and lend as much as he borrows?

G. He will be always showing us the work of art in some new relation to our age. He will always be reminding us that great works of art are living things—are, in fact, the only things that live. So much, indeed, will he feel this, that I am certain that, as civilisation progresses and we become more highly organised, the elect spirits of each age, the critical and cultured spirits, will grow less and less interested in actual life, and *will seek to gain their impressions almost entirely from what Art has touched*. For Life is terribly deficient in form. Its catastrophes happen in the wrong way, and to the wrong people. There is a grotesque horror about its comedies, and its tragedies seem to culminate in farce. One is always wounded when one approaches it. Things last either too long, or not long enough.

E. Poor life! Poor human life! Are you not even touched,
Vol. XXVIII.—No. 163. H H

Gilbert, by the tears that the Roman poet tells us are part of its essence?

G. Too quickly touched by them, I fear. For when one looks back upon the life that was so vivid in its emotional intensity, and filled with such fervent moments of ecstasy or of joy, it all seems to be a dream and an illusion. What are the unreal things, but the passions that once burned one like fire? What are the incredible things, but the things that one has faithfully believed? What are the improbable things? The things that one has done oneself. No, Ernest; life cheats us with shadows, like a puppet-master. We ask it for pleasure. It gives it to us, with bitterness and disappointment in its train. We come across some noble grief that we think will lend the purple dignity of tragedy to our days, but it passes away from us, and things less noble take its place, and on some grey windy dawn, or odorous eve of silence and of silver, we find ourselves looking with callous wonder, or dull heart of stone, at the tress of gold-flecked hair that we had once so wildly worshipped and so madly kissed.

E. Life then is a failure?

G. From the artistic point of view, certainly. And the chief thing that makes life a failure from this artistic point of view is the thing that lends to life its sordid security, the fact that one can never repeat exactly the same emotion. How different it is in the world of Art! On a shelf of the bookcase behind you stands the *Divine Comedy*, and I know that if I open it at a certain place I shall be filled with a fierce hatred of some one who has never wronged me, or stirred by a great love for some one whom I shall never see. There is no mood or passion that Art cannot give us. Those of us who have discovered her secret can settle beforehand what our experiences are going to be. We can choose our day, and select our hour. We can say to ourselves, 'To-morrow, at dawn, we will walk with grave Virgil through the valley of the shadow of death,' and lo! the dawn finds us in the obscure wood, and the Mantuan stands by our side. We pass through the gate of the legend fatal to hope, and with pity or with joy behold the horror of another world. The hypocrites go by, with their painted faces and their cowls of gilded lead. Out of the ceaseless winds that drive them, the carnal look at us, and we watch the heretic rending his flesh, and the glutton lashed by the rain. We break the withered branches from the tree in the grove of the Harpies, and each dull-hued poisonous twig bleeds with red blood before us, and cries aloud with bitter cries. Out of a horn of fire Odysseus speaks to us, and when from his sepulchre of flame the great Ghibelline rises, the pride that triumphs over the torture of that bed becomes ours for a moment. Yes, we can put the earth back six hundred courses and make ourselves one with the great Florentine, kneel

at the same altar with him, and share his rapture and his scorn. And if we grow tired of an antique time, and desire to realise our own age in all its weariness and sin, are there not books that can make us live more in one single hour than life can make us live in a score of shameful years? Close to your hand lies a little volume, bound in some Nile-green skin that has been powdered with gilded nenuphars and smoothed with hard ivory. It is the book that Gautier loved, it is Baudelaire's masterpiece. Open it at that sad madrigal that begins

Que m'importe que tu sois sage ?
Sois belle ! et sois triste !

and you will find yourself worshipping sorrow as you have never worshipped joy. Pass on to the poem on the man who tortures himself, let its subtle music steal into your brain and colour your thoughts, and you will become for a moment what he was who wrote it ; nay, not for a moment only, but for many barren moonlit nights and sunless sterile days will a despair that is not your own make its dwelling within you, and the misery of another gnaw your heart away. Read the whole book, suffer it to tell even one of its secrets to your soul, and your soul will grow eager to know more, and will feed upon poisonous honey, and seek to repent of strange crimes of which it is guiltless, and to make atonement for terrible pleasures that it has never known. And then, when you are tired of these flowers of evil, turn to the flowers that grow in the garden of Perdita, and in their dew-drenched chalices cool your fevered brow, and let their loveliness heal and restore your soul ; or wake from his forgotten tomb the sweet Syrian, Meleager, and bid the lover of Heliodore make you music, for he too has flowers in his song, red pomegranate-blossoms, and irises that smell of myrrh, ringed daffodils and dark-blue hyacinths, and marjoram and crinkled ox-eyes. Dear to him was the perfume of the bean-field at evening, and dear to him the odorous eared-spikenard that grew on the Syrian hills, and the fresh green thyme, the wine-cup's charm. The feet of his love as she walked in the garden were like lilies set upon lilies. Softer than sleep-laden poppy petals were her lips, softer than violets and as scented. The flame-like crocus sprang from the grass to look at her. For her the slim narcissus stored the rain ; and for her the anemones forgot the Sicilian winds that wooed them. And neither crocus, nor anemone, nor narcissus was as fair as she was.

It is a strange thing, this transference of emotion. We sicken with the same maladies as the poets, and the singer lends us his pain. Dead lips have their message for us, and hearts that have fallen to dust can communicate their joy. We run to kiss the bleeding mouth of Fantine, and we follow Maron Lescaut over the whole world. Ours is the love-madness of the Tyrian, and the terror of Orestes is ours also. There is no passion that we cannot feel, no

pleasure that we may not gratify, and we can choose the time of our initiation and the time of our freedom also. Life! Life! Don't let us go to life for our fulfilment or our experience. It is a thing narrowed by circumstances, incoherent in its utterance, and without that fine correspondence of form and spirit which is the only thing that can satisfy the artistic and critical temperament. It makes us pay too high a price for its wares, and we purchase the meanest of its secrets at a cost that is monstrous and infinite.

E. Must we go, then, to Art for everything?

G. Yes, for everything, because Art does not hurt us. The tears that we shed at a play are a type of the exquisite sterile emotions that it is the function of Art to awaken in us. We weep, but we are not wounded. We grieve, but our grief is not bitter. In the actual life of man, sorrow, as Spinoza says somewhere, is a passage to a lesser perfection. But the sorrow with which Art fills us both purifies and initiates, if I may quote once more from the great art-critic of the Greeks. It is through Art, and through Art only, that we can realise our perfection; through Art, and through Art only, that we can shield ourselves from the sordid perils of actual existence. This results not merely from the fact that nothing that one can imagine is worth doing, and that one can imagine everything, but from the subtle law that emotional forces, like the forces of the physical sphere, are limited in extent and energy. One can feel so much, and no more. And how can it matter with what pleasure life tries to tempt one, or with what pain it seeks to maim and mar one's soul, if in the spectacle of the lives of those who have never existed one has found the true secret of joy, and wept away one's tears over their deaths who, like Cordelia and the daughter of Brabantio, can never die?

E. Stop a moment. It seems to me that in everything that you have said there is something radically immoral.

G. All art is immoral.

E. All art?

G. Yes. *For emotion for the sake of emotion is the aim of art, and emotion for the sake of action is the aim of life, and of that practical organisation of life that we call society.* Society, which is the beginning and basis of morals, exists simply for the concentration of human energy, and in order to ensure its own continuance and healthy stability it demands, and no doubt rightly demands, of each of its citizens that he should contribute some form of productive labour to the common weal, and toil and travail that the day's work may be done. Society often forgives the criminal; it never forgives the dreamer. The beautiful sterile emotions that art excites in us, are hateful in its eyes, and so completely are people dominated by the tyranny of this dreadful social ideal that they are always coming shamelessly up to one at Private Views and other places that are open to the general public, and saying in a loud stentorian voice,

‘What are you doing?’: whereas ‘What are you thinking?’ is the only question that any single civilised being should ever be allowed to whisper to another. They mean well, no doubt, these honest beaming folk. Perhaps that is the reason why they are so excessively tedious. But some one should teach them that while, in the opinion of society, Contemplation is the gravest sin of which any citizen can be guilty, in the opinion of the highest culture it is the proper occupation of man.

E. Contemplation?

G. Contemplation. I said to you some time ago that it was far more difficult to talk about a thing than to do it. *Let me say to you now that to do nothing at all is the most difficult thing in the world, the most difficult and the most intellectual.* To Plato, with his passion for wisdom, this was the noblest form of energy. To Aristotle, with his passion for knowledge, this was the noblest form of energy also. It was to this that the passion for holiness led the saint and the mystic of mediæval days.

E. We exist, then, to do nothing?

G. It is to do nothing that the elect exist. Action is limited and relative. Unlimited and absolute is the vision of him who sits at ease and watches, who walks in loneliness and dreams. But we, who are born at the close of this wonderful age, are at once too cultured and too critical, too intellectually subtle and too curious of exquisite pleasures, to accept any speculations about life in exchange for life itself. To us the *città divina* is colourless, and the *fruitio Dei* without meaning. Metaphysics do not satisfy our temperaments, and religious ecstasy is out of date. The world through which the Academic philosopher becomes ‘the spectator of all time and of all existence’ is not really an ideal world, but simply a world of abstract ideas. When we enter it, we starve amidst the chill mathematics of thought. The courts of the city of God are not open to us now. Its gates are guarded by Ignorance, and to pass them we have to surrender all that in our nature is most divine. It is enough that our fathers believed. They have exhausted the faith-faculty of the species. Their legacy to us is the scepticism of which they were afraid. Had they put it into words, it might not live within us as thought. No, Ernest, no. We cannot go back to the saint. There is far more to be learned from the sinner. We cannot go back to the philosopher, and the mystic leads us astray. Who, as Mr. Pater suggests somewhere, would exchange the ‘curve of a single rose-leaf’ for that formless intangible Being which Plato rates so high? What to us is the Illumination of Philo, the Abyss of Eckhart, the Vision of Böhme, the monstrous Heaven itself that was revealed to Swedenborg’s blinded eyes? Such things are less than the yellow trumpet of one daffodil of the field, far less than the meanest of the visible arts; for, just as Nature is matter struggling into mind,

so Art is mind expressing itself under the conditions of matter, and thus, even in the lowliest of its manifestations, speaking to both sense and soul alike. To the æsthetic temperament the vague is always repellent. The passion for the Infinite is always at variance with the passion for Form. Like Aristotle, like Goethe after he had read Kant, we desire the concrete, and nothing but the concrete can satisfy us.

E. What, then, do you propose?

G. It seems to me that with the development of the critical spirit we shall be able to realise, not merely our own lives, but the collective life of the race, and so to make ourselves absolutely modern, in the true meaning of the word modernity. For he to whom the present is the only thing that is present, knows nothing of the age in which he lives. To realise the nineteenth century, one must realise every century that has preceded it and that has contributed to its making. To know anything about oneself, one must know all about others. There must be no mood with which one cannot sympathise, no dead mode of life that one cannot make alive. Is this impossible? I think not. By revealing to us the absolute mechanism of all action, and so freeing us from the self-imposed and trammelling burden of moral responsibility, the scientific principle of Heredity has become, as it were, the warrant for the contemplative life. It has shown us that we are never less free than when we try to act. It has hemmed us round with the nets of the hunter, and written upon the wall the prophecy of our doom. We may not watch it, for it is within us. We may not see it, save in a mirror that mirrors the soul. It is Nemesis without her mask. It is the last of the Fates, and the most terrible. It is the only one of the Gods whose real name we know.

And yet, while in the sphere of practical and external life it has robbed energy of its freedom and activity of its choice, in the subjective sphere, where the soul is at work, it comes to us, this terrible shadow, with many gifts in its hands, gifts of strange temperaments and subtle susceptibilities, gifts of wild ardours and chill moods of indifference, complex multiform gifts of thoughts that are at variance with each other, and passions that war against themselves. And so it is not our own life that we live, but the lives of the dead, and the soul that dwells within us is no single spiritual entity, making us personal and individual, created for our service, and entering into us for our joy. It is something that has dwelt in fearful places, and in ancient sepulchres has made its abode. It is sick with many maladies, and has memories of curious sins. It is wiser than we are, and its wisdom is bitter. It fills us with impossible desires, and makes us follow what we know we cannot gain. One thing, however, Ernest, it can do for us. It can lead us away from surroundings whose beauty is dimmed to us by the mist of familiarity, or whose ignoble ugliness and sordid claims are marring the perfection of our development. It

can help us to leave the age in which we were born, and to pass into other ages, and find ourselves not exiled from their air. It can teach us how to escape from our experience, and to realise the experiences of those who are greater than we are. The pain of Leopardi crying out against life becomes our pain. Theocritus blows on his pipe, and we laugh with the lips of nymph and shepherd. In the wolfskin of Pierre Vidal we flee before the hounds, and in the armour of Lancelot we ride from the bower of the Queen. We have whispered the secret of our love beneath the cowl of Abelard, and in the stained raiment of Villon have put our shame into song. We can see the dawn through Shelley's eyes, and when we wander with Endymion the Moon grows amorous of our youth. Ours is the anguish of Atys, and ours the weak rage and noble sorrow of the Dane. Do you think that it is the imagination that enables us to live these countless lives? Yes: it is the imagination; and the imagination is the result of heredity. It is simply concentrated race-experience.

E. But where in this is the function of the critical spirit?

G. The culture that this transmission of racial experiences makes possible can be made perfect by the critical spirit alone, and indeed may be said to be one with it. For who is the true critic but he who bears within himself the dreams, and ideas, and feelings of myriad generations, and to whom no form of thought is alien, no emotional impulse obscure? And who the true man of culture, if not he who by fine scholarship and fastidious rejection has made instinct self-conscious and intelligent, and can separate the work that has distinction from the work that has it not, and so by contact and comparison becomes master of the secrets of style and school, and understands their meanings, and listens to their voices, and develops that spirit of disinterested curiosity which is the real root, as it is the real flower, of the intellectual life, and thus attains to intellectual clarity, and, having learned 'the best that is known and thought in the world,' lives—it is not fanciful to say so—with those who are the Immortals.

Yes, Ernest: the contemplative life, the life that has for its aim not *doing* but *being*, and not *being* merely, but *becoming*—that is what the critical spirit can give us. The gods live thus: either brooding over their own perfection, as Aristotle tells us, or, as Epicurus fancied, watching with the calm eyes of the spectator the tragi-comedy of the world that they have made. We, too, might live like them, and set ourselves to witness with appropriate emotions the varied scenes that man and nature afford. We might make ourselves spiritual by detaching ourselves from action, and become perfect by the rejection of energy. It has often seemed to me that Browning felt something of this. Shakespeare hurls Hamlet into active life, and makes him accomplish his mission by effort. Browning might have given us a Hamlet who would have accomplished

his mission by thinking. Incident and event were to him unreal or unmeaning. He made the soul the protagonist of life's tragedy, and looked on action as the one undramatic element of a play. To us, at any rate, the ΒΙΟΣ ΘΕΩΡΗΤΙΚΟΣ is the true ideal. From the high tower of Thought we can look out at the world. Calm, and self-centred, and complete, the artistic critic contemplates life, and no arrow drawn at a venture can pierce between the joints of his harness. He at least is safe. He has discovered how to live.

Is such a mode of life immoral? Yes: all the arts are immoral, except those baser forms of sensual or didactic art that seek to excite to action of evil or of good. *For action of every kind belongs to the sphere of ethics. The aim of art is simply to create a mood.* Is such a mode of life unpractical? Ah! it is not so easy to be unpractical as the ignorant Philistine imagines. It were well for England if it were so. There is no country in the world so much in need of unpractical people as this country of ours. With us, Thought is degraded by its constant association with practice. Who that moves in the stress and turmoil of actual existence, noisy politician, or brawling social reformer, or poor narrow-minded priest blinded by the sufferings of that unimportant section of the community among whom he has cast his lot, can seriously claim to be able to form a disinterested intellectual judgment about any one thing? Each of the professions means a prejudice. The necessity for a career forces every one to take sides. We live in an age when people are so over-industrious that they are entirely under-educated. And, harsh though it may sound, I cannot help saying that such people deserve their doom. *The sure way of knowing nothing about life is to try and make oneself useful.*

E. A charming doctrine, Gilbert.

G. I am not sure about that, but it has at least the minor merit of being true. That the desire to do good to others produces a plentiful crop of prigs is the least of the evils of which it is the cause. The prig is a very interesting psychological study, and though of all poses a moral pose is the most offensive, still to have a pose at all is something. It is a formal recognition of the importance of treating life from a definite and reasoned standpoint. That Humanitarian Sympathy wars against Nature, by securing the survival of the fittest, may make the man of science loathe its facile virtues. The political economist may cry out against it for putting the improvident on the same level as the provident, and so robbing life of the strongest, because most sordid, incentive to industry. But, in the eyes of the thinker, the real harm that emotional sympathy does is that it limits knowledge, and so prevents us from solving any single social problem. We are trying, at present, to stave off the coming crisis, the coming revolution as my friends the Fabianists call it, by means of doles and alms.

Well, when the revolution or crisis arrives, we shall be powerless because we shall know nothing. And so, Ernest, let us not be deceived. England will never be civilised till she has added Utopia to her dominions. There is more than one of her colonies that she might with advantage surrender for so fair a land. What we want are unpractical people who see beyond the moment, and think beyond the day. Those who try to lead the people can only do so by following the mob. It is through the voice of one crying in the wilderness that the way of the gods must be prepared.

But perhaps you think that in beholding for the mere joy of beholding, and contemplating for the sake of contemplation, there is something that is egotistic. If you think so, do not say so. It takes a thoroughly selfish age, like our own, to deify self-sacrifice. It takes a thoroughly grasping age, such as that in which we live, to set above the intellectual virtues those virtues that are of immediate practical benefit to itself. They miss their aim, too, these philanthropists and sentimentalists of our day, who are always chattering about one's duty to one's neighbour. For the development of the race depends on the development of the individual, and where self-culture has ceased to be the ideal, the intellectual standard is instantly lowered, and, often, ultimately lost. If you meet at dinner a man who has spent his life in educating himself—a rare type in our time, I admit, but still one occasionally to be met with—you rise from table richer, and conscious that a high ideal has for a moment touched and sanctified your days. But oh! my dear Ernest, to sit next a man who has spent his life in trying to educate others! What a dreadful experience that is! How appalling is that ignorance which is the inevitable result of the fatal habit of imparting opinions! How limited in range the creature's mind proves to be! How it wearies us, and must weary himself, with its endless repetitions and sickly reiteration!

People say that the schoolmaster is abroad. I wish to goodness he were. But the type of which, after all, he is only one, and certainly the least important, of the representatives, seems to me to be really dominating our lives; and just as the philanthropist is the nuisance of the ethical sphere, so the nuisance of the intellectual sphere is the man who is so occupied in trying to educate others, that he has never had any time to educate himself. No, Ernest, self-culture is the true ideal for man. Goethe saw it, and the immediate debt that we owe to Goethe is greater than the debt we owe to any single man since Greek days. The Greeks saw it, and have left us, as their legacy to modern thought, the conception of the Contemplative Life as well as the critical method by which alone can that life be truly realised. It was the one thing that made the Renaissance great, and gave us Humanism. It is the one thing that could make our own age great also; for the real weakness of

England lies, not in incomplete armaments or unfortified coasts, not in the poverty that creeps through sunless lanes, or the drunkenness that brawls in loathsome courts, but simply in the fact that her national ideals are emotional and not intellectual.

I do not deny that the intellectual ideal is difficult of attainment, still less that it is, and perhaps will be for years to come, unpopular with the crowd. It is so easy for people to have sympathy with suffering. It is so difficult for them to have sympathy with thought. Indeed, so little do ordinary people understand what thought really is, that they seem to imagine that, when they have said that a theory is dangerous, they have pronounced its condemnation, whereas it is only such theories that have any true intellectual value. *An idea that is not dangerous is unworthy of being called an idea at all.*

E. Gilbert, you bewilder me. You have told me that all art is, in its essence, immoral. Are you going to tell me now that all thought is, in its essence, dangerous?

G. Yes, in the practical sphere it is so. The security of society lies in custom and unconscious instinct, and the basis of the stability of society, as a healthy organism, is the complete absence of any intelligence amongst its members. The great majority of people, being fully aware of this, rank themselves naturally on the side of that splendid system that elevates them to the dignity of machines, and rage so wildly against the intrusion of the intellectual faculty into any question that concerns life, that one is tempted to define man as a rational animal who always loses his temper when he is called upon to act in accordance with the dictates of reason. But let us turn from the practical sphere, and say no more about the wicked philanthropists, who, indeed, may well be left to the mercy of the almond-eyed sage of the Yellow River, Chuang Ts'ü the wise, who has proved that such well-meaning and offensive busybodies have destroyed the simple and spontaneous virtue that there is in man. Your philanthropist is a wearisome topic, and I am anxious to get back to the sphere in which criticism is free.

E. The sphere of the intellect?

G. Yes. You remember that I spoke of the critic as being in his own way as creative as the artist, whose work, indeed, may be merely of value in so far as it gives to the critic a suggestion for some new mood of thought and feeling which he can realise with equal, or perhaps greater, distinction of form, and, through the use of a fresh medium of expression, make differently beautiful and more perfect. Well, you seemed to me to be a little sceptical about the theory. But perhaps I wronged you?

E. I am not really sceptical about it. I must admit, however, that I feel very strongly that such work as you describe the critic producing—and creative such work must undoubtedly be admitted

to be—is, of necessity, purely subjective, whereas the greatest work is objective always, objective and impersonal.

G. But the difference between objective and subjective work is one of external form merely. It is accidental, not essential. All artistic creation is absolutely subjective. The very landscape that Corot looked at was, as he said himself, but a mood of his own mind; and those great figures of Greek or English drama that seem to us to possess an actual existence of their own, apart from the poets who shaped and fashioned them, are, in their ultimate analysis, simply the poets themselves, not as they thought they were, but as they thought they were not, and by such thinking came in strange manner, though but for a moment, really so to be. For out of ourselves we can never pass, nor can there be in creation what in the creator was not. Nay, I would say that the more objective a creation appears to be, the more subjective it really is. Shakespeare might have met Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the white streets of London, or seen the serving-men of rival houses bite their thumbs at each other in the open square; but Hamlet came out of his soul, and Romeo out of his passion. They were elements of his nature to which he gave visible form, impulses that stirred so strongly within him that he had, as it were perforce, to suffer them to realise their energy, not on the lower plane of actual life, where they would have been trammelled and constrained and so made imperfect, but on that imaginative plane of art where Love can indeed find in Death its rich fulfilment, where one can stab the eavesdropper behind the arras, and wrestle in a new-made grave, and make a guilty king drink his own hurt, and see one's father's spirit, beneath the glimpses of the moon, stalking in complete steel from misty wall to wall. Action being limited would have left Shakespeare unsatisfied and unexpressed; and, just as it is because he did nothing that he has been able to achieve everything, so it is because he never speaks to us of himself in his plays that his plays reveal him to us absolutely, and show us his true nature and temperament far more completely than do those strange and exquisite sonnets even, in which he bares to crystal eyes the secret closet of his heart. Yes, the objective form is the most subjective in matter. Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth.

E. The critic, then, being limited to the subjective form, will necessarily be less able to fully express himself than the artist, who has always at his disposal the forms that are impersonal and objective.

G. Not necessarily, and certainly not at all if he recognises that each mode of criticism is, in its highest development, simply a mood, and that we are never more true to ourselves than when we are inconsistent. The æsthetic critic, constant only to the principle of beauty in all things, will ever be looking for fresh impressions, winning from

the various schools the secret of their charm, bowing, it may be, before foreign altars, or smiling, if it be his fancy, at strange new gods. What other people call one's past has, no doubt, everything to do with them, but has absolutely nothing to do with oneself. The man who regards his past is a man who deserves to have no future to look forward to. When one has found expression for a mood, one has done with it. You laugh; but believe me it is so. Yesterday it was Realism that lured one. One gained from it that *nouveau frisson* which it was its aim to produce. One analysed it, explained it, and wearied of it. At sunset came the *Luministe* in painting, and the *Symboliste* in poetry, and the spirit of Mediævalism, that spirit which belongs not to time but to temperament, woke suddenly in wounded Russia, and stirred us for a moment by the terrible fascination of pain. To-day the cry is for Romance, and already the leaves are tremulous in the valley, and on the purple hill-tops walks Beauty with slim gilded feet. The old modes of creation linger, of course. The artists reproduce either themselves or each other, with wearisome iteration. But Criticism is always moving on, and the critic is always developing.

Nor, again, is the critic really limited to the subjective form of expression. The method of the drama is his, as well as the method of the epos. He may use dialogue, as he did who set Milton talking to Marvell on the nature of comedy and tragedy, and made Sidney and Lord Brooke discourse on letters beneath the Penshurst oaks; or adopt narration, as Mr. Pater is fond of doing, each of whose Imaginary Portraits—is not that the title of the book?—presents to us, under the fanciful guise of fiction, some fine and exquisite piece of criticism, one on the painter Watteau, another on the philosophy of Spinoza, another on the Pagan elements of the early Renaissance, and the last, and in some respects the most suggestive, on the source of that *Aufklärung*, that enlightening, which dawned on Germany in the last century, and to which our own culture owes so great a debt. Dialogue, certainly, that wonderful literary form which, from Plato to Lucian, and from Lucian to Giordano Bruno, and from Bruno to that grand old Pagan in whom Carlyle took such delight, the creative critics of the world have always employed, can never lose for the thinker its attraction as a mode of expression. By its means he can both reveal and conceal himself, and give form to every fancy, and reality to every mood. By its means he can exhibit the object from each point of view, and show it to us in the round, as a sculptor shows us things, gaining in this manner all the richness and reality of effect that comes from those side-issues that are suddenly suggested by the central idea in its progress, and really illumine the idea more completely, or from those felicitous afterthoughts that give a fuller completeness to the central scheme, and yet convey something of the delicate charm of chance.

E. By its means, too, he can invent an imaginary antagonist, and convert him, when he chooses, by some absurdly sophistical argument.

G. Ah! it is so easy to convert others. It is so difficult to convert oneself. To arrive at what one really believes, one must speak through lips different from one's own. To know the truth one must imagine myriads of falsehoods. For what is Truth? In matters of religion, it is simply the opinion that has survived. In matters of science, it is the ultimate sensation. In matters of art, it is one's last mood. And you see now, Ernest, that the critic has at his disposal as many objective forms of expression as the artist himself. Ruskin put his criticism into imaginative prose, and is superb in his changes and contradictions; and Browning put his into blank verse, and made painter and poet yield us their secret; and M. Renan uses dialogue, and Mr. Pater fiction, and Rossetti translated into sonnet-music the colour of Giorgione and the design of Ingres, and his own design and colour also, feeling, with the instinct of one who had many modes of utterance, that the ultimate art is literature, and the finest and fullest medium that of words.

E. Well, now that you have settled that the critic has at his disposal all objective forms, I wish you would tell me what are the qualities that should characterise the true critic.

G. What would you say they were?

E. I would say that a critic should above all things be fair.

G. Ah! not fair. A critic cannot be fair in the ordinary sense of the word. It is only about things that do not interest one that one can give a really unbiassed opinion, which is no doubt the reason why an unbiassed opinion is always absolutely valueless. Art is a passion, and, in matters of art, Thought is inevitably coloured by emotion, and so is fluid rather than fixed, and, depending upon fine moods and exquisite moments, cannot be narrowed into the rigidity of a scientific formula or a theological dogma. It is to the soul that Art speaks, and the soul may be made the prisoner of the mind as well as of the body. One should, of course, have no prejudices; but, as a great Frenchman remarked a hundred years ago, in literature it is one's business to have preferences, and when one has preferences one ceases to be fair. It is only an auctioneer who can equally and impartially admire all schools of art. No: fairness is not one of the qualities of the true critic, it is not even a condition of criticism. Each form of art with which we come in contact dominates us for the moment to the exclusion of every other form. We must surrender ourselves absolutely to the work in question, whatever it may be, if we wish to gain its secret. For the time, we must think of nothing else, can think of nothing else, indeed.

E. The true critic will be rational, at any rate, will he not?

G. Rational! There are two ways of disliking art, Ernest. One is to dislike it. The other, to like it rationally. For Art, as Plato

saw, and not without regret, creates in listener and spectator a form of divine madness. It does not spring from inspiration, but it makes others inspired. Reason is not the faculty to which it appeals. If one loves Art at all, one must love it beyond all other things in the world, and against such love, the reason, if one listened to it, would cry out. There is nothing sane about the worship of beauty. It is too splendid to be sane. Those of whose lives it forms the dominant note will always seem to the world to be mere visionaries.

E. Well, at least, the critic will be sincere.

G. A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal. The true critic will, indeed, always be sincere in his devotion to the principle of beauty, but he will seek for beauty in every age and in each school, and will never suffer himself to be limited to any settled custom of thought, or stereotyped mode of looking at things. He will realise himself in many forms, and by a thousand different ways, and will ever be curious of new sensations and fresh points of view. Through constant change, and through constant change alone, he will find his true unity. He will never consent to be the slave of his own opinions, and in this he will act wisely. For what is mind but motion in the intellectual sphere? The essence of thought, as the essence of life, is growth. You must not be frightened by words, Ernest. What people call insincerity is simply a method by which we can multiply our personalities.

E. Tell me yourself what are the true qualifications for the critic.

G. Temperament is the primary requisite for the critic—a temperament exquisitely susceptible to beauty, and to the various impressions that beauty gives us. Under what conditions, and by what means, this temperament first appeared in the evolution of the race, we will not discuss at present. It is sufficient to note that it exists, and that there is in us a beauty-sense, separate from the other senses and above them, separate from the reason and of nobler import, separate from the soul and of equal value—a sense that leads some to create, and others, the finer spirits as I think, to contemplate merely. But to be purified and made perfect, this sense requires some form of exquisite environment. Without this it starves, or is dulled. You remember that lovely passage in which Plato describes how a young Greek should be educated, and with what insistence he dwells upon the importance of surroundings, telling us how the lad is to be brought up in the midst of fair sights and sounds, so that the beauty of material things may prepare his soul for the reception of the beauty that is spiritual. Insensibly, and without knowing the reason why, he is to develop that real love of beauty which, as Plato is never weary of reminding us, is the true aim of education. By slow degrees there is to be engendered in him such a temperament as will lead him naturally and simply to

choose the good in preference to the bad, and, rejecting what is vulgar and discordant, to follow by fine instinctive taste all that possesses grace and charm and loveliness. Ultimately, of course, this taste is to become critical and self-conscious, but at first it is to exist purely as a cultivated instinct, and 'he who has received this true culture of the inner man *will with clear and certain vision perceive the omissions and faults in art or nature*, and with a taste that cannot err, while he praises, and finds his pleasure in what is good, and receives it into his soul, and so becomes good and noble, will rightly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why : ' and so, when, later on, the critical and self-conscious spirit develops in him, he 'will recognise and salute it as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.' I need hardly say, Ernest, how far we in England have fallen short of this ideal, and I can imagine the smile that would illuminate the glossy face of the Philistine if one ventured to suggest to him that the true aim of education was the love of beauty, and that the methods by which education should work were the development of temperament, the cultivation of taste, and the creation of the critical spirit.

Yet, even for us, there is left some loveliness of environment, and the dulness of tutors and professors matters very little when one can loiter in the grey cloisters at Magdalen, and listen to some flute-like voice singing in Waynfleete's chapel, or lie in the green meadow, among the strange snake-spotted fritillaries, and watch the sunburnt noon smite to a finer gold the tower's gilded vanes, or wander up the Christ Church staircase beneath the vaulted ceiling's shadowy fans, or pass through the sculptured gateway of Laud's building in the college of St. John. Nor is it merely at Oxford, or Cambridge, that the sense of beauty can be formed and trained and perfected. All over England there is a Renaissance of the decorative arts. Ugliness and vulgarity have had their day. Even in the houses of the rich there is taste, and the houses of those who are not rich have been made gracious and comely and sweet to live in. Caliban, poor noisy Caliban, thinks that when he has ceased to make mows at a thing, the thing ceases to exist. But if he mocks no longer, it is because he has been met with mockery swifter and keener than his own, and for a moment has been bitterly schooled into that silence that should seal for ever his uncouth distorted lips. Yes, Ernest, England is even now quickening with this strange passion for beauty, and when her yellow leopards have grown weary of wars, and the rose of her shield is crimson no more with the blood of men, she will find that, matched with the treasures that form and colour can bring her, the treasures of extended empire are as barren as the sea that she has made her highway, and as bitter as the fire that she would make her slave.

Certainly, for the cultivation of temperament, we must turn to the decorative arts: to the arts that touch us, not to the arts that teach us. Modern pictures are, no doubt, delightful to look at. At least, some of them are. But they are quite impossible to live with; they are too clever, too assertive, too intellectual. Their meaning is too obvious, and their method too clearly defined. One exhausts what they have to say in a very short time, and then they become as tedious as one's relations.

The art that is frankly decorative is the art to live with. It is, of all our visible arts, the one art that creates in us both mood and temperament. Mere colour, unspoiled by meaning, and unallied with definite form, can speak to the soul in a thousand different ways. The harmony that resides in the delicate proportions of lines and masses becomes mirrored in the mind. The repetitions of pattern give us rest. The marvels of design stir the imagination. In the mere loveliness of the materials employed there are latent elements of culture. Nor is this all. By its deliberate rejection of Nature as the ideal of beauty, as well as of the imitative method of the ordinary painter, decorative art not merely prepares the soul for the reception of true imaginative work, but develops in it that sense of form which is the basis of creative no less than of critical achievement. *For the real artist is he who proceeds, not from feeling to form, but from form to thought and passion.* He does not first conceive an idea, and then say to himself, 'I will put my idea into a complex metre of fourteen lines,' but, realising the beauty of the sonnet-scheme, he conceives certain modes of music and methods of rhyme, and the mere form suggests what is to fill it and make it intellectually and emotionally complete. From time to time the world cries out against some charming artistic poet, because, to use its hackneyed and silly phrase, he has 'nothing to say.' But if he had something to say, he would probably say it, and the result would be tedious. It is just because he has no new message, that he can do beautiful work. He gains his inspiration from form, and from form purely, as an artist should. A real passion would ruin him. Whatever actually occurs is spoiled for art. All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling.

E. I wonder do you really believe what you say.

G. Why should you wonder? It is not merely in art that the body is the soul. In every sphere of existence Form is the beginning of things. The rhythmic, harmonious gestures of dancing bring, Plato tells us, both rhythm and harmony to the mind. Forms are the food of faith, cried Newman in one of those great moments of sincerity that made us admire and know the man. He was right, though he may not have known how terribly right he was. The Creeds are believed, not because they are rational, but because they are repeated. Yes: Form is everything. It is the one secret of life.

Find expression for a sorrow, and it will become dear to you. Find expression for a joy, and you intensify its ecstasy. Do you wish to love? Use Love's Litany, and the words will create the yearning from which the listener fancies that they spring. Have you a grief that corrodes your heart? Steep yourself in the language of grief, learn its utterance from Prince Hamlet and Queen Constance, and you will find that mere expression is a mode of consolation, and that Form, which is the birth of passion, is also the death of pain. And so, to return to the sphere of Art, it is Form that creates not merely the critical temperament, but also the æsthetic instinct, that unerring instinct that reveals to one all things under their conditions of beauty. Start with the worship of form, and there is no mystery in art that will not be revealed to you, and remember that in criticism, as in creation, temperament is everything, and that it is, not by the time of their production, but by the temperaments to which they appeal, that the schools of art should be æsthetically grouped.

E. Your theory of education is delightful. But what influence will your critic, brought up in these exquisite surroundings, possess? Do you really think that any artist is ever affected by criticism?

G. The influence of the critic will be the mere fact of his own existence. He will represent the flawless type. In him the culture of the century will see itself realised. You must not ask of him to have any aim other than the perfecting of himself. The demand of the intellect, as has been well said, is simply to feel itself alive. The critic may, indeed, desire to exercise influence; but, if so, he will concern himself not with the individual, but with the age, which he will seek to wake into consciousness, and to make responsive, creating in it new desires and appetites, and lending it his larger vision and his nobler moods. The actual art of to-day will occupy him less than the art of to-morrow, far less than the art of yesterday; and as for this or that person at present toiling away, what do the industrious matter? They do their best, no doubt, and consequently we get the worst from them. It is always with the best intentions that the worst work is done. And besides, my dear Ernest, when a man reaches the age of forty, or becomes a Royal Academician, or is elected a member of the Athenæum Club, or is recognised as a popular novelist, whose books are in great demand at suburban railway stations, one may have the amusement of exposing him, but one cannot have the pleasure of reforming him. And this is, I dare say, very fortunate for him; for I have no doubt that reformation is a much more painful process than punishment, is indeed punishment, in its most aggravated and moral form—a fact which accounts for our entire failure as a community to reclaim that interesting phenomenon who is called the confirmed criminal.

E. But may it not be that the poet is the best judge of poetry, and the painter of painting? Each art must appeal primarily to

the artist who works in it. His judgment will surely be the most valuable.

G. The appeal of all art is simply to the artistic temperament. Art does not address herself to the specialist. Her claim is that she is universal, and that in all her manifestations she is one. Indeed so far from its being true that the artist is the best judge of art, a really great artist can never judge of other people's work at all, and can hardly, in fact, judge of his own. That very concentration of vision that makes a man an artist, limits by its sheer intensity his faculty of fine appreciation. The energy of creation hurries him blindly on to his own goal. The wheels of his chariot raise the dust as a cloud around him. The gods are hidden from each other. They can recognise their worshippers. That is all.

E. You say that a great artist cannot recognise the beauty of work different from his own?

G. It is impossible for him to do so. Wordsworth saw in *Endymion* merely a pretty piece of Paganism, and Shelley, with his dislike of actuality, was deaf to Wordsworth's message, being repelled by its form, and Byron, that great passionate human incomplete creature, could appreciate neither the poet of the cloud nor the poet of the lake, and the wonder of Keats was hidden from him. The realism of Euripides was hateful to Sophokles. Those droppings of warm tears had no music for him. Milton, with his sense of the grand style, could not understand the method of Shakespeare, any more than could Sir Joshua the true quality of Gainsborough's landscapes. Bad artists always admire each other's work. They call it being large-minded and free from prejudice. But a truly great artist cannot conceive of life being shown, or beauty fashioned, under any conditions other than those that he himself has selected. Creation employs all its critical faculty within its own sphere. It may not use it in the sphere that belongs to others. *It is exactly because a man cannot do a thing that he is the proper judge of it.*

E. Do you really mean that?

G. Yes, for creation limits, while contemplation widens, the vision.

E. But what about technique? Surely each art has its separate technique?

G. Certainly: each art has its grammar and its materials. There is no mystery about either, and the incompetent can always be correct. But, while the laws upon which Art rests may be fixed and certain, to find their true realisation they must be touched by the imagination into such beauty that they will seem an exception, each one of them. *Technique is really personality. That is the reason why the artist cannot teach it, why the pupil cannot learn it, and why the æsthetic critic can understand it.* To the great poet there is only one method of music—his own. To the great painter there is

only one manner of painting—that which he himself employs. The æsthetic critic, and the æsthetic critic alone, can appreciate all forms and modes. It is to him that Art makes her appeal.

E. Well, I think I have put all my questions to you. And now I must admit—

G. Ah! don't tell me that you agree with me. When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong.

E. (*smiling*). In that case I certainly won't tell you whether I agree with you or not. But I will put another question to you. You have explained to me that criticism is a creative art. What future has it?

G. It is to criticism that the future belongs. The subject-matter at the disposal of creation becomes every day more limited in extent and variety. Providence and Mr. Walter Besant have exhausted the obvious. If creation is to last at all, it can only do so on the condition of becoming far more critical than it is at present. The old roads and dusty highways have been traversed too often. Their charm has been worn away by plodding feet, and they have lost that element of novelty or surprise which is so essential for romance. He who would stir us now by fiction must either give us an entirely new background, or reveal to us the soul of man in its innermost workings. The first is, for the moment, being done for us by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. As one turns over the pages of his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. The bright colours of the bazaars dazzle one's eyes. The jaded, commonplace Anglo-Indians are in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings. The mere lack of style in the storyteller gives an odd journalistic realism to what he tells us. From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a man of talent who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than anyone has ever known it. Dickens knew its clothes. Mr. Kipling knows its essence. He is our best authority on the second-rate. He terrifies us by his truth, and makes his sordid subject-matter marvellous by the brilliancy of its setting. As for the second condition, we have had Browning, and Meredith is with us. But there is still much to be done in the sphere of introspection. People sometimes say that fiction is getting too morbid. As far as psychology is concerned, it has never been morbid enough. We have merely touched the surface of the soul, that is all. In one single ivory cell of the brain there are stored away things more marvellous and more terrible than even they have dreamed of who, like the author of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, have sought to track the soul into its most secret places, and to make life confess its dearest sins. Still, there is a limit even to the number of untried backgrounds, and it is possible that a further development of the habit of introspection may prove

fatal to that creative faculty to which it seeks to supply fresh material. *I am myself inclined to think that creation is doomed. It springs from too primitive, too natural an impulse.* However this may be, it is certain that the subject-matter at the disposal of creation is always diminishing, while the subject-matter of criticism increases daily. There are always new attitudes for the mind, and new points of view. The duty of imposing form upon chaos does not grow less as the world advances. There was never a time when Criticism was more needed than it is now. It is only by its means that Humanity can become conscious of the point at which it has arrived.

Hours ago, Ernest, you asked me the use of Criticism. You might just as well have asked me the use of thought. It is Criticism, as Arnold points out, that creates the intellectual atmosphere of the age. It is Criticism, as Plato pointed out, that makes the mind a fine instrument. We, in our educational system, have burdened the memory with a load of unconnected facts, and laboriously striven to impart our laboriously-acquired knowledge. We teach people how to remember, we never teach them how to grow. It has never occurred to us to try and develop in the mind a more subtle quality of apprehension and discernment. The Greeks did this, and when we come in contact with the Greek critical intellect, we cannot but be conscious that, while our subject-matter is in every respect larger and more varied than theirs, theirs is the only method by which this subject-matter can be interpreted. England has done one thing; it has invented and established Public Opinion. But Wisdom has always been hidden from it. Considered as an instrument of thought, the English mind is coarse and undeveloped. The only thing that can purify it is the growth of the critical instinct.

It is Criticism, again, that, by concentration, makes culture possible. It takes the cumbersome mass of creative work, and distils it into a finer essence. Who that desires to retain any sense of form could struggle through the monstrous multitudinous books that the world has produced, books in which thought stammers or ignorance brawls? The thread that is to guide us across the wearisome labyrinth is in Criticism's hands. Nay, more, where there is no record, and history is either lost or was never written, Criticism can recreate the past for us from the very smallest fragment of language or art, just as surely as the man of science can from some tiny bone, or the mere impress of a foot upon a rock, reconstruct for us the winged dragon or Titan lizard that once made the earth shake beneath its tread, can call Behemoth out of his cave, and make Leviathan swim once more across the startled sea. Prehistoric history belongs to the philological and archæological critic. It is to him that the origins of things are revealed. The self-conscious deposits of an age are nearly always misleading. Through philological criticism alone, we know more of

the centuries of which no actual record has been preserved, than we do of the centuries that have left us their scrolls. It can do for us what can be done neither by physics nor metaphysics. It can give us the exact science of mind in the process of becoming. It can do for us what History cannot do. It can tell us how man thought before he learned how to write. Even in the practical sphere of political relations Criticism has its place. It is Criticism that makes us cosmopolitan. The Manchester school tried to teach men to realise the brotherhood of humanity, by pointing out the commercial advantages of peace. It sought to degrade the wonderful world into a common market-place for the buyer and the seller. It addressed itself to the lowest instincts, and it failed. War followed upon war, and the tradesman's creed did not prevent France and Germany from clashing together in blood-stained battle. There are others of our own day who seek to appeal to mere emotional sympathies, or to the shallow dogmas of some cheap system of abstract ethics. They have their Peace Societies, so dear to the sentimentalists, and their proposals for unarmed International Arbitration, so popular among those who have never read history. But mere emotional sympathy will not do. It is too variable, and too closely connected with the passions; and a board of arbitrators who, for the general welfare of the race, are to be deprived of the power of putting their decisions into execution, will not be of much avail. There is only one thing worse than Injustice, and that is Justice without her sword in her hand. When Right is not Might, it is Evil.

No: the emotions cannot make us cosmopolitan, any more than the greed for gain could do so. It is only by the cultivation of the habit of intellectual criticism that we shall be able to rise superior to race-prejudices. Goethe—you will not misunderstand what I say—was a German of the Germans. He loved his country—no man more so. Its people were dear to him, and he led them. And yet, when the iron hoof of Napoleon trampled upon vineyard and cornfield, his lips were silent. 'How can one write songs of hatred without hating?' he said to Eckermann; 'and how could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?' This note, sounded in the modern world by Goethe first, will become, I think, the starting-point for the cosmopolitanism of the future. Criticism will annihilate race-prejudices, by insisting upon the unity of the human mind in the variety of its forms. If we are tempted to make war upon another nation, we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly the most important element of it. As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular. The change will, of course, be

slow, and people will not be conscious of it. They will not say 'We will not war against France because her prose is perfect,' but because the prose of France is perfect they will not hate the land. Intellectual criticism will bind Europe together in bonds far closer than those that can be forged by shopman or sentimentalist. It will give us the peace that springs from understanding.

Nor is this all. It is Criticism that, recognising no position as final, and refusing to bind itself by the shallow shibboleths of any sect or school, creates that serene philosophic temper which loves truth for its own sake, and loves it not the less because it knows it to be unattainable. How little we have of this temper in England, and how much we need it! The English mind is always in a rage. The intellect of the race is wasted in the sordid and stupid quarrels of second-rate politicians, or third-rate theologians. It was reserved for a man of science to show us the supreme example of that 'sweet reasonableness' of which Arnold spoke so wisely, and, alas! to so little effect. The author of the *Origin of Species* had, at any rate, the philosophic temper. If one contemplates the ordinary pulpits and platforms and newspapers of England, one can but feel the contempt of Julian, or the indifference of Montaigne. We are dominated by the fanatic, whose worst vice is his sincerity. Anything approaching to the free play of the mind is practically unknown amongst us. People cry out against the sinner, yet it is not the sinful, but the stupid, who are our shame. There is no sin except stupidity.

E. My dear fellow!

G. It is so. The artistic critic, like the mystic, is an anti-nomian always. To be good, according to the vulgar standard of goodness, is obviously quite easy. It merely requires a certain amount of sordid terror, a certain lack of imaginative thought, and a certain low passion for middle-class respectability. *Æsthetics* are higher than *ethics*. They belong to a more spiritual sphere. *To discern the beauty of a thing is the finest point to which we can arrive.* Even a colour-sense is more important in the development of the individual than a sense of right and wrong. *Æsthetics*, in fact, are to *Ethics*, in the sphere of human civilisation, what, in the sphere of the external world, Sexual is to Natural Selection. *Ethics*, like Natural Selection, make existence possible. *Æsthetics*, like Sexual Selection, make life lovely and wonderful, fill it with new forms, and give it progress, and variety, and change. And when we reach the true culture that is our aim, we attain to that perfection of which the saints have dreamed, the perfection of those to whom sin is impossible, not because they make the renunciations of the ascetic, but because they can do everything they wish without hurt to the soul, and can wish for nothing that can do the soul harm, the soul being a thing so divine that it is able to transform into

elements of a richer experience, or a finer susceptibility, or a newer mode of thought, acts or passions that with the common would be commonplace, and with the uneducated ignoble, and with the shameful vile. Is this dangerous? Yes; it is dangerous—all ideas, as I told you, are so. But the night wearies, and the light flickers in the lamp. One more thing I cannot help saying to you. You have spoken against Criticism as being a sterile thing. The nineteenth century is a turning-point in history simply on account of the work of two men, Darwin and Renan, the one the critic of the book of Nature, the other the critic of the books of God. Not to recognise this is to miss the meaning of one of the most important eras in the progress of the world. *Creation is always behind the age. It is Criticism that leads us. The Critical Spirit and the World-Spirit are one.*

E. And he who is in possession of this spirit, or whom this spirit possesses, will, I suppose, do nothing?

G. Like the Persephone of whom Landor tells us, the sweet, pensive Persephone around whose white feet the asphodel and amaranth are blooming, he will sit contented 'in that deep, motionless quiet which mortals pity, and which the gods enjoy.' He will look out upon the world, and know its secret. By contact with divine things he will become divine. His will be the perfect life, and his only.

E. Ah! what a dreamer you are!

G. Yes: I am a dreamer. For a dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of the world.

E. His punishment?

G. And his reward. But see, it is dawn already. Draw back the curtains and open the windows wide. How cool the morning air is! Piccadilly lies at our feet like a long riband of silver. A faint purple mist hangs over the Park, and the shadows of the white houses are purple. It is too late to sleep. Let us go down to Covent Garden and look at the roses. Come! I am tired of thought.

OSCAR WILDE.

RUIN OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE civil administration of the country is conducted by a large army of permanent officials, presided over, in each important department, by a member, or members, of the Government for the time being in power. In all of these departments there is necessarily a great preponderance of mechanical and routine work, conducted under regulation and direct supervision, which requires fidelity and diligence for its efficient discharge, but presents no scope for the exercise of any intellectual power. Side by side with this labour, however, and directing it, there is much work of a responsible character, varying widely in amount in different departments, which demands a high order of intelligence and discretion for its due performance, as well as much versatility, judgment, and tact. This work may broadly be described as consisting of the exercise of the functions of administration and control, as distinguished from the duty of recording and giving effect to the decisions arrived at, and the directing and regulating of (1) the general flow of the business of the department itself, and (2) of its dealings and relations with the outside public. Although such work is in a general way controlled by the political heads of departments, yet much of it necessarily, from its nature, is not capable, like mere clerical duties, of thorough and complete supervision. Upon the way in which this work is discharged depends whether or not the public service is conducted with credit and efficiency.

There is also a certain amount of work in some departments of a professional or technical character. But this has a ready measure of its value in the remuneration similar work receives outside the service, and the selection of suitable agents for its discharge presents no practical difficulty.

The administration of the government of the country is very different from the administration of a large business, or the affairs of a great public company, with which it is often, without due consideration, compared. Much of the mere mechanical and routine work in the public service is necessarily similar in its character to the same description of work in these undertakings, but the scope of government administration is altogether different and wider. The object

of every business and public company is to make a profit, and the test of their administration lies in the results disclosed by their profit and loss accounts. In the public service, on the contrary, it is absolutely impossible, except in a very few instances, to apply the test of measuring the work done by the results expressed in money value. Nor is it by any means the case that money results are the end and aim of public administration. The functions of Government take a much wider range. They include the protection of our interests, and the maintenance of our credit, at home and abroad, and the raising and expending of the necessary revenue to meet these objects, including the army and the navy, the diplomatic and consular and colonial services, the courts of justice, public works, &c., as well as the thousand and one directions in which the State takes the individual members of the general public under its protection and looks after their safety and well-being. Sometimes it does this in conjunction with local authorities, and in this category of cases come education, and aid to local taxation for police, prisons, reformatories, lunatic asylums, &c. Sometimes the State itself conducts large branches of business, such as the postal and telegraph services, the coinage of money, &c. And sometimes it exercises a control, by means of specially appointed agents, over undertakings or industries such as railways, shipping, harbours, mines, factories, fisheries, gas and water works, &c., whose operations may be so conducted as injuriously to affect the interests of the general public, or to imperil the safety of persons engaged in them.

In all of these matters, many of them of the gravest importance, the higher civil servant is of necessity entrusted with direct administration and control; and not only so, but the centring of legislative as well as of executive functions in the political chiefs of departments requires that the leading civil servant should not only take his part in administration, but should also assist his political chiefs in devising, maturing, and carrying out changes in legislation, which not infrequently involve questions of high state policy. Such changes are often the subject of keen party conflict, and owing to the sharp division of the State into rival parties, and to the growing power of the House of Commons, which more and more takes the whole administration of the country into its own hands, measures affecting administration may be keenly fought in the political arena which really have no party significance at all. In fact, it is not of infrequent occurrence that measures which have become necessary in the progress of administration, to meet its growing requirements, are commonly regarded as party measures, and are, in the public mind, associated with the party introducing them, whereas, whichever party had happened to be in power, when the time became ripe for their introduction, would have been compelled, in the interests of the administration, to have brought them forward.

Moreover, not only has there been a large extension in recent years of direct administrative action on the part of the executive Government, but there is a constantly increasing demand on the part of influential sections of the public for further extension of State interference in all sorts of directions. This, coupled with the growing power of the press, and of its influence over administration generally, as well as the more searching criticism to which administrative acts are subjected, makes it essential that those who take part in conducting the administration of the country should be abreast of the times, and be men of liberal education and breadth of view.

Then again of recent years, from causes which are likely to continue, it has been more the practice than formerly to entrust the administration of important departments of State to political chiefs who have had no previous administrative experience. Such men not infrequently hold strong views, to which they may be more or less publicly committed, as to the necessity of introducing serious administrative changes in the departments placed under their control, or of extending in various directions the operations of such departments. In such cases it becomes the duty of the permanent officers in them, while loyally assisting their political chiefs in giving effect to their policy, to see that they act with full knowledge of its effect in every direction, and that in any changes which may be introduced the engagements to which the State is committed are not overlooked, and that the continuity of the administration, upon which the credit of the country so largely depends, is maintained. This maintaining of the continuity of the public administration during serious or organic changes is a matter of importance, and demands a wider experience and knowledge of the ramifications of the administration than can possibly be possessed by political chiefs. For the course of administration is often in many directions regulated less by direct legislative enactment than by usage and precedent, any departure from which may involve a breach of good faith on the part of the Government. In all such matters leading public servants become a powerful, if not an indispensable, assistance to their political chiefs.

It is apart from my present purpose to discuss whether the merging of executive and of legislative functions in the same hands is better than the separation which exists in other countries. We have to deal with the state of things as it exists, and I call attention to this matter for the purpose of pointing out that the functions of a high permanent civil servant are necessarily more important and responsible in a country like England, where the executive and legislative are combined, than in a country where they are separate.

The record of our leading permanent civil servants during the last forty or fifty years is, on the whole, one of which the country has no need to be ashamed. Many of them who are now no longer with us

have left honoured names behind them, and others now alive are recognised by the public as men of great ability and sagacity. But as regards the great majority of them, their names are never heard beyond the official circles in which they move. Their work is not the less valuable that it is but little known to the public. It is the lot of such men to live in comparative obscurity and not to have their names publicly associated with measures they may have done much to promote. This is a condition of their service, an incident of their calling, at which they do not grumble. They have their reward in the consciousness of the usefulness of their work, and the generous confidence reposed in them by the political members of successive administrations under whom they have served, by whom their worth is appreciated, and with whom their relations are necessarily of a most confidential character.

I think I have said enough to show how important are the functions discharged by the leading permanent civil servants of the State, and that the tendencies of public administration are towards an increase in the importance of these functions in the future. The number of civil servants who come into direct contact with their political chiefs is not great; but political chiefs of departments are not more dependent upon the permanent chiefs than are those upon their assistants, who act for them and with them, and from among whom the permanent chiefs are naturally selected as vacancies arise. And this dependence extends downwards, but in a lessening degree, to all those men in a department who exercise functions of direct administration and control.

I hope that I have made it clear that it is essential in the best interests of the State that the leading permanent civil servants of the future should be at least not less able and competent than they have been in the past. Now a very great change, amounting in fact to a revolution, has been effected in the constitution of the Civil Service of the country in the last forty years, and it is well to consider how this may affect the supply of those men in the future upon whom, as I have shown, the efficient conduct of the Government service so largely depends.

Since 1848 there have been innumerable departmental committees of inquiry, and many general committees and commissions on the organisation of the civil service, and if any of my readers care to follow the various changes effected in its constitution, up to the date of the last Royal Commission presided over by Sir M. White Ridley, which sat in 1887-8, I would refer them to a memorandum of mine, to be found in the appendix of the first report of that Commission, in which the history of these changes is briefly given. Broadly speaking, all public offices are now recruited by open competitive examination instead of by patronage. What thirty or forty years

ago was merely a number of separate Government departments, without any cohesion or identity of interests, has now, by the introduction of uniformity of terms of service, become a 'Civil Service' of enormous dimensions; and this service is rapidly becoming homogeneous and powerful so far as its lower division is concerned.

This lower, or 'second' division, as it is now called, has been created to meet the necessity which has been recognised by all the various committees and commissions of inquiry, for having the merely routine and mechanical work of the service discharged by a class of men admitted by a purely elementary examination, and paid moderate salaries. But all of these committees and commissions, and none more strongly than the Ridley Commission, have also recognised the necessity which exists for having, for the conduct of the more important work, a higher division in the service, to be recruited also by open competition, but by a high standard of examination, with rates of salary attached to it sufficient to attract men of liberal education who would otherwise go into the open professions. Successive Governments, by various Treasury minutes and orders in council, have also expressed their entire concurrence in the necessity which exists for constituting and maintaining a higher division to be so recruited. But this division is, at present, in a very inchoate state. Very few men have been appointed to it by open competition, and those who have been so appointed are subject to very different rates of pay and conditions of service, while for some considerable time admission to it by open competition has been wholly suspended, and this suspension still exists. On the other hand, the lower division is constantly being recruited by periodical examinations, and is yearly receiving a large accession of numbers. I am aware that there are difficulties at the present time in keeping up a satisfactory flow of appointments by competitive examination to the higher division, having regard to the fact that in some departments now there are a larger number of men classed as higher division clerks than the work, if properly apportioned, would require. But the fact remains, as I have stated, that the Civil Service consists, at present, of a weak and dwindling higher division, and a powerful and coherent lower division, who combine to bring pressure on the Government, to secure that all the higher appointments in the service should be given, in due course of promotion, to members of their body. In point of fact, the recent action taken in suspending altogether admission by open competition to the higher division, coupled with the wide exercise of promotion to it which appears to be contemplated from the lower division, is, I fear, seriously imperilling the existence altogether of a higher division, with its higher educational examination on admission. The mere change, at the present time, of title from 'lower' to 'second' division, which may in itself be an improvement, is an indication—or may be taken

as such—that promotion will naturally extend from the one to the other. I venture to think the grave dangers which are threatening the existence of the higher division, as a separate class recruited by a higher examination, could hardly have presented themselves in their full force to the minds of the Ridley Commission, when they made the recommendation that no new blood should be introduced into it so long as there are what are called ‘redundant’ clerks in the service who can be absorbed into it.

Now if, by any unwise drifting, or from false motives of economy, admission by competitive examination to this higher division should come to an end, the deterioration of the service would be serious indeed. Such deterioration would necessarily take some considerable time to make itself felt, for the lower division only came into existence some fourteen years ago, and the replacing of the men now holding the leading positions in the service, or their retirement, would be a work of gradual operation. But that it would inevitably come is certain, for it is wholly unreasonable to expect that the duties I have described as devolving upon the leading members of the civil service, and which require, for their efficient discharge, as much versatility, judgment, and tact as are brought into play in the open professions, could, save in a few quite exceptional instances, be adequately discharged by men of the lower division. In the first place such men enter the service at an early age, having received only a very elementary education. Then they are employed for years on the most mechanical and routine work—work which, as is well pointed out by the Playfair Commission, is calculated not only not to qualify a man for the higher posts, but positively to disqualify him, and it is not possible to avoid this, as the great bulk of the work is necessarily of a routine and mechanical kind.

But this lower division is becoming a very numerous and coherent body. It is mainly concentrated in London, and such a power is it becoming that a united movement on the part of its members might even sensibly influence the results of the metropolitan elections. I do not for a moment suggest that any Government would be influenced, against their better judgment, by such a consideration; but there can be no doubt that a body of this sort, pressing their claims, or their supposed claims, are very likely to cause the public mind to listen more to what is for their own individual advantage than to what is really best for the conduct of the public administration in the next generation; more especially when the class against which they are directing their energies is at the present time practically non-existent, and cannot therefore urge its own claims.

I have said that the leading civil servants under the old system were in the main efficient, and that many of them did good service

to the country, and it may be urged if this were the result of selection from a body of men admitted under a system of patronage pure and simple, that surely equally good men could be obtained in the future by selection from a class entering by open competition, although in elementary subjects. But this is not so. Although the service was recruited in former times by patronage, and many abuses existed, yet by far the greatest proportion of patrons had consciences, and appointed the most suitable men they could find, within their necessarily somewhat limited area of selection; and if a job were done by an unscrupulous patron to find a place for a useless man, as a salve to his conscience, a useful man was often appointed alongside of him, or was appointed to fill the next vacancy. Then again, in promotion, while this was sometimes abused and jobbed, or given on the ground of seniority instead of merit, as regards the less important posts, the mere self-interest of the unscrupulous or lazy patron stepped in when appointments to the leading positions had to be made, and he generally in such cases promoted the very best men available. For, however anxious to perpetrate a job a patron might be, he would not act so foolishly, and detrimentally to his own comfort, as to associate with himself in the conduct of the business of a department a man whose want of aptitude would cause him an infinity of trouble and worry, and whose incompetence would discredit, in the eyes of the public, a department for whose administration he was personally responsible.

I admit that the old system was not an economical one, and that it was open to a considerable amount of jobbery and favouritism, but the result remains that while, in the lower fringe of the higher establishments now, there are many men not particularly efficient, yet those now holding the leading positions in the service are very much of the same calibre and class as those holding leading positions in the open professions. There are among them a few, but only a few, men who would have entered the service by open competition as lower division clerks, had that class been in existence when they joined the service. There will, of course, be such cases in future, and ample provision to meet them has been made in every scheme for settling the constitution of the service. Genius will press its way to the front in the Civil Service, as in any other profession or business; and no one nowadays would think of erecting a barrier to stop it. But my contention is that we are not making the best use of the splendid engine of open competition now in our hands, to secure our acquiring the most suitable agents for the higher, as well as for the lower, grades of the service, if we restrict it to schoolboys entering the service with a purely elementary examination, who of necessity pass the best of their years in performing the merest mechanical duties. There is no question of privilege involved. The higher

division man, as well as the lower, can only gain admission to the service in free competition with all those who choose to enter the lists. Nor, fortunately, is there any question of breach of contract involved, for as yet no right on the part of the lower division to be promoted to the higher division has been even indirectly recognised or admitted.

It is, in my judgment, a great mistake to suppose that it is only in the Treasury and in the Secretary of State's departments that there is work involving the exercise of those higher qualifications which the higher division of the service ought to possess. The division of labour, involving the numbers of men to be assigned to each division, respectively, throughout the service, has been, and always will be, the difficulty, owing to the fact that there is every gradation, from the highest political department to the merest routine department, and that there is scarcely any important department which does not in itself embrace a wide and varied range of duties. But this difficulty cannot be evaded, and it is not insuperable. The only justification for requiring the admission of men by a high competitive examination at all lies in the fact that certain work in the service is of a character which requires men of liberal education, of grasp, and of knowledge of men and affairs for its efficient discharge. If, therefore, the higher division is to continue to exist at all, it must extend to all departments, the only exceptions being—(1) those purely subordinate departments, if any, which are so governed by the rules and regulations made for their guidance by controlling departments, as to be wholly relieved from the exercise of any discretion in their administration; and (2) departments whose work is of a technical character, entirely special to themselves. In the latter case it would be desirable that such departments should be recruited, like the outdoor service of the Inland Revenue Department, by a separate examination altogether, and that no lower division men should be employed in them at all.

If admission by a higher examination be restricted to a few favoured departments the result will be that these departments will have to supply the less favoured ones with their principal officers. But this is exactly reversing the proper order of things. So long ago as 1853, Sir Charles Trevelyan, one of the most sagacious of Civil Service reformers, pointed out that a great controlling department like the Treasury, of which he was then secretary, should be recruited from men who had gained administrative experience in the departments which the Treasury controls. The Playfair Commission made a recommendation to the like effect, and it would be quite possible to devise a scheme which would provide for raising up a body of higher division clerks, and for providing for their training in such a manner that they would not only be ready and qualified to fill those

posts in the less important departments involving the higher duties of administration, but under which they could also be drafted into the higher departments as vacancies should arise in them. The controlling department would thus, to their great advantage, be recruited by men of some administrative experience, and such a system of transfer would further have the important result of tending somewhat to equalise the chances of advancement among men of the higher division throughout the service. This is not the place to enlarge upon the way in which this should be done; but I believe it could be done without involving any serious addition to the present cost of the service. The Ridley Commission and the Government have naturally taken alarm at the cost of some reorganisations which have taken place. But the fact that men may have been pensioned recklessly in reorganising some departments is no reason why no more men should be pensioned, to make way for the introduction of a new and improved system. It is rather a reason for more carefully regulating such retirements in future reorganisations. I do not wish to go further into this matter here, or to justify the necessity which, I believe all experienced administrators will admit, exists for making use of retirement for readjusting public departments to meet a radical change in their conditions of service. I would merely point out that when two more or less inefficient 'redundants' can be replaced by a higher division man—and anyone acquainted with the existing condition of the service will admit that this is not an impossible supposition—not only would efficiency be promoted by pensioning these two redundants, but the total cost would be diminished, for their pensions, even calculated on abolition terms, together with the salary of the new man, would in no case equal the salaries paid to the two redundants.

Nor will I now attempt to sketch out the machinery necessary for providing a general supervision over the service. The only supervision at present adequately exercised is a financial supervision, and this must continue to rest with the Treasury, but much more than this is required in the interests of the departments as well as in the interests of the men employed in them, now that the staffs of all the various departments of the Government are welded into a great 'service.' For much of the disciplinary power which formerly was vested in the heads of departments has necessarily been withdrawn from them, and as yet has been centred in no other hands.

My object in the present paper is to point out—

(1) That in the future, even more than in the past, we want the best men we can get in the higher positions in the Civil Service, and that we have ready to hand in open competition, properly directed, a means of obtaining efficient service in all grades, far better and more certain than the old method of patronage which it has replaced.

(2) That there is much work in the Civil Service of a character

requiring for its due and proper performance a liberal education and general knowledge of men and affairs which, save in a few exceptional instances, men of the lower division do not possess.

(3) That the present suspension of all appointments by open competition to the higher division of the service is greatly increasing the difficulties to be contended with in future, and should at once be removed. From the long-continued curtailment of the numbers in the higher grades of the service, and the consequent paucity in it of new blood, the bulk of the men at present serving in them are nearly of an age. They must all, therefore, retire about the same time, and a large influx then of inexperienced higher division men to take their places would be very detrimental to the service, and would discredit, and might imperil, the very existence of the higher division as a class recruited by open competition.

(4) That if, by any unwise drifting, admission to the service by a higher examination should be altogether discontinued, and the higher appointments in the service be filled by the promotion of lower division clerks, the service would inevitably be seriously deteriorated in tone and general efficiency. In fact, I believe that the absolute unsuitableness of such men, after a short experience of them, would make itself so felt that the Government would be compelled to resort to one of two alternatives, of which both are equally to be deprecated. Either the power, which always must exist, but which should be most sparingly exercised and carefully guarded, of making direct appointments to leading positions in the service from men in outside professions or avocations, would have to be exercised in a wholesale manner; or the number of political under-secretaries and assistant-under-secretaries, changing with the Government, would have to be largely increased.

I cannot bring these observations to a close without making some reference to a vital matter affecting the efficiency of the service. I refer to promotion. On this, happily, all committees and commissions which have reported are at one, in strongly recommending that promotion by seniority, which has been too much the practice hitherto, should be discontinued, and that throughout the service it should in future be governed by merit and fitness alone; and successive Governments have adopted this recommendation. This, if honestly carried out, will materially conduce to the general efficiency of the service. Although selection has more or less always been exercised in making promotions to the higher posts, the less important ones have largely been filled by men appointed on the ground of seniority, unless accompanied by marked demerit. There is always, of course, the chance of favouritism being exercised when promotions come to be made entirely by selection. But this must be faced. It is undoubtedly the fact that in the past more harm has been done to the service by the promotion by seniority of hard-working and, in so

far, meritorious fossils, steeped in routine, than by the most glaring cases of promotion by favouritism.

In conclusion, it is scarcely necessary to point out that in the administration of the government of the country efficiency and economy go hand in hand, that the most efficient is necessarily the most economical administration, and that in a matter so pregnant with grave results as the organisation of the Civil Service of the empire, a small present saving is dearly bought at the cost of future inefficiency in the conduct of the public service.

R. G. C. HAMILTON.

A MEDIAEVAL POPULAR PREACHER.

THE landing of the Franciscan friars in England in 1226 marked the commencement of the most original and significant struggle for a Renaissance we had ever seen. It was remarkable in every way. For significance there had been nothing like it since the coming of St. Augustin, and to match its audacious originality we are driven forward, beyond Wyclif, to the Protestant reformers of the sixteenth century.

Nine Minorites landed at Dover in 1226; by 1272 the Order had spread all over the country; forty-nine convents and an army of 1742 brethren being the more than respectable total they had attained in less than fifty years. This astonishing result gauges at once the necessities of the time and the efficacy of the measures which St. Francis, *intuitu divino*, had devised to meet them. But there is a broader and deeper proof of their value than that which columns of statistics can afford. The great Franciscan triumph in England was the reclamation of the towns to Christianity, to cleanness of life, and to political intelligence; and it is as sowers there of the seed of the Reformation and the Revolution—as engines, so to speak, of the Renaissance among the masses—that the friars deserve the special recognition they so rarely get. A difficulty, of course, lies in the fact that they worked unconsciously, *chemin faisant*; that, had they possessed the spirit of prophecy as fully as they had the spirit of sincerity and the spirit of love, they might well have hesitated before embarking upon an enterprise so opposed to the mediæval genius, and, apparently, so fraught with danger to the mediæval ideal. Their eminent singleness of aim saved them, however: the Franciscan went about doing good in his naïve, sometimes sentimental, way, serenely blind to the exact consequences of his new departure, and never, to the last, perceived that he had been driving up a wave which should spread and swell and carry him before it, until, bursting in due time, it should inundate the country-side and swamp him and his Order irretrievably; finding in them, as a matter of fact, its very first victims. But, be that as it may, it is enough for present purposes to remember that in the year 1350 or thereabouts the Franciscan was the Apostle of the towns, and that preaching and teaching were the two great weapons he wielded with such extraordinary results and in such various fields as the schools of the University of Oxford and the shambles of the City

London. Elasticity and power of adaptation to every condition of life were the secrets of his success; and it was the endeavour to cope with accomplished heresy in high places on the one hand, and with disease, vice, and the infidelity born of ignorance and despair on the other, that divided the Minorites of the fourteenth century into two camps, and displayed in the same Order such widely differing types as Brother William Occam and Brother Nicholas Bozon.

Brother Nicholas Bozon, Friar Minor, speaks to us again after a sleep of five centuries and a half in the interesting and valuable volume which Miss Toulmin Smith and M. Paul Meyer have recently presented to the 'Société des Anciens Textes Français' and the world.¹ Certainly nothing could more admirably illustrate the matter and the manner of the popular Franciscan preacher, one of the rank and file, than these *Contes moralisés* of his. Homely, trenchant, pithy, apt, appealing to every instinct of his shrewd but inarticulate audiences; lashing their vices with the manly touch which they would be sure to appreciate; driving home his moral with vivid dialogue, familiar fable, or witty apophthegm; sympathising with their oppressions and unsparing to their oppressors, he shows himself the friend and fellow of the folk with whom he has cast his lot. Though 'competently learned' he is no pedant, though a religious he is no prude; his sermons are full of the milk of human kindness, of milk, moreover, flavoured with a large-hearted charity, with the chivalry of his time, and with a rich, bright humour which should prove as charming to the sympathetic student in the nineteenth century as it was inspiring to the hearer in the fourteenth.

Now, who *was* Brother Nicholas, and when did he flourish, and where? One only of these questions does he answer us himself. The table of contents of one of the complete MSS. of his book (for there are two, both in this country) ends thus: 'Explicit tabula metaphorarum secundum fratrem Nicholaum Bozon de ordine Minorum,' and the other two we must solve as best we may from the book itself, or allow the editors, Miss Smith and M. Meyer, to do so for us. These decide, upon what seem sufficient grounds, that the sermons must have been delivered between 1320 and 1350 (certainly before the plague of 1349), and that the preacher was an inhabitant of the shires—Nottingham, Derby, or perhaps Staffordshire. That the name Bozon belonged to a Norfolk county family goes for little, for the Franciscans were constantly recruited from that class,² and, once gathered in, were at the disposal of their Warden or Minister-General.

¹ *Les contes moralisés de Nicole Bozon, Frère Mineur, publiés pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits de Londres et de Cheltenham, par Lucy Toulmin Smith et Paul Meyer.* Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1889.

² St. Francis, indeed, unlike his great predecessor St. Benedict, preferred to draw his followers from the higher classes. To become a Minorite the candidate must be 'whole of body and prompt of mind; not in debt; not a bondman born; not unlawfully begotten; of good name and fame, and competently learned.'

to go whithersoever they should be ordered. Brother Bozon, in obedience to his orders, undoubtedly found himself in the shires, for such local allusions as he makes are all drawn from that part of England. There is the story of the Bishop of Lincoln and the Abbot of Eynsham; there is the anecdote of the unhappy Leicester juggler; and, lastly, there is the comparison of the Saviour to a big river drawing to itself small streams and brooks, where the preacher brings in 'Trente' or 'Derwent' as his rivers, names he would hardly have used if the Thames or the Severn had been sufficiently familiar to his audiences to be available.

Brother Bozon's collection numbers in all some 145 sermons, or kernels of sermons, and is preserved to us in Norman-French (though they were, of course, preached in English, as the text itself shows), with a liberal sprinkling of English rhymes, proverbs, jokes, and slang, and a profusion of texts from every portion of Scripture, invariably in Latin. The subject-matter is ethical rather than doctrinal; the theology of the simplest kind, without mysticism or dogma. Allegory there is of course. It was the very life of Mediæval Art and Letters. But even the allegory is homely alike in figure and application. We miss the glowing fervour of St. Francis, radiant and ecstatic as a Siennese fresco; there is none of the tender piety of Thomas à Kempis, none of the rapturous faith of St. Bonaventura. But at the same time, if he is not romantic, he is thoroughly wholesome. He is as unlike Chaucer's peddling 'Frere,' gossiping, and cheating, and filling his stomach, as the canting rogue of Wyclif's invective, or the dirty vagabond whom Latimer so vigorously spurned. Bozon neither cants nor begs; he is as homespun as his own cowl and as honest as the day.

Occasionally, it is true, he enjoins penance, but far more often administers consolation; alms, he tells us, are good for the soul, but better suffering and continence. On this point he has a story. There was a rich man once who was passing charitable but too prone to indulging his body, for he would scarce so much as fast on Friday, and never got up in the morning or did anything to interfere with his comfort, but grounded all his hopes of salvation upon his almsgiving. At last he was taken sick and was at the point to die. And as he lay in a trance it seemed to him that Jesus Christ Himself asked of several of the spirits as they passed out of the world what they had done on earth for His service. 'Ha, ha,' thought he, 'I have got my answer ready, for I have given alms freely of my goods.' But when our Saviour came to him, He did not ask him, 'What hast thou done?' but what trials he had endured for His sake. The man was silent and at last answered, 'I have suffered nothing for Thee: Lord, I cry Thee mercy, but the few things I have given for Thee are what I trust to.' But the Lord would have nothing of it.

Just in the same way he passes from the efficacy of masses to sing

the praises of a chaste body and a pure heart. As his editor says, most of his work 'est d'une morale assez vulgaire, parfois passablement égoïste, tendant plutôt à une réforme sociale qu'à la perfection religieuse,' and his method is as simple as his creed or his ethics. A lover of nature, like all his Order, he begins with a disquisition of the properties of some animal or vegetable or mineral, thence passes to its allegorical significance, its bearing on religion, politics, or morals; lastly, he rivets it in its place by a wise saw, a modern instance, a homely fable, or a bright piece of dialogue quite in his own manner. Take a case where the preacher is expounding the well-worn theme '*quod dulcedo verborum multos fullit.*' This is how he goes to work :—

The philosopher (Pliny) says in his book that there is a fish in the sea called *faste*, whose nature is such that it sweetens the salt waters as they enter its mouth, whereby it deceives the little fishes, which follow the sweetness coming out of its mouth, and as soon as they come near enough to him are presently swallowed up. And many persons now are in the like case; for by sweet words of flattery they draw simple folk to put their trust in them, who, when they have done so, find them quite other than they had imagined. And so it was once upon a time with the monkey and the bear.

The natural history is naïve enough. The fable which follows is admirable.

The monkey showed his little one to the lion and begged him to give his opinion upon it. The lion answered: 'Your son is all of a piece with yourself: just as much pleasure as profit.' The monkey departed in a fume and went to the bear and asked what *he* thought about the young hopeful. 'Hey,' cried the bear, 'is that the beautiful child every one is talking about?' 'Yes,' said the monkey, 'that's the very one.' 'Pray,' said the bear, 'allow me to kiss the darling whom I have so longed to see.' And the monkey saying, 'This is my true friend and well-wisher after all,' the bear took the little one in his arms and ate him up. 'Alas!' cried the monkey, 'fie upon sweet words and bitter actions.' Wherefore, says Solomon very wisely, Prov. xxvii., 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.'

Here we have a moral as trite as the emblem is bald, but the whole enforced and made memorable by just such a little relation as would best serve; familiar, dramatic, full of humour; and good humour, too.

There is no doubt that Bozon suited his preaching to his audience and was studiously simple. For himself he seems to have been sufficiently well equipped for higher work. He evidently had his Bible at his fingers' ends and always quotes it with judgment and point. His knowledge of classical and mediæval literature, though not profound, is respectable; he quotes Pliny, Dioscorides, and Aristotle of the ancients; he knows the 'Gestes' of Alexander and of Charles, and, apparently, the 'Gesta Romanorum'; he cites 'le noble clerke Avicenne' and 'le bon clerke Basilius.' Isidore, St. Bernard, St. Gregory, the book of Barlaam and Josaphat, Bede,

and St. Ambrose close the list of works or authors which, if he has not read, he has at any rate read about, though, as pointed out by the editors, he has borrowed freely from other fabulists of his time—Eudo of Cheriton, Bartholomew de Glanvill, Jacques de Vitri, and others. Not a profound, though, for his purposes, an adequate scholar, for it must of course be remembered that scholarship was less important to him than facts, and that, as well as educating, he had by turns to reprove and encourage his flock, and could in no case afford to abandon that *bonhomie* which became a proverbial adjective to apply to his Order.

No better example of Bozon at his best can perhaps be taken than § 120 of his *Contes*. It is just a little vulgar, but I am afraid vulgarity was occasionally profitable in revivalism, and Bozon was nothing if not a revivalist. He begins thus :—

The pig and the ass live not the same life, for the pig in his generation does no good, but eats and swills and sleeps; but when he is dead, then do men make much of him. The ass is hard at work all his days, and does good service to many; but when he dies there is no profit. And that is the way of the world. Some do no good thing while they live, but eat and drink and wax fat in the courts and castles of their time; and then they are dragged off to the larder of hell, and others enrich themselves with their goods. Whereby I know well that the folk who, for God's sake, have vowed themselves to holy poverty will never lack substance, because their Heavenly Father has pigs to kill. For as the good man before the season will kill a pig or two to give puddings and chitterlings to his children, so will our Lord kill those hardened sinners before their time to give their goods to the children of God.

Hereupon he quotes the fifty-fifth Psalm to the effect that 'the bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days,' which he very sensibly explains is because they never do any work to keep their bodies healthy. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is so healthful in this life for body and soul as honest work;' and he goes on to sing the virtues of work in words true and eloquent enough, as M. Meyer says, to be in the Scriptures, though as a fact they are not there. Work is the life of man, the warden of health; work flies the occasion of sin and makes a man to be of good heart; of feebleness it is the strength, of sickness the health, of men the salvation; quickener of the senses, foe of sloth, nurse of happiness, a duty in the young, and in the old a merit. Therefore, he concludes, be rather an ass than a pig.

To the downtrodden masses who swarmed in the slums of the mediæval towns, ignorant beyond belief but possessing a lurking mother-wit which found expression in many a caustic proverb and shrewd distich; sunk in vice and bodily excess, but withal modest and continent when their better nature had play; horribly oppressed and beginning dimly to be conscious of it, here was the kind of talk which might reprove them of sin and of righteousness and of judgment, this was the kind of teacher to herald the coming emancipation

in which the people he had taught should play their part. As to the tyranny of the masters he is bold to speak. A bishop, overbearing to his inferiors and cringing to those put in authority, is like the snail who sticks out his horns jauntily so long as he is alone or has his own way, but directly he is confronted or crossed draws them in and hides himself. The poor, however, come in for their fair share of his whip; 'insensate servants,' as he calls them (for instance), who are for ever changing masters hoping to 'better themselves,' he likens to the goat who wanders from pasture to pasture hoping it may prove richer but mayhap finding it worse. 'And the more often they change the more widely are they known for fools.' Then follows a witty little story. The mavis met the starling on the sea-shore. 'Where are you going; where are you going?' said the mavis. 'Over sea,' replied the starling. 'And pray what is that for?' went on the mavis. 'Why, I have killed a dove and I am ashamed because the other doves are in sad trouble about it.' 'Where is the weapon,' said the mavis, 'which has done all this wrong?' 'It is my beak,' replied the starling. 'Oh, that's it, is it?' said the mavis; 'get off home with you again; it's better to be ashamed of yourself in one country than in half a dozen.' But all his real sympathies are with the poor and the oppressed, and he is never tired of inveighing against the tyrannical vices of the rich; their arrogance, their covetousness, their time-serving and the like. The devil's terrible dogs, four couple of them—*Richer* and *Wilemyn*, *Havegyf* and *Baudewyn*, *Tristewell* and *Gloffyn*, *Beauviz* and *Trebelyn*,³ will hunt them down, and be sure their master will be in at the death. In another place he likens them to the three rogues Croket, Hocket, and Loket, who persuaded the poor countryman that he was carrying a dog to market instead of a lamb, and when at last he threw it away, made off with it to their own profit. Nevertheless he feels that a gentleman is a gentleman after all, and with true democratic instinct despises your bourgeois. He relates how the spar-hawk agreed with the owl to bring up his son for him, and received him into his nest with his own young ones. When he arrived the spar-hawk told him what he was to do, and how he was to imitate the little hawks, and then off he flew to seek food for his nest. Coming back he found it foully soiled with ordure, 'What's the meaning of this?' he asked. 'Who has done this?' 'It was your foster-son,' said the young hawks. 'Ah well,' said the spar-hawk, 'the English saw is true enough: "Stroke oule and schrape (scrape) oule and evere is oule oule."' He has all the fourteenth century love of chivalry and good

³ The names in their antique guise are not very obvious. 'Richer' should probably read 'Riches'; 'Wilemyn' in another author is 'Evilmyne,' and signifies 'Self-will'; 'Havegyf' is 'Prenex-et-donnez' or 'Give-and-take'; 'Baudewyn,' 'Fool-hardihood'; 'Tristewell,' 'Confidence'; 'Beauviz' is 'Beau visage,' and 'Trebelyn,' 'Usury'; 'Gloffyn' I cannot interpret—the word is evidently much corrupted.

manners; the Psalmist is 'le curteys rey David,' and, as such, a man after the mediæval God's own heart; the dolphin is a type of honourable continence, for when he finds a man dead at the bottom of the sea he knows by instinct whether, when he was alive, he had ever eaten a dolphin. And if he has never eaten one, then it seems to him that the man has not deserved it of the race of dolphins that he himself should be eaten. Therefore, however hungry he may be, he will not touch that body, but with all the courtesy of his nature drags it back to the land again. 'If you want to be well-grounded in courtesy and charity, go to the eagle,' says Bozon, 'and be wise.' For the eagle is followed from place to place by a flock of birds who share the prey he catches; and the eagle takes what he wants and gives the rest away, and, hungry or not, will never enjoy his prize alone. So should the rich use towards those of mean estate. He enforces this doctrine with such a pretty tale that at the risk of being tedious I must give it.

A little child came upon a figure of Our Lady standing in a minster, holding her Child in her arms. And taking it to be alive the child offered Him of the bread which he held in his hand. And when he saw that He would not take it he began to cry softly to himself and to say, 'Little companion, share with me for the love of God.' Hereupon a voice answered from out the image and said, 'Little companion, now I may not eat with thee, but soon thou shalt come to Me to eat and to play and to rest.' And afterwards, on the third day, some neighbours heard the voice and asked what it might mean; and the child told them that his Playmate had said that He would come and play with him. And presently the child fell sick and died three days after.

It is more especially in stories like this that the gentle fancy of St. Francis and the tender sentiment of the mediæval religion peep out. But all are, I think, characteristic of the Franciscan missionaries, their thoughts and manners of expression. To estimate exactly the work done by such a friar as Bozon among a people to whom such simple and natural talk would appeal, it would be necessary to translate the book and to look out for others like it. Documents to lay bare the grovelling and distressful condition of the towns in the Middle Ages are wanting, and until we can fully measure the disease we cannot appreciate the physician. In the economy of progress, the friar diffused what the monk had amassed. And as he scattered with one hand, so with the other did he bestow upon the populace the freedom to avail themselves of his liberality. For the Franciscan ideal, however blurred by course of time, always was Christ Himself, Christ the Brother rather than Christ the God; and nothing in their history is finer than their acute and delicate perception of His essential character, and, as a consequence of that, their ardent desire to give freely out of what they felt they had so abundantly received.

IS CENTRAL AFRICA WORTH HAVING?

I.

MR. CONSUL JOHNSTON'S reply to my observations about Africa is practically confined to a statement of trade returns. In summing up his arguments he says, 'the total trade of the British Empire with British Africa amounts to about 25,200,000*l.* yearly.' He, however, admits that this formidable figure includes the value of the gold and diamonds of South Africa, and in fact the value of all our commerce with South Africa. In other words, considerably more than four-fifths of this trade is altogether outside the question in dispute. I ventured to touch only on the value to us of Equatorial Africa. I expressly excluded South Africa, and for the manifest reason that South Africa is a temperate region suited to European emigrants, and easily administered by Europeans.

But though trade statistics are not everything, it may be no harm to sift them a little, before entering on the larger question.

In a paper contributed last year to the Royal Colonial Institute, Mr. Johnston estimated the total value of our imports to the British West African possessions in 1888 at 2,423,840*l.*, an amount far in excess of that which has since been officially published by the Colonial Office. However, assuming Mr. Johnston's estimate to be correct, what does it prove? In the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Samuel Lewis, a member of the Legislative Council of Sierra Leone, showed that our trade with that colony is falling off, and that it now amounts to less than half what it was twelve years ago. A similar observation might be made about the trade of Lagos. This 'Liverpool of West Africa,' as Mr. Johnston calls it, has experienced a steady decline in its trade during the last ten years of its commercial history, as recorded in the tables published in this year's Colonial Office List. The latest returns (those for 1888) show an import trade of 442,063*l.* as against an import trade of 527,872*l.* in 1879. The export trade of Lagos shows a corresponding falling off, from 654,380*l.* in 1879 to 508,237*l.* in 1888. Having resided for a short time at Lagos, and having, as Governor-in-Chief of the West African Settlements, been able to form some opinion of its superior trading facilities, I can endorse what the editors of the Colonial Office List say:—'*Lagos possesses a good harbour, which forms the only safe port along one*

thousand miles of coast. It has unrivalled water communication with the interior by means of the network of lagoons and creeks which extend in all directions.'

Yet, in spite of its good harbour, its unrivalled communications with the interior, and its government by Downing Street and Downing Street officials, the trade of this 'West African Liverpool' has been falling off for the last ten years.

On the other hand, British trade with some of the oil rivers not in our possession is increasing and is more important to us than the trade with some of our adjacent West African possessions.

In fact our commercial experience in Africa itself goes far to dispose of the fallacy that seems to be mixed up with this African discussion, that British trade can only flourish with British possessions.

Take the case of a colony that was once under the dominion of Downing Street, but has not been so for many years past. British trade with Java is larger now than ever it was. The total value of British imports into Java in 1888 amounted to 2,960,144*l*. That is, the value of our imports to a single foreign colony exceeds the value of our imports to all our West African colonies put together.

It is clear that the African questions now before England are not to be decided by Board of Trade returns.

Can the Chartered Companies profitably develop Central Africa? Is negroland a field for European emigrants? Can European officials successfully govern the negroes? These are some of the principal questions to be considered, and already a sensible reaction seems to have begun in political and commercial circles respecting them. Not many months ago it was confidently asserted that her Majesty's Government was about to grant another Royal Charter, and that the administration of the oil rivers was to be assumed by a trading company. This project has, however, been now disposed of by Lord Salisbury in his reply to the deputation of the Aborigines Protection Society. The two nights' debate in the House of Commons on the Anglo-German Agreement Bill supports the Prime Minister's decision not to grant any more charters for the working of negroland. Through many of the speeches there also runs a note of warning as to the possible fate of the companies already chartered.

The reaction is manifest in the City of London as well as in Parliament. The chairman of the Imperial British East Africa Company informed the shareholders at the Cannon Street meeting last month that they must have patience, and be prepared, for some time, 'to take out the dividends in philanthropy.'

In Berlin a similar change in the right direction is taking place. The government journals repeat General von Caprivi's remark that German idealism had blindly and unreasonably driven his countrymen into Central African projects. Within the last few weeks the German

Colonial Company has had to announce the withdrawal of several hundred members. The *Vossische Zeitung* dwells on this with satisfaction, 'as the national enterprise will flow in channels nearer home, where it can be of greater service to the fatherland.' Possibly this journal of moderate Liberalism is somewhat in advance of the public opinion of Germany. The Germans are only beginning to learn lessons that England has been taught by repeated failures. Our Parliamentary inquiry of nearly fifty years ago brought out some facts that the Germans, and probably others, might study with advantage.

One of the members of the House of Commons Committee of 1842 was Mr. Matthew Forster. He was one of the principal English merchants engaged in the African trade. He was not only familiar with the trade of that time, but he had become a recognised authority in the House of Commons on the history of our relations with Africa commercially and politically. No one in either House had studied the subject more closely than Mr. Forster. He was the only member of Parliament examined by the Select Committee. Here is his evidence as to the formation of one of the principal African Companies :—

In the report of that Company for 1794 they proclaim their objects to be 'to promote cultivation, advance civilisation, diffuse morality, and induce some attention to a pure system of religion in Africa.' Very shortly after the arrival of the first colonists, an experimental plantation was established, and a long list of the most valuable plants which the country could produce in perfection was published; the list resolving itself into the simple facts, that the country being a tropical country would produce any tropical vegetable production, a fact which I beg the committee to remember is the basis of many highly coloured pictures of the fertility of newly settled lands.

What Mr. Forster thus describes of the beginning of an African Company at the close of the last century is not unlike the beginning of the African Companies that have recently been publishing their first reports. The fate of the plantations and of the company, and the responsibilities incurred by the Imperial Exchequer, are thus described by Mr. Forster :—

The plantations of the Company never advanced beyond promises, and the Company itself, after being a heavy burden to the subscribers and to the Government, without effecting anything of any importance towards the objects it had in view, was broken up, and the settlement surrendered to Government, which paid a sum of money for the buildings erected, on the transfer, while it had previously paid a sum of 100,000*l.* for the improvement of the colony.

Another commercial undertaking is noticed by Mr. Forster.

Previous to this event (the breaking-up of the Company), the active parties in the Company got up another association called the African Institution. It was graced by many high names, and undoubtedly the great majority of its supporters

were influenced by motives of the purest benevolence. The active agents in its management were Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Thornton, and some others. In 1807 they began, as they had done in 1791, under another name.

This report, published in 1809, contained the usual list of tropical products as afforded in perfection by the colony, and they added to the list some which any person acquainted with the subject must have known would not be articles of extensive or successful growth in a hot and damp climate. They enumerated 'hemp, rape, cotton, silk, sugar, tea, bark, camphor, castor-oil, and tobacco.' The succeeding reports contained similar delusive statements.

But here again we see the company promoters of to-day repeating statements similar to those which Mr. Forster had found to be delusive half a century ago.

He thus continues :—

Notwithstanding this disappointment the directors went on amusing the public year by year with their reports.

The Institution commanded the whole influence of government, it was aided by considerable funds, and by the prestige of many of the first names in the kingdom; yet nothing was done, and little was even attempted.

A third civilisation enterprise is also touched on in the evidence of Mr. Forster :—

The Institution finally sank, and some years elapsed before it was sufficiently forgotten to admit of the establishment of the 'African Civilisation Society,' founded with views as benevolent and (as melancholy recent occurrences have shown) as mistaken on the part of the subscribers and managers generally.

He refers to one of the plans that led to no result at that time, the plan of Mr. Jamieson of Liverpool,

'whose efforts,' says Mr. Forster, 'and expenditure in his efforts, to open a commercial intercourse with the interior of Africa by way of the Niger have been on a scale rarely paralleled.'

He concludes his criticism of African Companies in the following words :—

I have entered on this very imperfect summary of the dazzling schemes of cultivation proposed, and of their total failure, to remind the committee that, with such examples before their eyes, any similar attempts on the part of future adventurers would be worse than foolish. I will add that we are not the only people who have been deceived by the apparent advantages offered by Africa to the cultivator.

The evidence so given to the Parliamentary Committee of 1842, though of some weight on account of Mr. Forster's special knowledge of Africa and his high character, was not new. Similar evidence had been given before; similar evidence has been given since.

Why have those 'dazzling schemes of cultivation' been put from time to time before the financial world in spite of the unbroken

succession of commercial disasters? Why have millions of money been subscribed for such undertakings? The Committee of the Stock Exchange and the capitalists of the City may be able to answer. But there is a third question, which, if truly answered, might explain the oft-repeated failures,—why is the central plateau of Africa unsuited to European cultivators, either as overseers or workmen? Instead of going back to the records of past generations of explorers, missionaries, and administrators, let us glance at the most recent authorities on Central Africa, its climate, and its population.

Not long since the Chancellor of the Exchequer recommended every one who was studying African affairs to read Mr. Drummond's book on Tropical Africa. *Nyassaland; or, Travel Sketches in our New Protectorate* has been published this year. Mr. Drummond earnestly advocates annexation, and pushing commercial enterprise into the heart of Africa. A still more remarkable and more widely read book has also been published this year—Mr. Stanley's *Darkest Africa*. Mr. Stanley is the leader of the annexationists, and is as keen as Mr. Drummond in proclaiming Central Africa a fertile field for the European cultivator.

Whatever value may be attached to the anticipations and hopes of these two witnesses, their actual descriptions of the country, its sanitary conditions, and its people are well deserving of attention.

Here is Mr. Drummond's description of tropical nature as he saw it in Shirwa, the Shiré Highlands, Nyassa, and the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau—regions which together make up (to use his words) one of the great lobes of the heart of Africa:—

Africa rises from its three environing oceans in three great tiers—first, a coast-line, low and deadly; farther in, a plateau the height of the Scottish Grampians; farther in still, a higher plateau, covering the country for thousands of miles with mountain and valley. Now fill in this sketch, and you have Africa before you. Cover the coast belt with rank yellow grass, dot here and there a palm; scatter through it a few demoralised villages; and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus. Clothe the mountainous plateaus next—both of them—with endless forest,—not grand umbrageous forest like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest,—with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun. . . . Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are. The beasts, to be sure, are different, but unless you watch for them you will seldom see any; the birds are different, but you rarely hear them; and as for the rocks, they are our own familiar gneisses and granites, with honest basalt-dykes boring through them, and leopard-skin lichens staining their weathered sides. Thousands and thousands of miles, then, of vast thin forest, shadeless, trackless, voiceless—forest in mountain and forest in plain—this is East Central Africa.

The indiscriminate praise formerly lavished on tropical vegetation has received many shocks from recent travellers. In Kaffirland, South Africa, I have seen one or two forests fine enough to justify the enthusiasm of armchair word-painters of the tropics; but so far as the central plateau is concerned, the careful judgment of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace respecting the equatorial belt in general—a judgment

which has at once sobered all modern descriptions of tropical lands, and made imaginative people more content to stay at home—applies almost to this whole area. The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gaily-plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swinging from his trapeze in the shaded bowers—these are unknown to Africa. Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkey will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few; the trees are poor. . . . For the most part of the year these forests are jaded and sun-stricken, carpeted with no moss or alchemilla or scented woodruff, the bare trunks frescoed with few lichens, their motionless and unrefreshed leaves drooping sullenly from their sapless boughs.

Those who are seeking fields for cultivation and who know something of the ordinary tests of fertility in unreclaimed regions will not find much to encourage them in this description of the fauna and flora of Central Africa. Mr. Drummond's personal experience of the upland plains is also instructive.

From half-past five I usually trudged on till the sun made moving torture.

When the daily observation was made there was nothing else to do that it was not too hot to do. It was too hot to sleep.

In another passage he speaks of life in the elevated plateau where the negro enjoys existence and can work, but 'where the white man's energy evaporates and leaves him so limp that he cannot even be an example to his men.'

Two missionary regions were visited by Mr. Drummond. The first he thus describes:—

Our next stoppage was to pay another homage—truly this is a tragic region—at another white man's grave. A few years ago Bishop Mackenzie and some other missionaries were sent to Africa by the English Universities, with instructions to try to establish a mission in the footsteps of Livingstone. They came here; the climate overpowered them; one by one they sickened and died. With the death of the Bishop himself the site was abandoned, and the few survivors returned home. Among the hippopotamus-trampled reeds on the banks of the Shiré, under a rough iron cross, lies the first of three brave bishops who have already made their graves in Equatorial Africa.

The second missionary station on the shore of the upland lake tells a similar tale:—

A neat path through a small garden led up to the settlement, and I approached the largest house and entered. It was the Livingstonia manse—the head missionary's house. It was spotlessly clean; English furniture was in the room, a medicine chest, familiar-looking dishes were in the cupboards, books lying about, but there was no missionary in it. I went to the next house—it was the school, the benches were there and the blackboard, but there were no scholars and no teacher. I passed to the next, it was the blacksmith's shop; there were the tools and the anvil, but there was no blacksmith. And so on to the next, and the next, all in perfect order, and all empty. Then a native approached and led me a few

yards into the forest. And there among the mimosa trees, under a huge granite mountain, were four or five graves. These were the missionaries'.

I spent a day or two in the solemn shadow of that deserted manse. It is one of the loveliest spots in the world; and it was hard to believe, sitting under the tamarind trees by the quiet lake shore, that the pestilence which wasteth at midnight had made this beautiful spot its home. A hundred and fifty miles north, on the same lake-coast, the remnant of the missionaries have begun their task again, and there, slowly, against fearful odds, they are carrying on their work.

Those who draw up prospectuses of Central African companies, or make speeches in the City in which 'the healthy upland plains' are referred to, cannot have seen the following passages in Mr. Drummond's book:—

Malarial fever is the one sad certainty which every African traveller must face. For months he may escape, but its finger is upon him, and well for him if he has a friend near when it finally overtakes him. It is preceded for weeks, or even for a month or two, by unaccountable irritability, depression, and weariness. This goes on day after day till the crash comes—first cold and pain, then heat and pain, then every kind of pain, and every degree of heat, then delirium, then the life-and-death struggle. He rises, if he does rise, a shadow; and slowly accumulates strength for the next attack, which he knows too well will not disappoint him. No one has ever yet got to the bottom of African fever. Its geographical distribution is still unmapped, but generally it prevails over the whole east and west coasts within the tropical limit, along all the river courses, on the shores of the inland lakes, and in all low-lying and marshy districts. The higher plateaux, presumably, are comparatively free from it, but in order to reach these, malarious districts of greater or smaller area have to be traversed. There the system becomes saturated with fever, which often develops long after the infected region is left behind.

The really appalling mortality of Europeans is a fact with which all who have any idea of casting in their lot with Africa should seriously reckon. None but those who have been on the spot, or have followed closely the inner history of African exploration and missionary work, can appreciate the gravity of the situation. The malaria spares no man; the strong falls as the weak; no number of precautions can provide against it; no kind of care can do more than make the attacks less frequent; no prediction can be made beforehand as to which regions are haunted by it and which are safe. It is not the least ghastly feature of this invisible plague that the only known scientific test for it at present is a human life. That test has been applied in the Congo region already with a recklessness which the sober judgment can only characterise as criminal. It is a small matter that men should throw away their lives, in hundreds if need be, for a holy cause; but it is not a small matter that man after man, in long and in fatal succession, should seek to overleap what is plainly a barrier of Nature. And science has a duty in pointing out that no devotion or enthusiasm can give any man a charmed life, and that those who work for the highest ends will best attain them in humble obedience to the common laws. Transcendently, this may be denied; the warning finger may be despised as the hand of the coward and the profane. But the fact remains—the fact of an awful chain of English graves stretching across Africa.

Mr. Stanley's experience on the upland plains is not unlike that of Mr. Drummond. At pp. 31–2 vol. ii. of *Darkest Africa* he summarises his own experience:—

On the plateau of Kavalli and Undusuma, Messrs. Japhson, Parks, and myself were successively prostrated by fever, and the average level of the land was over 4,500 feet above the sea.

On descending to the Nyanza plain, 2,500 feet lower, we were again laid up with fierce attacks.

At Banana point, which is at sea level, ague is only too common.

At Boma, 80 feet higher, the ague is more common still.

At Vivi there were more cases than elsewhere, and the station was about 250 feet higher than Boma, and not a swamp near it.

At Stanley Pool, about 1,100 feet above sea level, fever of a pernicious form was prevalent.

While ascending the Congo with the wind astern we were unusually exempted from ague.

No doubt it was evidence he obtained of a similar kind which induced Dr. Madden (p. 434 Report of 1842) to describe the West Coast fever epidemic as 'beginning in the interior of Africa.'

Mr. Stanley concludes his reference to the Central African climate thus :—

Therefore it is proved that from 0 to 5,000 feet above the sea there is no immunity from fever and ague, that over forty miles of lake water between a camp and the other shore are no positive protection; that a thousand miles of river course may serve as a flue to convey malaria in a concentrated form; that if there is a thick screen of primeval forest or a grove of plantains between the dwelling place and a large clearing or open country, there is only danger of the local malaria around the dwelling, which might be rendered harmless by the slightest attention to the system; but in the open country neither a house nor a tent is a sufficient protection, since the air enters by the doors of the house and under the flaps, and through the ventilators, to poison the inmates.

Of late years a good deal has been spoken at Exeter Hall and in the City of London of the 'cheerful and healthy' mission station of Mr. Mackay in the upland district of Usambiro, Victoria Nyanza. But here is Mr. Stanley's more recent and accurate account of it :—

Talking thus we entered the circle of tall poles, within which the mission station was built. There were signs of labour and constant unwearying patience, sweating under a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed, and never let idleness find them with folded hands brooding over the unloveliness, lest despair might seize them and cause them to avail themselves of the speediest means of ending their misery.¹

A few pages further on, Mr. Stanley prints Mr. Mackay's last letter. It is dated 'Usambiro, January 5, 1890.' Two sentences indicate the nature of the climate :—

Deakes has been a good deal unwell, but now fully recovered, while the commencement of the rains has laid up nearly all my colony of Baganda with protracted low fever. Your man, Ali bin Said, died on September 27, and one of the Pasha's whites, Mahamed Arabi, died on October 20.

Within a few weeks of writing this, Mr. Mackay himself died.

¹ *Darkest Africa*, p. 383, vol. ii.

Mr. Stanley calls him 'the best missionary since Livingstone;' and he adds, 'Like Livingstone he declined to return, though I strongly urged him to accompany us to the Coast.'

Those who venture to raise a warning voice against commercial enterprises that depend on European emigration, or European administration in the central and upland regions so described by Mr. Stanley and Mr. Drummond, cannot be justly accused of preventing the prudent employment of English capital. The millions that might be wasted in Equatorial Africa could be profitably employed in South Africa and elsewhere. There is a keen struggle amongst the British Colonies for British capital. The money in the City of London for investment is not unlimited. Colonial officials who may have some little experience are bound to speak out, and at all events to submit their views for the consideration of the investing British public.

But there is another question connected with this partition of negroland by Europeans, a question hardly noticed, and yet perhaps the most important of all,—how is it to affect the natives?

Recently I had an opportunity of glancing through a despatch I sent to Lord Kimberley in 1873, in which I described a visit I paid to Kambia, a well populated town a little distance in the interior at the head of the Great Scarcies River. During my visit I was the only European in the town. The whole district was under negro administration only. It was admirably governed. I never saw a happier population. They were cheerful, contented, industrious, in their own way good agriculturists and able to manufacture most of the simple household articles they required. What a contrast between the smiling faces to be seen in the crowded streets of that negro town and the careworn faces of Cheapside!

Will the Chartered Companies increase or diminish the happiness of such people?

There is a phrase in the letter I have just quoted of Mr. Mackay from *Darkest Africa* which may indicate an answer to this question. He expresses the opinion that the Company (the Imperial British East African Company) will do nothing in half a century to come until they 'have broken the backbone of native cantankerousness.' Those last words of an honest English missionary after twelve years' work in Central Africa are significant. If such words are used by a man like Mr. Mackay, what will be the tone and conduct of other Europeans?

Although the great explorer seemed to think that Lord Salisbury vented his ire against him one day and blessed him the next, yet it must be admitted that the Prime Minister has been more moderate and consistent than most of those who have written or spoken on the Central African Question.

The Queen's Speech, in closing the Parliamentary session that

has witnessed this enormous extension of British territory, is absolutely silent on the commercial and colonial advantages about which so much exaggeration has prevailed. The three paragraphs referring to Africa treat it simply as a question that has been dealt with for the purpose of avoiding the inconveniences of possible conflicts with other European powers.

That is certainly the best justification for what her Majesty's Government have done, and such a policy is not inconsistent with a further system of exchanges that may obviate trouble in Newfoundland and Australia.

J. POPE HENNESSY.

II.

THE question asked in the heading of this article is one which has been discussed several times already in the pages of this Review by other writers—notably by Sir Pope Hennessy and Mr. Johnston—who speak with the authority of local experience, such as I cannot claim to possess. But, so far, none of the articles I have read, either in these pages or elsewhere, whether in favour or in depreciation of the craze to obtain possession of Central Africa which has suddenly seized hold of the European mind, seem to me to deal with the question from my own standpoint. I think, therefore, it may be worth while to explain what this standpoint is. The question at issue is whether the conditions—under which alone the acquisition of vast territorial rights in Central Africa is likely to prove beneficial to the interests of Great Britain—exist or not. If, as my own observation in other parts of Africa leads me to believe, these conditions are not forthcoming in the regions now being partitioned out amidst the nations of Europe, it follows that we are competing for stakes not worth the winning.

Before I proceed further I wish to make it clearly understood that I do not object to our recent acquisitions in the Dark Continent owing to any abstract dislike for a policy of annexation. I remain, as I have been from the days when I first advocated the establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt, a staunch advocate of every *profitable* extension of the British Empire. Some thirteen years ago, when I first wrote in this Review in favour of placing Egypt under our protection, Mr. Gladstone did me the honour of disputing my conclusions in an article in which he compared England to a blind Atlas staggering along beneath the weight of a superincumbent world, and deprecated any addition to the weight already placed upon our overladen shoulders. My answer was then, as it is now, that it is a great deal too late to consider whether England was well advised in making herself the centre of a world-wide empire. For good or for evil, we have assumed a position which we have no wish to throw away, which we have no power to throw away even if we wished. This being so, the one course open to us is to go on as we have begun. To add province to province, to

found new dominions, to open up fresh markets for British energy, British trade, and British capital, to people the globe with British settlements, ruling subject races under the flag of the United Kingdom—such, as I hold, is our mission and our destiny. If I am told this is Jingoism, I can only reply that the reproach leaves me indifferent. After all, the great mass of Englishmen, as of any other nation, cannot be expected to take a very lofty or refined view of national policy. Jingoism is only the vulgar and popular form of that pride of race, that lust of power, that sense of masterhood, which have made England what she is. ‘Rule Britannia’ is the very soul of Jingoism; and if ever the time should come when Englishmen cease to hold the faith that ‘Britannia rules the waves’ the death-knell of our empire will have sounded.

Such being my belief, it is almost idle to say that any objections I may entertain to the attempt to found a British Empire in Central Africa are not based on want of sympathy with an annexationist policy. On the contrary, I am in favour of Great Britain annexing any outlying territory within her grasp, whether it is Egypt or Burmah or New Guinea, provided always the annexation is likely to prove profitable either by extending our trade or increasing our power. It is because I am inclined to think that the possession of vast dominions in the centre of Mid Africa will confer no benefit on our trade, and will diminish instead of augmenting our power, that I am personally opposed to the policy of which Mr. Stanley may be regarded as the author and the apostle.

I think it right also to add here that any objection I may entertain is directed against the theory on which our recent policy in Central Africa is founded, not against the mode in which this policy has been carried out by our own Government. In every country in which the popular will is supreme, the Government is bound to obey the mandates of public opinion. Now, as a matter of fact, public opinion in England had declared itself most unmistakably against the notion of our being left behind in the race for the possession of the equatorial regions of Africa. Now this came to pass is, I think, intelligible enough. Whatever view may be taken at home by a school of doctrinaire politicians about the value of her Colonial Empire to England, it is an article of faith abroad that England owes her greatness, her wealth, and influence to the extent and number of her colonies. The belief may be true or false; all I contend for is that it lies at the bottom of the envy with which England is regarded by her neighbours. To found a colonial empire is one of the dominant ambitions of every continental government and every continental nation; and Africa at this moment is the only portion of the globe in which this ambition can find free scope for action. Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal have all been bitten by this desire for obtaining territory in Mid

Africa. The attempt to form a colonial empire in the centre of Africa is, as I hold, even less likely to be attended with success if carried out by foreign nations than if conducted by England. But the attempt is being made, and will continue to be made; and it was almost impossible that the English public, possessed as it is of the instincts of a colonising race, should view with indifference the prospect of being left out in the partition of Africa. If Central Africa—so public opinion argued—was worth while taking, England was entitled to have her full share in the division. And from a variety of causes, some creditable, others distinctly the reverse, Englishmen of late years have been led by people who had their ear to over-estimate the value of Equatorial Africa to a most extravagant degree. This being so, no English Ministry, even if it did not share the current impression as to the value of Central African possessions, could have afforded to remain an indifferent spectator, while well-nigh every other European power was trying to get the best of the partition. Judging from Lord Salisbury's recent speeches, he places, I suspect, a far lower and more rational estimate on the value of the territories he has secured for England, than that assigned to them by common report. But, even if this is so, the Prime Minister may fairly claim that he has rendered a very real and signal service to his country, by defining the limits within which our rivals may pursue their policy of annexation, and thus removing fertile and complicated causes of dispute which must have endangered the peace of Europe.

Still, allowing all this, the question *cui bono* remains unanswered. To judge by the language employed by our newspapers in describing Mr. Stanley's achievements, you would suppose he had opened up a new promised land, wherein the surplus population of these islands is to find a fertile and happy home. More than once I have read glowing outbursts of journalistic gush, in which Central Africa was described as the future heritage of the British working man. Even more sensible organs of public opinion appear to attach immense importance to our having secured some sphere of influence or some right of transit in localities about which all that we can say with any certainty is that they are situated in inaccessible and remote regions in the vicinity of the Equator. It was my fortune to be residing in the Transvaal and in the northern part of the Cape Colony during the height of the Stanley craze. What struck me most was the utter unconcern with which the news of Mr. Stanley's adventures and discoveries and of our own acquisitions in Central Africa was received, as a rule, by the South African public. This indifference was due partly no doubt to the exploits of Mr. Stanley and his comrades seeming far less wonderful to men conversant with the conditions of African exploration than they do to our people at

home. In all the border districts there are to be found trekkers, to use the Boer phrase, pioneers, as we should call them, of the Selous type, who as hunters and traders have performed feats of daring, adventure, and endurance far exceeding anything which Stanley has accomplished. I say this with no desire to disparage the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone. I have no doubt that if his lot had been thrown in the frontier lands of Southern Africa Mr. Stanley would have made a first-rate trader and a capital hunter. All I assert is that in a country where scores of traders are to be found, who have lived for years alone amidst savages, who have traversed remote and unknown regions almost single-handed, who have risked their lives daily in pursuit of game or in search of barter, the spectacle of a numerous and well equipped expedition marching from the Congo to Zanzibar does not excite any special admiration. I admit that the indifference to which I allude was also partly due to a certain jealousy of British attention and British capital being diverted from the development of South Africa to that of the equatorial zone. But, so far as I could judge, the main reason why Englishmen in Natal, the Transvaal, and the Cape Colony took little or no interest in the annexations to which the Stanley expedition may be said to have given rise, is that in their opinion the acquisition of territory in Central Africa is a *damnosa hereditas*, a barren if not a hurtful legacy.

In fact, the view of the South African community is that which, if I can read between the lines of his article, is held by Mr. Johnston, namely, that the real points of vantage in Mid and South Africa are the ports, not the inland countries. Centuries have now passed since Portugal, Spain, Holland, France and England seized in turn on the coast line of the African continent, and in so doing asserted sovereignty over the vast tracts behind their seaboard. But as yet, with the solitary exception of our Cape Colonies, no European power has ever effected a permanent occupation of the *Hinterland*. For this anomaly there must in the nature of things be a reason, and that reason I take to be, in plain English, that the interior of Africa, with a few insignificant exceptions, is a country in which Europeans cannot well live, and in which even if life be possible there is little or nothing to be gained by living.

I often wonder whether the enthusiasts who dilate with such fervour on the promise held out by Central Africa have ever set themselves to think why it is the Cape Colonies—in which for my present argument I include Natal and the Boer Republics—have hitherto been hopelessly distanced in the race for progress, as compared with America, with Canada, and with Australia. An answer to this query throws great light on the prospects of remote territories in Central Africa being ever turned by us or anybody to any profitable use. The essential condition for the establishment of a

prosperous colony is the steady influx of a large number of emigrants, who are prepared to settle in the colony and make it their home and domicile.

Now this condition is not forthcoming in South Africa to anything approaching the same extent as it is in America and Australia. The Dutch and Huguenot emigrants who were settled at the Cape did indeed make their home in the country, and to a certain extent colonised the interior by turning it into a grazing-ground in which vast herds of sheep and cattle are tended by natives under the supervision of their Boer masters. But English emigrants of the class whose labour created the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the Australian Colonies, have never taken kindly to South Africa. The reasons of this reluctance are not far to seek. In the first place the climate, even in the far South of the continent, though singularly pleasant, is not adapted for hard manual labour. The excessive dryness of the air renders protracted exertion of any kind distasteful if not dangerous to European constitutions. To get a good day's work for a good day's wages is a very difficult if not an impossible thing in South Africa, in as far as the European workman is concerned. Amidst the older settlers who have resided for any time in the country, no matter to what class of society they may belong, one notices almost universally a certain deterioration of physical as well as moral energy. Secondly, South Africa has not the same attractions as its Transatlantic rivals to offer to the European—and especially the British—emigrant. Most of our countrymen leave England, when they go to the colonies, in the hope of getting land of their own, on which they may live in comfort if not in luxury. In South Africa there is any amount of land to be had, but it is land not worth having unless you are possessed of an amount of capital in which the ordinary emigrant is necessarily lacking. Three acres and a cow—if located in the South African Veldt—would be worse than useless to any emigrant whose only capital was his hands and arms. To render land in South Africa profitable, save in a few isolated cases, you must either provide water by irrigation, or you must have a large stock of cattle if you go in for grazing. Both irrigation and stock-raising require capital: and capital is the thing the ordinary emigrant does not and cannot possess. Thirdly, the European artisan who comes to the colonies in the hope of earning large wages, and thus laying by money, will never choose South Africa as his abode while there is a demand for white labour in America or Australia. In both the latter countries the native element is practically extinguished. In the former, on the other hand, there is a large and, as most people imagine, an increasing supply of native labour. Opinions differ as to the relative value of European and native labour in South Africa. My own observation would lead me to believe that for rough manual labour, either above or below ground, the native under white super-

vision and control is a more efficient as well as a cheaper workman than his European rival. Be this as it may, it is certain that the wages of ordinary European diggers, miners, and navvies will always be kept down at the Cape by the competition of native labour. Of course the time may come when the labour markets of the American and Australian continents are permanently overstocked, and then the tide of emigration may flow towards South Africa; but this contingency is not likely to occur for generations to come: and I am dealing with the present, not the more or less uncertain and remote future. There is, I am convinced, an immense opening in South Africa for an upper class of emigrants. Younger sons who are ready to invest their capital in agricultural, pastoral, or industrial ventures, and are prepared to reside in the country and look after their own investments, may find excellent openings there for the employment of small capitals. But this class of emigrants, though they might make fortunes in the Transvaal, Natal, the Cape, and possibly in British Bechuana and Mashonaland, are not the class to colonise the wilds of Central Africa.

Before quitting this point I should like to point out the distinction that exists between the British Chartered Company's project and the various schemes for the colonisation of Central Africa which are so glibly talked about by Mr. Stanley and his supporters. I have no interest in Mr. Rhodes's colossal enterprise, and am by no means over-confident as to its ultimate fortunes. Still, it is only fair to admit that it possesses elements of success not to be found in similar enterprises, of which the Congo Free State is perhaps the most brilliant example. There is no difficulty of access to the possessions of the Chartered Company. The railroad Mr. Rhodes is constructing with extraordinary energy will keep the new colony in direct and easy communication with the Cape and the Transvaal. There is strong reason to believe that great mineral wealth exists in the Matabele territories. If minerals are found, the Cape and the Transvaal can supply the labour to work the mines, while the railroad will bring down their products at a comparatively low cost within reach of European markets. When once the power of Lobengula and his Indunas is crushed—an achievement which may cost more or less of blood and money, but whose ultimate accomplishment is a matter of practical certainty—there are no material or climatic difficulties in the way of developing whatever agricultural or mineral resources the territory of the Chartered Company may possess. Moreover, it is an enterprise conducted by men of great local experience and thorough knowledge of the country, who do not look to the Home Government for aid or protection, and are prepared to fight their own way at their own cost and risk. If, with all these advantages in its favour, the success of the Chartered Company is regarded as problematical by many residents in South Africa, whose opinion is entitled to respect, it may fairly be asked, what likelihood of success is there for any of

the various schemes whose object is the establishment of European colonies in the centre of Equatorial Africa?

Indeed it seems to me hardly credible that persons acquainted with the regions traversed by Stanley and other explorers should seriously believe this part of the world is ever likely to be the abode of a large European population. Even what I may call the Boss system of colonisation appears to be almost out of the question. The Boss system is one which prevails largely in South Africa. In districts where the Kaffre population has been brought into submission partly by conquest, partly by compulsion, and still more by the—to the native—debilitating influence of Western civilisation, the European tills the ground, works the mines, and raises herds and flocks by native labourers under the orders of the white-skinned Boss. The system does not work badly—at any rate for the white man—indeed it is the only practical system by which in Africa savagery can be converted into any semblance of civilisation. But this system cannot be worked unless there are white towns and white settlements scattered over the country, as is the case in South Africa, but as, if I am right, cannot be the case in Central Africa.

Nor can I feel very sanguine as to the possibility of establishing any lucrative trade with the interior of Africa. The precedent, so often quoted, of the East India Company seems to me utterly inapplicable. In India our traders had to deal with a country densely populated, easy of access when once the coast was reached, possessing great natural wealth, a high degree of Oriental civilisation, and any number of rich cities and navigable rivers. In Africa every one of these conditions is wanting. The moment you quit the coast the difficulties and dangers of travel are well-nigh insuperable, except for small parties of hunters or slave-dealers. The climate is invariably unhealthy, in many cases deadly, to men of European race. The interior is occupied by scattered tribes, one a little more, one a little less, savage than the other, but one and all destitute of the habits and tastes which constitute what we call civilisation. Except in Northern Africa, where the Arabs hold sway, there are, in the Western sense of the word, neither towns nor cities. What are marked as such on the charts are mere collections of mud huts and hovels. Of course in a country so vast, so inaccessible and so imperfectly explored, there may conceivably be communities that have attained to a high degree of civilisation. But so far there is no better evidence than that to be found in Mr. Rider Haggard's romances for the belief that Central Africa contains the vestiges of any civilisation higher than that of the pastoral savage, either in the present or the past.

If this description is correct, it is difficult to see how any lucrative trade on a large scale is to be developed in Central Africa. Of course if we or anybody else could occupy the country, conquer the native tribes, and humanise them till they had acquired the tastes

of civilised life, and were ready to work for their gratification, we might in time create an important African market for European wares. But in order to do this, we should have to make settlements, to raise armies, to construct railroads, to engage in any number of enterprises, whose cost would be certain, and whose returns would be problematical. It may be said that I have left out of account the probability of great mineral wealth being found in the central regions. I admit fully that if gold and silver and precious stones were to be found in the centre of Africa, spheres of influence might easily become a more easily negotiable asset than they constitute at present. But so far we have little evidence of the existence of precious metals in Central Africa; we have absolutely no evidence whether they are to be found, if at all, in paying quantities; and we have many *a priori* reasons to suppose that the cost and difficulty of extracting them, and transporting them to the coast, would eat up any profit derived from their sale.

It may be asked how it is, if my view is even approximately correct, that so many men who are more or less conversant with the facts of the case, and whose opinions are entitled to respect, are ardent supporters of various schemes for the development of Central Africa. To this I would reply, in the first instance, that enterprises of a colossal kind have always a singular attraction for minds of a certain, and I own a very high, class. The search for Prester John's kingdom, for the empire of Cathay, and for the North-West passage has enlisted the sympathies and kindled the enthusiasm of foregone generations, in much the same way as the idea of developing Central Africa has taken hold of our own. The millions sunk in the Panama Canal are proof that the world is no wiser nowadays than it was in the time of the Isthmus of Darien and the South Sea Bubbles. I should be the last to decry the sentiment which lies at the root of what I regard as an utter delusion. There is something, for instance, heroic to my mind in the way in which the King of the Belgians has gone on year after year spending an enormous fortune in the endeavour to establish the Congo Free State at his own cost. The fact that the enterprise has failed and must fail detracts nothing from the grandeur of the conception. Don Quixote was no less a hero, because the giants at whom he rode in tilt turned out to be wind-mills.

But if you look into the appeals addressed to the British public in the Press and in Parliament against our allowing other nations to forestall us in the acquisition of Central African territory, you will find these appeals emanate chiefly from three classes of persons: missionaries, trading companies, and concessionnaires. Of none of these three classes do I wish to speak with disrespect. That there is nothing like leather, is the natural and proper creed for a cobbler to hold. If I were a missionary, I should try to extend the scope of

mission enterprise: if I were a trader, I should seek to enlarge my trade: if I were a concessionnaire, I should endeavour to make my concession valuable. But being neither the one nor the other, I must demur to the opinion of Anglo-African missionaries, traders, and concessionnaires being taken as a guide for our national policy in respect of Central Africa.

I do not dispute for one moment that there is a large and a paying trade between the ports of the African sea-coast and the interior. As a matter of fact, this trade consists chiefly of arms, spirits, and blankets. I do not object to the trade in question. Whether it is right to sell muskets and spirits to savages in exchange for palm oil and ivory, is a question each man must decide for himself. I do not hold it to be the duty of the State to lay down any abstract principles on which trade is to be conducted. But when I am told that the objects the advocates of territorial annexation in Central Africa have most at heart are the evangelisation and civilisation of the Dark Continent, I feel bound to protest. What the various trading companies and firms, who do business on the West and East coast alike, really desire is, to obtain larger and more lucrative markets for their wares, and a higher quotation for their shares. The desire is a most reasonable one, but it should not be described as a crusade undertaken in behalf of religion and civilisation, and especially directed against the slave trade. I remember years ago, in the troubled period of Ismail Pacha's latter days, an acquaintance of mine, who was a large speculator in Egyptian securities, and who was justly considered an authority on Egyptian affairs, saying to me: 'When I am a bear of Egyptians, I write about the sufferings of the oppressed Fellaheen: when I am a bull, I write about the evangelisation of the Dark Continent.' And I confess that whenever I hear the creation of a Central African Empire advocated or decried on humanitarian and sentimental grounds, I recall my old friend's comment, and seem to detect a certain flavour of Stock Exchange speculation.

If I have made my meaning clear, it follows that our policy as far as Central Africa is concerned should be a policy of masterly inactivity. We have our spheres of influence, for whatever they may be worth, that is, we have got huge tracts of territory staked out more or less vaguely, in more or less accurate charts, within which our European rivals have bound themselves, more or less stringently, not to interfere with our freedom of action. We have also secured a right of way from the Cape to the Equatorial Lakes, for whatever they may be worth also, and have obtained control of the Stevenson Road, wherever that may be, and whatever that may mean. All this we have done in deference to the popular outcry for extending our Empire in Central Africa. Having done this, we have surely done enough. If any of our continental competitors who have also acquired spheres of influence like to try and convert these paper dominions into paying

possessions, let them make the experiment, but let us wait till we can profit by the result of their experience. In the meantime, our own spheres of influence should be left to lie fallow.

According to my view, it is to our existing possessions, to the seaboard, and not to the interior, that our attention should be turned. The possession, for instance, of Delagoa Bay would be worth more to England than the suzerainty of the whole of the Central Lake region. The bay in question is the one harbour of any value along the whole of the East Coast. In English hands, it would be the port of the Transvaal, and of all those portions of Central Africa in which any profitable trade with Europe can possibly be developed. I am quite aware that, by the short-sighted policy of a previous era, we are debarred from making ourselves masters of this marvellous port. But events in South Africa move rapidly. Many contingencies are possible under which England might justly and successfully establish her claim to the finest harbour of South Africa; and I view with extreme suspicion any policy which tends to divert public attention from Delagoa Bay to chimerical schemes for the creation of British settlements in the centre of Africa.

In the same way, I attach very great value to the development of our Protectorate over Zanzibar. In virtue of the Anglo-German convention, we have now got supreme control over the most influential Arab state along the East African coast. In Zanzibar we have not only an important and lucrative trading station, but we have an instrument by which we may do much towards the civilisation of the Dark Continent. It is a mistake to regard the Arabs in Africa as mere gangs of slave-dealers. On the contrary, the advance of Islam is the means of introducing into the wilds of Africa the least degraded form of religion and the least abject form of civilisation which the native races, as at present constituted, are capable of receiving. It is not reasonable to expect that the missionaries should look favourably on an element in African life on which they have failed to produce any impression, and from which they encounter constant opposition. Still, common fairness bids us remember that the followers of Islam have done and are doing more than the champions of any other creed to introduce into savage Africa a form of religion and a degree of civilisation higher than those the native intellect could ever attain to by its own efforts. The African Mohammedan communities now scattered over the district between the Nile and the Zambesi may be very poor specimens of humanity, but they stand on a far higher moral and social level than the savage tribes by which they are surrounded. If, owing to our Protectorate over Zanzibar, we can enlist the sympathies of the Arab element in our favour, we shall have a powerful instrument of civilisation at our disposal. The voluntary abolition of slavery within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar, at the instance of our singularly able Consul-

General, Sir Euan Smith, shows how much we may hope to effect, if our authority under the Protectorate is employed wisely and moderately. Things at the best move very slowly in Africa. The danger for us and others is the attempt to do too much and too quickly.

Still, while holding that the Protectorate of Zanzibar has been cheaply purchased by the cession of Heligoland, I think the two objective points in Africa, towards which our attention as a nation should be mainly directed, lie in the extreme north and the extreme south of the continent. For reasons I have already hinted at, I am not disposed to take as sanguine a view of the immediate future of our South African colonies as it is the fashion to take in those organs of public opinion which declare that British authority at no distant date is to extend from Cape Town to Cairo. I should be very glad personally if these dreams were capable of realisation. Some day or other the time may come when it will pay to construct railroads at enormous cost in inaccessible countries, where there is a sparse savage population, and no trade to speak of. Some day also it may pay to establish British ports and settlements in regions where white men cannot live in health; and where if they can live they cannot work; and where even if they could work there is not much to do which is worth the doing. But that day is not yet, and is not likely to be soon. For the present, all we can do with profit or advantage is to fill up, to consolidate, and to complete our South African possessions. All these wild projects of Central African extension always remind me of the conceptions of some crazy architect, who might propose to erect the upper stories of a dwelling upon foundations which were still barely commenced. Before our British African colonies are in a position to advance their frontiers into the unknown North, they have got to settle the native question, to provide themselves with a large working population, either white or coloured, to bring their waste land into cultivation, to cover the country with railroads, and to arrange their internal difficulties. The bulk of this work has got to be done by the colonists themselves. Nobody can do it for them; and even if this were otherwise, the work will act better if done on the spot. Both the British Government and the British public, however, may do much to help South Africa in her work of consolidation, if we never lose sight of the fact that the replacement of the Transvaal under the same supreme authority as that which rules over the Cape Colony and Natal is the aim our national policy should have in view. The whole question of the Transvaal is far too complicated for me to enter upon here. It is one concerning which it is difficult for any resident in British South Africa, or even for any one interested in its welfare, to speak temperately or to write with moderation. The page of our history which closed at Majuba Hill is not one any Englishman can contemplate without

shame. Still, the more you investigate that record of disgrace and failure, the more difficult you find it to say exactly where the blame lies, or who is responsible for the shame. The dead must bury their dead. All I need say here is that after what has passed, no Englishman, either here or in South Africa, could with any sense of self-respect recommend the forcible re-annexation of the Transvaal, even if it were in our power to re-annex it by force: a contingency of which—given the conditions of the case—I have personally the greatest doubt. Still a full recognition of the plain hard fact, that we cannot at present take back the province we surrendered at the close of a long series of discreditable defeats, is no reason for refusing to perceive that the existence of the South African Republic as an independent and isolated community is fatal to the development of our South African possessions. There never ought to be, I trust there never will be, another war in South Africa between the British and the Dutch. But a variety of causes are operating to give the British element in the Transvaal a preponderance not only in wealth and energy, but in actual numbers. Sooner or later conjunctures must arise under which the Transvaal might be brought back under British supremacy amicably and peaceably; and any British Government which could bring about this consummation would have done more to extend the dominion of Great Britain throughout the African continent than if it had secured for England the recognition from the European Powers of any number of spheres of influence. To look a gift horse in the mouth is proverbially ungrateful. But individually spheres of influence in Central Africa seem to me of not much greater intrinsic value than the free right of navigation on rivers such as the Zambesi, which have any number of rapids, a most uncertain supply of water, and no practical outlet to the sea.

Again, in the north of Africa there is Egypt, the great oasis of the Delta, the richest and most fertile district in the whole of the Dark Continent, the key to our highway to India. Upon this point I have written so often here that I need only say my residence in South Africa has only confirmed my old belief that the possession of Egypt is a matter, politically speaking, of life or death to the British Empire. We have Egypt at present within our grasp. Upon its southern frontiers lies the Soudan, a country infinitely richer, far less inaccessible, far more civilised, and in every way more valuable as a possession than the whole of Central Africa. Yet the very same class of politicians who denounce any intervention in the Soudan are clamorous for the extension of our paper rights in the region of the Lakes. I can understand, though I do not share, the view of those who deprecate any extension of our territory and any increase of our responsibilities in Africa. But if we are to join in the scramble for the partition of the African continent, common sense would surely dictate that we should try for the prizes best worth the winning

and which we have the best chance of obtaining. By a curious combination of circumstances the prizes best worth winning are those which, if they are to be won at all, we have also the best chance of winning. Egypt and the Transvaal are within the possibility, if not the probability, of our attainment. And when I find that the British public, which refuses to hear of Egypt and the Transvaal, is clamorous for the establishment of British rule over remote regions in Central Africa, where at the best we have much to lose and little to gain, I cannot but feel that in the search for the shadow we are sacrificing the substance.

EDWARD DICEY.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CLXIV.—OCTOBER 1890.

THE LABOUR REVOLUTION.

I.

A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS

(*Continued*).

WHEN his guests reassembled after breakfast on the following morning, Trevor found that they were anxious to continue their argument with Blake, who had not yet made his appearance. They were all prepared to admit that so far as the conversation had gone Blake had had the best of it, and had established his contention that the immediate political future would be occupied by the working classes of this country in the attempt to gain improvements in their material condition. But it was the general opinion, even of those who had most strongly opposed him, that, after all, if that were true, it was not very new, and that by far the hardest part of Blake's task was yet to come.

Clifford. As I understand the position Mr. Blake took up last night, I do not know that I am in disagreement with him on any essential matter. In point of fact, the great party to which I have the honour to belong has for some time definitely relinquished its purpose of advancing the interests of the middle classes, and its spokesmen have more and more emphatically laid stress on the fact that the old Radicalism which stood for protest against feudal anomalies and aristocratic privilege has nearly fulfilled its mission, and that the new Radicalism has inherited from it little but that

determination to pioneer the paths of progress which must inevitably make our Party the engine by which Mr. Blake and men like him, if, indeed, they have any constructive ideas sufficiently practical to embody in legislation, must apply the forces that will work the desired changes.

Tranmere. Ah, yes, we hear a good deal of that sort of thing from the free-lances of your party, some of whom, I fear, are irreverent enough to denounce Mr. Clifford as little better than a Whig, and to assert that he can never effectively lead the 'Party of Progress,' because he is inferior to some of his competitors in quickness to perceive which way the cat will jump. But in Mr. Blake's language and manner I see something very different from all that. I mean no offence, but he seems to me to speak from conviction, and to have cleared his mind of cant.

Borrodaile-Higgs. What I want to get at is what he really wants to do. This is a country of business ideas and business people, and, depend on it, we shall find that all his pretty theories will break down when it comes to a practical test. He may talk about revolution and instincts, and all the rest of it, but I say that what we have to do is not so much to carry on the Government of the Queen as the business of the nation, and if he is going to try any tricks with that, he'll very soon be found out.

Beaulieu. Oh, but Mr. Higgs, don't you see how horribly, I won't say business-like, but calculating, Mr. Blake's arguments were? What shocked me in his talk last night was the utter absence of reliance on the nobler, the divine instincts of man. There are a hundred things I meant to ask him when he left us. But here he comes.

Blake. I wish some of you had come out with me this morning. I have been round the cottages of some labourers on the outskirts of the village. If you had been with me I think you would be ready to forgive me for boring you so outrageously with my disquisition last night.

Trevor. I am afraid you are in a cynical mood, or you wouldn't suppose that we were not interested. All my friends here are dying to have at you again this morning. I warn you that you'll have a bad time of it. They are all sternly practical, and insist that you shall satisfy Mr. Clifford and Mr. Higgs that your designs on our property are strictly in accordance with sound economics and good business principles.

Blake. I can't promise to do that, but I can say that if I had not satisfied myself on those points your property would be safe from me.

Trevor. Well, come now, what is it you want to do? We'll admit that you made out a pretty good case last night. But the working man may be ever so anxious to improve his condition, and not get a yard further, if natural laws are against him. We allow, for the sake

of argument, that he has learnt the extent of his political power and its use. What can he do with it? What do you want?

Blake. What do I want? If I told you, I am afraid you would be too much alarmed to listen to me. The question, for practical men, is what the working classes, as a whole, are prepared to make an effective demand for.

Clifford. Yes, Mr. Blake is right. You cannot settle more than one thing at a time in politics. It comes to this. Is there a practical legislative project to which working men, in the hope of improving their social condition, are prepared to subordinate all other political questions? If so, is that project economically possible, and will it attain the desired end?

Tranmere. But you can answer the first part of that question yourself better than anyone. As a representative of one of the largest urban constituencies, chiefly composed of workmen conspicuous for hard-headedness and go, who pride themselves on having initiated some of the greatest labour movements of the past, surely a member for Castleton-on-the-Cole can speak with authority.

Clifford. To be quite candid, there is but one domestic reform that any considerable section of my constituents seem to have much at heart. Some—I cannot say how many, I wish I knew for certain—of the workmen, of their leaders at any rate, give me considerable annoyance about the eight-hour day.

Beaulieu. The miners in my constituency also have entirely set their hearts upon that.

Higgs. Well, I cannot understand it, but it can't be denied that recent events in London have shown that the desire for reduction of working hours is growing in the metropolis in a most extraordinary, if unreasonable, way.

Tranmere. Ah! I expected as much, for I find myself that, so far as working men are concerned, there is nothing so popular. Temperance reform and leasehold enfranchisement are nowhere in comparison.

Blake. And it is natural enough. There is nothing that the animal, Man, dislikes so much as work. I don't mean work in the sense of voluntary exercise of body or mind, but work for wages at tasks imposed at the will and for the profit of another. Small wonder then that men should desire that their hours of wage-work should be diminished, and that the proportion of the day in which they are their own masters, and really free, should be increased.

Higgs. I don't wonder at it. I have had to work, and precious hard and anxious work it was too, for twelve and fifteen hours a day for years, but I was working for myself and not, I may say, altogether unsuccessfully. If it had been wage-work at so much a week, I would not have liked it. I don't blame workmen for wanting an eight-hour day. But it can't be done, sir, it is not possible.

Clifford. I am open to admit with Mr. Higgs that, knowing as I do and sympathising as I do with the lot of the toilers, I cannot blame workmen for their impatience at long hours. But I do blame those who tell them that a change can be effected in a way which sounds easy and pleasant, but which all intelligent men must see will eventually make their lot harder still——

Beaulieu. And deteriorate their moral character.

Clifford. Mr. Blake is a man of intelligence, and I appeal to him seriously whether it is not absolutely dishonest to use about the eight hours' question the language in which many of his friends indulge. One will say that if shorter hours destroy our export trade, our export trade may go to the devil, well knowing that the bread of hundreds of thousands of workmen entirely depends on that trade. Another has the audacity to assert that the product of eight hours' labour will be greater and yield a higher wage than that of ten or twelve. A third (usually one of those who live in Mr. Hyndman's 'mild and magnificent eye') will insist on the two mutually destructive propositions that an eight-hour day must be simultaneously established in all countries, and that it must be established in our country at once, though, even if he is crack-brained, he must know that generations, perhaps centuries, must elapse before any such project can be feasible on the Continent, not to speak of Russia, India, and China. Yet another will claim that shorter hours will absorb the unemployed and increase the rate of wages, in the same breath that he tries to get over the difficulty of dearer production and raised prices by predicting immense advances in labour-saving machinery, which will surely increase the surplus in the labour market. It is sheer, downright, base dishonesty——

Trevor. But, my dear Clifford——

Clifford. I confess I speak with heat. But when I raise these objections, all in the true interest of the workman, I am not met with reason and argument. I am abused, called a capitalist hack, a fish-blooded philosopher, a hypocrite who reserves for Irish tenants the sympathy which was meant for mankind. It is enough to disgust one with public life to be threatened with unpopularity because one refuses to swallow this pestilent rubbish.

Trevor. I wished to reserve to myself the part of Chorus, but I don't want to be chorus in a tragedy. Had not we better get Mr. Blake to answer these questions of yours?

Clifford. But I tell you I feel very deeply the unmerited——

Higgs. I feel for you, Mr. Clifford. You express my own opinions on the subject exactly. I could not have believed that I could have been in such entire sympathy with any one of your party on any political question. I must congratulate you, heartily congratulate——

Tranmere. I say, Mr. Higgs, don't be too hard on him. An ally of the Parnellites losing his temper because he is expected to

knock under to undeserved abuse ; a Gladstonian swearing that he never, never will yield to political intimidation ; a rising hope of the stern and unbending Radicals who will have it that the working man is an ass and idiot ; here surely is a spectacle tragic enough—what is it ?—‘ more tragic than any *Oedipus*, than any *Hamlet* ’—without your assuring him that on the question that is riving his party from top to bottom Mr. Clifford, the philosophical Radical, is absolutely in accord with middle-class Conservatism. It’s too bad.

Trevor (anxiously). Now, Mr. Blake, we are all ears to hear your answer to the arguments.

Blake. I am not surprised at Mr. Clifford’s indignation ; but I can’t afford him much sympathy. If the political methods of the working man leave much to be desired, who taught them and who set the example ? If their way of maturing political questions is disturbing, who is it that dates Irish reforms from the Clerkenwell explosion ? If they think no other argument is needed for a project than to say the classes are against it and the masses for it, on whose authority do they speak ? If they think they can swing round the weathercock on Mr. Clifford’s lofty steeple by the popular breath, who was it that would not admit Home Rule to be within the political horizon ten years ago, and now declares that it obstructs the whole field of vision ? If they use contradictory arguments, who pleads that a union of hearts is the logical consequence of irreconcilable racial antipathies, and that you should abolish landlords on this side of St. George’s Channel and multiply them on the other ? If they substitute abuse for argument, who gave the sanction of intellect and letters to the Americanising of our politics and journalism ? I am afraid Mr. Clifford and his friends have not yet reaped the whole of the whirlwind.

Trevor. But your side in these discussions, you know, they must have some answer to the hard argument of facts, such as Mr. Clifford has mentioned.

Blake. My side is composed of a good many different people, and, as sometimes happens, the emptiest make most sound. Given a great mass of uncultivated, ignorant, emotional human beings stirred by unrest, discontent, and a sense of injustice, but without trained minds to reason back to causes or even to put their complaints into coherent form, and you must have much confusion and discord, above which at first only the loudest voices reach those who stand outside. Like patriotism, the love of humanity is sometimes the last refuge of a scoundrel who shouts very loud, but will not tell the truth, even if he knows it, if it be hardly understood of the people. Then there are some spokesmen, in whose breast the milk of human kindness has boiled over and got mixed with their brains——

Beaulieu. Oh, Mr. Blake——

Blake. And these do not mean any harm and do much. Then the immensity and grandeur of the subject attract fluent persons of a poetical temperament who scorn detail and argument and pipe of a Paradise in which kings, priests, and policemen shall be no more seen. Loudest and most enthusiastic of all are the constitution-mongers, each with a new Atlantis, who darken counsel by setting off on the wrong scent that large proportion of mankind whose standard of intelligence is shown by the way they accept statements in a company prospectus, in a patent medicine advertisement. The great mass, who are not spokesmen, do not reason on the matter at all. They either follow the few who know their own minds, or act from unreasoning instinct. Of all the quarter of a million workmen who voted by acclamation for an eight hours' day at their great meeting in Hyde Park on the 4th of May, probably not one out of five thousand could give you half a dozen intelligible reasons for so voting, or answer Mr. Clifford's questions.

Clifford. What an admission!

Blake. It is the truth, and the admission does not prove in the least that the doctrines were wrong. It is so everywhere. If you don't believe me, ask a Liberal why he is not a Conservative, or a Conservative why he is not a Liberal. If he can give you an answer at all, the answer will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, show that he has never thought about the matter at all.

Tranmere. Well, I have thought a good deal about this eight hours question, and I must say that Mr. Clifford's criticisms have some weight. The real issues are evaded. We here, for instance, are all, in favour of shorter hours for workmen. We think eight hours quite long enough. What we do not see is how the workman is to get for his eight hours as much as he now does for ten or twelve or sixteen, without either sending up prices so that we should import everything consumed here, or annihilating profits and so destroying industries on which the livelihood of thousands depend. And if the worker is to get his pay reduced proportionately with his hours, we don't believe he would or could stand it.

Higgs. That is it, just it. Pardon me, my lord, but I don't think I could have put it better myself.

Clifford. Yes, that puts it simply enough. But it lets Mr. Blake off all the difficulties connected with State regulation of labour, and makes him a present of the hardest part of his case.

Blake. Thank you, but I would rather not be let off, and prefer to take what you call the hardest part first. So taking for granted, for the moment, that the thing itself—the establishment of a normal *maximum* working day of eight hours—is desirable, where is your objection to its attainment by legislative enactment? The economical result will be the same whatever the method of its attainment.

Clifford. But if you pass a law, no modification is possible without setting in motion the creaking and lumbering machinery of Parliament, which may take years, and during those years trade may have suffered irreparable injury. On the contrary, if you leave the matter to employers and employed, who know their trade and have a common interest in preserving it, they can and will easily and swiftly make any desirable modification.

Blake. I grant that the decision of Parliament will be rigid, and that of conferences of masters and men elastic. But there, you see, I don't happen to want elasticity in the matter. You do. You want to leave loopholes for escape so that long hours may be introduced again. I do not.

Beaulieu. But, my dear Mr. Blake, you know Parliament is so often wrong, for members, even with the best intentions, cannot master the intricacies of a hundredth part of the subjects on which they have to vote.

Blake. That is not to the point. The point is that shorter hours should be enforced by all the power of the law. I have no very high opinion of the intelligence of the House of Commons, but if it is unable to devise machinery which should leave to those conversant with the trade the drawing up of the detailed regulations required for that trade, and reserve to Parliament the power of giving such regulations the force of law, any trade-union executive committee can show how it can be done.

Tranmere. I don't see the difficulty myself, and, as a member of the party which inherits the traditions of the men who passed the Factory Acts, would like to remind our Liberal friends that they are the political descendants of the Manchester Radicals who opposed those Acts.

Blake. There is a stronger argument for the legislative method. It is not only effective, but it is necessarily equal and impartial as no other method can be. So, odd as it may sound, I prefer it because I want to do justice to the employers.

Higgs. That's very good of you. You're going to bind us hand and foot with your red tape, and leave us at the mercy of our men—entirely for our own good?

Blake. Remember we are at present assuming that you are going to be bound hand and foot anyhow, and discussing as to whether, from your own point of view, you prefer the red tape of Parliament or of the trade unions. Now you see, Mr. Higgs, a legal restriction will no doubt bind you down very tightly, but it will bind all your rivals and competitors too, and put you all on an equal footing with regard to the matter of hours of labour. Restrictions which depend solely on trade unions for enforcement, on the contrary, must operate unequally. Some employers, you yourself for instance, Mr. Higgs, because your thousands of hands have in their numbers a great facility

for a strong combination, would be compelled to obey the rule. But many of your competitors could not be dealt with so strictly.

Higgs. That would be unfair. Yes, I see what you are driving at. If any of us are to be coerced, it is much better that all should be coerced impartially.

Beaulieu. You see it in the matter of early closing of shops. Nineteen tradesmen in a town may be anxious to close at 8 P.M. if all in their trade will do so. But if the twentieth refuses, it is he who coerces the nineteen into remaining open.

Tranmere. In fact, in the best of worlds possible somebody has got to be coerced, and Mr. Blake, who wants the greatest freedom of the greatest number, prefers that nineteen buttermen should coerce the twentieth rather than that the twentieth should coerce the nineteen.

Higgs. Yes, there's something in it, no doubt; but you forget that you are striking at the qualities that make our country great. You are going to put a premium on want of independence and self-reliance. It is the go, the push of individuals, like myself, if I may say so without being misunderstood, that make and keep going the trade on which our people live. I've got on because I've got a backbone, and most people haven't one. You're going to clap a State-patented pair of stays on everyone, and deprive me of my natural advantages; and if you do, coming generations of Englishmen will have no backbone, no enterprise, no pluck.

Clifford. What is more important is that you are going to sap the energy of the working class by telling them to rely on the State and not on themselves. There are worse things than poverty. I would a thousand times rather rob the workman of half his wages than of his self-respect and manly dignity.

Beaulieu. Oh yes, Mr. Blake, whatever else you throw into the melting pot, spare our national character.

Blake. Upon my honour, I have no designs upon the pride of starving tramps or the dignity of powdered footmen. But what do you really mean by all these vague words?

Tranmere. They mean that the State should regulate the hours of work of women and boys on the ground that they cannot be expected to fight for their own hand, but should not protect men because men can, if they choose, protect themselves by the exercise of qualities which it is desirable to cultivate and strengthen in them.

Blake. Let us look the facts squarely in the face. Here is a factory in which work a man and a boy. You admit that the State must protect the boy, but say that the man must protect himself. How? There is only one way. He must form a trade union with his fellows, the union must ask for shorter hours, and if the request is refused, its members must go on strike, and, to succeed in that

strike, must prevent other men going in to do the work and keep the factory idle. And they must keep that up, for weeks or months, themselves suffering the while all the tortures of the damned, until the master surrenders. If your advice means anything, it means this.

Clifford. Well, yes, I suppose it does.

Blake. Now I say that the man requires State protection more than the boy, and that he is less able to help himself than the boy. Just ask yourself which of the two most dreads dismissal and suffers most from being on strike. Beyond question it is the man, the bread-winner of a family whose living depends on his weekly wages. The boy for whom you reserve your protection is really more independent, cares less about being dismissed, can get employment elsewhere more readily, and suffers little by cessation of his wages. Any foreman in a factory will tell you it is so, just as years ago the mill-owners gave evidence that they preferred married women as mill-hands to girls, because mothers with children to feed would put up with almost anything rather than lose their work.

Clifford. I never heard it put in that way.

Blake. Very likely. Then as to the effect on character. In the cotton districts, as you know, the restriction of women's hours has practically operated as a restriction of men's hours. Has their moral fibre relaxed? On the contrary, we all know that in no part of the country and in no trade are trade unions more powerful and more heartily supported, and such an opponent of eight hours' legislation as Mr. Mundella admits that all sorts of self-help, mechanics' institutes, and friendly and building societies, have flourished to an extraordinary extent under the Factories Acts.

Clifford. Still the effort to better their own condition by self-restraint, forethought, and voluntary combination, hard though the discipline may be, must strengthen and stiffen the characters of the workmen. And if they try hard enough they can succeed, unless indeed economical laws are against them, and then even an Act of Parliament would fail. Take these miners who, Beaulieu says, are crying out for an eight hours' law. Why, in the North they actually have got in the mines, without the aid of the State, a working day of six-and-a-half and seven-and-a-half hours. That shows what they can do.

Blake. It shows what they can do with and by the consent of their masters. It is actually the fact that those short shifts of work were originally introduced, not by the men, but by the masters for their own convenience and profit in the working of those particular mines. And the short hours apply only to a section of those employed, the remainder working even longer hours than is usual in other districts, and this can't be stopped by the unions.

Beaulieu. I never heard all this, and thought the short hours in

the Northumberland pits the strongest point against an eight hours' law.

Blake. Just so. Five minutes ago you and Mr. Clifford were arguing that Parliament could not know enough about the technicalities of trades to legislate for their regulation, and that this was a reason for leaving these matters to trade unions. You know very well that the leaders of the miners in their conferences, and the pitmen in ballots at the pits' mouths all over the country, have unanimously declared for getting the eight hours by law. You know that these men know all about their business, including the circumstances and peculiarities of the Northumberland system. Yet you turn round and, because you have half digested some scrap of one-sided information that seems to contradict their opinion, you set yourself up to argue against the lifelong experience of the men you were just now prepared to entrust the whole question to.

Clifford. I don't deny that you throw fresh light on this most interesting subject, and must repeat the regret I have often expressed in public that my time is so fully occupied in finding something fresh to say upon Irish matters that I am unable to devote much attention to these problems, which are not of such immediate interest—

Blake. Don't apologise to me, pray. I quite understand. When there are two widows it is not the more deserving, but the more importunate, who gets a hearing.

Beaulieu. But we are not unjust judges.

Blake. No. You are politicians out of office.

Trevor. You were going to ask something, Clifford.

Clifford. If I may be allowed to speak, I say I don't pretend to have made a special study of these matters, but it certainly seems to me that Mr. Blake exaggerates the difficulty of workmen getting such improvement as the economics of the situation allow through their voluntary combinations.

Tranmere. If you mean by that that they will get through trade unions just what trade unions can get for them, I imagine Mr. Blake will agree with you.

Clifford. Evidently I fail to make myself understood. Some changes for the better in the lot of the working man are undoubtedly possible. Others, as I hold, are rendered impossible by economic factors, by foreign competition, the density of our population, the rapidity of its increase, the inefficiency of labour, and so on. Mr. Blake does not agree with me. He is prepared later on to meet these difficulties and show that they are unreal; and I have no wish to obscure the present issues by dragging in others. All I say is that certain things are impossible, and when Mr. Blake says trade unions cannot shorten hours or raise wages to any appreciable extent, I contend that they can do anything that the law can do, and that if

the law tries to do more it will fail. In support of this I point to what trade unions have done. I won't particularise, because I have not the details at my finger ends. But they have established a nine hours' day in some trades here, I think. That was because such a reduction was economically possible. I believe in Australia an eight-hour day is maintained by voluntary combination. That is rendered possible by their economical position. Therefore, I can see nothing absurd in the suggestion that the trade-union method, supported by an enlightened public feeling, may get for the worker all that under present circumstances he can obtain by any conceivable method.

Blake. Oh, I agree, in a sense, to much of that. Neither a resolution passed by a trade union nor an Act passed by the House of Commons will have more effect on a comet than a Papal Bull, nor will either make water run up a hill. But we can pump water up a hill, and we make use of the eternal and immutable laws which cause it to descend, to distribute it so as best to serve our wants. In such a case it is for the community to decide whether the irrigation shall be left to each to manage for himself, or whether the best, quickest, and cheapest way will be for the State as a whole to take it in hand. In some cases the irrigation of a district, if it is to be done at all, must be undertaken by the State. So, I say that, although it is conceivable that an eight-hour day could be established without invoking the law, it cannot so be established here and now except at a cost in time, money, and suffering, and at a risk of disorder and bloodshed, which no reasonable man will contemplate while another method remains untried.

Clifford. But look at the success of the dock strike of last year.

Beaulieu. Yes, what a noble example of courage and self-sacrifice those poor fellows gave to the world!

Clifford. Here is a case. The dockers wanted certain rises of pay. Though unskilled and unorganised, they struck and got it. Had they elected to ask for shorter hours instead of higher wages, they would have been equally successful. And I contend that what they can do without State aid, any or all of the workers can do without State aid.

Tranmere. That puts our friend in rather a tight place.

Blake. On the contrary, it only shows the same ignorance of the real elements of that success as has been shown by workmen with less excuse for ignorance, who have tried to imitate it and failed lamentably.

Tranmere. True enough, most of the big strikes since have been a walk-over for the employers.

Blake. You will admit that I ought to know something of the difficulties of that strike, and, without wearying you with its history, I can say that the causes of its success are not likely to be present again for a long time. But I won't rest my case on that. I merely

say that a victory by such methods costs the side that wins more than it obtains for them, inflicts great damage on the losers and the general community, and lays society open to dangers much greater than any loss of wages or profits.

Tranmere. I have often seen that men usually lose as much wages as they gain by a strike. Say, for instance, your dockers gained a penny an hour or four shillings a week by being on strike for six weeks. It will take thirty weeks at the higher rate of wages to recompense them for the loss of income during the strike, and a good many more before they are adequately repaid for their sufferings. Then many other workmen stopped work and lost their wages to help the dockers, and got no rise themselves. Then the immediate loss from the stoppage of the trade of the port of London, and the permanent loss owing to the diversion of a portion of the trade, can hardly be estimated, but must have been enormous. I am not sorry the experiment was made, but it was not a cheap one.

Blake. Yet our Radical economists think the question of reduced hours can be most speedily and cheaply settled by a series of such strikes on a huge scale and in every department of industry.

Beaulieu. Oh, if these matters could only be settled by arbitration, as we are going to settle wars between nations!

Blake. The parallel is perhaps closer than you think between industrial and military warfare. In the latter case the difficulty is to enforce the award of the arbitrator. If France and Germany are at loggerheads, for instance, you might conceivably settle the issue by arbitration if behind the award there was a power strong enough to crush to pieces either of the disputants should they attempt to disregard it. In industrial matters such a power exists in the shape of the policeman and the factory inspector, who can compel the workmen to keep order and the master to observe the regulations.

Beaulieu. What has always struck me and filled me with hope was that during that dock strike the men showed such orderliness and such self-restraint. It was splendid.

Higgs. But, you know, I am assured that the 'blacklegs,' as they call them—the men who wanted to work during the strike—were intimidated and grossly ill-treated. I know some of the dock directors personally, and they tell me that if the police had prevented intimidation the work need not have been stopped for more than a day or two.

Tranmere. I would suggest that Beaulieu, the next time there is a big strike, should get himself up as an amateur 'blackleg,' and let us know what sort of a reception he gets from the strikers.

Blake. Let me tell you one little incident which may help him to form an accurate opinion without undergoing an experience which might deprive the House of Lords of the chance of ever hearing him. One night it was ascertained that a train full of 'blacklegs' was to

be run right into the docks without stopping at any of the places at which, on previous occasions, the pickets had been able to get at the new-comers and cajole or intimidate or bribe them into refusing to work. This was a serious matter, for if it had been found that this experiment was successful it would have been repeated, and train after train would have run into the docks the thousands of men all over England who were eager to accept any work at a pound a week. It was as though an army that had invested a fortress and knew that its garrison was on the point of capitulating for lack of food, suddenly heard that the besieged had cut through the lines at a place from which they could draw supplies sufficient to enable them to hold out for months. What would you have done in such a case, Lord Beaulieu, if you had been in command of the beleaguering force?

Beaulieu. Well, I don't know. I think war is such a beastly business that I have even resigned my commission in the Yeomanry; but I think—yes—if I wanted to take the town—I should try and stop those provisions going in.

Tranmere. What! And actually authorise in cold blood the murder of thousands who never did you any harm, just because they were trying to get something to eat! I'm ashamed of you, and you a Vice-President of the League of Universal Peace! Why, you're a bloodthirsty swashbuckler.

Beaulieu. Oh, come now. I object to war because, you know, if you do go to war, you must kill or be killed. And in such circumstances I should say it would be positively a duty to humanity to get the thing over as quickly as possible by cutting to pieces the first convoy of provisions and so showing the garrison that they hadn't a chance and had better surrender.

Blake. Then in the case of the strikers what would you have advised, for, mind you, the introduction of that trainful of 'blacklegs' would certainly have made the strike a failure?

Beaulieu. I should—no—I wouldn't have taken the responsibility of advising, except, of course, to say that the strikers ought to do nothing rash or illegal, but keep order, you know, and retain the sympathy of the public.

Tranmere. But the sympathy of the public would not stop the train. What did they do?

Blake. Luckily, the train never started, as the 'blacklegs' were dissuaded from coming before they left the town where they were enlisted. But, had it come down the line, I have reason to believe that it is probable that it would have left the metals at the top of a steep embankment.

Higgs. I thought so, gentlemen, I thought so. Here we have it. Mr. Blake argues away, and I can see very well that he makes some impression upon you who have no practical knowledge of these

things. But now you see what all this means. He sits there as cool as a cucumber and advocates wholesale murder. If he can't get it by fair means he'll use foul. It's Jack Sheppard over again. 'Your money or your life.' If we hand over all our property quietly, well and good. But if we try to defend it—no argument but a bell-mouthed blunderbuss. Mark my words, gentlemen, if this sort of thing is not stopped, we shall live to see the County Council putting up a guillotine on Primrose Hill.

Tranmere. And Mr. John Burns holding Beaulieu's countenance up for the inspection of an admiring crowd with the remark, 'Behold the head of a man who didn't know which side his bread was buttered.'

Blake. I don't think Lord Beaulieu is likely to lose his head—in that sense. But you are labouring under a slight delusion, Mr. Higgs. It is not I, but you, who advocate the settlement of these disputes by such primitive if effective methods.

Higgs. I? Why, I am prepared to support law and order to the last gasp.

Blake. That is another phrase. I understand that you do not want the State to regulate hours by law, but to leave that matter for settlement by trade unions.

Clifford. I want to see hours reduced. I yield to no man in my detestation of long hours and poor pay. But, I say, let the men do it themselves by their trade unions.

Blake. And I say doing it by trade unions means doing it by strikes; and strikes can only be successful in the present condition of the labour market when the strikers can prevent 'blacklegs' taking their places. And that means the use of force and violence. No moral suasion will prevent a starving man taking employment. It is of no use for the strikers to say 'blacklegs' must not go to work unless they can enforce a sufficiently deterrent punishment on those who do. If it be for the good of the commonwealth that the work should not be done except on the strikers' terms, I say punish the 'blacklegs' according to recognised forms of law. You say, leave them to Judge Lynch.

Tranmere. And Mr. Blake alone is the genuine supporter of law?

Clifford. I will not allow that. If Mr. Blake is right, and the settlement of industrial questions by voluntary combination necessarily involves civil war and Lynch law, I should feel obliged to reconsider my refusal to include the regulation of the hours of labour of adults in the sphere of the State. But I will not take his word for it. I admit that he makes out something of a case and speaks from an experience which entitles him to be heard. Still, I will not sanction an appeal to Parliament on this matter until the voluntary method be proved a failure.

Blake. Just so. You will wait to see civil war inflaming the prejudices and exciting the passions of all classes before you will pay serious attention to the matter. You will do as you have done in Ireland. The Irish tenant groans under rack-rents fixed by excessive competition for land, and you let him groan for years, saying that you are very sorry for him, but you can't see what is to be done; it is no business of the State to regulate rents and tinker with the laws of political economy. So you too offer the British worker crocodile sympathy and cheap advice to be patient and orderly and self-reliant. But one day the Irishman lays to heart your sermons about self-help and takes his own business in hand. He goes in for voluntary combination with the object of getting reduced rents. His difficulty, like the British worker's, is with the 'blackleg,' whom he calls a 'land-grabber.' If the 'land-grabber' can be prevailed on not to take the holding at more than the rent held by Judge Lynch's tribunal to be fair, the tenant can protect himself by voluntary combination. But the 'land-grabber' is as impervious to moral suasion as the 'blackleg,' and exhortations, if they are to affect him, must take the shape of hot shot and cold steel. After a good deal of this, you wake up to the fact that it is the function of the State to banish political economy to Saturn, and that a court to fix fair rents has many advantages over the methods of Judge Lynch.

Beaulieu. But you don't compare the position of the prosperous English artisan with that of the wretched Irish cultivator?

Blake. No, I don't. I know as well as you do, and am not afraid to say it, that the condition of the English worker as compared with that of the Irish represents a deeper misery affecting ten times as many persons—misery moreover almost entirely due to environment and hardly at all to national character. And the English and Scotch deserve redress as law-abiding people, who have not yet imbibed the new Radical doctrine that turbulence gives the only claim on the attention of high-minded statesmen.

Tranmere. Without venturing on contentious matter, we may all agree that the Irish example cannot but have effect on the workmen of Great Britain if they think they have a grievance, but I hope they will avoid too faithful an imitation.

Clifford. To tell the truth, if the workmen here were half as determined to get an eight-hour day by law as the Irish are to drive out the landlords, they would get it without much trouble. No Government could refuse them and live six months.

Higgs. And no Government could pass such a law and live six months. You would have trade ruined, and thousands of men who had lost their employment would be crying for somebody's blood.

Blake. Well, as I told you, I am willing to set out the reasons that make me disagree with Mr. Higgs on that part of the subject

when opportunity offers. But for the present I only want to make it clear that the risk and difficulty of getting any considerable reduction of working hours without the aid of the law are so great, that the eight hours' question is the question of an Eight Hours' Bill or nothing.

Beaulieu. Oh, you have quite converted me—at any rate, to your view on that. I shall never forget that incident about the train.

Clifford. And I must say—and I hope you will tell your friends amongst the workmen in Castleton-on-the-Cole, Mr. Blake—that I will really devote all the attention I possibly can to further investigation on these matters.

Blake. I fancy they are pretty easy in their minds on that score without any assurance from me.

Higgs. I mean to have it out with Mr. Blake about the damage to trade. I tell you it is not to be done.

Blake. So the Liberals said fifty years ago about the Factory Acts. Spend the afternoon in reading up their speeches, Mr. Higgs, and you'll have a swarm of exploded arguments to launch at me when we meet again.

H. H. CHAMPION.

II.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN TRADES UNIONISM.

IN the glory of success humble origins are often discounted. Indeed, humanity is somewhat disappointed when it finds that the causes of some of the marvels which have aroused its fear or admiration have been really insignificant; and happy chance and evolution count for little in popular estimation. In contemplating a great empire or an enduring institution it invariably accredits the founders with wonderful prescience, and with being as definite in their plans as is an architect when preparing for the erection of a house. This belief has probably had much to do with that hero-worship which has so often aroused the scorn of philosophers and the enthusiasm of poets. Nor are these characteristics peculiar to any age or people; even education and experience do not appreciably weaken their force. Who, for instance, would have thought, while recently reading the laments of the high-class press at the threatened break-up of the Trades Union Congress, that, less than twenty years ago, many of these journals derided this institution, represented its delegates as false prophets and confiscators, proclaimed its doctrines as revolutionary, called upon the Government to suppress such gatherings, and generally held it up to the contempt of mankind? Trades-unionists have realised more clearly than any other community the truth of the modern proverb, that 'nothing succeeds like success.'

Naturally, these annual gatherings of the Labour Parliament have become increasingly important in public estimation. They have aptly accorded with that cardinal feature of British legislation which depends upon direct experience rather than upon outside evidence. Prior to 1868 the masses were the sphinx of politics and of social reform. Politicians, writers, and reformers might claim to speak on their behalf; but, however powerful the advocate, there was always the doubt whether he had a mandate, or could to any extent decipher the wishes of the labouring classes. Obviously, the temptation for politicians to assume this rôle twenty-five or thirty years ago was by no means great. The artisan population was generally voteless, and could therefore exert little influence upon the House of Commons; hence partisans could afford to treat it with in-

difference. But the extension of the franchise in 1868 wrought many wonders, not the least important of which were a competitive zeal on the part of the politicians to make friends with the new voters and the holding of the first Trades Union Congress. Needless to say that the promoters of this gathering never dreamt that subsequent Congresses would assume the importance they have since attained; nor had they any other definite object in view than to secure such legal reforms as would protect Trades Union funds and give to the members and their employers equality before the law. In other respects even the unofficial programme was of a severely practical character, embracing such projects as conciliation and arbitration, strikes and lock-outs, co-operation and national education. Politics were rigorously excluded. If anyone had any visionary scheme to proclaim, or entertained deep-laid plots upon society, he effectually kept them to himself; there was not the slightest tinge of Socialism in the proceedings of the Congress.

An analysis of preceding gatherings throws considerable light upon the recent revolution at the Liverpool Congress. With very few exceptions, the delegates were veterans in the cause of Unionism; nearly all held official positions, many being general secretaries. Now, the official mind is pretty much the same all the world over: a sense of responsibility and the drudgery of routine effectually checks theorising and prevents anything in the nature of hazardous experiments. The fact, therefore, that nearly all these Labour Parliaments have been composed of men who represented the executive power rather than the idealism of labour was, no doubt, a comforting feature to those who shudder at rapid changes; but it was a source of never-ending regret and chagrin to those crusading spirits who regard the reorganisation of society as of immediate importance. Hence arose those severe and embittered attacks of the Socialists during the several years of trade depression, when the unemployed thousands naturally lent a willing ear, and when the organised trades could render little assistance to unskilled labour. Although hard words may break no bones, they often leave a heritage of bitterness and evils the authors little anticipate. This fact goes far to explain the origin of the distinctive terms 'old unionism' and 'new unionism.'

From 1868 to the present time party politics have been tabooed at the Trades Congresses. None knew better than the experienced officials who attended as delegates how keen was the party strife within some of the largest organisations, and particularly those which contributed the greatest sums of money. This was notably the case with the textile trades. Indeed, it required the most careful steering to avoid these difficulties; but, even then, success was not always achieved, and considerable dissatisfaction would occasionally manifest itself among the rank and file. It is owing to this fact that the official programme has been generally of a non-contentious and

stereotyped character. Even with the high hopes and the remarkable progress of the last twelve months, 'The proposed Parliamentary Programme for the Session 1890,' issued for the Liverpool Congress, only consisted of the following items: '1. Employers' Liability Bill; 2. Certificates of Competency for men in charge of Steam Engines and Boilers; 3. The desirability of increasing the number of Factory and Workshop Inspectors; 4. The Right of the Relatives of Deceased Miners to be represented at Coroners' Inquests; 5. Public Contracts and Fair Wages; 6. Co-operation and its relation to Trades Unionism; 7. Representation of Labour in Parliament.' A few facts will illustrate the difficulties arising from political division which faced the Congress. Take, for instance, the gathering at Aberdeen in 1884. In its report the Parliamentary Committee had to deplore the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords. Now, although the question was of pre-eminent importance to the Congress, the Committee evidently dared not express its indignation against the Upper House in any stronger terms than the following: 'The Committee does not feel itself at liberty to discuss in this report the momentous question as to the continuation of a second Chamber of Parliament, but it cannot control the action of the Congress on this question even if it wished.' During the week a motion in support of the extension of the franchise was carried, but in this the Congress only expressed its deep regrets that the House of Lords had rejected the Bill. Some of the delegates proposed an amendment calling for the ending of the Upper Chamber, but this was objected to as touching upon party politics, and was therefore withdrawn.

In the following year reform was in the air, and as a general election was impending an address to the Trades was submitted by the committee; but, as this only dealt with the time-honoured programme, it failed to satisfy the majority of Congress, who appended a number of advanced test questions dealing with such subjects as payment of members, free education, &c. This naturally gave offence to some of the organisations, but beyond vague grumblings no definite steps were taken to express disapproval; but this, no doubt, was owing to the fact that, soon after the Congress dissolved, the country was thrown into the turmoil of a general election. This discontent, however, found expression at the meeting in 1886 from more than one delegate. Matters were brought to a climax at Swansea in 1887. On the first day of the session a delegate moved the suspension of the standing orders in order to discuss the suppression of public meetings in Ireland. Now it was a somewhat significant indication of the fear of many of the older representatives as to this introduction of politics that forty-nine voted in favour of the previous question to fifty-one for. Undeterred by this warning, a sweeping vote of censure was passed upon the Government for suppressing the meeting at Ennis on the previous Sunday. It soon became apparent that

this action had given offence to a number of unions, especially in Lancashire. Condemnatory resolutions were passed; threats were made by more than one organisation that, if such a policy were persisted in, they would leave the Congress; and in some cases the annual grants were either refused or only carried by narrow majorities. It is a significant fact that from henceforth the item of 'land reform,' which had for years figured on the programme, was quietly omitted, while something like an understanding prevailed amongst many of the older delegates that for the good of the Congress political questions should be as far as possible ignored.

Naturally these keen party differences placed the Congress in a dilemma. The extension of the franchise had enlarged its powers and opportunities; but every step it took brought it nearer the political arena. Well-nigh every reform it demanded was found amid the list of party cries. It could not stand still, but must either go forward or die. And yet an advanced policy was full of danger, for it inevitably meant the secession of some of the strongest and the richest unions, and, as a consequence, the threatened breakdown of the Congress during periods of depression. It was the recognition of this danger which in 1886 led to the formation of the Labour Electoral Association, wherein all unions prepared for advanced political action could unite. This organisation was also made sufficiently broad to embrace all bodies which sought to promote labour representation in Parliament and on local bodies. The wisdom of this step has been demonstrated by the continued agitation in favour of direct representation, by the return of over 120 labour members to local bodies during the last four years, and by the remarkably successful Labour Electoral Congress held at Hanley last Easter, when seventy delegates, representing 400,000 workmen, attended. It is probably owing to the fact that political feeling had thus found a safe and legitimate outlet that little party friction arose in the Trades Congress of 1888 and 1889.

But the reviving trade of last year wrought several notable miracles. The disorganised and the unskilled, who had drunk at the fountain of Socialism when work was scarce and hope was low, now flew to the oft-derided trades-unionism in order to improve their condition. All rejoiced in their victories, and felt that a new and brighter era was opening up for oppressed humanity. And it was certainly a fitting circumstance in this regenerating movement that several of the ablest and most devoted leaders should be noted Socialists, who had preached the gospel of discontent for so long a period into apparently deaf ears. The results, however, proved that it was a case of casting bread upon the waters and finding it after many days. Many of these new unions had remarkable characteristics. Not only were they of a distinctly militant type, but they regarded their political organisation as of the greatest importance. To them the ballot-box was a powerful lever, and they meant to use

it to checkmate the power of capital. The object of at least some of the leaders was recently aptly expressed by two of the ablest and most trusted, in the following words: 'Our ideal is a co-operative commonwealth.'

Prior to the Liverpool Trades Congress there had never been any opportunity for the apostles of the two schools of Trades-Unionism to discuss their differences. Accordingly, the recent gathering was anticipated with considerable interest, and in some cases anxiety. When the forces were numbered it was found that there were more than twice as many delegates as on any previous occasion. But for several unfortunate circumstances, great and substantial results might have been achieved, instead of irritation, distrust, annoyance, and disunion. Of course no one was to blame because the hall was too small and the delegates were crowded together, meanwhile suffering from the bad ventilation. If the state of the digestion affects the poetic mind, these adverse conditions no doubt added to the electrical state of the meeting. At the most critical moments the Congress became uncontrollable; it frequently lapsed into the greatest confusion, and as a consequence the meeting literally drifted into the most grievous blunders, which would not have been possible had the more experienced delegates been allowed opportunities to point out the mistakes. Of course, to people at a distance these incidents may appear trivial, but to those seated within the charmed circle they were important factors in the threatened break-up of the Congress.

On the Monday there was undoubtedly a kindly feeling on the part of the older delegates towards their 'new' brethren; a general desire all round, in fact, to shake hands and be friends. The truce was, however, a short one. On Tuesday a severe onslaught was made on the Parliamentary Committee for its alleged neglect to push the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, and for its apathy concerning federation. As some of the advanced leaders were especially severe in their criticism, hostility began to manifest itself in a marked manner. It is, of course, unnecessary to detail the many acrimonious discussions; it will be sufficient to indicate one or two points where the new unionists came into direct conflict with the old. Take the debate on labour representation. Although a sweeping amendment had been accepted on this question, Mr. McDonald, one of the Socialist delegates from London, moved 'that no candidates should receive the support of working men unless they declare in favour of the nationalisation of land, shipping, railways, and all other means of production.' He declared that, 'as one of the Socialist party of Great Britain, he took this the first opportunity of presenting the question of Socialism to the members of the old Trades Union.' Fifty-five voted in favour of this amendment and 263 against. To the delegates and the trades who had hitherto objected to the intro-

duction of politics into the Congress this declaration, with others of a similar character, was extremely distasteful; but, although the cotton representatives took no immediate action, this debate was certainly one of the determining causes which led to the resignation of Mr. Birtwistle.

But the Congress was only on the threshold of its troubles. With Thursday morning came the discussion on the Eight Hours Question. In the fevered state of the meeting the wisest conclusion could hardly be hoped for. The resolution submitted was of the most sweeping character, calling for 'a reduction of the working hours in all trades to eight per day or a maximum of forty-eight per week,' by Parliamentary enactment. It is unnecessary to follow the debate through its varying phases, but the issue was complicated by the keen division between the miners' delegates respecting an Eight Hours Bill for mines. The pitmen of Northumberland and Durham saw in the proposal a serious danger to their six and seven hours' systems. On the other hand, the sixty or seventy delegates connected with the Miners' Federation read the proposition from the miners' standpoint alone; if the motion was carried it would strengthen their hands in pushing their particular measure. That many of the latter had no intention of forcing an eight hours law upon the general trades of the country is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Bailey, who voted for the original motion, suggested the following addition, 'when demanded by a special plébiscite taken by such trades and industries.' This, however, was not put to the vote, the president stating that he 'did not think he should be doing right in accepting at present an amendment of which notice had not been given.' Nor were these the only representatives who voted for the resolution in the anticipation that it would be amended upon the lines just indicated. The president in his address had vigorously declared for the plébiscite policy; a number of delegates sitting near me had the same object in view, and I, as one voting for an Eight Hours Bill, was certainly not in favour of forcing upon any occupation a measure limiting their hours of labour. If a majority claimed it, that was another matter, and there could be no valid reason for refusing it. This was undoubtedly the position of at least three-fourths of the Congress.

Considerable discontent prevailed at this time amongst many of the older delegates. But even then the cotton operatives did not appear to abandon hope of arriving at some amicable understanding. They held a meeting on Thursday night and decided to allow Messrs. Mawdsley and Birtwistle to stand as candidates for the Parliamentary Committee. Both were elected by good majorities. But the ballot-box also brought out one of the most vexatious complications which the Trades Congress has ever experienced. Mr. Fenwick, M.P., had already been elected secretary, but it was also

found that both Mr. Pickard, M.P., and Mr. John Wilson, M.P., had each secured sufficient votes to entitle them to sit upon the committee. The latter stood aside in accordance with Standing Order 24, which stipulates that 'in no case shall two members of one trade, or two representatives from one trade's council, be elected on the Parliamentary Committee.' According to custom, and twenty years' reading of the standing orders, Mr. Pickard should also have been set aside; but this the eight hours majority would not allow, and by resolution declared 'That, although the Parliamentary Committee already includes a representative of the miners, Mr. Pickard should be allowed to retain his seat on the Parliamentary Committee.' This action has been defended on the ground that the cotton industry had possessed two representatives on that body for years, viz. Messrs. Birtwistle and Mawdsley, a weaver and a spinner, two very distinct branches of trade. Had Messrs. Fenwick and Pickard been an iron-stone miner and a coalminer respectively no complaint could have been made; the case would have been parallel with that given above. The situation is all the more serious inasmuch as every industry unrepresented on the committee feels aggrieved at this dual representation. It is to be hoped, however, that this irritation will not show itself in reduced subscriptions. It was a grievous mistake on the part of the majority to insist on this point; by waiving it they would probably have escaped the resignation of Mr. Birtwistle and its attendant dangers. Even had the latter retired on his own responsibility the matter would have been serious enough, but it assumed an ominous aspect as the unanimous instruction of the cotton operatives at a meeting on the Saturday morning.

These accumulating shocks have left a deep and unpleasant impression on the minds of many delegates, and it is doubtful whether the Trades Congress will ever again be so representative of the whole of the labour of the country as it has been for years. A strong stimulus has been given to the latent feeling of several Lancashire trades to sever themselves from it; additional vigour has been lent to the movement in favour of an exclusive Congress of the textile trades; and a serious blow has been struck at that *esprit de corps* which animated the veterans. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the latter, their personal influence with their organisations did much to found the Congress and maintain it in vigour during the gloomy years of trade depression. In Lancashire, at least, the textile combinations exert a commanding influence upon Trades-Unionism, and their secession from the Labour Parliament would probably cause the withdrawal of a number of Trades Councils and local unions. Once commenced, the disintegrating movement would be rapid, and in a few short years thoroughly disastrous.

Of course, in a democratic assembly financial considerations may

not carry the greatest weight; but in this case they are very important factors. Never before were so many instructions given to the Parliamentary Committee. To thoroughly carry them out would entail an expenditure of probably double the amount of money this body is possessed of; but the withdrawal of the cotton trades would mean a loss of 100*l.* per annum, or practically one-eighth of the contributed income of the committee. Grievous as this double loss would be, it might be borne if there were any hopeful signs that the new and advanced organisations would permanently replace the seceders. But there are not. One organisation, with 60,000 members, contributed 10*s.* and sent nine delegates; another, with 56,000 members, subscribed 2*l.* and sent four representatives; one, with 1,200 members, had two delegates but subscribed nothing. And so on until, in the language of the indignant President of the Weavers' Association, 'they had forty societies sending seventy delegates and only contributing 4*l.* to the Parliamentary Committee's Fund.' Of course a money test is always objectionable, but it is difficult to see how important benefits can be secured by this organisation without paying for them. Last year the meetings of the committee, the secretaries' and treasurers' salaries, rent of offices, postage, &c., only amounted to 70*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*; a very small sum indeed when the amount of work accomplished is considered. But this was gathered in when the trades were thoroughly united, and when traditional pride in their Congress was unbroken. For the good of labour it is to be hoped that, despite the rude shocks this institution has recently received, the 'old' and the 'new' will rally to its support.

The new unionists are of course animated with the most laudable desire to make the Congress an effective instrument for the emancipation of labour. There is no evidence that they wish to shirk their duties with respect to it, and, not while they have the power and the means, to loyally support it. But it would be folly to ignore the fact that some of these unions would succumb in the early stages of another severe commercial depression. The unemployed from the rural districts, from the skilled trades and from numberless industries may be again found, as in comparatively recent times, struggling for employment at the dock-gates, at the gas-yards, and wherever there is hope to earn a meal. God send that these days may be far distant! But we have no guarantee as to their nearness or remoteness; and it will be well if their grim shadows are not already creeping over us. For the union with a small balance it will be a life-and-death struggle. There will in some cases be neither power nor ability to support the Trades Congress, however keen the wish. But if prior to this several of the older and stronger unions should have seceded from the Congress, from whatever cause, then this institution, which has been the glory of labour, will, by its weakness, damage rather than strengthen the cause for which it has been the mouthpiece.

From this point of view there is, no doubt, considerable wisdom in the political policy of some of the unions. Should the Miners' Federation, for instance, succeed in forcing through Parliament a Miners' Eight Hours Bill, before the next trade depression sets in, the pitmen will thereby have fixed their unions upon a firm and lasting footing, and have gone far to minimise any future distress in the mining population. But similar tactics are much more difficult in the large towns, where identity of interest amongst the various sections of workmen is seldom acknowledged. And yet the labouring classes will within a few years be as united in their demands for labour reform as the miners now are.

Whatever the distant future may have in store for organised labour, it would be a signal misfortune for division to take place now. Fortunately Mr. Birtwistle, in an explanatory circular recently issued to the cotton trades, indicates a basis from which all sections may safely work. He observed that 'we had no objection to support an Eight Hours Bill for miners and some other special industries.' The necessary steps to secure unity cannot be taken by irresponsible parties. Seeing, however, that the majority of the Parliamentary Committee are legal eight hours advocates, that body could with advantage allay any irritation and bring about a reconciliation. Two courses are open to them. They can announce to the trades that they regard the sense of the Congress as in favour of the plébiscite policy; or they can ask the delegates to answer test questions as to whether they intended an eight hours law to be generally compulsory, or only to be applied at the request of the majority of persons engaged in any given industry.

The public are interested parties in this dispute. Organised labour is articulate; the expression of its desires is the safety valve of society. No section of the workers can dis sever themselves from their fellows without weakening their own position, and our factories and workshops are not yet in such a satisfactory condition as to allow the cotton operatives to do this with advantage. The time is ripe for a great forward movement; the principle of combination has laid deep hold of the people; public sympathy is with the oppressed classes; foreign labour is awakening from its lethargy; Continental Governments are prepared to legislate; and all that is needed for the British trades is to forget differences and annoyances and to lay down the lines of a wise and beneficent policy. It is their duty to themselves and to the State.

T. R. THRELFALL.

III.

WHAT ARE THE IDEALS OF THE MASSES ?

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S death marks our epoch as one blest by wide religious toleration. No party leader as eminent in politics as was Cardinal Newman in religion would be likely to receive after death such universal chorus of praise. Yet Cardinal Newman, though he disclaimed the title, was above all things a leader of men. Though his life was the life of a saint, his voice was the voice of a champion. He revelled in polemics, and he excelled in them. For thirteen years no Anglican fought harder and used sharper weapons on behalf of the Anglo-Catholic Church than he. He was imbued with the sense that 'opposition to the Church of Rome was part of the theology' of the Church of England, and that 'he who could not protest against the Church of Rome was no true divine in the English Church.' From this view, though he changed his point of sight, he never departed. Later on he came to acknowledge that 'Protestantism was the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service made him shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles made him shudder.' A generation ago the severity of language with which he adorned this theme would have been resented by English clergymen and Anglican congregations. 'Lead, kindly Light,' would have had no place in Church song. It is a curious example of liberal toleration that the opponent and critic should have been forgotten, and only the poet and saint remembered.

The question naturally strikes the mind whether to-day in England any religious difference of opinion whatever could raise more than a passing gust of popular prejudice. Passion seems to have passed out of the religious atmosphere of the nation. To many who can look back to those years eventful for the Church, when *Froude's Remains* was published, and when Dr. Pusey first connected himself with the nameless movement then in full swing, to which he subsequently stood sponsor, the religious flutter occasioned by Moody and Sankey, or Mr. Bradlaugh, or General Booth, appear no more than flashes of sheet lightning. The storm passed away ages ago. Curiously enough, Charles Greville, living in placid circles of racing or political gossip, seems not to have seen the *Tracts for the Times* or heard of their authors. If he did, he thought them ephemeral,

and unworthy of notice. But younger men than he, men young enough to appreciate Tennyson, men who had passed into the universities from public schools, and had issued forth into the world imbued with the influences of Arnold on the one hand, or Dr. Newman on the other, in spite of the engrossing political struggles of the day, were, perhaps, more passionately affected by Tract 90 than by any utterance of Cobden or Bright.

Nothing is more certainly true, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, than 'that according to the constitution of the human mind, everything tends towards fixity as life proceeds, and that, upon the whole, each generation of our gentry carry with them to the grave that set of doctrinal and ecclesiastical impressions which they received at the university, without material enlargement or modification.'

Consequently, before 1833, the majority of educated Englishmen were content with a sleepy acquiescence in orthodox doctrine of the Georgian divines, administered by orthodox clergy of the good old-fashioned type exemplified by George Eliot in *Adam Bede*. But when the mystical year 1830, with its sudden upheaval of traditions, political and social, all over Europe had passed away, young men's minds, roused to contemplate drastic changes, turned critically towards the religion of their fathers.

If Puseyism, as it was ultimately called, was the reaction under such leaders as Keble and Newman, partly against 'liberalism' and partly against the high-and-dry 'country clergy,' it was followed by reactions quite as violent against itself. Yet the High Churchmen of forty years ago, undergraduates then, are the High Churchmen of to-day who look uneasily at the generation passing into middle age, and with dread at the younger generation coming to early manhood. If the authors of *Lux Mundi* cause trouble within the Church, the men who at Oxford have grown up under the singularly unenthusiastic Master of Balliol, or at Cambridge under the author of *Ecce Homo* and Mr. Henry Sidgwick, are not likely to 'tend towards fixity as life proceeds' in orthodox Anglican doctrine.

For the past fifteen years at Oxford, Canon King, now Bishop of Lincoln, and at Cambridge, Canon Westcott, now Bishop of Durham, have established influence over small knots of young men. But the tone of neither university has been set by them. And if Mr. Gladstone is correct in believing that each 'generation of our gentry carry with them to the grave that set of doctrinal and ecclesiastical impressions, which they received at the university,' then it may be safely asserted that among the vast majority of men under forty indifference to doctrinal disputes rather than toleration is the dominant feeling. Half a century ago, when Cardinal Newman was on his death-bed as an Anglican—for so he expressed it—men disputed religious doctrines, if with bitterness, at least with ardent faith. Pusey, Ward, Williams never doubted in the sense that Arthur Clough doubted then—

corrupted, as Dr. Arnold thought, by the contagion of Tractarians—and everyone doubts now. Anglicans in those days were as positive of their faith as Catholics are certain of theirs in these. Whereas the spirit of doubt, bred of historical criticism applied to religion, of biological science applied to morals, has swept over the Church of England. It has softened her asperities. Prejudice has almost vanished under its breath. Jews, formerly scorned, are regarded with friendliness; Dissenters, formerly hated, with respect; and Catholics, formerly feared, with interest, and in many cases, such as Cardinal Manning and the late Cardinal Newman, with affection.

To what cause is this change due? If Matthew Arnold's vision was clear, the widespread indifference to religious controversy is owing to the decline of middle-class influence in England. In his view middle-class liberalism broke the Oxford movement. For a while its force was irresistible. Then suddenly it was thrust into the second rank, became a power of yesterday, and lost the future. It has received no effectual support from the flower of English youth educated at the universities. If the new power, the power of the masses, has ideals of its own, those ideals are clearly altogether outside the sphere of religion. The religious complexion of the old popular leaders was never left in doubt. With men of the stamp of Bright or Forster or Shaftesbury, keen politicians as they were, religion openly avowed took precedence of politics. But who knows or inquires into the religious opinions of Mr. Burns or Mr. Labouchere? Forty years since, confidence would not have been unreservedly bestowed by the middle-class dispensers of power, in some difficult social crisis, upon Cardinal Wiseman or John Stuart Mill. To-day, on the other hand, would not the men who preponderate in governing England, accept unquestioning the advice or decisions of Cardinal Manning or Mr. John Morley in matters which most nearly touch their daily lives? During Cardinal Manning's noble efforts to settle the dockers' strike, no question was ever raised by those he was assisting, or by onlookers, as to his authority or position. It is true that to take precedence in charity is one thing, while to receive precedence in rank is a very different thing. What was obviously an act of mere courtesy on the part of the Lord Mayor of London raised protests at once. But from whom? From the masses? It would be interesting to know whether among the anonymous letter-writers to the *Times* newspaper, many recent graduates of the universities, or representatives of what are called the 'masses,' could be found. Such a point as 'courtly precedence' would excite no jealousy except among middle-class Englishmen, and by the masses it would be altogether ignored. Of course it may be argued that the English character has become more tolerant in the highest and most liberal sense; and men, who feel strongly themselves on ritual and dogma, are content to admit that others may hold different views without having deserved excommunication.

But is it not more probable that whatever individuals may secretly hold, public opinion, now representing different orders of men, has grown careless about dogma, and indifferent to ecclesiastical impressions?

Before many years pass away, all doubt upon the point will be set at rest.

In former days, however, Englishmen who thought about public affairs, whatever their ecclesiastical bias, and whose minds carried beyond their domestic wants, formed or imbibed lofty ideals. The aristocracy, from immemorial times, up to their meridian of power under Mr. Pitt, took noble care of individual liberty and of national fame. The middle classes, when their turn came to rule, proved themselves to be animated before all by Christian teaching. Their chosen leaders, Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, have gloried in applying Christian ethics to politics, and have even extended them to the domain of every-day international life.

But what of the masses of the proletariat? Are not their ideals somewhat vague and meagre, and is not religion in a dogmatic sense altogether beyond their horizon. Were a religious census taken in England, with accurate results, what kind of tale would be told? In Canada and Australasia, where it is attempted to ascertain religious figures, it is admitted that vast numbers give their nominal allegiance to Churches, to which in no serious sense they belong. Still if the masses, or working classes, have no religion, have they lofty ideals of state duty or national sacrifice? The great problem of the future, for England and the English race, lies in the answer to the question whether or no the artisans, the labouring classes, will develop an altruistic ideal. At present individual effort, among the masses, is limited to some simple domestic aim. A man wishes to improve his own position, or that of his family. Any idea of sacrifice on behalf of a cause, worldly or unworldly, is beyond his imagination. This is true of the vast majority of cases. Undoubtedly Idealism, whether knightly, religious, or patriotic, developed slowly among the classes who formerly ruled England. It was a virtue not inherent in Norman nobles or in British merchants. It was the growth of centuries, fostered by the lessons of poets or preachers, and flourished as the standard of living was generally raised, along with the other standards of morals and ideas. We should not expect to find among the barons who fought at Bosworth or their wives, a man like Colonel Hutchinson and his wife Lucy, who seem to fit in so neatly with the lofty enthusiasms of the Great Rebellion. Again, a real character, although chosen from noble fiction, like Dinah Morris, would seem anachronistic even in the seventeenth century. George Eliot had observed the working classes as she had observed others. Yet in *Silas Marner* there is no idealism beyond the golden-haired Eppie, and Felix Holt was not a genuine workman. More recent

writers, notably the author of the *Revolution in Tanner's Lane* have seen glimmerings of the sacred fire in men of the artisan class. Mr. Tom Mann, whose name is now familiar to most readers of newspapers, appears to possess in a high degree, whether his aims are ill or well directed, the genuine intellectual enthusiasm and reach of soul which raise high hopes for the future of his order. Doubtless, numerous examples could be discovered, but they would require seeking. Among the prosperous middle classes, the puritan spirit which is characteristic of them, with its narrowness and nobleness as well, does not require seeking. You feel it in the atmosphere which surrounds them.

At the Trades Union Congress held in Liverpool, where the working classes were represented fully, the discussions, full of interest and eagerness and practical enthusiasm as they were, certainly lacked idealism. No speaker, as speakers were reported, touched a deeper note. It was impossible not to feel the want of orators with the tone of mind which marked Mr. Bright and his companions. Mr. Carnegie, addressing Scotsmen at Dundee on the merits of republican forms in government, suggested, indeed, ideas to his democratic audience beyond immediate material advantage. His references to universal brotherhood, to a federation of the world, accelerated by the spread of the English-speaking race, seemed to move the pulse of his hearers. Perhaps on the lines of the 'International' some creed of 'Pax Britannica' might seem to the English people worth all personal sacrifices. To make England inclined, as she once was, 'to shrink into her narrow self,' in reality the 'tutelary angel of the human race,' might possibly become an object to Englishmen in a wider sense than Burke ever dreamed. Mr. Carnegie lays stress wisely upon the expansion of English blood and English speech. Federation of these, he thinks, if it ever is accomplished, might make a greater England the arbitress not of Europe only but of the world. She could enjoin disarmament and enforce order. It is certain, and the point might be pressed, that the only common denominator between England and the wider England beyond the ocean is that of Labour. If ever a girdle is to be woven round our England and Australasia and Africa and the lost America, it will be by the hands of the working classes. Princes and peers and plutocrats, however willing, are powerless here. Though they have speech in common, the blood is not theirs. The common people of England, as they are sometimes called, may possibly federate the English race. That is an ideal before which all efforts of their predecessors with ruling attributes sink into insignificance. It is an ideal worthy of the dream of a great ruling class, the mightiest of all ruling classes, an educated, self-governing people.

It must, however, not be forgotten that if it is rare to find a man

capable of using profitably and nobly great riches, to make profitable or noble use of poverty is rarer still. For this reason the sense of mankind long ago decided that both extremes of wealth and poverty were undesirable, and were if possible to be prevented. Certainly the efforts to prevent them have not hitherto been happy. The doctrines of a political economy based on that curious type, an individual animated solely by a self-regarding desire to accumulate as much wealth as possible, have singularly failed to do so. In England the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer every day. A new school of economic philosophy condescends to admit that men have other passions besides that for wealth, and other virtues besides that of self-interest. In this admission lies a new-born hope for the future. For the moment you abandon the firm ground that every man is the best judge of his own interest, and that his interest is invariably financial to the exclusion of all other considerations, deduction after deduction may lead you into endless labyrinths of what economists consider false sentiment. Among the many forms of false sentiment very noble ideals find place. It is difficult for example to see how any strict economist of the old school could logically approve of Trades Unions or their methods. For a Trades Union is the negation of the principles, 'every man for himself,' 'the supply follows the demand,' and of the individual struggle for life. Combination is a plan invented to defeat the Darwinian theory; to minimise the severity of natural laws against the weaker members of society. The sanctions of combination, which give to Trades Unionism its force, are those practices, said to be illegal, but nevertheless freely used, of boycotting, of picketing, and of intimidation. *A priori* these methods appear dangerous and bad. Are they indispensable? It is ardently asserted that they are used with beneficial results, and only in rare instances misused. No anomaly could be greater, and no breach of apparently essential laws more incongruous. Yet who can doubt that the laws deliberately enacted against these methods have been broken, and that the world in general and England in particular have widely benefited in consequence? English policy is indeed reared on paradox. Laws are enacted, are broken, and society seems none the worse, but all the better. No doubt some of the methods employed are rough. Strikes are but a coarse method of adjusting legitimate disputes between employer and employed. Yet the moment that any proposal is made with the intention of minimising the suffering inevitable from coarse methods of the kind, the parrot cry of 'socialism' is raised, and no arguments however quietly urged will receive attention. Yet it may be that from combinations such as these, from the effort to effect them, and utilise them, there will spring the new Ideal for which we are seeking. The people, half educated, are anxious for guidance. They are bewildered by noisy agitators for and against their well-being. At present they look in vain for high leadership.

From the Church of England they receive little attention or assistance. Frederick Maurice forty years ago, Mr. Stubbs quite recently, are names of notable Churchmen who were yet something more to the labouring masses. But the Archbishops and Bishops, with the exception of the late Bishop of Durham, stand loftily aloof from the turbulent swaying crowd of their fellow-countrymen. Among Christian ecclesiastics Cardinal Manning alone has stepped down from his archiepiscopal throne and stood face to face with the people. And of prominent politicians who, except Mr. John Morley, has ventured to speak freely and openly to them on the topics which fill their daily thoughts? All respect and admiration is due to him for his boldness in holding to old doctrines which are unpopular and discredited. No greater service, except his conversion to the opposite views, could be rendered to the working classes than Mr. John Morley is rendering to them by opposing the demand for legislative interference with the hours of labour. It is a disputable question, upon which thoughtful and practical men strongly differ. It involves a departure in legislation full of grave results to commercial interests. It requires thorough discussion. Mr. John Morley's opposition insures this. If he is defeated in debate and worsted in the struggle, as he probably will be, the working classes will owe him no grudge. For if they can triumph over him, they may be doubly reliant on the strength and justice of their cause. Mr. John Morley has only their interest in view. His opinion as to what constitutes their interest differs from that of the advocates of a short labour day.

But where are the other professed leaders of the people? What are they waiting for? It is not, as many of them seem to think, a question of what the majority of the working classes want. The question is whether what the working classes want is really for their good. The working classes are eminently reasonable. They are prepared to yield to argument, and to be convinced. They look for leadership, but it is strangely long in manifesting itself. As Edmund Burke educated the nation in Liberal principles, as Mr. Disraeli educated his party in tactics, as Mr. Gladstone educated his in policy, so the masses to day await the teaching of experienced and honest statesmanship on the unsettled questions to which they have recently awakened.

It is high time that others beside Mr. John Morley stepped into the arena. Ireland is no doubt an absorbing topic. It is the favourite battle-ground of party fighting. The claims of Irishmen, too, are irresistibly strong for priority of treatment. But to the most careless observer it is clear that other matters besides Ireland are disturbing the surface of English life; and that moral forces recently called into active existence are beginning to make themselves felt. The social relations of classes to each other, of labour to capital, of man to woman, of both to the state, are all destined to be tested by the new

state power just feeling its strength. Is it not of vital importance to us that the guidance of this new state power should be in good hands? That is to say, in the hands of men themselves actuated by deep and enduring principles, and prepared to use their influence with a view to their primary enforcement.

Material improvement, betterment of social conditions, more equal distribution of wealth, all these are aims excellent in themselves. But these objects as they present themselves in a practical shape to men, can scarcely be attained, should they make any demand upon personal sacrifice, unless behind the effort to achieve them lies some strong unselfish motive power. That seems to be a fair inference from the story of the past. In former struggles Englishmen have keenly felt this stronger motive. It has been relied upon by statesmen in the past to obtain the consent of their countrymen to great sacrifices.

Burke's appeal to the national love of liberty was necessary to carry through the great war against Napoleon.

Wilberforce would have had a poor chance of abolishing slavery had he not felt himself and known how to awake in others the love of abstract justice.

And finally Mr. Gladstone, by applying Christian morality to international quarrels, was able to avert a fratricidal war with America, which under the aristocratic government of forty years before could not have been prevented.

At the present time, is any question more full of grave import for the future, than to determine what are the deeper motives in the working classes to which an appeal can be made, and whether their leaders are willing and competent to make it?

If this paper can stir in one or two minds a wish to grapple with this question, and to spread the desire in others, the object of the writer will be more than accomplished.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

THE AWAKENING OF JAMAICA.

IF seventy years ago the subject of Jamaica were mentioned in a London drawing-room, in all probability there would have been found present several persons interested in that colony who could speak not alone of the island as a whole, but who could enter into the local interests of its different parishes, a designation of the divisions of the island whose internal arrangements are similar to those of an English county. Some in their young days had braved the dangers of pirates and privateers, and visited their properties—even under the expensive system of slavery a certain source of wealth; others had sons or relatives residing on the Jamaican estates, and living a life of luxurious ease and boundless hospitality. The island was well known. The American colonies were gone. Beyond the maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the settlement of Canada had hardly begun. The North-West Provinces were unexplored. Newfoundland was a mere fishing station. The advent of Englishmen to the Cape of Good Hope was unwelcome to the Dutch settlers, who, but a short time before, had succumbed to superior force. Natal was but a name. The compulsory settlement of Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales had not foreshadowed the splendid results that followed the discovery of gold. Jamaica was the centre of the colonial possessions of Great Britain, 'Lord of Jamaica' being from the time of Charles the Second one of the titles of the English monarch. Exceeding in extent and population the aggregate of all the other British possessions in the Caribbean Sea, with a soil as fertile as her climate was varied, and with a history interwoven with all the early struggles wherein Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and Raleigh laid the foundation of England's naval power, this wealthy and beautiful gem of the Western Seas stood forth as the most valuable and the most interesting of England's colonies. Brave old Benbow lay buried in the parish church at Kingston. Men then living had heard the thunder around her shores of the victorious guns of Howe, and Collingwood, and Rodney. Nor had even the inhabitants of the colony been mere idle spectators of valorous deeds, for in 1694, when the French under Du Casse made a descent upon the island, they were met by the colonial militia at Carlisle Bay and driven to their ships after a gallant fight with a loss of seven hundred men.

Seventy years have seen many changes in Jamaica. After the manumission of the slaves an inherited system of extravagant management, with increasing difficulties in obtaining regular labour and a steady fall in the price of sugar, combined to ruin once prosperous sugar estates. Debts, incurred when the first difficulties arose, were never repaid; properties were sold in many cases for less than the value of the live stock upon them, and to-day, as the traveller drives along the roads in the eastern and northern parishes, he will see here and there standing in the most beautiful situations empty houses once the homes of wealthy owners or managers of large sugar estates now abandoned, and only recognisable by the ruined fences that once enclosed their busy fields. The gradual abandonment of a number of coffee plantations was due to the same cause—want of labour, and large tracts of mountain land, once cultivated with coffee, are now abandoned to ‘woodland and ruinate.’

If nothing more were added, these remarks would probably but corroborate the idea of the Jamaica of the present as it is accepted at home. The picture is true, so far as it goes, but it is only a portion of the truth. Jamaica can no longer claim in her capital city the wealthiest spot of ground in the world, London not excepted. That old blood-stained Port Royal, head-quarters of generations of pirates and buccaneers, and laden with the curse of unspeakable crimes, now lies engulfed beneath the waters of the harbour, having been as effectually destroyed in ten minutes by the earthquake of 1692 as were the not more guilty cities of the plains by the rain of fire. Nor can she point to one of her sons like Beckford as the richest subject of the British Crown; but the visitor to Jamaica will still find some wealthy local proprietors, and he will find that all proprietors have inherited the graceful hospitality of the days gone by. Of owners of property under one hundred acres he will find over fifty thousand, industrious and lawabiding, and many of them shrewd and enterprising as the small proprietors in European countries. The soil is fertile, and the climate as good as in the palmiest days of the colony; and that all property has not deteriorated in value is shown by the fact, that, in the summer of 1890, a public body agreed to pay for one acre and a quarter of land as a site for a market near a village in the country parish the sum of one thousand pounds.

Jamaica is an island in the Caribbean Sea, 5,000 miles southwest of England. It is within the tropics, lying between 17° 43' and 18° 32' N. latitude. It is 144 miles long, and varies in width from 21 to 49 miles. Its estimated area is 4,193 square miles, and the area under cultivation is 235,000 acres, or about one-tenth of the whole. Around the seaboard are flat alluvial plains which form about one-fourth of the total area. Along the centre of the island from east to west runs a series of mountain ranges varying in height from 7,500 feet at the Blue Mountain Peak in the east to 1,816 feet at ‘Dolphin’s

Head' in the west. From these mountain ranges over 100 rivers find their way to the sea—those on the north side rapidly through the grand valleys of the mountain ranges; those on the south-west sluggishly through the flat plains of Clarendon, St. Elizabeth, and Westmoreland. The northern rivers abound in mountain mullet, and there is excellent fishing at their mouths; while in the quiet waters of the southern streams are large numbers of alligators, which sometimes attain the length of twelve or fourteen feet. The geological formation for about two-thirds of the island to the centre and west is white limestone, with patches of yellow limestone bordering areas of the Trappean series, and flat plains of alluvium. In the east are large areas of metamorphosed and Trappean series, carbonaceous shale, serpentine, white and yellow limestones, with patches of porphyry, cretaceous limestone, and conglomerate. With such a variety of soil and elevation it is evident that Jamaica offers great advantages for the investment of capital, whether in the form of money and brains or labour and brains. Here, where even the tropical heat of the plains is assuaged by the sea breeze that blows by day and the cool land breeze that flows down from the hills at night, the new-comer may choose his climate through the sub-tropical temperature of the lower ranges to the bracing air of the higher mountains. Where I now write, at the botanical station of Cinchona, situated at an elevation of 5,000 feet, on one of the southern spurs of the Blue Mountain Range thrust boldly out into the great valley of the Yallah, dividing the Blue Mountains on the north from the Port Royal Hills on the south, the temperature in the middle of July is 63° at midday, and the climate is that of the early English summer. In the evening we find a cheerful wood fire comfortable to sit round, and at night, with a temperature of 55°, a pair of blankets is necessary. In the close-cropped sward in front of the house, smooth and green as an English lawn, are formed beds of roses, petunias, fuchsias, verbena, and geraniums, while the mountain roads are gay with masses of beautiful pink and white begonias, and here and there fringed with English gorse. Everywhere the banks are laden with wild strawberries, and the woods around are fragrant with the scent of flowers. A great portion of the hill-sides is planted with the famous Blue Mountain coffee, which commands the highest price in England, but large areas are devoted to the cultivation of potatoes, yams, and scallions for the Kingston market, or bananas for home consumption, as the absence of roads for wheeled traffic prevents their being sent down for exportation. These provision lands have either been purchased, or are held by tenancy from year to year at an average rent of one pound per acre. The cultivation is most carefully carried out, and the thorough weeding might be copied with advantage by some farmers in Ireland. The mixture of temperate and tropical crops is sometimes striking, carrots and cassava, sugar-cane and scallions growing side by side.

Unfortunately these pleasant heights cannot be reached on wheels, and there are many who would gladly escape from the summer heat of the plains, but dare not face the ride along the roads that cling to the precipitous sides of the mountains, sometimes mere paths not more than two feet wide, from which one looks almost sheer down 2,000 feet or more, to wheré the brawling river below is rushing seawards. However, the necessity for driving roads is now recognised, and they will come in time, when these beautiful hills of Jamaica will probably become a popular summer health resort.

The town of Kingston, with its 40,000 inhabitants, lies on the southern seaboard of the parish of St. Andrew, and behind it stretches the plain of Liguanea, which reaches back for five miles to the splendid amphitheatre of hills by which it is enclosed. The town is built in regular squares, the streets running north and south, east and west. Occupying as it does a site that slopes gently to the harbour, and swept daily by the sea and land breezes, it ought to be exceptionally healthy. Unfortunately, down to the present, sanitation has been entirely neglected, and in the summer months Kingston is not a desirable town to live in. The subject is, however, now being grappled with, and the question whether surface or pipe drainage shall be adopted is in the balance. Whichever be adopted, if it be thoroughly carried out, Kingston will be probably one of the healthiest towns in the tropics. Straight streets do not lend themselves to the picturesque, but the groups who fill the streets, especially on market days, are picturesque enough to satisfy the artistic eye of the observant traveller.

The harbour, one of the finest and safest in the world, is formed by a long sand spit called the Pallisades, from the appearance presented at a distance by the cocoanut trees that grow along its entire length. On its western extremity, at the narrow entrance to the harbour, is situated Port Royal, with the naval coaling station and dockyard, if indeed that can be called a dockyard where there is no dock, and the capacity of which is only equal to the small repairs of machinery. The defences ought to be impregnable, and, having regard to the importance of the position, let us hope that they will be *when* forts have been completed and guns have been supplied; but as forts, coal, dockyard, and naval hospital are all in a bunch, and the shell that misses one will probably find its billet in another, a spirited action may result in the safety of the batteries and the destruction of all that they were erected to defend.

The grandest scenery in the island is to be found in the north-eastern parishes, where noble valleys sweep down to the coast from the Blue Mountain Range, and impetuous rivers rush seaward, in solid volume like the Rio Grande, or in broken torrents like the Roaring River, which, disdaining a river-bed, spreads over a wide

stretch of woodland, foaming through trees and shrubs and leaping over ledges, forming here a fairy cascade, there a great waterfall, with cool, fern-bordered basins, in which are reflected the overhanging passion flowers and graceful greenery of the woodlands. Here is the point of greatest rainfall, and the vegetation is splendidly luxuriant. The mountains are densely timbered from base to summit.

The parish of St. Mary, with its deep rich soil, presents less rugged features, and here we enter upon a country of rolling pasture land extending along the north of the island through St. Ann and Tre-lawney. Here are found the cattle-breeding pens, where, mile after mile, the roads pass through great tracts of Guinea grass so high that sometimes the horns only of the cattle can be seen as they lift their heads to browse. No wonder that the cattle of Jamaica are among the finest in the world.

The flat lands of St. James, Hanover, and Westmoreland are devoted mainly to sugar. Their highlands are occupied by the wealthiest peasant proprietors in the island, who, while the works of the Panama Canal were in progress, carried on an extensive trade in yams with Colon. Their attention will now probably be turned to bananas, for which there is an increased demand, while all along the northern coast are found excellent and safe harbours for shipping.

Coming round by the southern parishes to the east, we enter St. Elizabeth, which has always been the great horse-breeding district. Here from Black River the road runs through the famous valley of Goshen, with its giant trees of logwood and short-cropped turf. It is like a great English park, with glades leading off to right and left. But the road is bordered by poinciana trees, whose blaze of scarlet flower was never seen on English trees. By the steep Spur-tree Hill we enter Manchester, where coffee, oranges, and bananas are brought to market over roads singularly like the lanes of Devonshire, but bordered with a wealth of orchids and ferns and flowering creepers and mosses, that can only be found within the tropics. All over these parishes the fields are fenced by hedges or walls, and every wall is covered with its load of wild flowers and creepers, any one of which would be a valued addition to a conservatory at home.

From the high lands of Manchester the road descends rapidly to the flat plains of Vere, where again the sugar-cane is the principal cultivation. Here the level of waving canes is only broken by the tall chimneys of estate factories, towards which are wending great waggons laden with sugar-cane and drawn by picturesque teams of patient oxen. Close by are the Milk River Baths, the waters of which are singularly effective in the cure of rheumatic and gouty affections, as are those of Bath, in the parish of St. Thomas, in the cure of skin diseases. The temperature of the water at Milk River is 92°, while the waters at Bath leave the rock at a temperature of 128°.

It would be practically impossible to describe in detail the inexhaustible beauties of the island. A vivid word-painting of that fern-clad gorge through which for some miles the road winds down to the exquisitely situated village of Ocho Rios, nestled around the sandy shores of a small bay, whose waters, dancing in the sunshine, are coloured as only waters are within these tropic seas, would read like a glimpse of Paradise; and there is hardly a spot in the island where the eye will not rest upon some view that fills it with a sense of the fulness of beauty. Nor am I concerned to do more than point out that here, within easy reach of England, is a British island lovely as any in the world, with a climate peculiarly suited for invalids suffering from nervous or pulmonary complaints, with a varied and fertile soil that will give ample return for careful cultivation, and with a ready market for its produce in England, Canada, or the United States.

The misfortune of Jamaica in the past has been the great wealth of the planters. Had the profits of sugar estates been less, their owners would probably have made Jamaica their home, and the problems of falling markets would have been more satisfactorily solved than could be hoped for by the representatives of absentee owners. At present the average charges on a sugar estate for attorney, book-keepers, merchant, and commission amount to 20 per cent. before the absentee owner receives any income. What property in England pays as much? The sugar bounties and the improvement in the cultivation and treatment of beet are, of course, injurious to the sugar-planter of Jamaica; but if one-tenth of the scientific energy devoted to the beetroot were expended upon the sugar-cane, it would hold its own. Were an English farmer to set up a mill, and malt-house, and distillery for the purpose of grinding and malting and distilling his barley, he would not be considered prudent. Every owner of a Jamaica sugar estate has sunk thousands of pounds in a crushing-mill and boiling-house and distillery; he employs an overseer, who is supposed to know all about selection and cultivation of canes, the making of sugar, and the distillation of rum. It may fairly be assumed that a long experience devoted exclusively to the improvement and cultivation of canes would produce better results in the raw material; while central factories, having an output large enough to command highly-paid scientific talent, would equally cheapen the cost of manufacture of sugar and distillation of rum. In Louisiana this principle is being tried with satisfactory results, as it is also in the French West India Islands; and if sugar cultivation is again to become remunerative, the system must be adopted here.

The sugar planters declare that their greatest difficulty is want of steady labour, and as there is much truth in the complaint it may be well to glance at the general state of the 620,000 inhabitants of Jamaica. At the time of the manumission of the slaves, a little over

fifty years ago, the principal crops were sugar and rum, coffee and pimento. Of these, sugar and rum were the chief exports, and probably seven-eighths of the slaves were engaged in sugar estates, which afforded a market for the oxen bred in the cattle pens. When the slaves became free men, differences at once arose between masters and labourers as to the daily rate of wages. In some cases these differences were amicably adjusted; in others the owners, failing an agreement, removed the people from the cottages on the estates, with the result that they withdrew to the unoccupied high lands, cleared the bush, and established for themselves cultivations of ground provisions and fruit. As time rolled on, their example was followed by others. They purchased small holdings and rapidly increased their cultivation, working on estates when their labour could be spared from their own crops. The children and grand-children of those people form the bulk of the population to-day, and their condition is the best answer to those who deny that they have any capacity for progress. Fifty-three years ago they were slaves, bound with the fetters that scar and burn away the virtues of humanity, with liberty only for its vices. Allow ten years for the first wild ecstasy of freedom, and start them at zero forty-three years ago, with everything to tempt them in a climate like this, where mere animal existence is so easy, to abandon themselves to a slothful and indolent content. It is not to be expected that they could have attained the same level as populations who can look back upon centuries of civilisation and freedom. But to-day these people support 350 clergymen of various denominations, and pay for church purposes between 75,000*l.* and 80,000*l.* a year. There are 771 schools at which the attendance is voluntary. The number of scholars enrolled is 71,643, of whom 52,038 presented themselves at the last examinations. In the Government Savings Bank there is at present deposited 395,000*l.* by 19,000 depositors. There are over 60,000 owners of land, many of them wealthy. They are law-abiding and heartily loyal, with some vices, like other people who have had many more advantages in the past, cheerful, industrious on their own lands, somewhat suspicious, but easily led by those who have won their confidence, and decidedly anxious for improvement. That this is so is proved by their action with reference to the proposed Jamaica Exhibition, to be opened on the 27th of January, 1891, by Prince George of Wales. In September, 1889, it was determined to take advantage of the general recovery of commercial activity by bringing the capabilities of Jamaica before the world, and at the same time stimulating the landowners and cultivators to increase the number of their products and improve their means of cultivation or manufacture. It had become evident that the prosperity of Jamaica in the future and the expansion of her marketable commodities must depend to a great extent upon the smaller landowners, for while in ten years the value

of the export of sugar and rum and pimento, the principal crops of the large estates, had fallen from 692,000*l.* to 535,000*l.*, that of coffee, fruit, and minor products, principally produced by the smaller owners, had increased from 350,000*l.* to 758,000*l.* A public meeting was called, and it was proposed that an exhibition should be held in January 1891. The proposal was adopted, and guarantees were invited in amounts not less than 10*l.* From every part of the island a ready response was given, and within three months guarantees were offered to the amount of nearly 30,000*l.* Committees have been formed in every parish and district, and for the first time in the history of the West Indies the entire population of every degree, white man and black, planter and settler, merchant and tradesman and labourer, have stood side by side in hearty co-operation to promote the general interests of the island. In every part of the country meetings are being held; in the court-houses of the principal towns, in the school houses of the country, at the cross roads in the mountain districts addresses are being delivered, sometimes by magistrates, sometimes by the clergy, more often by the leading black men to their neighbours, explaining to them the object of the movement, instructing them to improve their present cultivation, to search for, and forward for the inspection of the expected commercial and scientific visitors, minerals and plants hitherto unheeded, that may prove to be of economic value, and generally answering the question that comes from all sides, 'What can we do to promote the success of the Exhibition?' Preparatory local exhibitions are being arranged in some of the parishes, while in Kingston and its neighbourhood large hotels are being erected for the accommodation of visitors, houses are being built and repaired, and in every quarter of the town is heard the sound of the busy hammer and the ring of the mason's trowel. Such an awakening of an entire population must lead to important results in the future of the island. Already from England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, the United States, and Germany, have come demands for more space than the Exhibition can afford. Improved machinery for the preparation of sugar, coffee, cocoa, and fibres will be examined with interest. Improved implements of agriculture may supplant the hoe. The landowners may find in fibrous and other products hitherto unheeded a valuable addition to their property, and at the same time successful competitors from abroad will find in Jamaica a profitable market.

The object of this paper is to show that here, amid all the loveliness of which Nature is so lavish, is ample room for immigration of the proper kind. Year after year there launch forth from the shores of England young men well born and well educated, with the possession or the prospect of modest capital, who go to seek fortune in some part of the Empire or in the Western States of America. Some have braved the summer mosquitoes and the winter blizzards of the

Red River Valley, to find themselves struggling and far removed from fortune or comfort. Some have settled in the Western States of America, have sunk their money and worked steadily, and now heartily envy the lot of their fathers' ploughmen at home. Here in Jamaica there is room and welcome for men of the proper stamp. It is not the country for a young man without capital, however energetic he may be. By a man with 3,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* properties may be bought, in many cases with houses ready built, that would afford him a comfortable income. To the man with a family success is equally probable. A floral farm for the preparation of perfumes would afford pleasant and remunerative occupation for the ladies of the family, nor would it interfere with the regular working of the property. To such men, industrious, sober, and moral, the black people would give a hearty welcome and willing respect: for men without these qualities Jamaica is no fitting place. The value of all property is increasing rapidly, and will in the near future still further advance. The extension of the railroad through the centre of the island, connecting the ports of the northern shore with the interior, will enhance the value of lands hitherto neglected, and the additional annual expenditure of 18,000*l.* for the improvement of parochial roads will still further assist in the rapid expansion of the banana trade.

Within ten years the value of fruit annually exported has increased from 40,000*l.* to 337,000*l.* This fruit is principally bananas, and the demand is likely to continue. The value of the banana as food for working men has been recognised in the United States, and it is found peculiarly sustaining for those engaged in heavy labour in warm situations such as blacksmiths and iron-founders. The operatives in cotton factories also use it largely. In England it is but little known, but Jamaica bananas are now being exported to Ham-burgh *via* New York.

But the fruit trade is only in its infancy. Twenty years ago bananas were only used for home consumption, the surplus being thrown away. To-day, in like manner, mangoes are not considered exportable. In the season tens of thousands of tons of mangoes rot by the roadsides. Every man, woman, and child met along the country roads is eating them; horses and mules, and cattle, pigs, goats, and fowl eat them with avidity, and still, where mango trees are thick, the air is tainted with the fermentation of rotting masses. And yet not alone is the mango a luscious fruit when ripe, but in its unripe state it makes an excellent jelly, and the flavour of the boiled green mango cannot be distinguished from that of gooseberry fool. Some day a mango trade will become an accomplished fact, and then the export may vie with that of the banana in value and volume.

Another export has just begun. Tomatoes, for which, as for all vegetables, there is in winter a large demand in the United States, yield heavy crops in Jamaica.

Large tracts of country are suitable for horse-breeding, and with the introduction of suitable brood mares it is probable that the breeding of cavalry remounts would pay. A difficulty in the management of all grass lands is, however, to be encountered in the tick, which is a veritable pest at certain seasons. The hope of improvement lies in the possible introduction of some one of the predatory hymenoptera who will use the egg-laden mother as a host, as the ichneumon does the caterpillar.

The highlands are admirably suited for colonisation. I should not advise the advent of white agriculturists except in communities, on such a scale that the colonists would find themselves a part of a homogeneous society, with a sufficient number of white neighbours to form their own social public opinion and standard of morals.

The scheme suggested by Mr. Kimber, M.P., would answer well, and such a community properly chosen would not alone secure immediate comfort and prosperity for themselves, but would be of great and lasting benefit to the colony. Isolated white labouring agriculturists among a black population would certainly fail.

It is idle to ignore the fact that in considering the question of travel or settlement in Jamaica the dread of yellow fever is an important factor. Nor was that dread misplaced in the days gone by, pictured in the graphic pages of *Tom Cringle's Log*. But the mode of life has changed since those days. In the Reformatory at Stoney Hill, once the head-quarters of a regiment, a room, now fully occupied by fifty boys, has still the hammock hooks where 250 soldiers were packed, tier over tier, sweltering all night in close hammocks, except when they escaped from the intolerable heat to expose themselves to the cold draught sweeping down from the hills—a deadly danger in their enfeebled state—fed on salt beef, uncared for except on parade, drinking the fresh rum whenever they could get it, and sleeping off their drunken fit under the bushes in the dewy night. At present Jamaica compares favourably with other foreign stations, the death-rate per 1,000 being 11 as against 14 in India, and 20 in Mauritius. That imprudent persons in Jamaica who live on the sea coast may still get intermittent, or remittent, or yellow fever is as true as that under similar provocation they might get rheumatic fever, or diphtheria, or consumption at home. That prudent and temperate persons will contract one or the other is extremely improbable; but those who elect to live in the tropics must remember that neither can the full blaze of the sun nor the insidious coolness of an evening draught be braved or enjoyed without danger. The death-rate of the island, 22·8 per 1,000, is the best proof of its general salubrity.

Thus in Jamaica the thoughtful traveller will find an island full of natural beauty and interesting from historical associations; the invalid a health resort where he can escape the rigours of the

Northern winter without danger of the cold snaps of Florida or the Riviera; the industrious and temperate immigrant a fairly wide range for the investment of his capital with social arrangements that make no violent breach in his mode of life. A letter to the Secretary of the Jamaica Institute, Kingston, would probably obtain important information on any subject connected with the island, but no person ought to invest his capital until he has first seen the country for himself and learned something of its possible openings for investment. The secret of success is the same here as elsewhere, the Nemesis of failure more swift to the foolish and the vicious.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

TUBERCULOUS MEAT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IN a paper which appeared in this Review in September 1889, I drew the attention of its readers to the subject of the communicability to man of the diseases of animals consumed as food, and I gave a *résumé* of the evidence which had accumulated in proof of the position maintained by the leading scientific authorities in every country, as to the risk of the virus of specific maladies being conveyed by the ingestion of affected meat. The importance of the inquiry centres in the question of the transmissibility of tuberculosis, because not only is this the most frequent morbid condition in cattle, and the most destructive to human life—being accountable for nearly half the deaths between the marriageable ages of fifteen to thirty-five years in Great Britain, and for one-fifth of the entire mortality—but also because Koch's brilliant discovery of the bacillus has set at rest all doubt as to the cause of the malady, and as to the question of its identity in man and the lower animals. No subject has more uninterruptedly engaged the attention of pathologists during the past twelve months, or is more likely to lead to results of the greatest practical importance: it has been discussed in the legislative assemblies of Europe and America, with a view to the settlement of the manifold difficulties, legal and scientific, by which it is surrounded; and public attention having been thoroughly roused to the gravity of the issues at stake, their solution is imperatively demanded in the interests alike of the large and important classes engaged in the supply of food to our markets, and the immeasurably larger and more important classes engaged in its consumption.

The links in the chain of scientific evidence, based upon experiments conducted through a series of years, may be thus formulated: (1) Tuberculosis is caused by a minute vegetable organism, the bacillus; (2) this organism is identical in man and the lower animals, any slight apparent difference being purely morphological; (3) the disease is communicable from cattle to the human subject; (4) one of the most frequent methods of this communicability is the ingestion of the flesh of animals specifically affected; and (5) the ordinary modes of cooking do not destroy the bacillus, and have absolutely no effect upon the spores which are the chief means of its propagation.

As regards the first premiss, Koch says :

In the experiments made with pure cultures, tubercle bacilli only, freed from all contamination with the original morbid products, can have been the cause of tuberculosis. That proves the truth of the proposition that it is an infective malady, depending on the presence of the bacilli. It has been asserted that they are one cause of it, but that other things may also have the power of inducing it. This statement is erroneous because, in all cases of true tuberculosis, the bacilli are present, and the manner in which they appear further proves that they stand to the disease in the position of cause.

And in an 'Address on Bacteriological Research,' delivered a few weeks ago at the Berlin International Medical Congress, he states :

In another important fundamental question also the conditions are much clearer and simpler than before, that is to say, with regard to the proof of the causal relation between pathogenic bacteria and the infectious diseases connected therewith. The idea that micro-organisms must be the cause of infectious diseases was early expressed by several leading spirits, but the general opinion could not bring itself to accept the notion, and showed itself very sceptical with regard to the first discoveries in this domain. All the more was it desirable in the first cases to prove on irrefutable grounds that the micro-organisms found in an infectious disease are actually the cause of that disease. At one time the objection was always brought forward that there was nothing more than an accidental coincidence between the disease and the micro-organisms; that the latter did not play the part of dangerous parasites but of harmless guests, which found, in the diseased organs, conditions of life which were wanting in healthy bodies. Many, while acknowledging the pathogenic properties of the bacteria, believed it possible that, under the influence of the morbid process, micro-organisms, accidentally or constantly present, which were otherwise harmless, became converted into pathogenic bacteria. If, however, it can be proved, first, that the parasite is met with in each individual case of the particular disease and under conditions which correspond to the pathological changes and the clinical course of the disease; secondly, that in no other disease is it found as an accidental non-pathological guest; and, thirdly, that if completely isolated from the body, and cultivated in pure culture with sufficient frequency, it can reproduce the disease, then it can no longer be considered an accidental accompaniment, but in that case no other relation between the parasite and the disease can be admitted than that the parasite is the cause of the disease.

This proof has now been furnished in the fullest measure with regard to a number of infectious diseases, such as anthrax, tuberculosis, erysipelas, tetanus, and many diseases of animals, generally all those diseases which are communicable to animals. At the same time it has further been shown that in all the cases in which the constant and exclusive occurrence of bacteria in an infectious disease has been established, they never behave as accidental guests, but like the bacteria already certainly known to be pathogenic. We are, therefore, fully warranted in affirming that, even if only the first two requirements of the proof are fulfilled, that is to say, if the constant and exclusive occurrence of the parasite is established, the causal connection between parasite and disease is validly proved.

Dr. Fleming, late principal veterinary surgeon to the British Army, quoting this dictum of the greatest of bacteriologists, adds :

From his researches Koch concludes that the presence of bacilli in the tubercular masses constitutes not only a concomitant fact in the process, but that it is the cause—a cause which had hitherto been only suspected, and which presents itself in the form of a vegetable parasite.

In his evidence in the Glasgow case, which has been aptly designated 'epoch-making' in this country, Dr. Coats, the pathologist to the Infirmary in that city, stated:¹

I go on the footing that the bacillus is the agent of the disease, not only in bovine tuberculosis, but also in man; and that in an animal that is tuberculous the distribution of the bacillus is very difficult to determine, and quite beyond the possibility of thorough detection.

In the same inquiry, Professor M'Fadyean, lecturer in pathology in the Royal Veterinary College of Edinburgh, said that it was conclusively proved that the bacillus is the cause of the disease, and that it is not possible to have the disease without it. Professor M'Call, inspector for the Privy Council for the city of Glasgow under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, deposed that it is the specific organism which produces the malady, and that there can be no tuberculosis without the previous presence of the bacillus; and Sheriff Berry, in delivering judgment, said:

I take it to be established by the evidence as now the accepted view of most scientific men who have investigated the subject, that the disease known as tuberculosis is not only accompanied, but caused, by a minute specific organism, the bacillus; and that this bacillus in the tuberculosis of oxen and some other lower animals is the same as that which is found in the human subject.

The Departmental Committee of the Privy Council, appointed by the Lord President in 1888 to inquire into the subject, reported (§ 21) that—

the bacillus has been proved to enter the body and kill the animal by causing the growth of tubercles in the following ways: (1) by inhalation, into the air-passages; (2) by swallowing, into the alimentary or digestive system; (3) by direct introduction into the subcutaneous or submucous tissues by means of a scratch or cut. It is also supposed to be directly transmitted by (4) heredity.

And at the Congress on Tuberculosis held at Paris in the same year,² and attended by three hundred of the leading European experts, the meeting was practically unanimous as to the bacillus being the sole causal agent. This point being held as established, the President, M. Chauveau, traced the various steps by which the identity of human and bovine tuberculosis had been shown: of this identity, he said, there could no longer be any doubt, and it was necessary to reckon with the fact, and with all the consequences that it entailed. There was but one single malady, one single virus attaching itself to the human and the bovine species, and capable of passing from one to the other. They were therefore compelled to admit that the milk and flesh of the latter might be a source of danger to man. When

¹ 'Proceedings at Trial at the instance of the Glasgow Local Authority against Hugh Couper and Charles Moore.'

² *Comptes rendus et Mémoires du Congrès pour l'étude de la Tuberculose chez l'homme et les Animaux.* Paris, 1888.

that opinion was first pronounced in the Academy of Medicine on the 17th of November, 1868, there was a great outcry against the imprudent individual who, on the strength of laboratory experiments, dared to bring forward such alarming views.

But things [continued M. Chauveau] have changed since then: the opinion has made progress, and now, throughout the civilised world, the authorities are seeking to devise measures to prevent the propagation of tuberculosis by means of the flesh and milk of affected animals.

A few months later an official report was made to the New York Board of Health by the pathologists to the Department,³ adopting the resolutions passed at the Paris Congress as being the logical deductions from facts ascertained by direct experiment. And an inquiry instituted by the North of Ireland branch of the British Medical Association, and carried out by Drs. Burden, Lindsay, Strahan, and Colwell, resulted in a report which was unanimously accepted by the branch in December last, endorsing the view that the identity of the malady and of its cause in man and the lower animals had been established beyond all reasonable doubt, any difference in the size or growth of the bacillus being due solely to change of medium.

We have then a consensus of opinion as to the causation of the class of diseases known as tuberculosis, and as to its absolute identity in man and animals. The importance of these considerations will be more fully appreciated when we consider that they form the basis upon which our hopes must be founded for the arrest of its ravages; and these hopes are now beginning to be realised. In the address already quoted Koch communicates a fact of the utmost value to suffering humanity, that, moved by these arguments, he has devoted his attention, since his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, to seeking substances which could be used therapeutically, by hindering the growth of the bacillus in the animal body.

More than this [he says] a remedy cannot do. It is not necessary, as has often been erroneously asserted, that the bacteria should be killed in the body: in order to render them harmless there it is sufficient to prevent their growth and multiplication.

He has discovered many substances which will check their growth in a test-tube, but until recently none which will effect this in the body of an animal. But he is now able to announce:

I have at last hit upon a substance which has the power of preventing the growth of tubercle bacilli not only in a test-tube, but also in the animal body. All experiments in tuberculosis are of very long duration; my researches on this substance, therefore, although they have already occupied me for nearly a year, are not yet completed, and I can only say this much about them, that guinea-pigs which, as is well known, are extraordinarily susceptible to tuberculosis, if exposed to the

³ *New York Medical Record* xxxv. 643.

influence of this substance, cease to react to the inoculation of tuberculous virus, and that in guinea-pigs suffering from general tuberculosis, even to a high degree, the morbid process can be brought completely to a standstill, without the body being in any way injuriously affected. From these researches I, in the meantime, do not draw any further conclusions than that the possibility of rendering pathogenic bacteria in the living body harmless without injury to the latter, which has hitherto been justly doubted, has thereby been established. Should, however, the hopes based on these researches be fulfilled in the future, and should we succeed in the case of one bacterial infectious disease in making ourselves masters of the microscopic but hitherto victorious enemy in the human body, then it will soon also be possible, I have no doubt, to obtain the same result in the case of other diseases. This opens up an oft-promised field of work, with problems which are worthy to be the subject of an international competition of the noblest kind. To give even now some encouragement to further researches in this direction was the sole and only reason why I, departing from my usual custom, have made a communication on a research which is not yet completed.

The next, and from a practical point of view the most important, issue is as to its communicability by alimentation. In my earliest papers on the subject, written ten years ago, I adduced abundant scientific evidence in support of such transmissibility; further experimental proof has since been freely forthcoming at the hands of Toussaint, Galtier, Peuch, Nocard, Arlong, and other pathologists, and it has now received the sanction of a legal decision. In the Glasgow case already referred to, in which the carcasses of a bullock and cow, apparently only locally affected, were condemned as unfit for food, Sheriff Berry stated that

the view that tuberculosis is communicable from one of the lower animals to man must, as the evidence shows, be considered an established scientific fact. . . . Whether ingestion be or be not the commonest way in which the disease is communicated, it must certainly be regarded as one mode of its communication.

This ruling, which rejected meat as unfit that had hitherto been freely sold in open market, was based not only on the evidence adduced at the trial, but on the report of the Departmental Committee of the Privy Council, with regard to which the Sheriff said:

My immediate object in referring to it is for the purpose of emphasising the conclusion that tuberculous disease is communicable by ingestion. If it were not so communicable the view of the Committee would have no foundation to support it. I take it, however, that there really is little dispute on the point. It was admitted on the part of counsel for the defence that the disease may be communicated by the drinking of milk, and, if that be so, it is impossible to maintain that it cannot be communicated by the eating of flesh. Indeed, we need not look further than the practice of condemning the meat of tuberculous animals as hitherto practised in Glasgow and elsewhere in order to see that the transmissibility of the disease by ingestion has long been recognised. Except on the footing that the meat was the medium of the transmission of the disease, it would be unnecessary and wasteful to exclude from the food supply the carcasses of animals which had suffered from tuberculosis. . . . These diseases are widespread and varied in form, and entail very grave consequences. They still contribute too largely to the mortality, besides involving much suffering and distress even in cases where fatal

consequences do not ensue, and unless the evidence of men of high scientific authority is to be disregarded, one of the means by which they are propagated is the consumption of meat of tuberculous animals.⁴

This judgment, which will doubtless have very important and widespread results, based upon the conclusions arrived at by the Privy Council inquiry, and by the report of the Paris Congress, has been amply justified by the results of experimental investigation at the hands of physiologists of such eminence as Klebs, Woodhead, Chauveau, Villemin, Cornil, and Klein, so that, in the words of the *Lancet*, 'the teachings of experimental pathology are positive on the point.'⁵

The majority of these experiments indeed go to show conclusively that the disease is communicable by ingestion with great facility, and the probability is that this is a much more frequent method of infection than that of inhalation. The manner in which the bacillus operates as the medium of transmissibility has now been clearly demonstrated, for it has been proved that the minute organism resists the process of ordinary cooking, and its vitality is unaffected by the fluids of the alimentary canal. Toussaint many years ago produced the malady in cattle by feeding them with the juice expressed from a steak of a tuberculous ox cooked so as to be slightly underdone; and the experiments of Gerlach and Johnes on animals fed with cooked tuberculous flesh resulted in the conveyance of the infection in twenty-two per cent. The Privy Council Committee formulated the conclusion 'that the ordinary methods of cooking are often insufficient to destroy the bacilli buried in the interior of the limbs.'

It seems that the life of the bacillus [to quote Sheriff Berry's judgment once more] may be destroyed by exposure to a temperature considerably under the boiling point of water, provided the exposure is for a lengthened period; but a large portion of cooked meat is used for food without having been subjected to the action of a high temperature for any great length of time, and, in the case of roasted meat in particular, it is often eaten underdone, with the juices little affected by the action of heat. Besides this, one mode in which bacilli are propagated is by spores, and in the opinion of scientific men the spores, like the seeds of vegetables, are less easily affected by heat than their parent bacilli. Consequently the spores may survive an amount of cooking which would be fatal to the bacilli themselves. The evidence leads me to the conclusion that it would not be proper to trust to cooking as a sufficient protection. . . . I have been deeply sensible of the responsibility of condemning as unfit for food meat which under the practice hitherto followed in Glasgow, and still observed in various large towns of England, would apparently have been allowed to pass out for consumption. That practice, however, I am led to think, is attended with danger to the public health.

Professor M'Fadyean stated before the Privy Council Commission that cooking can never be relied on as a sufficient preventive; ordinary cooking is insufficient to destroy the bacilli, and utterly incompetent to affect their spores which require a much higher tem-

⁴ Glasgow case, pp. 410, 413.

⁵ May 3, 1890.

perature to become devitalised; and all evidence shows that the usual cooking of joints of beef and other parts is not sufficient to raise them even to 160 degrees, the temperature at which blood coagulates, and therefore insufficient to destroy the bacillus; and Sir Charles Cameron, Mr. Lingard, and Professor M'Call, experts of the highest authority, examined on the same occasion, confirmed this opinion. The medical officers of the Local Government Board in their last report concur in the tenacity with which the spores resist all destructive agencies, to the extent indeed that no known process is competent to deprive them of vitality; and the Committee of the North of Ireland branch of the British Medical Association state that the heat to which the inside of a large roast is raised is insufficient to destroy infectivity. The growth of a bacillus may be arrested at a temperature below 82 degrees, but it does not die: it can be slowly killed by being subjected for several weeks to a temperature of 107·5 degrees, and dies if exposed to boiling point for half an hour; but a shorter exposure to this heat fails as a bacillicide, for in sixty-two experiments with tuberculous flesh soaked in boiling water for ten to fifteen minutes, positive results as to infection by feeding were produced in thirty-five per cent. So great indeed is the vitality of the bacillus that Koch still obtained the active microbe after conveying it through thirty-four generations of culture, for a time extending over twenty-two months: and the spores, the Committee add, are far more tenacious of life.

That the bacillus resists the action of the gastric juice and other fluids of the alimentary canal was first demonstrated by MM. Strauss and Wurtz, and later investigations have confirmed the results at which they arrived. Dr. Coats, the pathologist to the Royal Western Infirmary of Glasgow, says: 'That the juices of the alimentary canal are proved not to be fatal to the bacillus is shown by the frequency of tuberculosis of the intestines following tuberculosis of the lungs.' Indeed, it is self-evident that if the specific infection be caused by feeding animals with tuberculous flesh, as has been repeatedly proved, the bacilli must have been unaffected by these fluids. The Blue-book issued by the Departmental Committee of the Privy Council in 1888 states (§§ 24 and 25):

Numerous experiments have similarly been performed upon the possibility of the tubercular virus entering the body through the alimentary canal. In these experiments tubercular secretions, *i.e.* mucus, saliva, milk, &c., portions of tubercles from diseased tissues and cultures of the bacilli, have been swallowed by various animals, with the effect that the disease has fatally followed the ingestion of such infective material. It is obvious, therefore, that the digestive fluids do not necessarily exert an injurious influence upon the poisonous bacilli.

It might, then, be thought that if the bacillus had resisted the effects of cooking and of the fluids of the alimentary canal, no further impediments existed, and it would be at liberty to pursue its

career unchecked, secrete its specific virus, and propagate its kind in the tissues. But happily this is by no means the case, and it is chiefly after its entrance, together with the products of digestion, into the lymph and blood streams that its struggle for life commences. We are but at the threshold of our knowledge of this subject, one of the most deeply interesting of the problems of pathology, and one which holds out the brightest hopes of our ultimate success in dealing with the large and deadly class of specific diseases. As Sir Henry Roscoe has said,⁶

Metschnikoff's experiments, supplemented by those of Dr. Ruffer and others, have shown that certain cells of the animal body, termed phagocytes, identical with the well-known white blood-corpuscles, being endowed with the power of independent motion, wander not only inside but also outside the tissues, and *mirabile dictu* pursue, devour, and digest any stray bacilli with which they come in contact. This is the true battle for life, which, hitherto unknown and unobserved, is going on uninterruptedly in the animal body. These phagocytes are the watchful guardians of the body, upon whose action its health depends. You may observe their proceedings for yourselves under the microscope: you will see them fighting against the invading host and literally swallowing them up. Poisonous bacilli are constantly present in the body . . . those causing diphtheria and pneumonia have been met with in the mouths of healthy men, and yet no entrance of such microbes into the blood takes place. Why is this? Because these phagocytes pursue and annihilate them before they gain an entrance. The question as to the way in which the pathogenic microbes act on the animal organism is one which touches chemical ground. As I have said, every micro-organism during its growth secretes a poison which appears to be a specific one for each microbe. So far as we are aware these poisons are definite chemical compounds possessing definite properties . . . and allied to the poisonous compounds termed ptomaines. In the case of certain well-known organisms, we have been long acquainted with the specific poisons which they secrete. The yeast-plant yields alcohol, carbonic acid, and other products: the vinegar plant turns alcohol into acetic acid, and in many other examples each organism during its life forms a special product. In less well-known instances we may therefore conclude that the same thing holds good; indeed, the existence of soluble poison capable of inducing the disease has been proved in the case of the bacillus of diphtheria. . . . But we are unable as yet to state the conditions under which the phagocytes of the lungs and tonsils are able on the one hand to seize upon and destroy the invading hosts of pathogenic bacilli, or, on the other, fail to prevent their entrance, and cease to keep the guard on which the health of the body depends.

Wherever the bacillus comes in contact with these wandering cells, whether prior to or after its entrance into the stream of the circulation, or when it has succeeded in effecting a lodgment in any of the tissues, a struggle takes place between the contending hosts, on whose result depends the issue of life or death to the part—eventually it may be to the entire body. In some cases, happily the great majority, where the constitution is unimpaired, the result is favourable to the cells and the bacillus perishes; in others, where the tissues are weakened and the phagocytes share in the debilitated condition

* Address on the Advancement of Science by Research, July 1, 1890.

—whether produced by heredity or any depressing cause—the bacillus triumphs, finds a nidus suitable to the needs of its existence, propagates its kind and leads to the development of a tubercular lesion. How constantly this struggle is being waged may be conceived from the fact that it has been calculated by Bollinger,⁷ that one phthisical person may eject from his body in the course of twenty-four hours twenty millions of the bacilli.

It may then be taken as proved that the bacillus in all cases is derived by one animal from another, and grows only at a temperature approaching that of the human body; its chief if not its only place of multiplication is in the living tissue, and when it has found a suitable resting-place it commences its mission, propagating by spores and by fission, and secreting alkaloids dangerous to animal life, and leading to an alteration in the normal structure by the formation of tubercles, such lesions being an absolutely characteristic sign of the disease.

No human being can contract tuberculosis except as the result of the tubercle germ entering into his body—the bacillus or its spore."

It is the propagation of the tubercle bacillus that leads to the production of the tubercle,⁹ and when the mischief has culminated in the formation of the tubercle, the bacillus and its products may be distributed in other parts of the frame which appear quite unaffected: 'there is no organ in the body in which this specific organism does not seem to thrive; it has been found in the eye, in the inside of the bones, the glands, the lungs, the brain, and the flesh.'¹⁰

We have now arrived at the consideration of the practical question as to the *degree* in which the flesh of an animal affected with tuberculosis is rendered unfit and dangerous for human food. It is on this point that the divergence of opinion centres, and upon its solution all legislation has been and must be based. It is admitted unanimously that if the disease be *generalised*, that is pervades the tissues throughout, resulting in emaciation and loss of healthy colour of the flesh, it must unhesitatingly be condemned, though even here innumerable cases of evasion occur; such cattle known as 'mincers' or 'wasters' are largely bought up by peripatetic dealers, and converted into sausages or sent to markets where the inspection is known to be lax. But if the malady be *localised*, that is confined to one or more of the internal organs, and the flesh is firm and of good colour, the ordinary practice in this country is to remove the affected portions and 'strip' away their lining membranes, passing the remainder as first-class meat. It is this practice which is engaging the attention of pathologists, most of whom protest against it as full of danger to the consumer, and they have succeeded in other countries against its sale as first-class meat. The advocates for the admissibility of

⁷ *Deutscher Med. Wochenschrift*, Oct. 1889.

⁹ Professor M'Fadyean, Glasgow case, Q. 2,856.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* Q. 2,875.

¹⁰ Professor M'Call, Glasgow case, Q. 2,990.

such flesh as food base their opinion on the theory that localised tuberculosis may never spread, that the chance of infection from apparently sound flesh is too remote to justify its condemnation, and that parts of the body distant from the affected portions are free from tubercle, and cannot infect if taken as food. In the words of the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, June 1889 :

The bacillus, having found its way into a tissue, joint, lymphatic gland, &c., may remain there for years incapable of doing mischief, if the constitution is good ; and its power for evil varies according to the amount of impairment of this nutrition.

The arguments *per contra* are to the following effect : it is proved that localisation of the tubercle is no safeguard against the escape of the bacillus into the lymph or blood streams ; M. Cornil has shown that it has the power of penetrating healthy mucous membrane, and that the minuteness of the spores enables them to be carried into every tissue : they are, indeed, so small that, though visible by the microscope when in the parent microbe, they cannot be detected when dissociated from it. Both bacilli and spores, having thus escaped from the local lesion, exist in the tissues for a considerable period before the fact of their presence there becomes recognisable, and when it is recognised, the mischief is done and it is too late to adopt remedial measures.

To quote some leading authorities on this point of vital importance to the argument : Professor Klein states :

Though we may not by naked-eye inspection or even by microscopic examination be able to detect the tubercle bacilli in the muscles or connective tissue, how can we be justified in excluding their presence from the circulating blood, including the blood in the muscles and the connective tissue ?

Mr. M. Geoch, the inspector at Paisley under the Infectious Diseases (Animals) Act, is of opinion that

though the visible signs of tuberculosis in cattle may be local, the disease itself may have permeated the whole frame.

Dr. Coats, the pathologist to the Glasgow Infirmary, testified that

there is nearly always a leakage of the bacillus into the lymphatics and the blood.

Professor M'Fadyean says :

Although tuberculosis may be strictly local to commence with, there is the tendency, or there is the danger, at any rate, of it becoming general if the bacillus burst into the blood stream ; and we can never declare with certainty that in any particular carcase this has not occurred, because if the bacillus have escaped into the blood stream and settled in different organs, it takes some time—a week or ten days probably—to determine the formation of tubercles.

Professor M'Call, the principal of the Veterinary College of Glasgow and inspector for the Privy Council, states that a longer period than this would probably elapse after the specific organisms had entered the

body before we became aware of their presence, sometimes weeks or months.

Mr. Robinson, examiner in cattle pathology for the Royal Veterinary College, believes that when a visible tuberculous centre exists, there is every probability that the generalisation of the disease has begun throughout the whole system of the animal, and that it is a hazardous thing for the life and health of the community to allow any part of a tuberculous animal to pass into food.

Mr. Maylard adopts the views of Koch, in whose *clinique* at Berlin he studied, that the bacilli may make their way into the lymphatic glands without any indication of their presence, even by the microscope, and that the virus may be circulating through the healthy organs and tissues in a carcase, although it is not found obviously manifesting itself: and he adds from his experience as surgeon to a children's hospital that forty per cent. of the patients on the surgical side are tuberculous, and a possibly greater proportion would be met with on the medical side.

Dr. Wallace, the Medical Officer of Health for Greenock, has acted there for the last five years on the principle that, however slightly an animal may be affected with tuberculosis, the entire carcase is unfit for food, and must be condemned, and this view is endorsed by Mr. Cope, the Chief Inspector of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, and by Sir Charles Cameron, Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, who deposed¹¹ before the Departmental Inquiry:

I must say that, be the condition satisfactory or otherwise, I unhesitatingly condemn any animal that has tubercle in any part of it.

Koch writes that the bacillus may escape from the original tubercular focus, reach the interior of the larger blood-vessels, and be disseminated by means of the circulation in larger or smaller numbers throughout the body, and thus localised tuberculosis develops into generalised; and Veyssière has shown that purely local tuberculosis is very rare: an examination of eighty-one cases yielding only two that could be so characterised. The practice of stripping away the lining membranes of the cavities whence the diseased organs have been removed is deemed not only imperative to protect the unaffected organs, but likely to facilitate the spread of the infection, the mode in which it is conducted being unscientific, and the knife which is employed to remove the affected membrane penetrating the apparently healthy tissues and probably conveying the bacilli to them. So that, as Sheriff Berry sums up: ¹²

The practice has been, in cases where the disease, as far as appeared to the naked eye, was confined to the internal organs, to 'dress' or 'strip' the carcase—

¹¹ Blue-book, p. 252, Q. 2,930.

¹² Glasgow case, p. 411.

that is, to strip away the lining membrane of the chest cavity and the internal organs, and to allow the rest to pass into the market for food. My conclusion from the evidence is that this is not a sufficient protection against the risk of communication of the disease by ingestion. There may be no appearance visible to the naked eye of the action of the tubercular bacillus in a particular part of the animal, and yet it may not improbably be there. The presence of the agent of the disease must precede the visible results of its action. Indeed, the present case affords an illustration of the danger of inferring from the absence of symptoms visible to the unaided eye that the disease is localised: as far as could be judged by such symptoms there was but little indication of disease beyond the internal organs; yet, on examination under the microscope, bacilli were seen in the prepectoral gland, a part of the animal which, although the carcass had been stripped, would have been passed out into the market as fit for the food of man.

This decision was avowedly based on the conclusions arrived at by the various congresses, committees, and Government inquiries which have been held during the past three years to consider the subject in all its bearings. Various local authorities in this country having taken common action induced the Privy Council to appoint a Departmental Inquiry in 1888, which reported on the 10th of July of that year¹³ that

the distribution of the disease and the bacillus closely affects the question of the use of tubercular meat as food. It appears that the marrow of the bones is affected at an early period, and that the bacilli may be present therein in considerable quantities before they discover themselves by changes obvious to the eye. Evidence has also been laid before us to show that, although rarely, the disease may affect the flesh, and that the ordinary methods of cooking are often insufficient to destroy the bacilli buried in the interior. Further, although the bacilli may be found but rarely in the flesh, *still, the chance of their being present either there or in the blood is too probable to ever allow of the flesh of a tubercular animal being used for food under any circumstances*, either for man or the lower animals.

A few weeks later, on the 31st of July, the Paris International Congress on Tuberculosis voted, by a majority of three hundred to three, that

every possible means should be adopted, including compensation to parties interested, for the *general application of the principle of seizure and destruction in totality of all flesh belonging to tuberculous animals, no matter how slight the specific lesions found in such animals*.

The official report of the pathologists to the Health Department of the city of New York in 1889 states that¹⁴

tuberculosis is a strictly preventible disease, and may be induced, and is indeed transmitted, by the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle. One of the obvious means of prevention, therefore, is the avoidance of such articles of food, and those measures of prevention alone answer the requirements which embrace the governmental inspection of dairy cows and animals slaughtered for food, and the rigid exclusion and destruction of all those found to be tuberculous.

The North of Ireland branch of the British Medical Association adopted the conclusions presented by its committee last year, that

¹³ Report of the Privy Council Committee, § 43, &c.

¹⁴ *New York Medical Record*, xxxv. 643.

there is a certain amount of danger in allowing the flesh of an animal, even only locally affected, to be sold for food; to what extent this risk extends they were not prepared to say, as it probably varies in different cases. And the branch passed a resolution

That, in view of the recent discoveries with regard to human and bovine tuberculosis, and to the opinions held by many scientific authorities concerning the communicability of tuberculosis from man to animals, and from animals to man, and in view of the enormous prevalence of the disease in one form or another among mankind, this branch disapproves of the practice of allowing any part of an animal which has been shown to have been affected with tuberculosis to be sold as sound and wholesome meat.

And, finally, a commission appointed by the Victorian Parliament in 1889 recommended the seizure and destruction of all infected animals, alive or dead, dealing with them as though scheduled with pleuro-pneumonia under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act.

The unanimity of these decisions—all arrived at within the last two years—shows the progressive growth of scientific opinion, for the earlier Congresses, as that of Lyons in 1883, of Brussels in the same year, and of the Hague in 1884, sanctioned the use of the flesh of animals only locally affected with tuberculosis, leaving a discretionary power of rejection to the inspector if he found the colour of the flesh impaired.

It will, however, be readily understood that in view of the enormous interests at stake, *legislation* has not yet adopted these requirements in their entirety, though in most countries it is steadily advancing towards their enactment. In France the Government, actuated by the resolutions of the Paris Congress of 1888, added tuberculosis to the list of contagious maladies scheduled under their Act of 1881, and formulated the code, now known as the French Tuberculosis Regulations, to the following effect:

(1) When tuberculosis is recognised in bovine animals during life, the Prefect shall make an order placing them under the surveillance of a veterinary inspector. (2) Every animal recognised tubercular shall be isolated and sequestered, and shall not be removed except for slaughter: the slaughter shall be carried out under the surveillance of a veterinary inspector, who shall make an autopsy of the animal and send to the Prefect a report of the same within the period of five days. (3) The flesh of tuberculous animals shall be excluded from consumption, (a) if the lesions are generalised, that is to say, not confined exclusively to the visceral organs and their lymphatic glands; (b) if the lesions, although localised, have invaded the greater part of an organ, or are manifested by an eruption on the walls of the chest or of the abdominal cavity. Such flesh is excluded from consumption, and also the tubercular viscera shall not be used as food for animals and should be destroyed. (4) The utilisation of the skin shall not be permitted until after disinfection.

Germany, with its usual scientific precision, has adopted a system of compulsory public slaughter and inspection, which has revealed the extraordinary prevalence of the disease in cattle, and has at the same time rendered it impossible for flesh consumers to eat tuber-

culous meat unwittingly. In Berlin alone, in 1888,¹⁵ 'tuberculosis was detected in 4,300 cattle and 6,393 pigs: the entire carcasses of 985 of the former and 1,442 of the latter were destroyed, while 8,322 parts or organs were withheld from consumption as first-class meat.' Flesh exposed for sale in Prussia is classified into such as is unmistakably free from tuberculosis, and may be freely sold at butchers' stalls; and such as has been taken from animals locally affected, which can only be sold at a public stall (*Freibank*) by a city *employé*, a ticket or seal being affixed to each portion giving intimation to the purchaser of the cause of its having been remitted there: it is priced cheaply, as of mediocre quality, and it is sold under such strict control as to render it impossible that it can be bought as above suspicion. The law passed in 1885 says:

The condition of the flesh of a tubercular animal is to be regarded as dangerous to health when the meat contains nodules or the animal has begun to show emaciation, *even although the tubercles are not visible in the meat*, while, on the other hand, the meat is to be regarded as fit for food when the tubercles occur only in an organ, and the beast is in general well nourished.

The care with which these regulations are enforced in Berlin may be estimated from the fact that there are no less than 138 persons engaged in the inspection of meat there, including physicians, veterinary surgeons, and microscopists, Koch himself being the *Gesundheits-Rath*, or chief of the Sanitary Council; while in one of our largest cities, Birmingham, this duty, involving the supervision of 300 slaughter-houses, is delegated to two individuals.¹⁶ Similar regulations to those of Prussia exist more or less throughout the whole of Germany; and in Austria the flesh, however good it may appear to be, is condemned if the lymphatic glands of the chest and intestines are affected.

The most thoroughgoing legislation is that enforced by the Jewish Church, of which I have given abundant details in my previous papers, and have supplied statistical proofs of the relative infrequency of tubercular disease, which I believe to be in great measure dependent upon the extreme care exercised over the meat supply.

Qualified inspectors [says the *British Medical Journal*, April 12, 1890] examine all flesh intended for human food; the blood is scrupulously removed, and a board sits *en permanence* for the guidance and supervision of the inspectors. Fully one fourth of the carcasses examined are rejected, mostly from tuberculous affections, and when the meat is passed as fit for food a seal is attached to each portion exposed for sale. Most of the Continental regulations for the inspection of meat are based on the system of the Jewish laws, though they do not come up to them in stringency. . . . It remains for our legislators to adopt, directly or in a modified form, such of these laws as have been proved to be of value, and to fill up with the aid of the knowledge and experience resulting from modern investigations those gaps which are now known to exist, so that we may have a more complete code of meat inspection and control.

¹⁵ *Journal of Comparative Pathology*, March 1889, quoting Adam's *Wochenchrift*.

¹⁶ Evidence of Dr. A. Hill, Medical Officer of Health in Birmingham, Glasgow case, p. 282.

And the *Temps*, in a *critique* of my article in this Review, concludes :

Tous ces faits sont évidemment de nature à appeler l'attention des hygiénistes sur les prescriptions talmudiques en matière d'alimentation, et l'on ne voit pas pourquoi les règles de la boucherie juive, consacrées par l'expérience de tant de siècles avant de l'être par le verdict de la science contemporaine, ne deviendraient pas des règlements d'utilité publique. Nous avons assurément déjà fait à la civilisation israélite plus d'un emprunt moins profitable et moins justifié.

In this country legislation is conspicuous by its want of uniformity—one might even say by its absence ; there is no efficient system of inspection or control ; the local authorities and medical officers of health issue contradictory orders, and meat condemned as unfit for food in one market is freely allowed to pass into consumption in another. In the Glasgow case, the cattle in dispute, rejected by the health officers of that city, of Greenock, Paisley, and Edinburgh, were declared perfectly suitable for food by those of Sheffield, Hull, Birmingham, and the Holborn district of London, who deposed that they would unhesitatingly have let them go into the market. Again, the *Belfast Northern Whig* tells us that one day a magistrate ordered the destruction of some tuberculous meat, and a few days later two other magistrates refused to give an order for the destruction of two carcasses clearly shown to be similarly affected, alleging as their reason a disinclination to give such a decision as would have a ruinous effect upon the cattle trade of the country, adding that if tuberculosis were a serious disease like pleuro-pneumonia, the Government should make provision for the compensation of the fleshers. On appeal the justices of the peace ordered this meat to be destroyed as unsound and unwholesome.

The present system or want of system is radically bad. Farmers, cattle-dealers, and butchers have no solid ground on which to stand. One day they may be fined and the next acquitted ; by one medical officer their fault may be condemned, by another, condoned ; and by one judge they are told the law says this, and by another that it says something very different. No wonder is it then that the butchers wish to form themselves into a jury in disputed cases. They would, at any rate, be thoroughly consistent in their arbitration.¹⁷

It is true that during the last twelve months medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors have paid increased attention to the subject, and large numbers of cattle have been condemned which would previously have been freely passed into our food supplies. It is, unfortunately, equally true that a large percentage of the animals still admitted into our markets—a proportion varying from 0·2 to 50 per cent.¹⁸—is tuberculous, and the flesh is daily consumed for

¹⁷ *British Medical Journal*, Nov. 2, 1889, p. 990.

¹⁸ 'Report of Departmental Committee of the Privy Council,' Q. 4,263. In the 'Milroy Lectures,' delivered before the Royal College of Physicians for 1890 by Dr. Ransome, the statement I made some years ago, that an inspector of the Metropolitan

food. There is, besides, a growing amount of evidence to show that the proportion of bovine tuberculosis bears a distinct relation to that in man, a relation standing directly in the light of cause and effect. In 1881 the authorities of Baden issued a chart applying to fifty-two towns in that duchy, which demonstrated that where the disease is most prevalent among cattle it is also most frequent in the human subject, and that it is especially prevalent in such towns as possess the largest number of low-class butchers. This statement was borne out by witnesses examined before the Departmental Committee of the Privy Council (questions 5,115, 5,367, and 8,791), and Sir Lyon Playfair has pointed out that when tuberculosis increases among cattle, consumption in some form or other, but chiefly mesenteric or intestinal, increases among children. Even admitting the possibility of the localised disease being free from mischief, a possibility disproved by the evidence which I have adduced, it is clearly impossible to decide at what period the localised condition becomes generalised, and it is beyond the power of any one to determine that in what appears to be a purely local affection, the germs of the malady have not already been carried into the system. The responsibility for the assumption that no harm can accrue from the ingestion of such meat is certainly not to be taken lightly, and is in direct opposition to the teachings of experimental pathology. The rôle of science in the question has been thoroughly played out, and its case proved to the hilt; its functions have now lapsed, and it devolves upon the Legislature to profit by its demonstrations, and to adopt such measures as may best protect the public from this ever-present scourge.

In the debate in the House of Commons during the past session, the necessity of scheduling tuberculosis under the provisions of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act was strongly advocated by Mr. Knowles, Sir L. Playfair, Dr. Farquharson, and others; but was objected to on the ground *inter alia* that it would create an 'unpleasant feeling' in the public mind. But the subject has by this time taken so firm a hold upon the public mind that a far more 'unpleasant feeling' will be created if no steps are taken to institute precautionary measures against the danger of infection: it has passed the stage of examination by scientists and experts, to whom the Government has once more referred it, and unexceptionable as is the composition of the Royal Commission, which has just been instituted for its investigation, its appointment is to be deprecated as necessarily deferring legislative enactments. The results of experimental pathology, continuously carried on since the announcement of Koch's

Meat Market testified on oath that 80 per cent. of the flesh sent there had tubercular disease is declared to be exaggerated. I can only repeat that the statement was made by Dr. Carpenter, and is to be found in the *British Medical Journal* of October 7, 1879; probably it does not apply now, as the inspection of cattle has become more stringent.

discovery, have established the fact beyond the possibility of doubt that there are very appreciable dangers connected with the consumption of meat derived from cattle affected with tuberculosis, and though there is not absolute unanimity as to the degree of these dangers, yet it is amply sufficient to prove the existence of peril great enough to warrant the immediate adoption of preventive measures. Such measures indeed are called for in the interests alike of producers and consumers. A deputation representing the meat trade of the United Kingdom had an interview with the Minister of Agriculture and the President of the Local Government Board on the 21st of April of this year, to state the grievances to which they were subjected by the present unsatisfactory condition of the law, and to seek protection against the condemnation at the hands of local sanitary authorities of cattle apparently healthy and sent into the market for food-supply, such condemnation entailing not only pecuniary loss but also the risks of a criminal prosecution. And they asked that, until an authoritative decision should be arrived at as to the fitness or unfitness of such meat, an appeal might lie against the decision of the medical officer of health or sanitary inspector to some official to be appointed by the Board of Agriculture, compensation being granted in case of condemnation, as is the practice where cattle are slaughtered for 'scheduled' diseases, their claims being specially enforced because the home producer is unfairly handicapped by the introduction of foreign meat to an unlimited extent free from any similar inspection.

Practically, indeed, the question has now resolved itself into the apportionment of the loss entailed by the restrictive measures which must be adopted. The breeder sells his beasts, to all appearance healthy, to the butcher, who, buying them at a fair price, sends them to market, where they are condemned as tuberculous, and he has to bear the entire penalty of their confiscation, a penalty which he naturally thinks unfair. The adjustment of the loss is undoubtedly a difficult matter, but it is one, that will of necessity diminish as the malady becomes minimised by rigorous inspection. The more restricted the foci of infection, the more quickly will the disease be stamped out, and as soon as it is discovered that tuberculous cattle cease to pay, the supply will be cut down to the demand. If the meat that is now rejected in such markets as enforce a proper inspection finds no sale in others, it will soon cease to appear in the hands of either butchers, or consumers. Whether compensation is to be awarded out of the local rates, out of slaughter-house dues, or, as is the case in Denmark, out of a fund raised by mutual insurance in the trade, is a matter that must be left to the decision of Parliament; but that economic measures must yield to the paramount consideration of public health and safety is undoubted. As the law stands at present, the Local Government Board is powerless to inter-

ferre with the manner in which each local authority may choose to deal with suspected meat, and it follows, therefore, that flesh is freely passed as fit for human food in one borough which would be totally condemned in another. Assuredly this solution, if the word applies, of the problem is as unsatisfactory and dangerous to the consumer as it is hazardous, perhaps ruinous, to the purveyor; and unquestionably until Parliament chooses to arrive at a final decision, temporary legislation should be enacted by which the British public may obtain the minimum of protection afforded in continental countries, as for example by the abolition of private abattoirs, a careful examination of the food supply by qualified inspectors, and a provision that meat derived from tuberculous cattle, howsoever slightly they may have been affected, should be marked as such, and sold only in a special market and at a lower price. The purchaser would buy it with his eyes open, content to take what risk there may be, while those who prefer paying more for meat from animals entirely free from localised tuberculosis would be relieved from any doubts as to the absolute reliability of what they buy, a feeling which no one, except the inhabitants of three or four towns in Scotland, is at present privileged to entertain.

The Minister of Agriculture, in a letter to the *Times* on the 26th of April, 1890, asks, if the statement I made in this Review be correct as to our markets being flooded with tuberculous meat, how it is, if it be so specifically dangerous, that phthisis does not increase? The question is readily answered by a quotation from my paper:¹⁹ 'It is, of course, not asserted that any one specific cause is sufficient *per se* to bring about constant and invariable biological results; all that I claim for that under consideration is that it is an important factor.' And as the *Sanitary Record*²⁰ pertinently inquires, 'Is Mr. Chaplin sure that phthisis is not increasing?' Has he any reason for believing that the proportion of such meat used as human food is increasing? The increased attention paid to sanitation, the better housing of the working classes, the improvement in the material condition of the masses of our population, and innumerable other causes, tend to diminish the death-rate from tuberculosis as from other diseases.

The *Times* concludes that the evidence I have adduced is of a sufficiently grave character to attract public attention, and that the question raised is one of vital importance, and one that cannot be lost sight of until it is finally solved. Meantime, let us ponder over the weighty words of Mr. Herbert Spencer:²¹

'The first requisite in life is to be a good animal, and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity.'

HENRY BEHREND, M.R.C.P.

¹⁹ *The Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1889, p. 418.

²⁰ May 15, 1890.

²¹ *On Education*, p. 146.

SOME
ASPECTS OF NEWMAN'S INFLUENCE.

It has probably struck many persons that the general feeling of enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of Cardinal Newman's death has been quite out of proportion to the extent to which he or his writings are known. The thought that a great man has passed away, a high example of unworldliness been taken from us, has possessed many who felt and knew little more than this. It used to be said that the great Duke of Wellington's influence for good while he lived was immense, even on those who knew nothing of him except that a great example of English courage and English sense of duty was still among us. And in the sphere of spiritual life Newman had a similar influence.

The consequence has been, however, in the case of Cardinal Newman, that many who have written and spoken of him with genuine feeling—to whom the knowledge that the author of *Lead, kindly Light*, still lived and prayed at Birmingham was a real source of spiritual strength—have given a very imperfect account of the man himself. There have indeed been not a few beautiful sketches by personal friends and admirers. But he has also been described, both in print and in conversation, by epithets which have struck those who knew anything of his writings or himself with a sense of their incompleteness and unsatisfactoriness. 'Mystic,' 'giant controversialist,' 'learned theologian,' 'recluse'—such descriptions have seemed little nearer the mark than the discoveries of the few who have found fault, and have noted that he lacked imagination, and that his style was in some respects inferior to that of Mr. Stevenson.

And yet perhaps the failure to characterise him rightly has arisen, in some cases, from the difficulty of the task—from the complexity of his nature. 'Prose-poet' gives a fair description of Carlyle; 'A great thinker in verse' is the true account of Browning by an able critic; but a many-sided genius like Newman's refuses to be explained or even suggested in a few words. And when we ask ourselves *why* we are dissatisfied with the epithets in question, it is not easy in a moment to give the reasons. The descriptions contain some truth. There was in him something of the mystic. He was full of power

in controversy. His mind had been absorbed in patristic theology. His life was one of seclusion. Yet these epithets, singly or collectively, quite fail to give any idea of him, or of the nature of his influence. We remember the story of the Buddhist who was asked to describe 'Nirvana.' 'Was it annihilation?' 'No,' he answered impatiently. 'Was it the beatific vision of the great unknown?'

No,' with equal impatience, and so on with further queries. 'What was it then?' 'How can you ask what is so plain? . . . Nirvana is . . . Nirvana.' And so in the present case. 'Not a theologian, not a mystic, not a controversialist. Newman was Newman.'

However, as many have succeeded in bringing out *some* at least of those distinctive elements which are felt in their combination by the majority of his readers, it may be worth while for each, according to his lights, to put his mite in contribution. Let us look through the phrases I have cited and attempt to limit their 'connotation' as applied to Newman.

'Mystic!' Yes; he had a keen hold on the unseen world, on the mysterious teachings of conscience, on the shadow of God's presence in the human heart, and of God's wrath in the world at large. But the typical mystic lives in the clouds. He is not in touch with things around him. He is little interested in the microscopic inspection of the play of life about him. And what is to be said of the Cardinal from this point of view? He loved to talk on current topics of the day. 'He was interested,' says J. A. Froude, speaking of his Oxford days, 'in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature.' He could throw himself into spheres of action far removed from his own. 'What do you think,' a friend asked, 'of Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*?' 'Think?' he replied; 'they make one burn to have been a soldier!' His senses were keenly alive to the small things of earth. How delicately he weighs in *Loss and Gain* the respective attractions of sights, scents, and sounds! Ascetic though he was, he chose the wines for his college cellar at Oriel. Vivid and real as was the world of religious mystery to him, he could give the closest attention to matters of secular detail. He could, in a moment, pass from the greatest matters to the smallest. Gregory the Great left his audience with ambassadors to teach the Roman choristers the notes of the 'plain song;' and so, too, Newman would leave the atmosphere of religious thought and meditation and betake himself to his violin. He is still remembered by the villagers at Littlemore as teaching them hymn-tunes in their boyhood.¹ It was a recreation to him in later life to coach the Oratory boys for the *Pincerna*² or the *Aulularia*. He delighted in Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope. He enjoyed a good story from *Pickwick*. All this limits very much the popular

¹ *Guardian*, Sept. 3, p. 1,358.

² The *Pincerna* was Newman's expurgated version of the *Eunuchus*.

idea of the word 'mystic'; and yet all this is true of the man whose sense of religious mystery was surpassed by few.

'Giant controversialist!' Certainly the original edition of the *Apologia*, the *Letter* in answer to Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties* are masterpieces of religious controversy; and yet we can fancy the Cardinal smiling quietly if he heard himself spoken of as a 'giant controversialist.' 'Tell me what books to read on such a subject,' an old pupil asked him. 'Why do you ask me?' was the answer; 'I know nothing about books.' How—we can see it in every page of his works—he hated the pedantry and parade of controversy! He would help inquirers, but he cared not to do the work of sledge-hammer argument. If it was done it was done for the sake of his friends and of anxious seekers after truth, and not for the sake of opponents whom he had no hope of convincing. He believed in the proverb, 'He who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.' He said fifty years ago that if views were clearly stated and candidly recognised, all controversy would be either superfluous or useless—superfluous to those whose first principles agreed, useless to those who differed fundamentally.³ With him, controversy was chiefly exposition and the pointing out of mis-statements. There was little of direct argument. 'Giant controversialist!' One can fancy the fate—there are stories on record as to the fate—of the pompous man who went to talk to him of controversy, as one great controversialist to another. One specimen of the class comes with notes, and books, and points for discussion on problems of education, but finds the Cardinal so absorbed with news about the 'barley crop' in Norfolk that no other subject seems to interest him. Another presses him for a refutation of one of Mr. Gladstone's arguments against the Vatican decrees, but only succeeds in eliciting the reply that Mr. Gladstone is an old Oxford acquaintance, and has been very kind to him. Or, if the subject is insisted on, the conversation suddenly passes—his visitor knows not how—to the oaks of Hawarden and the exercise of cutting down trees. A third visitor finds himself engaged *in limine* in a discussion as to the number of stoppages in the 1.30 train as contrasted with the 3.40, and has unexpectedly to employ his conversational talent in explaining his cross-country route, and the lines by which he came. And then there is the Oxford story of Newman's guest who introduces the 'origin of evil' at dinner, and at once produces a dissertation—full of exact knowledge, and apparently delivered with earnest interest—as to the different ways of treating hot-house grapes, and the history of the particular grapes on the table before him. Such are the stories, partly legends perhaps, which are current. Not that really anxious inquirers who approached him with tact could ever have such a tale to tell; with them he took infinite pains. But where the pomp of controversy was invoked by

³ Cf. *University Sermons*, pp. 200, 201.

tactless or self-sufficient persons, he remembered the proverb, 'Answer a fool according to his folly.'

And what of 'learned theologian'? An unquestionable truth; yet we cannot help seeing the Cardinal's smile again. Who that has read it can forget the irony of his description of the typical learned man, the historian, or archæologist, or theologian, whose learning has overgrown and stiffened the freedom of his mind? It expresses the half-restrained irritation—half irritation, half amusement—of Cardinal Newman himself after a two hours' walk and talk with Mr. Casaubon. It may be read in a lecture delivered at Dublin, and is, perhaps, so little known as to be worth writing down here.

Such readers are only possessed by their knowledge, not possessed of it; nay, in matter of fact they are often even carried away by it, without any volition of their own. Recollect, the memory can tyrannise as well as the imagination. Derangement, I believe, has been considered as a loss of control over the sequence of ideas. The mind, once set in motion, is henceforth deprived of the power of initiation, and becomes the victim of a train of associations, one thought suggesting another, in the way of cause and effect, as if by a mechanical process, or some physical necessity. No one who has had experience of men of studious habits but must recognise the existence of a parallel phenomenon in the case of those who have over-stimulated the memory. In such persons reason acts almost as feebly and as impotently as in the madman: once fairly started on any subject whatever, they have no power of self-control; they passively endure the succession of impulses which are evolved out of the original exciting cause; they are passed on from one idea to another, and go steadily forward, plodding along one line of thought in spite of the amplest concessions of the hearer, or wandering from it in endless digression in spite of his remonstrances. Now, if, as is very certain, no one would envy the madman the glow and originality of his conceptions, why must we extol the cultivation of that intellect which is the prey, not indeed of barren fancies, but of barren facts, of random intrusions from without, though not of morbid imaginations from within? And, in thus speaking, I am not denying that a strong and ready memory is in itself a real treasure; I am not disparaging a well-stored mind, though it be nothing besides, so that it be sober, any more than I would despise a bookseller's shop—it is of great value to others even when not so to the owner. Nor am I banishing—far from it—the possessors of deep and multifarious learning from my ideal university; they adorn it in the eyes of men: I do but say that they constitute no type of the results at which it aims; that it is no great gain to the intellect to have enlarged the memory at the expense of faculties which are indisputably higher.

Once more—'recluse!' He lived in the Oratory and saw little or nothing of the world. But where were the gloominess, the sternness, the unsociableness which the word suggests? As has been well said by a recent writer, his need of loneliness was fully balanced by his need of friendship. *Cor ad cor loquitur* was his motto, and it expressed the man. He loved to unbend among familiar friends. His sense of humour was of the keenest. His life-long habit, formed at Oxford, of living in intimacy with those whose objects were his objects, and who loved and understood him, had become to him a second nature. True, he despised the vanity of society. He felt the heartlessness of the world and withdrew from it. But he withdrew

from the world only to give himself more fully to his friends. With his brilliancy and fastidiousness it might have been expected that the ideal of the best society, its exclusiveness and its refinement, would in early days have had some attraction for him (so at least the late Canon Mozley seems to hint); but there was in him a far deeper force which made him shun all that approached to dissipation of mind, and put away all that savoured of ambition. But it was not in the spirit of a hermit. The sternness of a recluse, the austerity of his demeanour, the marked protest against the rest of the world which the conception conveys, were uncongenial to him. He was like his own St. Philip Neri. An intimate friend of his has lately written on his 'naturalness,' on the simplicity with which he laughed at his own failures—'his floors,' as he called them. Though his natural refinement was intense, there was no trace of anything artificial or of unreal reserve. 'A. B. is a man one can't talk to in one's shirt sleeves,' he would complain. Just as the abstraction of the mystic was not his, nor the pedantry of the controversialist, so the pronounced rôle of a recluse was foreign to his nature. He loved to be as other men. His prayer for himself and his friends was, he said, not for those heavy trials some saints have asked for—persecution, calumny, reproach—but simply that they might be overlooked, passed over as members of the crowd.⁴

And thus we get from the limits which must be placed on the meaning of 'mystic,' 'controversialist,' 'learned theologian,' 'recluse,' as applied to Newman, a glimpse of one aspect of his distinctive charm—a kind of social charm rare in all classes, especially rare in one whose life-work is greatly that of the student. Men of letters and men of science are often known to men of the world as 'book-worms,' or regarded with distaste and some alarm as 'very learned.' And with a certain amount of ignorance implied in the tone of such unsympathetic judgments there is a bit of truth in them. Such men are often eccentric, and are wanting in the sense of humour which should teach them to avoid talking 'shop,' and to find common ground of converse with the rest of the world. Newman was the antithesis to the 'book-worm' or the 'learned man' as conceived by the man of the world. Full though he was of knowledge gained by observation and reading, he could and did put it entirely aside on occasion. He valued intercourse with his fellows more than mere study as a means of improvement. 'Given the alternative,' he once said, 'in a University, of social life without study, or study without social life, I should unhesitatingly declare for the former not the latter.'⁵ Life was for action, and action was determined by character. All his intellectual efforts were guided and limited by this thought. His sermons, his lectures, his philosophy at Oxford were all designed

⁴ *Sermons on Various Occasions*, p. 241.

⁵ This sentiment is also expressed in the *Idea of a University*, 2nd edition, p. 205.

to meet the practical difficulties of those to whom he was a spiritual father. There was no rhetoric for rhetoric's sake ; he never preached abstract dogma except as helping the spiritual life, nor philosophy as a speculative science, but solely as a practical help to those in doubt.

And this brings me to another point which I can only touch on briefly. The word 'philosopher' has been used of him less often than the epithets I have referred to. It has been used by some of the best critics ; yet it has been, by implication, denied by men who were in close contact with him. Dean Stanley in his well-known estimate of the Oxford movement never once refers to the Oxford University sermons which were at that time the embodiment of Newman's philosophy. And one who opens these sermons will find nothing in the form of a philosophical treatise ; nothing about the origin of ideas, about the categories, about the distinction between the pure and the practical reason. Yet these men of acute and religious mind who went to hear him, in doubt and trouble as to man's right to confident belief in the very being of a God and in the hope of immortality, came away reassured. Does philosophy require a formal and technical treatise, completely elaborated, on the human faculties and on metaphysics ? If so, Newman was no philosopher. Is he a philosopher who takes in at a glance the root-problems as to what practical beliefs are reasonable in matters of deepest moment to each individual ; who treats these problems in such a way as to help those in need, the deepest thinkers if so be ; who treats them informally, suggestively, incompletely, seldom using technical language ; who almost professes that he is not philosophising but only reminding us of the asseverations of sober common sense ; who refrains from entering on questions which cannot help the action of practical life, but who gives to more systematic writers the groundwork, if they care to build on it, of a philosophy of faith, unsurpassed for breadth and depth, which he refrains from fully elaborating himself ? If such a man is a philosopher—a religious philosopher—Newman was a great philosopher. His philosophy was like the rest of his work, the expression of his personality. It was the expression of his own deep reflections, as they came to him ; of answers almost as he would have given them in conversation. When a conclusion was obvious he had not the pedantry to draw it. Where it would offend some and help others, again he would not draw it. He gave the materials for it which would be of service to the one class ; he refrained from making the statement which would scare the other. Where a professional philosopher would press for a logical explanation, he would perhaps suddenly 'shut up,' and break off an argument which had really done its work, and pass on to something else instead of engaging in fruitless logomachy. When he had shown in the *Grammar of Assent* some of the strongest instances of clear and confident religious conclusions, which certain

minds attain to without recognising more than mere suggestions of their real premises, he foresaw the indignant objections of the incurable logician. But he had really said enough for his purpose which was to show that such inferences in untrained minds may be practically reliable, and that was sufficient. He did not want to argue with the logician, he wanted to satisfy the simple mind that it was on the right road. So instead of an elaborate answer we find the following words: 'Should it be objected that this is an illogical exercise of reason, I answer that since it actually brings them to a right conclusion, and was intended to bring them to it, if logic finds fault with it so much the worse for logic.'⁶

In a similar spirit—though this is not an instance from his philosophy—when years ago he had strung together a *catena* of Catholic doctrines from Bull, Andrewes, and other Anglican divines, old Oxford men relate how he foresaw the objection, 'But other passages from them tell a different tale.' This opens an endless argument on Anglican inconsistency—endless and hopeless. It was enough for him to have got a rough *catena*—enough for the past, as much as could possibly be expected. He had never thought, as more sanguine men had, that Anglican tradition could be proved consistent; all he hoped was to show a tradition feeble enough at times, damaged by Protestant influences, yet never actually broken. Let the future be consistent. Let the dead past bury its dead. But he could not say all this in hearing of the Puseys and Palmers who thought otherwise. He must not break up his party by his own pessimism. So he gave this characteristic reply: 'To say this is to accuse them of inconsistency, which I leave it for their enemies to do.'

And so on throughout. What Döllinger styled Newman's 'subjectivity' in philosophy, though the present writer does not believe that it diminishes the real objective value of his thought, was, in the sense of personal element, most marked. A recent critic has spoken of the *Grammar of Assent* as a treatise showing how things may be taken for granted. There cannot be a greater mistake, though the subjective mode of expression in some passages partly accounts for it. Newman shows that all begin with first principles which cannot be logically proven. He sees in himself religious first principles of which his nature assures him. He sees that those who cry out 'You are taking them for granted' are themselves assuming a number of other first principles. A man who denies that human nature is normally Christian assumes it to be something different. He starts with one conception of human nature as the Christian starts with another. A man who denies that conscience reveals sin, in the Christian sense of the word, starts with his own different impression of what conscience conveys, and proceeds to account for his impression as being due to an offence against

* *Grammar of Assent*, 5th edition, p. 403.

society, or against law, or to an inherited feeling resulting from past experiences of general utility. Cardinal Newman's conclusion is not 'We all assume unwarrantably,' but rather, 'You say I assume; I can at once retort *you* assume, but in fact I do *not* assume; I see with certainty.'⁷ Or, as he expressed it in a letter to myself written during his last years, 'The religious mind must always master much which is *unseen* to the non-religious. . . . I can't allow that a religious man has no more evidence necessarily than a non-religious.'⁸

The contrast between the arbitrary assumptions of the Agnostic and the first principles which a religious mind adopts rightly and with certainty, and the tests whereby they may be distinguished, were subjects which exercised his mind, as we see from his last publication in 1885, on *The Development of Religious Error*, to the very evening of life. But it would carry me too far to attempt here an analysis of that essay.

The personal element then, both in style and in matter, is most prominent. In the former it is the result of his object and his method, of helping others by his own personal influence, and by putting *himself* before them. In the latter it is on the principle which he maintains, that 'egotism is true modesty.' A strong man in fully revealing his own mind—its struggles and its victories—aids weaker minds in time of trial and difficulty.

Briefly it may be said that two points give the key to much of his work and influence, whether in philosophy, or in preaching, or in religious controversy, or in the guidance of individual consciences:—the power over others of his personality, and the exercise of that power with absolute simplicity to make men better than he found them. And as the peculiar power of his personality was that it appealed to such different minds, so, according to the bent and genius of each, his influence as a whole was most various. His was not simply a spiritual influence, as John Wesley's; not merely that of the dry light of philosophy, as Kant's, or Coleridge's in our own country; nor of a brilliant converser and critic, as Johnson's; nor of intellectual and imaginative power, as Carlyle's; nor of the religious poet, as Keble's; nor of the Christian counsellor to the men and women of the world, as Fénelon's or St. Francis of Sales'. It was to each man one or more of these kinds of influence; and thus it was to all a combination of them.

Some of the most remarkable published testimonies to his early power over others come from men as different from each other as Mr. J. A. Froude, Principal Shairp, Dean Church, and Mr. Mark Pattison. While he influenced intellectualists like Pattison and

⁷ Cf. *Development of Religious Error*, p. 459.

⁸ The Cardinal gave me permission in 1885 to make public use of any part of this letter, which is mostly a discussion on the nature of religious knowledge.

Froude, and men of high mental gifts like Church, intellect was not in the least a necessary qualification for the most intimate friendship with him. This fact, which aroused Mark Pattison's supercilious contempt, was part of Newman's peculiar strength. Littlemore was no assemblage of intellectual lights; it was a community of religious and devoted friends—some, as Dalgairns, men of special mental gifts, others not so. Men living in the great world also, taking part in politics or public life, leant on him and appealed to him, as well as those whose life was in abstract thought or religious seclusion. To mention only a few and life-long friends, Lord Blachford, Lord Emly, and Mr. Hope Scott were as thorough in their personal allegiance to him as Dr. Pusey or the present Dean of St. Paul's. He himself has described that assemblage of qualities which constitute the perfection of University refinement, which make up the idea of a 'gentleman,' if not exactly in the popular English sense, still in the highest sense of the perfection of the intellectual and social nature.⁹ He tells us that men may have those qualities and yet not be Christians; or they may have them and use the attractiveness they give simply for good. 'They may subserve the education,' he writes, 'of a St. Francis of Sales or a Cardinal Pole; they may be the limits of the virtue of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow students at the schools of Athens; and one became a Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.' Newman had the qualities he describes,—they were a great part of his magnetism; they pervaded his writing and his conversation; and he used the influence they gave as St. Francis or Basil would have used them, but with greater variety of gifts than either, and over a more heterogeneous collection of disciples.

Beginning, then, at Oxford among young men, his equals in age many of them, passing into the comparative obscurity of the Birmingham Oratory, living there unseen by the world at large, holding for many years no position of official importance, his personality, in a manner so subtle that it is hard fully to account for it, made itself felt over the whole country. Leading the simple consistent life of a priest, ever ready to help those who came to him or wrote to him for advice, shunning the crowd, welcoming each individual, helping each according to his character to love God and to realise the true end of life, never seeking influence for his own sake, thinking only of those he was helping, grateful for their trust, but deeply feeling its sacredness before God and his responsibility for the use he made of it, throwing himself into the position of each of those who consulted him as if each were the only one, he gained steadily in immediate influence as life went on; while the power of good done, and of a devoted life, as a witness to the unseen world,

⁹ The well-known description I refer to comes in *Idea of a University*, 2nd edition, pp 305-9.

made its way to the crowds who form public opinion. It would be hard to estimate the number of those who have sought his help, during the last forty years, on their road to the Catholic Church; and many more have been guided by him in other matters. In his measure, and allowing for the difference of gifts and circumstances, he carried out the kind of work done by his own St. Philip, which early in his Catholic life he had spoken of as the only work he had a call to do. The Cardinal's chief instruments were writing and correspondence, the Saint chose direct conversation; but the spirit of the work was the same in both cases. As St. Philip, by his love for those who leant upon him, and by his personal character, drew all men to him for guidance and advice, winning respect and esteem from Jews and Infidels as well as members of the Church, so did Newman, by the power of his personality, find himself the centre of influence among vast numbers, priests and laymen, non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The simple priest was by the popular voice called Apostle of Rome; the English Oratorian was, as a representative critic has expressed it, canonised at his death by the voice of the English people.

'Whether or not,' he wrote early in his Catholic life, 'I can do anything at all in St. Philip's way, at least I can do nothing in any other. Neither by my habits of life, nor by vigour of age, am I fitted for the task of authority, or of rule, or of initiation.' And what was St. Philip's way? Let us read his own beautiful account of it. It describes his aspiration in 1852; it describes the spirit of his work done in the Catholic Church forty years later.

He lived in an age as traitorous to the interests of Catholicism as any that preceded it, or can follow it. He lived at a time when pride mounted high, and the senses held rule; a time when kings and nobles never had more of state and homage, and never less of personal responsibility and peril; when mediæval winter was receding, and the summer sun of civilisation was bringing into leaf and flower a thousand forms of luxurious enjoyment; when a new world of thought and beauty had opened upon the human mind, in the discovery of the treasures of classic literature and art. He saw the great and the gifted, dazzled by the Enchantress, and drinking in the magic of her song; he saw the high and the wise, the student and the artist, painting, and poetry, and sculpture, and music, and architecture, drawn within her range and circling round the abyss; he saw heathen forms mounting thence, and forming in the thick air:—all this he saw, and he perceived that the mischief was to be met, not with argument, not with science, not with protests and warnings, not by the recluse or the preacher, but by means of the great counter-fascination of purity and truth.

He was raised up to do a work almost peculiar in the Church: not to be a Jerome Savonarola, though Philip had a true devotion towards him and a tender memory of his Florentine house; not to be a St. Carlo, though in his beaming countenance Philip had recognised the aureole of a saint; not to be a St. Ignatius, wrestling with the foe, though Philip was termed the Society's bell of call, so many subjects did he send to it; not to be a St. Francis Xavier, though Philip had longed to shed his blood for Christ in India with him; not to be a St. Caietan, or hunter of souls, for Philip preferred, as he expressed it, tranquilly to cast in his

net to gain them; he preferred to yield to the stream, and direct the current—which he could not stop—of science, literature, art, and fashion, and to sweeten and to sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt.

And so he contemplated as the idea of his mission, not the propagation of the faith, nor the exposition of doctrine, nor the catechetical schools: whatever was exact and systematic pleased him not; he put from him monastic rule and authoritative speech, as David refused the armour of his king. *Nó*; he would be but an ordinary individual priest as others, and his weapons should be but unaffected humility and unpretending love. All he did was to be done by the light, and fervour, and convincing eloquence of his personal character and his easy conversation. He came to the Eternal City and he sat himself down there, and his home and his family gradually grew up around him, by the spontaneous accession of materials from without. He did not so much seek his own as draw them to him. He sat in his small room, and they in their gay worldly dresses, the rich and well-born as well as the simple and illiterate, crowded into it. In the mid-heats of summer, in the frosts of winter, still was he in that low and narrow cell at San Girolamo, reading the hearts of those who came to him, and curing their souls' maladies by the very touch of his hand. . . .

In the words of his biographer, 'he was all things to all men. He suited himself to noble and ignoble, young and old, subjects and prelates, learned and ignorant, and received those who were strangers to him with singular benignity, and embraced them with as much love and charity as if he had been a long while expecting them. When he was called upon to be merry he was so: if there was a demand upon his sympathy he was equally ready. He gave the same welcome to all, caressing the poor equally with the rich, and wearying himself to assist all to the utmost limits of his power. In consequence of his being so accessible and willing to receive all comers many went to him every day, and some continued for the space of thirty, nay, forty years, to visit him very often both morning and evening, so that his room went by the agreeable nickname of the Home of Christian mirth. Nay, people came to him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and all Christendom; and even the Infidels and Jews who had ever any communication with him revered him as a holy man.' The first families of Rome, the Massimi, the Aldobrandini, the Colonna, the Altieri, the Vitelleschi, were his friends and his penitents. Nobles of Poland, grandees of Spain, knights of Malta, could not leave Rome without coming to him. Cardinals, archbishops and bishops were his intimates: Federigo Boromeo haunted his room and got the name of 'Father Philip's soul.' The Cardinal-Archbishops of Verona and Bologna wrote books in his honour. Pope Pius the Fourth died in his arms. Lawyers, painters, musicians, physicians, it was the same too with them. Baronius, Zazzara, and Ricci left the law at his bidding and joined his congregation, to do its work, to write the annals of the Church, and to die in the odour of sanctity. Palestrina had Father Philip's ministrations in his last moments. Animuccia hung about him during life, sent him a message after death, and was conducted by him through Purgatory to Heaven. And who was he, I say, all the while, but an humble priest, a stranger in Rome, with no distinction of family or letters, no claim of station or of office, great simply in the attraction with which a Divine Power had gifted him? And yet thus humble, thus un-ennobled, thus empty-handed, he has achieved the glorious title of Apostle of Rome.

And, in drawing to a conclusion, the present writer feels how much he has not even touched on which was essential to the Cardinal's influence. That unique gift which made one who was no orator the greatest preacher of his age; his faithfulness to his friends—'faithful and true,' as he loved to say of Our Lord; his power of resentment of injury done to those he loved, or to his cause; the

attractiveness which came of his sensitiveness, even of oversensitiveness; the combination of far-seeing and dispassionate wisdom with keen and quickly-roused emotion; his tenderness for and sympathy with the distressed in faith, which made others even fear, at times, lest, in meeting them half-way, he was losing sight of the very principles he was in reality protecting; the very 'defects of his qualities,' which his closest friends loved almost as they did his virtues—which made him so truly human amid his greatness; these were all part of him, though this is not the time or place to speak of them fully. But the thought of them makes me fall back upon the description with which I began as the only true one, that as Nirvana is Nirvana, so Newman was Newman.

WILFRID WARD.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SICILY

IN 1890.

THE difference between the Italian and the Sicilian people will strike the least observant traveller who leaves the turbulent quay of Naples, where the effervescence of a seething populace reaches boiling-point, and who lands amongst the comparatively undemonstrative, grave-faced inhabitants of Palermo. Together with vehement gesticulation, and shrieking apostrophes to every saint in the calendar—together with bright colouring and loud-toned laughter,—extortion seems suddenly to have died a natural death. Boatman and driver take contentedly their just fares, to our amazement; and when we reach the shopping stage of experience, we find that, with the exception of the ‘antiquario’ (of whom more anon), the vendors of everything under heaven do not demand more than twice as much as they expect to get. This adds an unlooked-for joy to life, if we do not care to go through it haggling. Dishonesty has its own sweet and secret ways here, but it is not obtrusive. The free use of ‘palm oil’ among functionaries of all denominations—from the highest in the land down to the faithful servant who will allow no one to cheat you but himself—is a fact admitted on all sides, but it does not interfere with the traveller’s peace of mind.

What may interfere with it, however, on his first walk through the city, causing a sense of irritation and disappointment, is the absence of women-pedestrians in the streets. This remnant of the Saracen rule deprives the thoroughfares of grace and attractiveness even more than of colour; for the few women of the middle class one sees shopping—in couples—mostly wear the black Spanish *manta*, and avoid brilliant hues. One sees even fewer women than one does in the East, until the hour when the streets become thronged with carriages, blossoming out in gaily-dressed ladies, with parasols like butterflies fluttering over them. (No one, who has any respect for him- or her-self, is without a carriage in Palermo. We may go dinnerless: but it is a necessity of life that we shall sit boxed up in a *coupé*, or be displayed in a ‘Victoria,’ behind a showy ‘stepper’—or, if possible, two.) •The fashionable Palermitans only drive late in the afternoon. Until then the Via Macqueda and the Corso, being narrow, with heavy overhanging balconies, are sad-looking enough:

the pavement crowded with swarthy men in cloaks, one end of which is flung over their shoulders, muffling their faces up to their eyes.

The seclusion in which women are still kept in Sicily seems almost incredible. But superstition and prejudice die hard. The Saracen principles on this head (as on many others) were bequeathed to the Spaniards, and still live on here; while in Spain itself they have been driven out by sheer force of common sense and contact with civilisation. Men- and women-servants never have their meals together, are not permitted to associate; and a girl is never allowed to walk out alone, whatever her social status may be. She is virtually a prisoner—as much as is the inhabitant of a harem; and no respectable mother would let her daughter enter domestic service where this rule was not enforced. If a man be seen walking up and down before a house, gazing up at a certain window—as ardent Romeos of every time and nation have done—the girl's reputation is lost. If she does not marry him, it is hardly likely that any other decent fellow will be found to do so. And during her engagement, a girl must on no account remain alone with her betrothed, even for five minutes: it would cause a terrible scandal.

These restrictions are a serious drawback to the working classes. A girl, going to her day's employment, and returning home, must be escorted by some elderly woman, who gains a livelihood (often eked out in unholy ways) by acting as *duenna* in the absence of a mother. The drain upon slender resources caused by this conventional obligation is great; but the stunting of that self-reliance which we consider so essential, and which—in American woman, especially—is of such vigorous growth, is even a greater loss than that of the daily pence.

The 'Festa delle Verginelle' exists no longer; but, as an illustration of the limited amount of love-making to which Sicilian ideas of propriety have accustomed the lower orders for centuries past, I may name an institution which only died out in this century. A procession of foundling or orphan girls, carefully nurtured and educated by the State, went to the Duomo on Easter Monday, clad in gala-costume, and wearing long white veils. The streets were crowded; the balconies filled with spectators. Flowers were strewn before the flower-like procession, which the Archbishop awaited—with all the pomp of church ceremonial—at the Cathedral door. Foremost in the throng were certain young men who had (it is to be supposed) exchanged glances with one or other of the heroines of the day, but had certainly never been able to address her. The youth threw to the object of his choice the white handkerchief he held in his hand, and she became his bride. One of the most popular tales recounted by the *Contastorie* (or public narrators of stories) tells how one of these brides, at the end of the last century, was abducted by a certain Marchese, whom the police tracked, but could not discover

his victim ; for, as they entered the palace, he had the unfortunate girl cast into a deep cellar, where, long afterwards, her remains were discovered.

The power of the nobles in Sicily then was so great that it was with difficulty the hand of the law interfered, from time to time, to protect the peasant from some act of unusual cruelty or oppression. Caraccioli, appointed Viceroy in 1781, was a man of iron will and liberal instincts. He had been ambassador from the Court of Naples to both France and England, where he had no doubt imbibed ideas as to the 'rights of man,' which were both new and distasteful to the aristocrats, whose authority had hitherto been unquestioned. He was wont to compare Sicily to a Hydra with two heads : one the Inquisition, which he severed from the suffering body of the island, and crushed ; the other the feudal power of the Barons, which he did not succeed in destroying, though the mighty blows he aimed at it no doubt began the work of decapitation, which was accomplished upwards of thirty years later. His stern administration of justice to rich and poor alike did much to dispel the prestige that surrounded the nobility, and opened even their own eyes, we may suppose, to the cruelty of many existing laws ; for when their feudal rights were abolished in 1812, it was a voluntary act on the part of the 'Baroni'—the more honourable inasmuch as, by the surrender of all their tithes and dues, many of them lost a large portion of their incomes.

But whatever reforms have been effected in other ways, the domestic condition of women of the peasant class has little changed during the past hundred years. The peasant is an absolute autocrat in his own house : his word is law, which he enforces as soon as he leads his bride home, by administering a sound box on the ear to his beloved. If she inquires the reason of this strange salutation, he replies, '*Perche, prima dei baci, impariate a conoscere l'autorità illimitata del marito.*'¹ After this pleasant overture to connubial bliss, it is needless to say that Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures are unknown : the sense of subservience is so complete that argument or remonstrance, even where the husband is obviously in the wrong, is never thought of, and *ruse* becomes the woman's only weapon. As a rule the Sicilian peasant cares little for his children, until they are of an age to be of use. The natural law, which is common to all animal life, from the birds of the air and the beasts of the field upwards, seems in his case to be reversed. He cares more for his offspring in proportion as they are better able to take care of themselves ; and as they approach maturity the ties that bind children and parents become so strong that they are not loosened even when the sons go forth into the world ; the son always calling his father '*Vasera,*' the Sicilian of '*Vostra Signoria*' ; the father exhibiting the

¹ 'Because, before I embrace you, you must learn the boundless authority of a husband.'

liveliest concern in his son's welfare—far more so, indeed, than is common among English peasants. This may be explained by self-interest to a certain extent, but not wholly so. The peasant-mother has little tenderness apparently to bestow on the infant, whom in many instances she regards as an incumbrance (the number who are said to die within a year of their birth is considerable); but both she and the father will not infrequently take some foundling, and rear it as one of their own family, with an impartiality which is curious and praiseworthy. They become attached to this '*figlio del Spirito Santo*,' as he is called, when he shoots up to manhood, and sometimes surpasses the sons of the house in intelligence or physical strength. The peasant teaches him his own calling, and inculcates on him the fear of God and the Saints. For the rest, his formula of doctrine is contained in these words:—

Fate in tutto quel che facciam noi, che si sian formati sul modello de' padri nostri, i quali, in grazia di oculata esperienza, non fallivano. Obbedite i genitori, se non volete incoglier' male per tutto. Lavorate attenti. Lavorate sempre, e non morrete sulla via, come un cane.²

That the Sicilian peasant, while regular in his religious observances, has curiously little respect for the house of God, is a fact which my own experience enabled me to verify. I was present at a baptismal service at Piano de' Greci, where I witnessed a scene of uproar, such as I believed never took place in a church, save, perhaps, during the refractory liquification of San Januarius' blood at Naples. The screaming, swarming up pillars, scrambling over the stalls, the laughter, the imprecations, the general Babel of tongues, completely drowned the voices of the priests, and reduced the service to dumb-show. It was that of the Greek Church, to which the whole of this remarkable colony, settled here since 1488, belong, retaining the costume—for gala-days—together with the dress and religion of their ancestors. It may be objected, therefore, that this example is not a fair one; these descendants of fierce Albanian progenitors having possibly retained their lawless manners, together with the use of their inheritance. But the picture given by Signor Salomone Marino—himself a Sicilian—in his admirable work on the manners, customs, and traditions of the island—the picture given by him of the ordinary Catholic parish-church on a Sunday morning is even more extraordinary. He says, 'Not content with vituperation, the peasants, on entering the crowded church, often have recourse to fists; and a free-fight follows, which is suddenly put a stop to by the priest who is about to officiate rushing into the midst of the congregation, dispensing blows right and left, and shouting, "Oh! you accursed pigs!"

² 'Do everything that we do, who followed the example of our fathers, prospering as they did by reason of their caution and experience. Obey your parents if you wish to succeed in life, and work hard, work constantly, if you would not die like a dog by the roadside.'

do you fancy you are in a sty? Am I going to say the Holy Mass for such as you? No! I will leave you! Sacristan, put out the lights!" The effect of this menace is instantaneous: silence is restored, and the priest is supplicated to begin the service.' The same author goes on to give a specimen of the kind of sermon which the village-priest invariably addresses to his flock. It is of an essentially personal and practical character, and may be epitomised thus: 'You have heard the words of our divine Master, my children, who seems to have left His parables and example for Turks and Protestants, rather than for you, who act contrary in every way to His teaching. What cold ungrateful creatures you are to me, your pastor, and to your church! You neglect both the house of God, and His minister. I am poor, and old, and my clothes are in holes. The walls of the church are tumbling: the roof threatens to fall in. No one gives me anything. No one pays even for a mass to liberate any of his relations from Purgatory! Is this just? Is this right? I speak plainly to you, my children. I have celebrated the Holy Mass this morning; but if you think I am going to do so next Sunday, unless in the mean time you give me something, you are mistaken. No: you shall not have the painful spectacle of seeing me die of hunger: I will leave you: I will go away. And when your last hour is come, and you are dreading that Hell to which your sins have brought you—ah! you will wish me back then—your old pastor whom you have treated so badly!'

On Sunday afternoons, the young fellows play games or dance together, to music which has a strangely Arab character, in its intervals and monotony. In summer these dances—*fasola*, *taran-tella*, *viridulidda*, &c., take place in the blue shadow of the village piazza, where no sooner are the scrapings of the counter-bass, accompanied by the whistling flageolet, heard, than the crowd begins to assemble. In winter these exercises are transferred to some big room; and in both cases, it is hardly necessary to say, women take no part, not even as spectators. They pass their Sundays agreeably, in complete repose: seated outside their doors; dressed in their best clothes, and displaying, with serene satisfaction, the many rings, pendants, and huge earrings of rare beauty, inherited for many past generations, and which possess an individual character that the connoisseur at once recognises.

The natural outgrowth of the subservience and restraints under which women are held is a jealousy which is manifested in ways that would be tolerated in no other country in Europe. I heard of a gentleman, living near Catania—and this was no solitary instance—who still locks up his wife whenever he goes a-journeying. An Anglo-Sicilian lady of my acquaintance, meeting with an accident to her carriage in a country road, was courteously helped in her trouble by a gentleman who was passing. He took her to his house hard by, and hospitably entertained her, while a messenger was despatched to the neighbouring town, for another carriage. Her host was a

Marchese, and married; yet the lady of the house never appeared, nor was any apology made for her non-appearance: indeed, no hint was given that any such person existed. But when my friend learnt, a few days later, that such was the case, wishing to pay some tribute of respect to the unseen lady, whose husband had been so helpful, she called on her, and was received by a slatternly female, who seemed to have just emerged from the kitchen. This was the Marchesa. She returned my friend's visit, however, in due course of time, resplendent in velvet and lace, driving in a coach with powdered footmen, which would have done credit to Rome or Naples. For the pride and the love of display inherent in Sicilians are as marked characteristics as the seclusion in which ladies, in remote districts, are still kept. Those who never offer so much as a cup of coffee to their acquaintances, in the great towns, are to be seen driving daily in magnificent equipages; and if they cannot obtain, or afford, boxes in the first tier at the Opera, will not go there at all.

The young gentlemen, 'who sit at home at ease' in Palermo, moving in a narrow groove of prejudice and sensual pleasures, with no ambition to rise to a higher intellectual platform, no interest in art or literature, no suspicion that there is progress in the free world of thought outside the close hot-bed of Sicilian society, are certainly less intelligent, less ready to learn, than the peasantry. They toil not, neither do they spin, but in other respects the likeness to the lilies of the field does not hold good, though an avidity to be arrayed like Solomon, in all his glory, is not wanting. If they travel, they bring back with them nothing but English clothes: neither new ideas, nor keen desire for human progress, in the spheres wherein they move. Whereas the uneducated peasant, in his three years' military service, does keep his eyes open, and acquires knowledge which he often turns profitably to account. He has noted various systems of husbandry in the maize-fields of Piedmont, the vineyards and olive-groves of Tuscany. He has met skilled artisans in the great industrial centres of Italy: he does not return to his native village the same man that he went forth. One who, from his official position, has been thrown much with the Sicilian peasantry, said to me, 'Progress in this land will rise from below, not descend from above.'

It would be rash to affirm that brigandage is extinct; but for the time being, at least, this terror to wayfarers of substance, whether natives or strangers, has faded into the background. By a euphemism which I do not think facts justify, the island is said to be purged of such malefactors. Yet a recent trial elicited facts which show that spoliation and murder have been carried on in a genteel, unobtrusive way quite lately, and that the perpetrators of these misdeeds enjoyed immunity from 'persecution'; for this is the term systematically employed by Vincenzo Linares, in his account of Antonio, the famous bandit.

The story to which I have referred cannot, for obvious reasons, be told in all its crudity ; but this much may be said.

At a princely villa near Palermo, during some repairs last year, several skeletons were found, all of which must have been secretly, and some not very long since, committed to the ground. One of the workmen employed indiscreetly named the circumstance : he should have known better ; the next day he was stabbed. In the hospital, nothing would make him reveal the name of his assailant, fearing the vengeance of the *Mafia*, which would pursue his family. But in curious illustration of the Sicilian character, though deaf to the voice of justice, the instinct of revenge was as strong in him as he knew it to be in others. On his death-bed he sent for his son, and enjoined him to pursue the murderer, whom he denounced, to the death. The 'Mafiosi' could not interfere with *that* ; for was it not a common and legitimate act of retribution ? It was by this means only, that two officers of the law, who were concealed under the bed, learnt the name of the guilty man. He was one of a band, who, from time to time, spirited away a pedlar, or other obscure person, known to have money about him, concerning whom no persistent inquiries were likely to be made. The chief of this band was the steward of the great family in question, where, for reasons variously assigned, he enjoyed high favour. The protection afforded to such miscreants by noble personages, on the understanding that they and theirs were never to be molested, was a matter of common notoriety when brigandage was rife. The writer I have above referred to states openly that Antonio Testalonga—who is depicted as a sort of modern Robin Hood, chivalrous to women, beneficent to the poor—was protected by the Prince Trabia of that day, (1767) until some petty depredation in his house having been traced to one of Antonio's followers, the Prince's ire was roused, and the bandit's 'persecution' began, which ended in his capture and death.

I have alluded to the 'Mafia,' a name which probably conveys to most English readers no idea of the subterranean confraternity by the ramifications of which a great part of Sicilian society is still undermined. It is described by a writer in the present year in terms which I may paraphrase thus—

The Mafia has seized, in every department of life, whether public or private, an arbitrary power, which is exercised by every means, legal or illegal, for the benefit of its adherents. It may be said to be a State within the State—a secret conspiracy, having for its object the usurpation of authority, and the invasion of order: extending over every possible field, and rooted so deeply in the hearts of the people as, apparently, to be ineradicable. The close relationship of the Mafia with brigandage is, for the time being, in abeyance ;³ but the illicit nature of the association is not diminished thereby.

³ I had scarcely written these pages when the news of Signor Arago's seizure by brigands near Termini reached me. Reading, as I had done, M. Guy de Maupassant's

The writer goes on to describe a condition of affairs which resembles boycotting carried to its extremest limits, towards those who are not affiliated as members of the 'Mafia.' The 'Mafiosi,' on the other hand, are helped by every possible means, in carrying out their private schemes, whether it be for the purchase of a property, the possession of a wife, or the imposition of their own services on a customer, or employer, in lieu of those who do not belong to the Brotherhood. Under the dominion of successive strangers, it is not difficult to see how the prejudice in favour of such a secret society originated, and has grown to be inveterate in Sicily. A tragedy which occurred while I was at Palermo gives an even more convincing proof of the power of the Mafia than the story I have already related.

Two brothers of a noble house, first cousins to the Duke di V. R. resided with their mother and sister in a house near the Giardino Inglese. The father being dead, the payment of the girl's dowry depended on her marrying, and this the young men resolved, if possible, to prevent. The mother, on the other hand, encouraged the advances of an officer, whose attentions to her daughter seem to have been limited to walking up and down under her window, until he obtained permission—in the sons' absence—to call. This young man bore a blameless character, and was highly esteemed by his brother officers: there was no reason why he should not be well received as a suitor for the girl's hand; but her brothers refused to allow it. Underhand intrigues of the usual Sicilian character followed. The mother and daughter put up a signal to denote when the coast was clear, and that the young man might with safety visit them. Certain spies informed the brothers of these clandestine meetings; whereupon they one day sent the two ladies into the country on some pretext, and simulated the signal which brought the unsuspecting suitor to the house. Soon after he had entered, cries for help were heard; and then the report of a pistol. The brothers, themselves, shortly afterwards called in the police, saying the young officer had committed suicide. He was, indeed, found lying at the foot of the stairs, quite dead. But, as the captain of Carabinieri who investigated the affair observed to me, though the murdered man was shot *through the body*, the bullet could nowhere be found—neither in the corpse, nor in the wall of the staircase, nor in the floor; which was difficult to reconcile with the theory of suicide. There had probably been a struggle up above, and the body had afterwards been thrown down the stairs. Either the bullet was lodged in some part of the room where the murder was committed, or it had been abstracted and

indignant denial, in *La Vie Errante*, that any such danger could beset the traveller in Sicily, where he was 'safer than in the streets of London or Paris,' I could not but feel the un wisdom of any traveller—even the most intelligent—indulging in rash and positive assertion. That the 'Mafia' was the organ through which Signor Arago's ransom was paid, and by means of which he was liberated, seems well established.

made away with. However, this may be, the power of the 'Mafia,' to which the brothers belong, is so great that it has been impossible to obtain testimony by which they could be convicted, though it is quite certain that some persons were cognisant of their designs. The perjury of these witnesses, and the impossibility of getting any direct evidence, has led to the proceedings being stopped.

In proportion as Sicily is less advanced in civilisation than Italy, so is superstition here more obstinate and childish. One of the strangest beliefs of the peasantry is that the soul has its residence in the pit of the stomach, and that to its struggles to escape from imprisonment are due the prolonged agonies of the dying, especially in old age. On issuing from its confinement the spirit enters straightway some other body conveniently situated for the transfer, and there are women (the cases of men, it is asserted, are rarer) in whose stomachs the souls of their father, their mother, and a choice number of relatives are said to have found, simultaneously, an abiding-place. The pains caused by these contending spirits, and the varying moods and influences for good or evil to which the unhappy body, which is the battlefield of so many warring forces, is subject, clearly prove this. Where rascality and beneficence, hatred and loving kindness dominate alternately one and the same man, is it not clear that divers spirits have entered into him? a psychological thesis supported, indeed, by the testimony of Holy Writ.

The case of a peasant, one *Ciro Spedalieri*, condemned in 1886 to eight years' imprisonment for having bewitched another peasant, and caused him frightful physical agonies, shows that superstition is not confined to the lower classes. The most comical illustration of this was given me, at Palermo, in the story of a certain pious Marchesa, whose husband lay grievously sick. His doctor ordered him certain pills, which he duly swallowed, until one, larger and harder than the rest, stuck in his throat. Having pulled it out, he discovered it was a piece of paper rolled tightly up to represent a pill. His better-half had substituted a printed prayer to the Virgin, in the firm conviction that he would derive more benefit thereby than from any drugs. The grandmother of my friend, General S., remembered and described seeing a woman and a priest, as her accomplice in witchcraft, burnt at the stake, in the public place at Palermo. As to the belief which prompts the murderer or robber to offer up fervent invocations at the shrine of his patron saint for help and for pardon before the commission of a crime, this parody of piety is the most offensive, as it is the commonest form of superstition still rife in Sicily. Madonna and the saints can be *squared* to connive at anything if they are only humbly entreated.

I have alluded, in the beginning of this article, to the contrast between Italians—especially Neapolitans—and Sicilians in making exorbitant charges. The dealers in bric-à-brac form an exception,

almost humorous in its way, to the honourable rule which I found prevalent in the ordinary transactions of life at Palermo. In no case was I asked more than the just fare for a public carriage or for a boat; but when an ancient casket was brought to me for sale, and 300 francs was demanded for it, the owner—without so much as a word of protest on my part—suddenly exclaimed, ‘I want badly to sell it . . . will you take it for 150—absolutely the cost price?’ Then I shook my head, like a wiser man than I am, and walked away. But the owner’s efforts to make me become the purchaser of the casket were renewed a few days later. It was in vain I said I didn’t want it. Would I make an offer? In desperation I cried out that I should certainly not give more than 75 francs—under the impression that this would silence him. Not at all, it was mine, and with it I carried away the uncomfortable suspicion that I *might* have got it for 50! The most noble Cavaliere X. keeps an antiquary shop in Palermo, and in his case the modes of procedure are somewhat different. You ask the price of a cabinet. He names 1,000 francs. You say nothing; you do not even so much as raise your eyebrows. Good manners prevent your attempting to beat down the gentleman you know you are to meet at dinner to-night. But there is a go-between standing near. To him you confide that, although you are convinced the cabinet is dirt cheap at the price named, unfortunately you could not afford to give that sum. He whispers, ‘What are you prepared to give?’ You whisper back, as you leave the room, ‘250.’ An hour afterwards the go-between calls on you and says the Cavaliere will yield it up, as a special favour, for 500. And so on through all the transactions of this trade.

The mention of these antiquity-dealers reminds me of a sad and, as far as I am aware, an unique distinction possessed by one of them—that of having had six children born deaf-and-dumb. The affliction was on neither side hereditary, both his wife’s family and his own being a fine and perfectly sound race. His first child was without blemish; but before the birth of the second, which took place during the Revolution, a bomb-shell burst in the wife’s room. The child was born deaf and dumb, and so were the five born subsequently—a fact of considerable interest to scientific inquirers, as opposed to certain generally accepted theories. Four of these children are alive in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum here.

To return from this digression to subjects which are more properly within the scope of this article: the duels which frequently take place, and are yet more frequently imminent, in the highest Sicilian society, are the natural result of violent passions and a readiness to take offence uncontrolled by other principles or obligations than those which we may suppose to have been respected in the sixteenth century. The small regard for human life, the mad loves and madder jealousies, the tortuous intrigues and counter-intrigues, are much the

same now as then. The discipline of public opinion is unfelt, the open condemnation of the world unknown. As an illustration of this I may recount a story of recent occurrence.

A lady, whom I will call the Princess A., has two daughters. The elder has been partly engaged for more than a year to a youth, who shall be represented here as Prince B.'s eldest son. Rings have been exchanged, but there is no formal engagement. Nevertheless, negotiations between the respective mothers of the young couple seem to be bringing matters to a crisis, when an unexpected difficulty arises. The younger daughter of the Princess A. becomes engaged to a certain wealthy Count C., whose half-brother, it appears, killed Prince B.'s brother in a duel some years ago. A disgraceful story, affecting the characters of a mother and a daughter, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat here, even if it were not too complicated and involved to be easily understood, was revealed as the cause of this duel. Suffice it, Prince B. stipulates that Count C.'s brother shall never be admitted into the family circle of which young Prince B. is to become a member—a demand which, under the circumstances, does not appear unreasonable. But the Princess A. is too keenly desirous to secure a rich *parti* for her younger daughter to submit to these conditions. Feeling no reprehension of the circumstances which might be supposed to cast a shadow on the House of C. she has no personal disinclination to receive any member of it; and as the head of that family is a richer man than young B., the elder daughter is sacrificed, and her engagement is consequently broken off.

Three duels were nearly taking place in as many weeks while I was at Palermo; and the scene and circumstances of one of these quarrels, which nearly terminated in murder, are sufficiently remarkable to be recorded as a *tableau de mœurs*. Curious to say, the Count C. of the foregoing story was one of the antagonists; and the altercation arose from his insolent demeanour towards a Sicilian gentleman at a public charity ball, given at the theatre. All the great ladies of Palermo were patronesses, and present upon the occasion, and among the number the Princess A., who looked down from her box upon the immense costume-quadrille, in which her daughter and Count C. took part. The pit was boarded over, and the spectacle, as I beheld it, was picturesque and animated, all the boxes being filled with jewelled ladies, the *parterre* a moving flower-bed of figures, mostly of the fifteenth century. It was after this dance, when Count C. had conducted his *fiancée* back to her mother's box, that he thought fit to accost an acquaintance in the pit, who had been taking part in the quadrille, with an impertinent remark, which the other resented. The war of words continued for some little time, until the blood of the unoffending man becoming heated, he hit Count C. a blow in the chest. This was quickly answered, and soon

the two men, in their fifteenth-century costumes, were rolling on the floor. Count C. being uppermost and—let us hope—blind with passion, seized the poignard from his antagonist's belt, and, while ladies shrieked from the boxes above and men bellowed below, was about to plunge the weapon into his opponent, when his arm was seized and he was dragged off. A duel seemed inevitable, but, owing to the good offices of the General to whom I have already referred, and who is the one authority to whose opinion all submit in difficulties of any kind, this was avoided. It formed the subject of gossip in the city for a day, and then was forgotten, as a thing of no importance and void of all consequences.

Few Sicilians—perhaps it may be urged few Southerners of any nationality—are lovers of Nature for Nature's self. Still, I would maintain the supremacy of indifference to belong to this island. Certain well-established points of view, such as Taormina, may command a conventional phrase of admiration; certain conveniently situated spots in the neighbourhood of Palermo may be regarded with indulgence as objects for a picnic. But for any quiet-seeking and silent enjoyment of the beautiful, solitary spaces of purple mountain, flowery plain, and blue-green sea, we must look to visitors from the North, whose passage is as that of the swallows. No doubt the want of cultivation of what we call 'the education of the eye' is partly chargeable with this. It has often been remarked how little appreciation of any beauty but the obvious in Nature classic writers show. With what horror they regard her in her stern, impressive moods; how only from the utilitarian point of view does she seem seriously to engage their attention. The mind of the Sicilian proprietor has probably the same standard by which to gauge the flower-decked fields and groves of golden oranges; but the ordinary, unendowed inhabitant does not enjoy even this practical pleasure in a land which gives him nothing, and from which he cannot take away even a memory to warm and brighten the grey monotony of city ways.

A charming lady, of high degree, dwelling within a mile of the lovely bay of Mondello—to whom I remarked what a delight it must be to her to wander often through the embowering woods, down to the basin of the white-fringed sea, guarded by its bluffs of rock, and to sit there upon the yellow sand, hunting for the pink and purple shells, wherewith the shore is thickly strewn—stared at me and replied, 'Ah! yes, I remember; six years ago we had a picnic there, by moonlight, one night. I have not been there since.'

And thus it is that we, from whose eyes the cataracts of obtuseness have been removed—thanks first to the great landscape-painters, secondly to the modern writers whose teaching has made us observe more and more the infinite variety in this dear world of ours—look with a pitying wonder upon those who are blind from their birth to the beauty that surrounds them. Yet these people, with all their

ignorance, their superstitions, their indefensible ways, in many respects are interesting as children are, before the hand (or it may be the ferule) of the schoolmaster has laid upon them the weight of knowledge—interesting, by reason of their absolute freshness—interesting because while with them we seem to be living in another century, away from the stereotyped lines of modern thought, in ethics, in literature, or in art.

HAMILTON AIDÉ.

BEES AND DARWINISM.

IN the May number of this Review appeared an article by Professor Romanes, entitled 'Darwin's Latest Critics.' The article was substantially an examination of one written by myself concerning Mr. Wallace's latest utterance on 'Darwinism.' I have no reason to complain of the tone in which Professor Romanes has spoken of myself and my writings. It is kindly and generous. To be sure, he says that when I deal 'with such subjects as Darwinism there is sure to be evidence of such a want of grasp as belongs to the hand of an amateur,' which is true enough: at all events I shall not deny it: neither time nor opportunity enables me to acquire professional rank in this department. If I did not hate a *tu quoque*, I should be disposed to say that a similar thought occurred to me concerning Professor Romanes himself, in reading his remarks, in the August number of this Review, concerning the theology of the Garden of Eden. But let that pass. It is more to the purpose to observe that much of what I wrote concerning Mr. Wallace's latest views was not approved by Professor Romanes. It could not be otherwise. My remarks were made in direct opposition to his own utterances; therefore, of course, disapproval was inevitable. I am content, however, to leave the main portion of the controversy, if I may so describe it, as it stands: there are some points involved in it, concerning which I doubt whether substantial agreement can ever be reached: the general aspect of the question of evolution, as it presents itself to my mind—and perhaps I may venture to add, to the mind of the Duke of Argyll, whose name Professor Romanes couples with mine—seems to be metaphysically different from that which Professor Romanes accepts and approves; and probably no amount of reasoning will bring us nearer together. It has been said that some men are born Platonists, and some Aristotelians: and as they are born, so they are believed to remain. Therefore I do not intend to continue in this paper a discussion concerning the necessity of a 'doctrine of antecedent ideas in the divine mind, as the basis, the underlying condition of the existence of things as we see them.'

But there is one point in Professor Romanes' article upon which I am desirous of making some remarks. In fact nothing but an

overwhelming amount of necessary business would have caused me to defer so long the realisation of my desire. The point is one, if I mistake not, of great interest. I have described it, at the head of this article, as 'Bees and Darwinism.' It relates to the supposed connection between the architecture of bees and the principle of natural selection and the struggle for existence. I can best introduce it by making a quotation from Professor Romanes' article :—

Turning next to this question [the extent of the action of natural selection] the writer [i.e. myself] proceeds to adduce the following difficulties which have occurred to him while reading Mr. Wallace's book. 'I confess that I have not been able to perceive how the principle [natural selection] can be brought to bear upon such phenomena as the architecture of insects—for example, that of bees and wasps. For, he says, there is a difficulty in conceiving the original start of insects in the direction of architecture; and, secondly, in perceiving the connection between good architects and survival in the struggle for existence. But in the *Origin of Species*, Mr. Darwin has been at elaborate pains to anticipate both these questions, devoting an unusually large proportion of his space to a consideration of the cell-making instincts, and showing how, in different species of bees and wasps, there is a beautiful gradation from virtually 'the original start' through increasing 'economy' to 'the geometrical skill' in question. Moreover, he shows very clearly that economy of such precious material as wax must be a matter of no small importance in the struggle for existence between competing lives of the same species. Now the Bishop of Carlisle does not allude to any of these facts and considerations, but merely asks, 'Can we get over these difficulties?' To the best of my judgment, Mr. Darwin has already got over them; but if anybody thinks otherwise, let him state wherein he supposes Mr. Darwin to have failed.

It is the challenge contained in the conclusion of this extract which I propose to take up. I know what Mr. Darwin has said on the subject, and I know how elaborate his examination is; but he has not satisfied me that there is any necessary connection between the remarkable geometrical architecture of bees, and the survival of certain bees, rather than others, in the struggle for life.

I do not approach this question altogether as an amateur. It is now many years since, as a youthful mathematician, I worked out the problem of the form of bees' cells, on my own account, as one of maxima and minima. I remember my delight in constructing a rhomb, and in finding that it perfectly agreed in form with one taken from an actual honeycomb. The mystery of insect architecture deeply impressed my mind in those days; half a century of reflection has left the mystery very much as it was.

Before, however, proceeding to the immediate question of the connection between bee architecture and the struggle for life, let me put before the reader the problem solved by the bees, and make as clear as may be the conception of the form of the cells found in the comb of the hive-bee. I shall venture to do this in my own way, trusting that the exposition given will be as clear to the reader's mind as it is to my own; at all events, if he will follow me, he will

certainly be much impressed by the nature of the problem which the bees have to solve, and he will be instructed as to a method by which the most unmathematical person can construct for himself a model of a bee's cell.

We commonly speak of bees as making *honeycomb*. We probably do so because the honey which bees make is the part of their work most interesting to mankind in general. And it is stated that the form of the bees' cell is such as with a given quantity of wax to contain the maximum amount of honey. This, with certain conditions as to the general construction of the comb, is quite true; but, if the storing of honey were the only or chief purpose of the comb, it could not be asserted that the bees use their wax in absolutely the most economical manner possible. For one thing, it would certainly be more economical of material to make the cells larger than they actually are. This in a certain sense is done, for bees make four kinds of cells: the ordinary and smallest for the larvæ of workers; a larger kind to receive the larvæ of males or drones; and a few very large or royal cells, for the education of queens; besides which there are cells set apart for the storing of honey or pollen, which are formed by lengthening the ordinary cells. Thus the bees show their sense of the advantage of larger cells for storage; but they do not adopt a pattern of cell with larger section than ordinary, by doing which a still greater saving would be effected. If I understand Mr. Darwin aright, there is a species of bee which manages this matter better than the hive-bee. The Mexican *Melipona domestica*, he tells us, 'forms a nearly regular waxen comb of cylindrical cells, in which the young are hatched, and, in addition, some large cells of wax for holding honey.'¹ There will be more to be said about *Melipona* hereafter; at present let it be observed that in one point at least she is not inferior to the hive-bee.

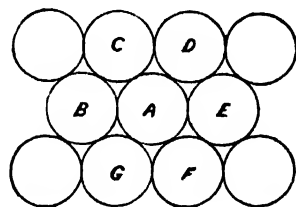
However, as Goethe said of eggs, that their final cause was the chicken and not the omelette, so the final cause of bees' comb is the larvæ which are to form the future bees. The problem to be solved by the bees would seem to be capable of being stated thus: how to build with wax the most convenient and economical receptacle for a large family of larvæ; or say young bees, for the larvæ will have to undergo their transformations and assume the ultimate bee character in the receptacles provided for them.

Let us fix our minds upon the case of a single larva, or a single bee. It is manifest that no more economical or convenient cell could be devised than that of a circular cylinder terminated by a hemisphere; speaking mathematically a cylinder will be most economical if its section be circular, and a given quantity of matter

¹ *Origin of Species*, p. 225.

formed into a closed vessel will give us the maximum capacity if it be spherical. Consequently, a circular cylinder, terminated by a hemisphere, may be regarded as the ideal form of cell, if one larva or one young bee alone had to be accommodated. A cell of this form may be described also as being, out of all easily conceivable forms, that which secures the *best fit* for the young bee. Moreover, as bees may be proved by observation to have an instinct or liking for making circular holes, it may be argued that the form described is one which they would very naturally adopt.

But bees have large families, and therefore they must stretch their calculations beyond one cell. Suppose then that we conceive of a large number of cells, such as that which has been described, placed in contact, so as to form a comb (according to the common nomenclature). For clearness of conception, let the axes of the cells be vertical; then any horizontal section of the comb will exhibit a number of circles in contact, each circle of course being surrounded by six others. The annexed figure will show clearly what is meant. The cell A is surrounded by the six cells B, C, D, E, F, G. And so with all the rest. The top of the comb will be formed in this manner; the bottom will be a system of hemispherical cups.

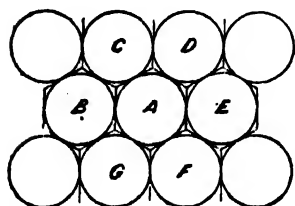


A family of larvæ placed in a comb thus constructed would be not badly packed. When we come to a second comb, it is manifest that the best arrangement will be to put the two combs back to back, as the bees have only to do with the open ends of the cells; and it is further manifest, that it will be most economical of space, not to place the axes of the cells of the second comb in the same lines with those of the first, in which case the bottom of a cup in the upper comb would be in contact with the top of a cup in the lower comb, but to allow the cups of the upper comb to drop into the cavities existing amongst the cups of the lower comb. If the reader will imagine to himself one layer of cannon-balls resting upon another layer, he will perceive what is meant by the preceding sentence.

From the imaginary comb thus constructed, in which each cell is the best possible for an individual larva or young bee, but in which some modification is desiderated when we consider the question of an agglomeration of cells, we may pass to the actual comb of the hive-bee as follows.

The formation of a number of cells into one comb suggests the substitution of a single plane wall of division between the cells for the double curved walls which exist in the comb as already constructed. The meaning of this will be seen most readily by considering a horizontal section of our comb, as already exhibited, because we shall then

be concerned only with plane figures. Let us resume the figure already given of a section of the comb. It will be a manifest simplification and economy to substitute for the circular walls straight lines touching the circles at their points of contact. Let such tangents be drawn. They are represented in the annexed figure, and it will be seen that the system of circular cells is transformed into a system of hexagons.



It is well known that the transverse section of a bee's cell is hexagonal. So far, therefore, we have gone along with the bees. The further transformation is not quite so simple; but it is identical in principle, and not difficult to anyone who has any notion of geometry.

Let the reader conceive in his mind the figure of the comb already described as consisting of two systems of cylindrical cells with hemispherical cups, placed back to back, and then follow the analogy suggested by the transformation of circles into hexagons. Wherever two cylinders touch each other let them be separated by a common tangent plane; and wherever two hemispheres touch one another, let them also be separated by a common tangent plane; the result will be that the figure formed by this system of planes will be the actual bees' comb.

I give no proof of what is here asserted, because I am not writing a mathematical memoir; but the reader may either supply the proof himself, or else accept the result upon my assurance that it is correct. Anyhow the fact is, that the construction above described will give us the true form of bees' cells, each of which consists of an hexagonal cylinder terminated by three rhombs having certain angles, which are constructed by the bees with mathematical accuracy. I shall very soon have something more to say about these rhombs; for my present purpose I prefer to regard the bees' comb as the nearest approximation that can be formed with plane surfaces to a double system of cells formed with cylinders terminated by hemispherical cups.

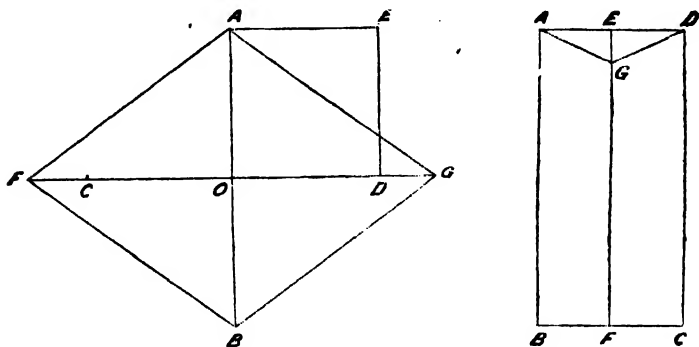
The *idea* of the comb is thus reduced to that which seems to me to be its simplest form. How the idea is realised by the bees is a more difficult question, concerning which there has been much speculation and variety of opinion.

If the reader will bear with me, however, I should like to indicate to him what appears to me to be the simplest method of constructing a bee's cell, and to give him directions by which he may form a paper model of a cell or of a complete comb.

The first step will be to form the rhombs, which constitute the pyramidal extremity of the cell.

Let A B, C D be two equal straight lines, bisecting each other at

right angles in O. Complete the square AODE. In OC, OD produced, take OF, OG, each equal to OE. Join AF, FB, BG, GA; then AFBG will be the rhomb of the bees' cell.



Next take a rectangular piece of paper ABCD: bisect AD, BC in E and F, and join EF. Draw the straight lines AG, DG in such manner that BAG or CDG shall be equal to the acute angle of the rhomb, and of course AGF or DGF equal to its obtuse angle. Cut out the portion AGD. Then three such pieces of paper as ABCDG, bent round a hexagon, will give the exact form of the walls of the cell. It will be found that three rhombs of paper, constructed in the manner already directed, will exactly roof in the top of the cell.

It may be noted as a curious fact that only one plane angle (and its supplement, which comes to the same thing), and only one solid trihedral angle, are concerned in the formation of the termination of the bee's cell.

There is an interesting memoir 'On the Form of Bees' Cells' in the volume of *Mathematical and other Writings of Leslie Ellis*, in which is given a construction, so neat, though perhaps the reader may think somewhat difficult to follow, that it may be worth while to quote it, the more so as the volume in question is not known as widely as it deserves to be.²

Take two equal cubes, divide one into six pyramids, the base of each being the face of the cube, and the apex at the centre of the cube; fit each of the six pyramids by its base on the face of the other cube; divide the solid so formed by a plane through the centre of the central cube, normal to a diagonal. Each half is the typical form of the bee's cell, except that the prismatic portion of the latter is a little longer than, according to this construction, it would be.

Ellis adds that this "would certainly be the easiest way of modelling a cell." This may possibly be true; but I apprehend that most persons will have some difficulty in forming a clear conception of the geometry involved. At all events, for the practical purpose of making a model of a cell, I feel sure that the method which I have

² Deighton, Bell, & Co., 1863, p. 357.

already given, involving as it does nothing but plane figures, will be found as simple as anything that can be devised.

Before passing away from this discussion I must not fail to observe, that the wonders of bees' cells are by no means exhausted by the consideration of their geometrical forms. Lord Brougham succeeded in dissolving the wax of which the cells are composed, and in proving that each cell is lined with a film, which goes all round the prism and all throughout the terminal pyramid, without any breach, section, or joining. 'How this lining is formed has never been satisfactorily determined; but it must be in one of two ways, either by the larva forming a cocoon round itself and of an oblong figure inside, sufficient to contain it when it changes its position from a coil perpendicular to the axis of the cell into an oblong worm placed in the axis, or by the larva lining the walls of the cell. In the former case the cocoon, originally made somewhat of the shape of a larva, must afterwards be applied by it or by the chrysalis so as to line and adhere to the walls; in the latter case the walls are lined at first by the act of weaving or spinning. But there are difficulties attending both these hypotheses and the inferences to which they lead—inferences in either case as extraordinary, to say the least, as anything observed in the economy of the bee.'³ In reality the doings inside a cell are as wonderful as those that go on within the magical box of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook.

Having given this preliminary discussion, I now proceed to consider what Mr. Darwin has said in the *Origin of Species* for the purpose of connecting the marvels of bee-architecture with the principle of natural selection and survival in the struggle for existence.

Mr. Darwin writes thus:—

It seems quite inconceivable how [bees] can make all the necessary angles and planes, or even perceive when they are correctly made.⁴ But the difficulty is not nearly so great as it at first sight appears; all this beautiful work can be shown, I think, to follow from a few very simple instincts.⁵

Shortly after this opening of the subject we have the following:—

Let us look to the great principle of gradation, and see whether nature does not reveal to us her method of work. At one end of a short series we have humble-bees, which use their old cocoons to hold honey, sometimes adding to them short tubes of wax, and likewise making separate and very irregular rounded

³ *Encycl. Britann.*, art. "Bee."

⁴ In the memoir already quoted, Leslie Ellis writes: 'The peculiar difficulty as to the instinct shown by bees is this, that one does not see how they perceive when the true form of their cell is attained. In common cases of instinct, though the impulse is mysterious, one sees how the animal knows that its end has been obtained: not so in this case.' He then goes on to guess that the knowledge is obtained through the instrumentality of three special eyes which the bee possesses. I do not know whether any attempt has been made to test the truth of this guess.

⁵ P. 224.

cells of wax. At the other end of the series we have the cells of the hive-bee, placed in a double layer; each cell, as is well known, is an hexagonal prism, with the basal edges of its six sides bevelled so as to fit on to a pyramid, formed of three rhombs. . . . In the series between the extreme perfection of the cells of the hive-bee and the simplicity of those of the humble-bee, we have the cells of the Mexican *Melipona domestica*, carefully described by Pierre Huber. The *Melipona* itself is intermediate in structure between the hive- and the humble-bee, but more nearly related to the latter. It forms a nearly regular waxen comb of cylindrical cells, in which the young are hatched, and, in addition, some large cells of wax for holding honey. These latter cells are nearly spherical, and of nearly equal sizes, and are aggregated into an irregular mass. But the important point to notice is that these cells are always made at that degree of nearness to each other, that they would have intersected or broken into each other if the spheres had been completed; but this is never permitted, the bees building perfectly flat walls of wax between the spheres, which thus tend to intersect.⁶

I may here observe that Mr. Darwin does not seem to me to be quite so clear in his geometrical descriptions as in those of his observations in natural history; and there are some parts of the continuation of the passage just quoted which I find some difficulty in clearly following; but the point of the discussion which I think is quite made out is this, that we have in the Mexican *Melipona domestica* a bee whose work is intermediate in character to that of the humble-bee and that of the hive-bee; it exhibits 'the great principle of gradation'; and it enables us to see (as it were) the original conception of the hexagonal prisms and the pyramidal termination of the hive-bee in the cylindrical and spherical forms adopted by *Melipona*. All this is highly interesting, and I have no objection to offer to Mr. Darwin's discussion of his subject; but when we come to the conclusion of the said discussion we find this sentence:—

By such modifications of instincts, in themselves not very wonderful, hardly more wonderful than those which guide a bird to make her nest, I believe that the hive-bee has acquired, *through natural selection*, her inimitable architectural powers.⁷

Now, it is with regard to the statement contained in this sentence that I venture to make my first complaint as to the insufficient character of Mr. Darwin's philosophy concerning the doings of the hive-bee. It will be observed that I have no complaint to make with regard to any statement of fact, or even of theory distinctly concluded from fact; but that of which I do complain is, that the perfection of the work of the hive-bee should be suddenly attributed, without argument, to the principle of *natural selection*. The facts in evidence are: first that there are several kinds of bee-architecture, those namely which are practised by (1) the humble-bee, (2) *Melipona domestica*, (3) the hive-bee; and, secondly, that it is possible to see in the works of these bees a gradation of excellence, and to regard the most rude as containing the prophecy of the most perfect, with

⁶ P. 225.

⁷ P. 228.

an intermediate form which connects the rudeness of the humble-bee with the perfection of the hive-bee. The question is, how does *natural selection* come in? and the difficulty is to understand how this principle explains the facts. Mr. Darwin evidently saw this difficulty, and with his usual honesty he acknowledges its existence, and endeavours to dispose of it as follows:—

As natural selection acts only by the accumulation of slight modifications of structure or instinct, each profitable to the individual under its conditions of life, it may reasonably be asked how a long and graduated succession of modified architectural instincts, all tending towards the present perfect plan of construction, could have profited the progenitors of the hive-bee? I think the answer is not difficult; it is known that bees are often hard pressed to get sufficient nectar, and I am informed by Mr. Tegetmeier that it has been experimentally found that no less than from twelve to fifteen pounds of dry sugar are consumed by a hive of bees for the secretion of each pound of wax; so that a prodigious quantity of fluid nectar must be collected and consumed by the bees in a hive for the secretion of the wax necessary for the construction of their combs. Moreover, many bees have to remain idle for many days during the process of secretion. A large store of honey is indispensable to support a large stock of bees during the winter; and the security of the hive is known mainly to depend on a large number of bees being supported. Hence the saving of wax by largely saving honey must be a most important element of success in any family of bees. Of course the success of any species of bee may be dependent on the number of its parasites or other enemies, or on quite distinct causes, and so be altogether independent of the quantity of honey which the bees could collect. But let us suppose this latter circumstance determined, as it probably often does determine, the numbers of a humble-bee which could exist in a country; and let us further suppose that the community lived throughout the winter, and consequently required a store of honey: there can be in this case no doubt that it would be an advantage to a humble-bee if a slight modification of her instinct led her to make her waxen cells near together, so as to intersect a little; for a wall in common even to two adjoining cells would save some little wax. Hence it would be continually more and more advantageous to a humble-bee if she were to make her cells more and more regular, nearer together, and aggregated into a heap, like the cells of the *Melipona*, for in this case a large part of the bounding surface of each cell would serve to bound other cells, and much wax would be saved. Again, from the same cause, it would be advantageous to the *Melipona* if she were to make her cells closer together, and more regular in every way than at present; for then, as we have seen, the spherical surfaces would wholly disappear, and would all be replaced by plane surfaces; and the *Melipona* would make a comb as perfect as that of the hive-bee. Beyond this stage of perfection in architecture natural selection could not lead, for the comb of the hive-bee, as far as we can see, is absolutely perfect in economising wax.⁸

This is Mr. Darwin's solution of the problem of the hive-bee architecture on the principle of natural selection. The principle is said to be applicable on the ground of the saving of wax. That is the only alleged advantage of the hive-bee method of construction, and it is supposed to have been evolved by the action of this great principle. Let us see whether there are no difficulties in the way of this conclusion.

In the first place, Mr. Darwin himself tells us that the humble-

⁸ P. 233.

bees 'use their old cocoons to hold honey, sometimes adding to them short tubes of wax.' Now, as a matter of economy, and that is the only consideration before us, it is difficult to see why this primitive method of storing honey should have been abandoned. No doubt the hive-bee wax construction is more beautiful, more skilful, more wonderful; but there would seem to be no economy in giving up the old cocoon method and taking to wax only. A man who has lived in a makeshift kind of house may be very glad to buy a better and more handsome one; but it is not economy that leads him to do it.

Again, Mr. Darwin tells us that *Melipona* 'forms a nearly regular waxen comb of cylindrical cells, in which the young are hatched, and, in addition, some large cells of wax for holding honey.'

Now, as a matter of economy, *Melipona* seems here to have the advantage of the hive-bee. I have already pointed out that the size of the hive-bee's ordinary cells is determined by the size of the young bee which is to come out of it, and that although the hive-bee makes some cells larger than others for the purpose of storage, this is done by merely lengthening the cylinder, not by introducing a cylinder with larger section. *Melipona* seems to have been aware of this, and so to have dealt with cells for her young and cells for storage upon different principles. With regard therefore to mere economy of wax, the hive-bee does not seem to have made the advance which might have been expected.

Moreover, there is in the case of bees a special difficulty in the application of the principle of natural selection.

The difficulty depends upon the very curious relation in which a swarm of young working bees stands to the workers in the hive from which they swarm. The workers in the old hive, it will be remembered, are the nurses, not the parents, of the young swarm. The parents—that is, the drones and the queen—have nothing to do with the architecture of the comb or its improvement. This rests, I conceive, entirely with the workers or nurses. Consequently it is difficult to understand how any advantageous variation which has been made in any particular hive can be an inheritance, and so a step in advance, for the successive swarms. Mr. Darwin does not appear to me to have met this difficulty, though he recognises the fact that in dealing with bees we must treat of *swarms* and not of *individuals*, as is the case when the principle of natural selection is applied to the problem of animal evolution. But this reference to swarms does in reality introduce a substantial difficulty in the way of conceiving the application of the principle of natural selection to bee problems. For you cannot fix your mind upon an individual bee, as you can upon a horse, or a dog, or a pigeon: one clever bee in a swarm, who saw her way to an economy of wax, would tend to spoil the uniformity of the work, but could not do much to impress her views on the swarm. A happy variation must be the result of some

improvement in a whole swarm simultaneously; and it is an improvement in instinct, what may be called a mental advance, not merely an accidental variation in the length of a limb or in any kind of physical structure. The reader will perceive that these considerations go to prove that the bee problem presents a higher order of difficulty than that involved in the evolution of animal forms. Put the evolution of *equus* from *orohippus*, of which I spoke in my former article, alongside of the evolution of the mathematically constructed honeycomb from the rougher processes of the humble-bee, and the difference of the problems becomes manifest, while the complication of the former is seen to be as nothing when compared with that of the latter.

But still further, we have to face the fact that the humble-bee has shown no tendency to disappear. According to analogy she ought to make way for the superior race, and the humble-bee ought to be a creature of the past, like *orohippus*. The very foundation of Mr. Darwin's theory is the preservation by natural selection of advantageous variations in the struggle for existence. But the humble-bee exists, and shows no sign of giving way to successors. Why should she? Physically speaking, she is the finer creature of the two. I can easily believe that she looks down upon her hive cousins as a poor delicate dandified lot, who are not content with the plain ways which were good enough for all bees a few millions of years ago, and are good enough for all stout-hearted bees now; much in fact as the Cumberland dalesmen look down upon Londoners. If it be a question of the struggle for existence, the humble-bee has at all events a good deal to say for herself.

And this leads me to a further remark, for the introduction of which I must once more quote from Mr. Darwin. The following is his concluding paragraph on the subject of bee-architecture:—

Thus, as I believe, the most wonderful of all known instincts, that of the hive-bee, can be explained by natural selection having taken advantage of numerous, successive, slight modifications of simpler instincts; natural selection having by slow degrees, more and more perfectly, led the bees to sweep equal spheres at a given distance from each other in a double layer, and to build up and excavate the wax along the planes of intersection. The bees, of course, no more knowing that they swept their spheres at one particular distance from each other, than they know what are the several angles of the hexagonal prisms, or of the basal rhombic plates. The motive power of the process of natural selection having been economy of wax; that individual swarm which wasted least honey in the secretion of wax, having succeeded best, and having transmitted by inheritance its newly acquired economical instinct to new swarms, which in their turn will have had the best chance of succeeding in the struggle for existence.*

I ask the reader to examine, in the light of the observations which I have already made, this concluding paragraph in which Mr. Darwin sums up his case concerning the application of his principle

to bee-architecture. It seems to me to teem with difficulties: there is the difficulty of happy variations of instinct affecting a whole swarm, the difficulty in the conception of inheritance from sterile workers, and the difficulty of understanding how a slight economy of wax can be an important factor in the struggle for existence. In reality, when, after reading Mr. Darwin's elaborate and interesting discussion of hive-bee architecture, we come upon the concluding words, *struggle for existence*, I confess that they seem to me calculated to produce a kind of shock: one is accustomed in Mr. Darwin's writings to the conception of a severe struggle going on throughout the natural world, the strong devouring the weak, the inferior forms dying out, and so forth; but in the case of the problem of bee-architecture the mind tends to run to quite other thoughts, and to be entirely occupied with the wonders of insect solid geometry; so that Mr. Darwin's closing reference to the struggle for existence seems to come in somewhat suddenly and inappropriately: it does not follow logically from the premises, and to my mind carries no sense of conviction. It is true that Mr. Darwin speaks of the physical effort involved in the secretion of wax, and of the advantage which accrues to bees which secrete less wax over those which secrete more: but can it be argued that this advantage is connected with the economy effected by the adoption of mathematical accuracy of form in the construction of the comb, and with any concomitant advantage in the struggle for existence? I feel a difficulty in giving an affirmative reply.

Let it be observed that it is not incumbent upon me to deny that the perfection of the geometry of the comb of the hive-bee is the result of growth in skill or gradual improvement during long ages. The question is whether such improvement can be logically connected with natural selection and the struggle for existence. Put the matter in this way: suppose in the dim distance of antiquity two nests of bees—call them A and B; let the architecture of both be imperfect; that is, let us go back far enough to catch the bees in the condition which by hypothesis once existed, of making their cells approximately, but not accurately, such as they are now. Suppose A to throw off swarms precisely like the bees from which they originate, and suppose B to throw off swarms with a slightly improved 'economical instinct;' the B strain will be an improvement upon the A strain, and if successive swarms improve in the same manner, while the others remain stationary, there will be, after some thousands of years, a perceptible difference between the A and the B strain in favour of the latter. But will there be any tendency in the A strain to die out? And, if not, ought we not to find in the present day bee-architecture in various degrees of perfection? It may be said that we do find these degrees, and the humble-bee and *Melipona domestica* may be adduced as examples; but then what

becomes of the great principle of the *struggle for existence*, and how can that principle be adduced as the explanation of progressive instinct, when bees which go on in the good old-fashioned ways do not die out in consequence?

On the whole, the arguments given by Mr. Darwin for bringing the architecture of bees under his general principle of natural selection and the struggle for existence do not appear to me to be conclusive. That the arguments are not really demonstrative is, of course, manifest. Mr. Darwin himself only goes as far as to say, *I believe that the instincts of the hive-bee can be explained*. The more than usual pains bestowed by Mr. Darwin upon the explanation, to which Professor Romanes has referred—‘devoting an unusually large proportion of his space to a consideration of the cell-making instincts’—proves that Mr. Darwin saw the difficulty of the problem, and that he honestly grappled with it; but it does not prove that the problem has been successfully solved, nor does it prove (as I think) that Mr. Darwin was entirely satisfied with his own solution. But, however this may be, I trust that I shall not be considered very stupid or very narrow-minded if I confess that Mr. Darwin does not seem to me to have established his point with reference to bee-architecture.

With one general remark I will close this paper. I cannot but believe that Mr. Wallace’s book—although Professor Romanes describes the great naturalist as being now ‘the Wallace of incapacity and absurdity’—marks an epoch in the history of English thought upon the difficult subject of evolution. It is certainly notable that an original discoverer of a principle should have been led by long reflection to announce his belief in important limitations of that principle. My own belief is, that, while the causes assigned by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace for the progressive character of nature are to be accepted as having much to do with that progress, there are deeper causes at work, without which natural selection and the struggle for existence would be found ineffectual in producing those results, which there has been a tendency, in the excitement of a new discovery, to attribute to them too exclusively.

H. CARLISLE.

which
Darwin

DAHOMÉY AND THE FRENCH.

KOTONOU, the place which was at once the cause and the principal scene of the quarrel which is now going on between the French and the King of Dahomey, lies on the coast of the latter country between the English colonies of Accra and Lagos, and consists of a small European settlement on the beach, and a native village, situated a little distance from the shore. It owes what little importance it possesses to the fact that the French have within the last few years been attempting to make it the port of Porto Novo—a town, over which they formerly exercised a protectorate, but which is now made a dependency—lying on the banks of a lagoon of the same name about fifteen miles inland from Kotonou. A narrow lagoon, running parallel to, and at no great distance from, the coast line, connects Porto Novo with Lagos and thence with the sea; but, as goods passing that way are liable to English customs, the French determined to have a port of their own in Kotonou. Porto Novo has communication with Kotonou by a system of lagoons, the last of which runs down to the coast at Kotonou, but is cut off from the sea by a narrow bank of sand.

The European settlement of Kotonou—literally, ‘The Lagoon of the Dead,’ so called because after a successful raid a former King of Dahomey threw his victims into it—is prettily situated on the beach, with a background of the dark forest growth, which lines the coast for hundreds of miles. It consists of two French factories, or trading houses, and the telegraph station, and has a white population of about half a dozen traders and two telegraph clerks. The telegraph station is a neat-looking structure, sent out from England and erected on its present site four years ago, shortly after the cable had been laid to Kotonou. The two factories are of older standing, but are kept in good repair, their whitewashed walls showing in clear relief against the sombre hues of the trees behind them. A narrow strip of yellow sand separates the dark forest from the foaming sea. The surf beats with a ceaseless roar upon the beach, and a white mist of spray rises from it in one continuous cloud. In the open roadstead beyond lie such ships as may happen to be calling at the settlement—a small French gunboat, perhaps, a Norwegian bark, and an English trading

steamer—setting with the strong easterly current broadside to the swell, and swinging under the impulse of the heavy rollers, till their bulwarks are almost under water.

From this roadstead the end of the lagoon is just visible, to the east of the three buildings and beyond the narrow bank of sand which cuts it off from the sea. The lagoon is surrounded with trees, and its smooth, mirror-like surface gives it the appearance of a beautiful artificial lake. On its west bank, a little distance from the shore, stands the native village of Kotonou. This village is governed by its own king, who owes allegiance to the King of Dahomey; but a small quarter near to the European settlement is occupied by mulattoes and black traders who account themselves independent of his sway.

Putting cargo on board ship at Kotonou, as at all places on that coast, is a difficult and dangerous process. A heavy swell breaks on the beach incessantly, and sometimes is so violent that for days and even weeks together it is impossible for boats to pass between ship and shore. The boats used are surf-boats, designed and built for the purpose in England. They are about thirty feet long by eight feet broad, and are fitted with three thwarts, between which there is just room for two of the large $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton barrels in which palm oil is generally shipped. The crew, eleven in number including the boatswain, propel the boat by means of paddles with handles three feet in length, and broad blades of circular form at the upper end, but cut into three points at the lower end, giving them the appearance in the distance of clumsily-shaped tridents. In order to be well over their work, the men sit on the gunwale of the boat in side-saddle fashion, one foot resting in a loop of rope like a stirrup hanging halfway down the side of the boat. The boatswain stands on a small deck in the stern, and steers with an oar secured with a piece of rope in place of a rowlock, so as to allow greater freedom of action. The appearance of the crew when paddling some little distance off is very curious, as they bob down for the stroke all together, and spring up again with the suddenness of so many Jacks-in-the-box. This is especially noticeable if the boat is light, and consequently far out of the water, when, in order to take a full stroke, the men have to bend so low that their heads go down to the level of the gunwale.

A passage through the surf in one of these boats is an exciting experience. Parallel to the beach, and only some thirty or forty yards from it, runs a bar of sand on which the rollers break. Between this bar and the beach there is a fairly deep water channel where a swarm of sand sharks lie in wait for any boat which may happen to capsize in crossing the bar. A great deal of skill is required to take a boat safely across this bar. It is necessary, first of all, to choose the right moment for the attempt. Every seventh roller is said to be a large one, and if this roller catches a boat on the bar, there is little chance

/

of avoiding an upset. Consequently, on nearing the shore the boatswain eases his men, and, watching the rollers as they break, begins to count the intervals between the large ones. Meanwhile a crowd of natives assemble on the beach, and with wild gesticulations try to assist—though they seem more likely to confuse—the boatswain in his work.

The boat has now drifted close to the bar, and the rollers, urged by some mysterious force—for there is no wind and the surface of the water is undisturbed by the slightest ripple—come sweeping onward from behind, now raising the boat high in the air, now dropping it in the depths of the intervening trough. After an unusually heavy roller—evidently a seventh one—has passed beneath, the boatswain, seizing his opportunity, gives the signal with a piercing yell, the crew plunge their paddles into the water and start off like men possessed, at the rate of forty-five to fifty strokes a minute, in order to cross the bar before the next large roller overtakes them. The race is an exciting one; the boatswain urges on his men with cries and gestures almost demoniacal, stamping wildly with one foot on his deck, and every now and then casting anxious glances behind him, in expectation of the dreaded wave. At length the spot is reached, a dark shadow rises up behind, with a skilful turn of the boatswain's wrist the boat is put three-quarters broadside to the breaker, and is carried in a mass of seething foam safely over the bar. A minute's rest in the channel to give the men their breath, and then, taking advantage of the wash of a spent roller, the boat is swept in upon its crest, and shot upon the beach with a violence which would crash through the ribs of a craft less stoutly built. The crowd on the beach now rush down, and, seizing any white men that happen to be in the boat, drag them out before the arrival of the succeeding wave, while the crew, who threw their paddles into the water and jumped overboard as the boat was being carried in, pull her out of reach of the breakers, and then collect their paddles as they are washed up with the surf. With such violent usage it is not surprising to learn that the surf-boats, although of the best wood and stoutest construction, seldom outlast one year's service. As a protection against the sharks, when the breakers are running unusually high the traders throw dynamite cartridges into the channel between the beach and the bar, the explosion temporarily frightening them away.

The country of Dahomey for some distance inland is made up to a large extent of marshes and lagoons, a natural feature to be accounted for by the fact that the present coast line is fifty miles farther south than the original one. In the course of years the heavy rollers from the Atlantic have thrown up a succession of sandbanks, which have driven the sea farther and farther south. At one time it was supposed that the greater portion of this area was covered by two vast lagoons, the name of the western one being the 'Avon Waters,' and of the

eastern one the 'Denham Waters.' More careful exploration has considerably reduced their size, and the Denham Waters—so called after Commander Denham R.N., who surveyed them in 1846—in the dry season cover an area of little more than thirteen square miles. In the wet season, however, they extend a great deal farther, and with creeks and tributary rivers penetrate almost to the capital, Abomey, a distance of seventy miles. In fact, when entered from the narrow lagoon of Kotonou, the Denham Waters have the appearance, in the rainy season, of a large inland sea, no land being visible towards the north.

Lake Denham has some very curious villages built on piles, or rather stakes, which Commander Denham named—on account of the slender character of the supports—'the cities of the sticks.' The villages are to be seen at intervals round the lake, and some of them actually in the middle of it. As the depth is seldom more than a fathom and a half or two fathoms, and over a large area only three or four feet, their position in the centre is not so remarkable as would at first appear. Each house is reached by a ladder leading to a narrow staging, which subtends the side on which the entrance is made. The door itself is barely three feet high, so that it is not easy to pass through it. Once within, if more persons than one move about at the same time, so unstable are the foundations that the dwelling sways violently to and fro, and is in danger of capsizing altogether. The inhabitants of the villages are of a low type, driven to this precarious mode of living by fear of the surrounding tribes, and gaining a scanty subsistence on the fish they catch in the lake.

From the eastern side of the Denham Waters runs Porto Novo lagoon, on the north bank of which the town of that name is situated. Porto Novo was originally a Portuguese settlement, but their authority declining, the French, in 1883, made it into a protectorate of their own. The factories there employ about twenty-five Europeans, of whom fifteen are Frenchmen and eight are Germans. The population of the native district, which covers a large area and comprises many villages, is estimated at 30,000. King Toffa is the present monarch, and he reigns over the natives with a sway independent of the French. The inhabitants of the town are described by a resident Frenchman as ugly, lazy, pilfering, cowardly, and 'abrutis par l'alcool.' Small steamers with a draught of only a few feet, on account of the shallow water, run from Porto Novo to Lagos along the narrow lagoon parallel to the coast, a distance of eighty miles, which it takes them a day to accomplish. On the way lies the English town of Badagry, where customs are exacted on vessels passing either way.

Throughout the extent of the coast of Dahomey—thirty-five miles in length—the lagoons and rivers find only two exits into the sea: one at Lagos, and the other at Great Popo. This causes the level of the inland waterways to be practically unaffected by the tides,

/

which on this coast vary only a few feet in height. Occasionally, after very heavy rains, the bank which separates the lagoon from the sea at Kotonou breaks down, and is the cause of considerable inconvenience. The level of the Denham Waters sinks at once; navigation, even in shallow canoes, becomes extremely difficult; and villages which before were on the margin of the lake suddenly find themselves some two or three miles from it. The occurrence is especially a misfortune for Kotonou, as, apart from the interruption of traffic on the lagoons, the freshwater fish which are washed down from the lake attract a large number of sharks, which, as soon as the supply decreases, return with renewed gusto to their feast of human flesh.

As there is no fodder fit for horses in the marshy country of which Dahomey chiefly consists, the only method of travelling—other than by water—is in hammock. For this purpose six to twelve natives (according to the distance to be covered) are required, so as to allow of frequent relief. Two bearers at a time carry the hammock-pole on their heads. A trot is kept up incessantly, whether on slippery mud or yielding sand, the bearers relieving each other at very short intervals, without altering the pace. When a river has to be crossed, if the water is up to their necks, all the bearers mass together and carry their charge clear of the water on their upraised hands. If it is too deep to wade, a temporary raft is made, behind which they swim, and propel it to the opposite shore. The bearers will sing during the whole journey, and at the end of a hard day's work, instead of retiring to rest, will sit up dancing and singing into the early hours of the morning, as though they had undergone no exertion whatever. The motion of the hammock is at first disagreeable, but one soon gets accustomed to it, and even to enjoy it. In fact, a French traveller in Dahomey, who has had a large experience of it, declares that he prefers it to any mode of locomotion in practice in Europe. Like many habits and customs acquired in Africa, hammock-travelling seems to seize upon the imagination of the exhausted European, and to occupy it to the exclusion of all other methods, however acceptable they may formerly have been.

The country of Dahomey derives its title from a king's palace of the same name. The origin of the word is not to be found, as one would naturally expect, in the name of the founder, Daho, but in that of his rival, Danh. It is a corruption of 'Danh-homen,' 'Danh's belly,' and the story is as follows. Daho was one of three sons, who, on the death of their father, King of Ardrah (the modern Allada in Dahomey), divided the kingdom between them, Daho receiving the most northerly portion. Being an enterprising young prince, and coveting the country of his neighbour Danh, King of Gedavin, he applied for leave to build a house on the outskirts of his land. Permission being granted, Daho was emboldened to make further requests, till, after an unblushing demand from him for some land

1

close to the capital itself, Danh's patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed, 'Must I open my belly for you to build upon?' On hearing this Daho declared himself insulted, and, leading his army against Danh, defeated and slew him, and raised a palace where he fell, thus fulfilling as literally as possible the intention which his rival had in his anger ascribed to him.

From this time the kingdom of Dahomey—owing, no doubt, to its healthier position on high ground beyond the marshy district of the coastline—grew in size and power, and in 1724 the fourth king of the dynasty began a series of conquests by attacking and overthrowing the King of Ardrah and annexing his territory. This career of victory, maintained by his successors, culminated in the reign of the present king's grandfather, Gezo, who occupied the throne from 1818 to 1858, and raised the power of Dahomey to its greatest height, even succeeding in making Ashantee, its most powerful rival, pay tribute. The prosperity of the Dahomans at this time was in reality due to the slave trade, in the pursuit of which they purposely provoked the neighbouring countries to fight them, their only term for war being significantly 'a man-hunting expedition.' It was King Gezo who reorganised and brought into prominence the Amazonian force, to whose prowess he attributed all his successes.

Gezo was succeeded by his son Gelélé, who died as recently as December 1889. His principal exploit was the capture of the Egba town of Ishagga in 1862; but all attempts on Abbeokuta were repulsed with loss, and with the abolition of the slave trade the prosperity of the kingdom began to decline. This decadence is also attributed to depopulation owing to the large proportion of unmarried women. One-fourth of the female infants are married only to the fetish, while the remainder are at the absolute disposal of the king. From these he selects the most promising for the Amazonian force, which is supposed to number between 3,000 and 4,000. As the Amazons are strictly celibate, this represents, at the rate of four children each, a loss of some 14,000 in the population. The force, however, with regard to personal courage, fully justify the high opinion entertained of them by their king. Here is a description of some manœuvres executed by them at the order of the late King Gelélé in the presence of a French missionary, who gives the account:

Towards noon the king summoned me to the military parade-ground to witness a display given by the Amazons, to show their bravery. About a hundred people were already assembled round the king under a fine tent. When I arrived the prince rose at once and came to meet me, and made me sit for a short time at his side. Then, taking my hand, he led me in person to examine the military preparations. In a space set apart for the manœuvres a rampart had been erected, not of earth, but of bundles of prickly thorns, 400 yards long by eighteen feet broad

and six feet high. Forty paces beyond the rampart, and parallel to it, rose the framework of a building of the same length as the rampart, but fifteen feet wide and fifteen feet high. Its two sloping roofs were also covered with a dense layer of prickly shrubs. Fifteen yards beyond this strange building came a row of huts. The whole was in imitation of a fortified town, the storming of which would cost many lives. The Amazons, with their bare feet, were to scale the rampart three times, descend into the empty space which stood for the fosse, climb up the building which represented a bristling citadel, and take the town, counterfeited by the huts. Twice driven back by the enemy, they were at the third assault to be victorious, and, as a proof of their success, to drag their prisoners with them and throw them at their monarch's feet. The first one to surmount all the obstacles was to receive the reward of her bravery from the king's own hands; 'for,' he said to me, 'military prowess is with us the chief of virtues.'

The king then gives the order for the attack. Immediately operations commence. The whole company examine the position of the town they are to take. They advance stooping down, or almost crawling, so as not to be seen by the enemy. Arms are lowered and the strictest silence is observed. In the second reconnaissance the Amazons advance upright, and with heads erect. Two hundred out of the total of 3,000 carry, instead of muskets, large cutlasses mounted like razors, which they wield with both hands, and which with one blow will cut a man in two at the waist. At present these women keep their weapons closed.

In the third stage all are drawn up in their proper places and in martial array, with raised arms and open cutlasses. Whilst marching past the king many of them express their devotion to him, and pledge themselves to gain the victory. At length they are massed in battle array before the object of assault. The king rises, and putting himself at the head of the companies encourages them with an address; then at a given signal they hurl themselves with indescribable fury against the cactus rampart, surmount it, leap on to the thorn-covered building, jump down again as if thrust back by an opposing force, and return three times to the charge, all with such precipitation that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. They scrambled over the thorn-protected obstacles with as much ease as a dancer glides over a polished floor, and yet they were treading with bare feet upon the prickly cactus points.

At the first assault it happened that when the more courageous ones had already reached the summit of the building, a woman who was on the edge of it fell to the ground from a height of fifteen feet, and remained seated on it, wringing her hands. Some of her companions were urging her to make another attempt, when the king came up unexpectedly, and reproached her with angry tone and flashing eyes. The poor creature jumped up at once as if electrified, rejoined the attack, and carried off the first prize. It is impossible to depict all the striking features of the scene.

Although horses thrive very well in the high country near Abomey, and are owned by most of the officers in both the ordinary army and the Amazonian force, they are not used in war, but only make their appearance in great state pageants. The saddles are merely gaily coloured cloths, on which, in exact contrariety to the European custom, the Amazons ride astride, while the men sit in side-saddle fashion. Both sexes are lifted on and off by attendants, who accompany them, leading the animal—which is never allowed to go above a walk—and steady them in their precarious position. Even the king cuts but a poor figure on horseback, hugging as he does a tall groom round the neck, while another supports him by putting his

1

arm round his waist, and a score more crowd round in sufficient numbers to carry him, horse and all, should the necessity arise. The rider himself wears an anxious and preoccupied look, which he is seldom able to banish till once more restored to *terra firma*. With so little equestrian aptitude, one is not surprised to learn that the late king, having on one occasion purchased a silk handkerchief with a representation of the Derby depicted on it, sent for an Englishman to expound the strange scene, asking whether men really ever dared to ride at such a perilous pace, and by what wonderful means they managed to maintain their seat upon the horse.

In battle array the Amazons occupy the centre and the men soldiers the two wings. The Dahoman method of warfare is one of surprise, the king, in order to prevent the secret oozing out, telling no one the town against which he is leading them. The strictest silence is maintained, and great distances are travelled with marvellous expedition. The attack is always made in the early hours of the morning, the Dahomans using their firearms as little as possible, the object being to capture, not to kill. Of the captives, the men grace the following customs, when some are executed and others reprieved and made slaves; the women become attendants in the quarters of the Amazons.

It may seem curious that even at the height of their power the kings of Dahomey never attempted an exclusive occupation of any of the towns on the coast line. They contented themselves with reserving the right of embarkation for their goods, and the power to collect the port dues. The reason for this abstinence is a tradition handed down to them, forbidding the people of Dahomey from having anything to do with the sea. The injunction may have originated in the wisdom of the founder of the kingdom, who understood how injurious to the martial spirit of the country would be contact with European civilisation and the peaceful influences of commerce. But whatever may have given rise to it, the kings of Dahomey have always respected the tradition. They have tolerated the protectorate of the Portuguese at Whydah, the French at Porto Novo, and the Germans at Great Popo, merely retaining representatives at these towns to collect the tolls and customs. But they have consistently opposed themselves to any total annexation of these ports by a European power, and it was a want of recognition of this fact by France which gave rise to the present trouble.

The quarrel commenced in 1886. In that year the French, roused by the action of the Portuguese in proclaiming a protectorate of the coast of Dahomey—a position from which they had to retire in 1887, for want of an armed force to maintain it—made Kotonou and Porto Novo (over which they already exercised a protectorate), French dependencies under the Governor of Senegal. Kotonou had long been coveted by them as a port for Porto Novo, the only other

place at which goods from that town could be shipped being Lagos, where English customs would have to be paid. As far back as 1868 the French induced King Gelélé to sign a treaty ceding to them the territory of Kotonou. In this treaty, which was drawn up and witnessed by the French Consul at Whydah, assisted by a French merchant, the king is made to declare that out of a feeling of pure friendship ('dans son désir de donner une preuve d'amitié à sa Majesté l'Empereur des Français') he is willing to make over to him the territory of Kotonou, together with the duties and customs appertaining thereto. In return for this munificent present the French felt that they need offer nothing more than an expression of their gracious acceptance of it, 'in the interests of commerce.' It is difficult to believe that the framers of the treaty really thought it was in human nature to relinquish a valuable property without any corresponding advantage to be gained by it, apart from the fact that the kings of Dahomey have always been notorious for an easy compliance in entering into compacts, which is only equalled by the readiness with which they break them as soon as they find the conditions becoming irksome to them. It is to the credit of the late emperor's sagacity that he was not deceived by the king's apparent willingness to sign the treaty, and replied to him thanking him for the offer of the territory, but stating that he did not feel himself justified in effecting the proposed occupation, and that the king should go on collecting the duties and customs as before.

The French entrenched themselves behind this treaty, which they hunted out of the state archives, when in 1886 they made Kotonou and Porto Novo into colonial dependencies and increased their garrisons at both places. Their vigorous assumption of authority encouraged Toffa, king of the native district of Porto Novo, to refuse to pay tribute to the King of Dahomey, which his predecessors had done for many years. He even went so far as to prevent Dahomans engaged in trade with the English at Lagos from passing through his territory, a course of conduct which drew upon him an armed remonstrance from the English governor of that colony. King Gelélé was greatly enraged against Toffa on this account, and attributing his action to the influence of the French, he demanded in April of 1889 the withdrawal of their garrison from Kotonou, and disavowed the treaty which they claimed, while he led an expedition against Toffa, and, having put him to flight, burnt his villages to the ground. A panic among the inhabitants of the town resulted from this raid, and the administrator telegraphed to Gaboon, the nearest French settlement with an adequate garrison, for troops to be sent to Porto Novo and Kotonou, which was also threatened. The authorities at home were now alarmed, and in order to afford the new colonies full freedom of action against the Dahomans, they detached them from the control of Senegal, and made them into an independent province,

under the title of Benin. M. Bayol was sent out as governor of the province, and was also charged with a mission to King Gelélé, to attempt to procure the cession of Kotonou on peaceful terms. As Kotonou is second only to Whydah in its revenue derived from customs, the failure of the mission, to any one acquainted with the trade of the coast, was a foregone conclusion, and the treatment of M. Bayol at the capital, Abomey, where he was detained against his wishes, and made the unwilling spectator of the execution of two hundred of King Toffa's followers, captured by the Dahomans, is well known.¹

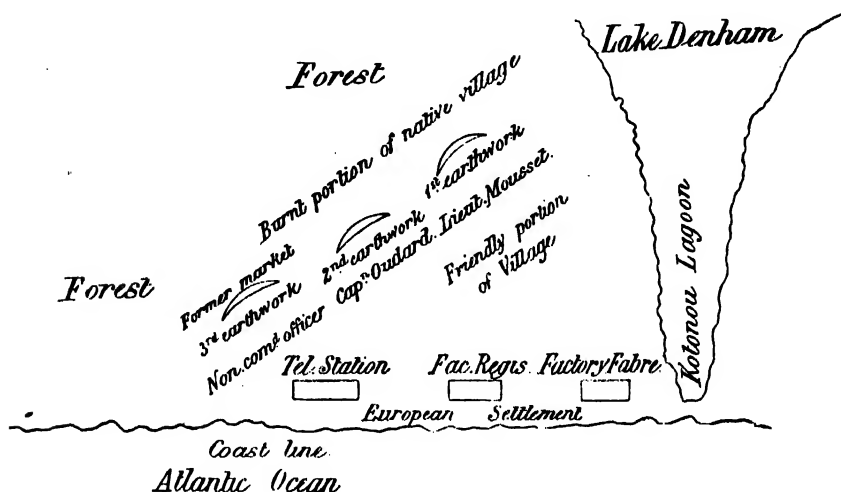
In December 1889, shortly after M. Bayol returned to Kotonou from Abomey, meditating his revenge on Gelélé, that monarch died, bequeathing his legacy of enmity to his son Koudo, who ascended the throne under the title of King Benazin, to which was soon added the 'strong' name of 'Osu Bowélé' (king shark)—a term among the Dahomans expressive of the highest admiration, as signifying the ease with which he would swallow up his enemies. Benazin's first act was to seize a dozen French traders, resident at Whydah, and carry them off as hostages into the interior. He then made preparations to recover Kotonou by force from the French, and for this purpose ordered the inhabitants of the native village at that place—the larger portion of which were his subjects—to hold themselves in readiness to help him in the assault of the European settlement.

Meanwhile, the French had not been idle. The garrison at Kotonou had been augmented to one hundred and fifty men, Houssas and Senegalese sharpshooters, and a few French artillerymen in charge of two field-pieces and two Hotchkiss guns. The force was under the command of three white officers—General Terrillon, Captain Oudard, and Lieutenant Mousset. M. Bayol, in his capacity of governor, had, in spite of the protest of the superintendent (who wished to remain neutral in the matter), authorised the general to take possession of the telegraph station, on the balcony of which the two Hotchkiss guns were mounted, while the officers and artillerymen took up their quarters in the building. After some preliminary skirmishes in the bush and a sharp engagement near the town of Zobbo, on the banks of Lake Denham, the portion of the native village of Kotonou favourable to the King of Dahomey was attacked and burnt to the ground, and the chiefs taken prisoners as a set-off to the French hostages held by the Dahomans. The portion nearest to the European settlement, consisting of mulattoes and native traders, whose sympathies went with the French, was then protected by a line of three earthworks, which also included the factories and the

¹ At the time of the raid on Porto Novo, when the Dahoman army was in the neighbourhood of Kotonou, the two French telegraph clerks there had been taken by force from the station and obliged to witness a parade of the king's forces, though on this occasion the display was, fortunately, unaccompanied by the shedding of human blood.

telegraph station. Lieutenant Mousset, with one field-piece, was in charge of the most northerly fort, Captain Oudard of the centre one, and a non-commissioned officer of the third, which was raised on the site of the demolished market-place. The rear of the tract under defence was protected on one side by the lagoon, and on the other by the sea. Thus secured, the French waited in confidence for the assault.

It came, as usual, in the form of a surprise. In the early hours



of the morning of the 4th of March, the occupants of the station were aroused by firing at the earthworks. All were astir at once, and the artillery sergeant who worked the field-piece at the farthest fort, and who, by some relaxation of discipline, was sleeping at the station, hurried out to his charge, but was intercepted by a detachment of Amazons who had broken through the lines, and killed before the soldiers at the station could render him assistance, though they arrived in time to prevent the decapitation and mutilation of the corpse. The fight then became very severe, the French troops being at a disadvantage in this warfare in the dark. In fact, they were so hard pressed that the men in the pits had to club their rifles, and even then they could not prevent a number of Amazons joining those already within the lines in their attack upon the telegraph station. Matters grew very critical when the gunner in charge of the two Hotchkiss guns was killed, and the guns were silent while a successor was being obtained. At this time the superintendent of the station, who had wisely purchased two Winchester rifles and ammunition from one of the factories a few days previously, was foremost with his companion in repelling the attack, in which endeavour they were assisted by two French ladies, the wife of one of them and her friend, who bore themselves with all the courage of

their sex when face to face with danger. However, the Hotchkiss guns were soon in full play again, and as the morning broke, and the heavy white miasmatic mists, which lie like a pall at night over this fever-breeding coast, slowly rolled away, the attacking party of Amazons, 'magnificent creatures, who fought like wild beasts and were worth ten men,' were subjected to such a terrible fire that they had at length to retire, leaving more than half their comrades beneath the walls of the station. But the fusillade from without the lines was kept up for some time as briskly as ever, repeated attacks being made with the utmost intrepidity upon the men entrenched behind the earthworks. At length, towards nine o'clock, the firing grew more slack, and the superintendent, who with his companion had shot 500 rounds between them, took advantage of the lull to go down into the office and telegraph the state of affairs to the authorities at Gaboon and Senegal. With the Hotchkiss guns thundering on the balcony above, and the hail of bullets rattling on the corrugated iron sides of the station, it may be imagined that their task was not an easy one, and the small spot of light from the mirror-speaking instrument danced madly over the darkened scale, like a mocking demon bent on thwarting their designs. However, the work was at length accomplished, and by 10 o'clock when they returned to the balcony the firing had ceased and all was quiet.

It soon became evident that the Dahomans, according to their usual custom when successfully repulsed, had given up all thoughts of a second assault, and had quietly decamped. Some 200 flintlocks and a large number of cutlasses, the weapons of a special company of Amazons, were picked up on the field, and recognised by the agents of the factories as such as they had been in the habit of supplying to the natives.² After this repulse, General Terrillon thought that King Benazin would perhaps be more inclined to treat, and sent a messenger to him with pacific proposals, but only received the following reply from the proud young monarch: 'A king does not treat except with kings.' This messenger brought the news that the Dahomans were concentrating their forces against Porto Novo, and as a despatch boat had just arrived with reinforcements, the general started off with a detachment of them for that town, leaving a garrison of 200 men at Kotonou.

From Porto Novo an expedition was sent up the river Whimi, in the course of which six Dahoman villages were destroyed, but at the cost of both the junior French officers, Captain Oudard being killed before one of the villages, whilst Lieutenant Mousset fell dead of sunstroke in the midst of an engagement. Meantime the King of Dahomey had been gathering his forces together for a great effort,

² As a proof of the unhealthiness of the climate, it may be mentioned that within only a few months five of these traders' clerks, out of a total of nine, died of fever, Factory Regis being at this time left without a single white man.

and on the 21st of April a French reconnoitring party of 400 men were suddenly attacked by him at the head of 5,000 troops near the village of Atchoupa, and after a stubborn contest in which the French had four killed and fifty wounded, while their opponents lost 300, General Terrillon, who was himself suffering from sunstroke, determined to fall back on Porto Novo. The town was at once surrounded by a force of 2,000 Amazons and 4,000 men, but reinforcements were sent up from Kotonou, where the French gunboats landed them, in such numbers that the king abandoned the investment, and retired towards his capital, which he was all the more willing to do on hearing that his enemy M. Bayol had been recalled.

On his way to Abomey King Benazin released the twelve French hostages, after granting them a royal interview. They had undergone some trying experiences, an account of which has been given by one of them, M. Chaudoin, of the factory of Fabre & Co., Whydah. Early in February, hearing the king was sending to seize all the Frenchmen in Whydah, they assembled in the Fabre factory, twelve in number—of whom two were missionaries—and fortified it against the enemy. They were soon surrounded, but the Dahomans being unable to take it by force, attempted treachery, and by means of a Portuguese half-caste, secretary to the king, induced them to leave the building. They were at once seized, dragged before a black tribunal, ill-treated by their jailers, and despatched in chains on the road to Abomey. Halting at Allada for the night, the next morning they were taken out of the dark hut in which they had been confined, and were amazed to find themselves in the presence of the Dahoman army.

We saw before us (M. Chaudoin writes) at least 15,000 men, drawn up in battle array in a triple circle of huge circumference, motionless, and so silent that, although within a hundred yards of our prison, we had no idea of their being there. There could be no questioning the fact that they were fine fellows, robust and full of muscle, their ebony features showing in strong relief against their white flowing robes.

Of the Amazons he is most enthusiastic.

Old or young, plain or handsome, they are all alike marvellous to see; as full of muscle as the male warriors, their attitude is as well disciplined and correct, and the leaders at the head of each column are easily recognised by their rich attire and resolute air.

The Frenchmen were led through the triple circle—which was immense and without a single break, while beyond it stood a vast crowd, silent and awestruck—into the presence of the king, with whom M. Chaudoin was very favourably impressed.

He is about forty years of age, and an admirable type of the negro. With a good figure, though only of medium stature, he has an open and intelligent face and a frank expression, and does not wear any of the tawdry finery generally

associated with negro sovereigns. He is dressed in the plain and sensible costume of his warriors, and his attitude is proud and dignified. We feel that we are in the presence of a man and not of a grotesque monkey. He has a clear deep voice, and articulates his words distinctly.

After asking his prisoners if they were tired and would not like something—though nothing appears to have been offered them—they were told to sit down, which they had to do two in a chair, a position somewhat uncomfortable and undignified, though not necessarily degrading, for in Dahomey no one is allowed to sit in a chair at all in public except the sovereign, and at state receptions such accommodation is consequently rare. The king then made them a speech, in which he said that France and Dahomey had been on friendly terms for more than a century, and would still have been so had not Bayol, 'the traitor,' come to the coast and stirred up a quarrel. He concluded by requesting them to write to 'King' Carnot asking for Bayol to be given up to him, and he would be rejoiced to renew their friendly relations. The French prisoners, having promised to do so, were set at liberty and reached Whydah on the 5th of May, while the king and his army fell back to Abomey.

Shortly after he arrived there, the French, thoroughly tired of a war in so insalubrious a climate, sent an envoy to him with pacific proposals, and 6,000 francs' worth of presents. Their emissary was a black trader with no very high character on the coast—a reason, perhaps, why his efforts were not attended with success. The king himself has been busy in another quarter. Possessed of a vigorous personality, and regarding his action against the French as resulting in victory rather than defeat, in spite of the close proximity of their troops he has just made a raid against his father's old enemies, the Abbeokutans, whom he has defeated, carrying off 1,000 prisoners. Many of these will doubtless grace the following customs, which have obtained such a world-wide notoriety. As a matter of fact, they are little worse than public executions with the guillotine, and death is in all cases instantaneous. The kings themselves take no pleasure in the butchery which the gross superstitions of their subjects demand. Those who are doomed suffer but little mental distress. Their dulled intelligences are absolutely incapable of realising by anticipation the fate in store for them. Victims, on the very morning on which they are to die, and in full sight of the execution-place, are well known to laugh and talk as heartily as the spectators; while even those who are bound and gagged sway their heads to and fro in time to the music, and smile with as much expression as the unfortunate contortion of their features will allow. Why should they worry about the future? As long as the sun shines on them and the band makes music in the ears, let them enjoy themselves, even if their heads are to part company with their bodies in one short hour's time.

On the failure of the coloured envoy's mission to the king of Dahomey, M. Siciliano, a former resident on the coast, was entrusted with the task of arranging the peace. M. Siciliano's action was hampered, it appears, by the admiral in command of the French gun-boats off Kotonou. The officers of the troops ashore, anxious no doubt to see a little active service, were no more ready than the admiral to render assistance to M. Siciliano in his undertaking. Yet, in spite of the unsettled state of affairs at the time, the garrison was withdrawn from Kotonou on the 28th of June, and the lives and fortunes of the white inhabitants entrusted to the care of ten black soldiers to protect them against the victorious thousands of Dahomey, should King Benazin feel inclined to make a second assault on the settlement. Matters, however, soon became too critical to be left to arrange themselves. Trade was at a standstill; the villages in the native district of Porto Novo, which were destroyed last year by King Gelélé, were still untenanted; the smaller traders were leaving the European town. Unless things were speedily arranged, it seemed as if the commercial vitality of Porto Novo would be completely undermined, and the prestige of the French receive a serious blow; for the surrounding tribes think that, by opening negotiations and sending presents to the king of Dahomey, the French acknowledged their defeat. It was determined to send out fresh troops, to start in three divisions from Whydah, Grand Popo, and Porto Novo respectively, and to carry the war into the enemy's country. It is always difficult to predict the issue of a conflict, however insignificant; but, if the French are bent on reaching Abomey and punishing the king in his own capital, they will find the task no easy one. Apart from the fighting powers of the men soldiers and Amazons, by no means to be despised even by European forces, Abomey is equally well protected by miles of unhealthy malarial district between it and the coast, and by the great Agrimé swamp, which even in the dry season is very difficult to cross. The French may come to realise the difficulties of the task and abandon their project; but if they are really in earnest, one of their most formidable opponents will prove to be this great natural barrier before the capital of Dahomey.

ARCHER P. CROUCH.

*IN DEFENCE OF DOMESTIC SERVICE:**A REPLY.*

Is domestic service, indeed, such a bad business as Mrs. Darwin's sympathetic article upon it in the August number of this Review would lead us to believe?

For, to put it shortly, the following is the substance of the article in question:—

'The domestic servant has only become such under the pressure of necessity. She lives an isolated life, cut off from the healthy interests and hopes and affections belonging to her class, a life which tends to deteriorate her character and rob her of the virtues proper to her kind—that is, of independence, of vigour, of high standards of action. She is tyrannised over by the bad mistress, regarded with apprehensiveness, if not suspicion, by the ordinary well-meaning mistress; sometimes, indeed, she may find a patron, but rarely a friend. Such are the disadvantages of the life; the advantages are merely superficial—a servant learns to be clean and polite and outwardly refined. Let us, in the name of all true philanthropy, as well as in self-interest, do our utmost to mitigate these evils; to remove them is out of our power.'

We have no wish to shut our eyes to the faults of any system, however widely accepted, or however necessary to our comforts, but, surely this cannot be called a fair presentment of the life of a domestic servant in such households as those of which the writer is speaking.

Every life has its evil tendencies; and most have tendencies to isolation on one side or another. But in domestic service I would submit that these tendencies are by no means unusually marked; and that the calling is rich in possibilities, and actually fruitful of great good. No doubt domestic service, like every other way of life, has '*le défaut de ses qualités*;' but it is not composed of '*défauts*' alone. It has its '*qualités*,' and they are great.

Before entering on the discussion, I would put in one word in favour of the poor individual who comes off so badly at our writer's hands—the mistress who tries to do her duty by her servants.

One may, I think, fairly judge of the matter from the unconstrained talk of servants with whom one has made friends apart from any official relation. One certainly does not gather from their conversation on the subject that their mistress regards them with apprehension, watches their movements and haunts their leisure. On the contrary it is often delightful to hear of the friendly personal interest the mistresses take in their servants, and of the many little acts, not of patronage, but of friendship and of confidence, which they perform towards them. Not that this is in any way more than their duty; but it shows a far different ideal from that commented on by Mrs. Darwin as the usually accepted one.

Of course it is undeniably in the power of an unkindly woman to make the life of her servants miserable as long as they choose to stay with her. This power springs from the very closeness of the relation; and the children of such a woman would be still more to be pitied. But in such a case, as things are at present constituted, the remedy of the servant lies in her own hands. The demand for servants is far greater than the supply, and it is incredibly easy for any one who has not been guilty of a breach of honesty, or sobriety, or such requisite virtues, to get situation after situation. For example, at this moment I have before me the case of a girl of sixteen who was dismissed after six weeks in her first place on account of inefficiency; obtained another in less than a fortnight; was sent away after three months with a character for laziness added to her former shortcomings; obtained a third situation; lost it for the same faults, and for forgetfulness as well; and is now in a fourth. And be it noted that she had no influence to help her, and that each time she received an increase of wages. Of course such a case is exceptional; but it is a sign of the state of the market.

And again, surely we misconceive the relation of servant to mistress, if we think that the former considers 'that her subordination in work to her mistress extends to her character and her life.' Hardly a mistress—certainly not the well-intentioned ones of whom we speak—would demand such a thing; and it would be difficult to find a servant who would acquiesce in it. Again, I would appeal to those who know servants in their homes, on a friendly footing, as to whether they take this view of their relation to their mistress. It is false independence, which refuses to regard the mistress as a friend or an adviser, and not servile dependence which mars the career of the majority of failures.

:

Let us now consider the first statement that the profession is a matter of necessity and not of choice—the last resort of those who have hunted vainly in our overcrowded labour-market for some other opening, and are reduced to earn a livelihood in what way they can, even though the profession may be comparatively deteriorating and

isolating. If we consider the individual career of servants, the matter will, I think, bear a very different face.

An ordinary country girl who goes to service at fourteen or fifteen generally looks for no other line of life—or, rather, her parents settle the matter, and she acquiesces in it as contentedly as the average boy acquiesces in going to school. She has been brought up from her earliest years to look to service as her future career, and, in most instances, is thoroughly pleased to leave school and home—even a good home—and see a little of the world. She takes for granted that she will follow the calling her mother probably followed before her, and is pleased with the thought of it. It could hardly be said to be a fair statement of the matter, that she chooses domestic service for her profession under the pressure of necessity.

The case of town girls, especially London girls, is very different. They have so much independence of action that it would be a rare instance of compulsion on the one side and obedience on the other, if a girl who wished to take to another calling entered on domestic service at her parent's desire. When this happens, the girl mostly remains in service only a year or two and then takes to business instead. Of course occasionally service has to be resorted to on account of poverty. But work-girls can keep themselves on six to seven shillings a week, and would in the rarest instances resort to service if they had any real distaste for it.

It is not often that any special profession rouses lively enthusiasm in those of the working class who undertake it. But instances are found which prove that domestic service is fully capable of evoking such enthusiasm in the minds of some servants.

But whether the profession is a matter of necessity or choice, we are bound to consider the conditions under which it is carried on. Is it true that, in taking service, a girl becomes an exile from her family and her class, resigning the natural life of close and intimate intercourse with them?

If so, it would become the duty of every genuine philanthropist to dissuade any one from taking service who could earn a livelihood by other means. For every such genuine philanthropist is trying to strengthen family ties to the utmost, believing more and more that it is through these natural channels, above all, that moral good will flow, and that little can be done where the ties of blood are weak. Much of the so-called hardness of the Charity Organisation Society proceeds from the fact that they will not run the risk of supplanting these natural ties, by supplying the need of them where they fail in their function.

What, then, we are bound to ask ourselves, is possible to the working-classes in the way of close, intimate family life? And is domestic service an agency for the weakening of family affection? If so, in the name of all humanity let us deliver ourselves over to

ill-cooked dinners and badly-swept houses, to the reign of daily charwomen who live at home, or turn to ourselves at household tasks, before we help to support such a merciless destroyer of happiness.

But let us consider first the country girl, for in all these ways the two classes of town and country are very distinct. It is evident, to begin with, that she must leave home for want of accommodation; for the growing sons, for the most part, live at home and work with the father. This necessity need not be laid to the door of domestic service. It is only in the comparatively rare cases of village industries, or of villages within walking distance of a town, that the girls can live at home and earn their livelihood. And it needs little experience of such places to know what a deplorable state of things often exists in consequence. Few people would deny that it is incomparably better for village girls not to live at home, for these reasons if for no other.

And if the girls leave home, it makes, in most cases, little difference whether they go to business or to service, so far as seeing their family is concerned. The expense of journeys is likely to be more easily borne by a servant than by a workwoman, and expense, not time, would be the primary difficulty with both. So that, as far as the class of country servants is concerned (and this from a large proportion of the class), we may consider domestic service to be free from the reproach of requiring an unusual isolation from family life.

With town girls it is often desirable, for moral or for sanitary reasons, that they should leave home. But even if this were not so, they usually refuse to go into any place which is not within easy distance of home. With London girls it is often next to impossible to persuade them to take service in the country, however desirable it would be for reasons of health or other reasons. They thus frequently manage to see their families once every fortnight, if not oftener, and on their free day each month as well as on their longer holidays.

Such an amount of intercourse can hardly be called isolation. Most men and many women of the upper classes do not see their relations at such frequent intervals; and with the uneducated a long period of leisure spent at home would be less productive of pleasure than frequent opportunities of an hour or two's talk.

And to this intercourse—thanks to advancing education—must be added intercourse by means of letters. Almost every girl of decent ability can write a good letter nowadays; many of them are very fond of letter-writing, and do it descriptively and well. One may learn sometimes to know girls more intimately by corresponding with them than by talk face to face. They feel that a letter brings them close to their correspondent. 'I was feeling lonely, but when your letter come out to me in the kitchen, I didn't feel lonely then.' 'I feel when I write as I can tell you everything just like as if I was talking to you.'

I have emphasised this point because all mention of it was omitted from the article in question. And it forms a most important and satisfactory channel of intercourse; the servant at a distance is kept *au fait* with even the minute doings of her family and small circle by means of the penny post, and in her turn tells all her news.

And again, just as stone walls and iron bars do not make imprisonment to the free soul, so absence does not cause isolation to the affectionate one. On the contrary, it is sadly true that 'entanglements, weights, blows and clashings' far more frequently occur among members of the same family who live at home, than among those who are at a distance for the greater part of their time. And they are not 'fallings out which all the more endear.' It is very difficult, as the members of a family grow to manhood and womanhood, to keep the peace among the varied dispositions, tempers, and habits. Many homes that are prosperous and respectable, and bear no sign of domestic broils to the outsider, have within them a root of bitterness that one learns of only by intimacy. And in working-class homes, want of space and occasional want of means emphasise and increase the want of temper.

Looking at the question generally, it is the natural thing as each unit grows to an age of discretion and possible independence, that to a great extent the life must be lived independently. This is difficult to compass in a narrow dwelling. And the age of discretion and independence is reached far earlier by the children of the working classes than by those of the upper classes. Loves become severed; ties of duty fall into disregard through a sense of tyranny or injustice; and finally the home is left, not with tears of affection, but with the dry eyes of alienation. Of course there are cases of passionate devotion to home, but they are not very frequent. And in most cases there is, with the young, the healthy though unromantic desire, springing from no lack of genuine dutifulness and affection, to get into the world and into independence.

We should, therefore, rather ask whether absence from home does, in the class we are speaking of, produce isolation from home interests and affections, and I think the answer would be an emphatic denial. If servants as a class were to be tested as to devoted home affection, a sense of duty of kith and kin, amounting at times to a magnificent self-denial, I believe they would be found to stand very high. One would infer from what one knows that a far larger proportion of the wages of servants finds its way to the pockets of aged parents, or poverty-stricken relations, than of the earnings of single work-women.

One hears of a servant paying half her wages to support an orphan nephew; of two sisters taking places in the same household so as to manage with one Sunday jacket between them, and send more money home. And these are not isolated instances; the tradition of

the class is all in favour of home affection and home duty. And here it may be said, in vindication of the average mistress, that she is generally really anxious to forward her servants' intercourse with home; that she encourages and welcomes visits from their relations. Of course incalculably more might be done by the average mistress in getting to know her servants' family and home; but the ideal is right.

As regards the further question of isolation not from their family only, but from the social life of the rank to which they belong, one would again be inclined to say that the case had been overstated. 'A servant's intercourse with the outer world,' so runs our article, 'must be fitted into two or three hours on the Sunday; and perhaps an hour or two in the week.' But what of the tradesmen—the milkman, the butcher, the baker, and the rest of them—who call every day and bring all the news there is, and a good deal that there is not, and establish a wholesome friendly relation for the most part in the kitchen. This intercourse is very genuine and not superficial; for it is by no means an out-of-the-way thing for a housemaid to marry the baker's or the grocer's man.

And besides these daily glimpses of life, almost every servant—even if her home is not near—has as friends one or two families, as well as one or two servants of other households, with whom she goes shopping and takes tea on her afternoons out, and in whose affairs she has the warmest interest.

And—more important still—there are comparatively few servants who do not possess 'a friend' with whom they walk—the genteel euphemism for the young man with whom they keep company. The 'prentice and the maid' continue to have a happy time of it. And here, again, I would venture to deny the reproach cast on well-meaning mistresses as to their attitude towards such forms of society. Mistresses who are trying to do their duty by their servants would not take up an attitude of apprehension, suspicion, and seclusion, and would in particular be glad to know that any servant in their house had one respectable young man who would walk with her and see her home in the evening; and would be glad to grant the requested permission to have him now and again to tea in the kitchen or servants' hall. In all these ways, the servants of an average household would have hardly made fewer social acquaintances and interests than the inmates of well-conducted, respectable working-class homes—which, indeed, are not remarkable for eager cultivation of their neighbours' society.

To proceed to the second point of reproach—the tendency to deterioration of character produced by domestic service.

Each sort of life has its special temptation; and domestic service is not exempt from this law. But a most emphatic denial of the

general statement may be based on the fact that, if one finds a working-class home tidy and well-kept, with an obviously high standard of behaviour and respectability, the husband studied, the children neatly clad, well fed, and well loved too—the presumption is largely in favour of the mother's having been in service.

Mrs. Darwin asserts that the gain is only superficial ; but, surely, such homes prove the contrary. Domestic service, looking at it from the economic point of view, tends to raise the standard of comfort of those who are engaged in it ; and such a rise is the one great hope for our overflowing nation of checking improvident marriages and over-population, and, indirectly (by means of combination and increased efficiency), of raising the rate of wages. And further than this : though cleanliness, politeness, and refinement may in themselves be surface virtues, they are symbols of much more—of a discipline of life which is one of the most necessary aids to the building up of a worthy character. To teach a man or woman to discipline themselves in these matters is to give them the tool necessary for the formation of their own character and career—self-control. A man—especially of the upper classes—may smile and smile and be a villain ; but it is not often that a woman—especially of the working classes—will be clean and polite and refined, and at the same time low or wicked or degraded. If she has learnt to employ self-control in things indifferent, she will be far on the way to employ it in matters which she knows to be vital.

Another of the strongest of testimonies to the value of service in forming a girl's character is the opinion held concerning it by careful mothers, even if they themselves have not been in service. The large majority of them would be glad if their children would take to service rather than to business. Of course, the tendency of the majority of town girls is the other way, and a wise mother will not thwart her child's decided bent ; but the proposition that service is deteriorating to the character would, I venture to say, meet with an astounded denial from these good mothers. One of the best and most affectionate I ever knew, a widow with one little girl and one boy, sent the girl to service at fourteen, though the amount she might have earned at business would have eased the home finances ; but, as she said, 'I'd a deal rather she went to service to a nice place. She'll get good food, and learn good ways there, and grow up the sort of woman I'd like to have her ; and I'd a deal sooner do that, tho' I shall miss her terrible, than run the risk I should if I sent her to business.' For what is the alternative ? For country girls, as we have seen, there is generally no alternative ; but for town girls ? To take it first on the physical side, how do the long hours, the confinement, the cramped position or prolonged standing, the stuffy atmosphere, the inadequate food, compare with the air and the fare of an ordinary servant in such a household as we

are speaking of. On the mental side there is doubtless more change and variety ; we are very inconsiderate of our servants in this respect, and of this more presently. But on the moral side, the foul talk that is forced into the ears of the majority of young girls who go to business, the black stories they hear, the evil words, the bad novelettes, the fierce temptations, are difficult to realise. As a young married woman said to me, who had been, as a girl, by no means of a superior standing, 'I went to work for a bit, but I give it up because I couldn't bear the talk. I heard words I couldn't understand, and them young girls talked o' things my mother wouldn't have spoke of for anything.' And then, considering that once a domestic servant is *not* always a domestic servant, and that the majority marry and become wives and mothers, how does this 'business' training compare with the domestic training for the keeping of the home ?

They work all day, come home late at night, too tired to help much in domestic affairs ; their washing is done for them, the cooking of their meals is done for them, they have no real charge of the younger children ; the cutting out and a good deal of the making of their dresses is done for them by their mother, or more generally by their dressmaker.¹ On their free afternoon they do a little marketing, and, of course, lend a hand here and there.

Some are naturally 'domesticated,' and to make a pudding, or sew, or to care for a baby, come as an instinct ; but by far the majority have to learn these after marriage. The authentic case of a woman who never darned her husband's stockings, but pulled the hole together and bound it round with a piece of string, is perhaps an extreme instance of ignorance, but the average level of domestic capacity is deplorably low. The girls and women have never been accustomed to the regular domestic round, and the duties are as irksome as they are unknown.

It is barely necessary to say that such things in a poor home are not external or superficial. The happy-go-lucky household, where everyone is untidy and dirty and honest and affectionate, is certainly to be found, but only rarely ; in the enormous majority of cases a woman will dissolve her closest ties, send her husband to drink and to worse, bring children into the world to a career marred by ignorance and neglect, merely by being a sloven.

Mrs. Darwin says that domestic service isolates a woman from the life of the class in which her future husband is to be found ; if so, it is an isolation for which her future husband has often great reason to be thankful. :

Of course, domestic service may foster tendencies to fastidiousness

¹ The helplessness of the ordinary work-girl in regard to mending and making her own clothes, tasks which would be trifles to a school-girl of twelve or thirteen, is most remarkable and deplorable. For example of the money thus wasted, a girl will give 1s. 4d. for the whole material of a print dress, and 6s. to the dressmaker for making it.

and to false refinement; but these in the workwoman's life may be paralleled by the tendency to give herself airs and to dress showily and extravagantly. Certainly the business girls look down upon the girls in service; the servant is not taught to think herself superior to her home surroundings.

Of course, also, an immense deal more might be done to make domestic service a real training for future home life as a wife and mother. It would be well if more mistresses could see their way to imitate the example of an actual mistress who sees that each servant of hers gets experience of each branch of household work—kitchen, housemaiding, and nursery, with this express purpose. It needs a little arrangement, and the goodwill of the servants is ready for a plan so advantageous to themselves. The kitchenmaid takes a turn for a week now and then to help in the nursery, and the housemaid in the kitchen. In some cases it would be impracticable; but it is of interest to note that in this instance it is actually being put in practice by a successful hostess and careful mother.

Looking at the whole question, no one would deny that domestic servants, like every other class of human beings, have a harder time of it than they ought to have; and every word that recalls us to a sense of our shortcomings is worth speaking. Bad mistresses have it in their power to inflict much suffering; careless mistresses do worse still; and even the best-intentioned are wanting towards their servants, as towards the rest of the world (and perhaps rather more), in considerate individual dealing.

But one would be inclined to say that, on the whole, domestic servants suffer not so much from isolation on the human side, or deterioration on the moral side, as from a lack of intellectual interests and enjoyments. Servants begin the work of life young; and how rarely—from the first day of work to the last—have they any kind of teaching, sacred or secular; and how seldom is any direct effort made to feed their minds and awaken their interest and enjoyment! They have little or no opportunity given them of attending the popular lectures, concerts, classes, entertainments, to which audiences of their own class are every day more earnestly invited and pressed to come.

And therefore, touching the suggestion that two hours' leisure should be given to each servant every day, one would rather urge the supplying of fresh interests and enjoyments as the primary object for which ends leisure should be given; for what would most servants do with two hours' complete leisure in every afternoon or evening—still more in a morning? Except in heavy places, most of them have time in the house for reading and sewing, with only occasional calls on them, such as the door-bell. They do not need or desire exercise, and their visiting-list would have to be deplorably long if they had a sufficient

supply of equally leisured friends—as far as the morning and afternoon are concerned. In the evening, the quieter sort would be slow to take the initiative ; as for going to entertainments, the livelier sort would not, perhaps, be wholly discriminating if they had many such evenings on their hands. Indeed, it would be giving them leisure such as hardly any of their class enjoy, and, therefore, leisure that they have not yet learnt to use, and such as they would certainly not be permitted if they lived at home. A careful mother would find it hard to supervise safely such free times ; and, until the old feudal system returns, and servants grow more dependent, the mistress would have no sort of chance of discharging her responsibility kindly and rightly.

But let the interests come first and the leisure be afforded for these, and then, with an hour or two's complete leisure in the week, and a long afternoon on Sunday, a monthly day's holiday, and a yearly holiday of a fortnight or so,—the servant will be as well off for interest and enjoyment as those who are most fortunate in her rank of life.

And here may be entered also a most earnest plea, that there might be given to servants leisure and opportunity to exercise a little wise benevolence. We lament over the unreadiness of the working classes to aid actively schemes for the benefit of their own less fortunate neighbours, or for themselves at large. The committees for charitable or social purposes on which working people genuinely work might be counted, perhaps, on one's fingers ; and it is not for want of effort on the one side that the very people who understand the problems we are all desiring to solve will not come to give counsel and help.

It is for no lack of kindheartedness or unselfishness on their part : it is merely that they want to be shown the way in this new departure ; and with servants drawn from these classes under their very roof, mistresses might do much to help towards the desired end. Most mistresses have friendships with poor families, whom one of their servants might be more effectual than themselves in understanding and helping. They will be found ready and sympathetic in hearing the story, shrewd in giving and safe in keeping counsel. Or again, many would welcome the chance of visiting sick people—it would not be desirable, of course, that they should be made dispensers of charity. Or yet again, a servant may often do a very good deed by befriending a younger girl, who, perhaps, is soon to go to service, or is new and strange and without friends in her place ; such a friendship—most useful to the younger girl—is easily begun by letting the elder servant take her out for a holiday somewhere when she has her free day.

The benevolent desires are there, the most genuine kindheartedness, readiness for self-denial and advice worth having, if we will only give opportunity for their use.

The referee question is comparatively unimportant ; it is, as the

article in question says, merely a formal matter. The tradespeople and the past and present servants are often the informal referees ; and little practical difficulty is found by any servant anxious to inquire as to the respectability and desirableness of her new place.

In conclusion, shall we not think more truly if we regard domestic service, not as a mitigated evil, but as a great power for good ? Is it a small opportunity to have the lives of a large number of the future wives and mothers of the working classes so closely bound to ours that it becomes our right and duty to see that the physical, mental and moral conditions of their lives are favourable to their development and happiness ; while, at the same time, they retain independence, so that they can at any moment leave us if they think they would be happier and better off elsewhere ?

Such a relation affords us great opportunity of understanding the class to which our servants belong, and learning from it—apart from the fact (which no one would deny) that some of the most faithful friendships in the world have been friendships between employers and servants. It is a relation so close that warmth of heart and generous confidence beget their like ; a school, in which the servant may learn by contact with gentle manners, varied interests, and habitual discipline of life, the employer by contact with simplicity, diligence and unselfish service—a relation fruitful for good by virtue of the healthful independence which alone can create a genuine interdependence.

M. E. BENSON.

THE
WEAKNESSES OF CONGREGATIONALISM.

I.

SEEN FROM THE PEWS.

THERE has of late been quite a ripple of satisfaction in certain quarters at some secessions from the ranks of Congregationalism. Such events almost always look more important when seen from the outside than from within; still, from whatever point of view they are regarded, they are not to be ignored. Moreover, they do not stand alone as signs of the times. There are few Congregationalists of any large experience who could not tell a rather melancholy tale of the way in which the young, especially young men, drift away from their Nonconformist surroundings. Those who are most loyally attached to the principles of Independency will feel least disposed to shirk the difficulties of the situation, or, under pretence of devotion to the cause, to conceal or misrepresent inconvenient facts.

My object in this article is to call attention to what appear to me some of the principal points of weakness in modern Independency. I do not approach the question from the theologian's standpoint. I write as a layman brought up from childhood in a Nonconformist home, and connected for more than twenty years with a Congregational Chapel. The dullest and least observant can hardly be for so many years associated with the inner life of such a community without noting many things which might be hidden from the casual or outside observer, however wise or prudent. To speak openly of these things is no doubt to assume the thankless rôle of the candid friend. Perhaps, however, the real prejudice against this individual is due not so much to resentment at his candour as to suspicion of his friendliness. I wish, therefore, at the outset to make my position clear. My sympathies are warmly and unreservedly with the free churches. A State Church with all its paraphernalia of officials, dignities, courts, palaces, and Acts of Parliament is, to my mind, a shocking secularisation of things sacred. Its articles, creeds, and formularies I hold to be adverse to all free, healthy, spiritual life—an unnatural restraint, or, if not this, a perpetual temptation to

intellectual dishonesty. As to the mode of worship, I am one of thousands who find any form of prayer a hindrance rather than a help. Especially is this the case with the liturgy of the Established Church, melodious in rhythm though it be, and interesting in its very tautology from an antiquarian point of view. Like the Authorised Version of the Bible, it suggests the museum rather than the church of to-day; it is for the curious and the pedant rather than for the simple and the devout.

One more preliminary remark. In what follows I am not intending to draw directly or indirectly any comparison with other communities. Whether they share or are free from our failings I am not concerned to inquire. My object is simply as a Congregationalist to deal with matters that, in my view, vitally affect the future of Congregational churches.

Not that the importance or interest of such an inquiry is or should be confined to Congregationalists. The truth is, the part played by the free churches in the religious life of the country is now so large and conspicuous that anything which seriously threatens their well-being is a subject of concern to religious men of all denominations, except the veriest bigots. The weakness of Congregationalism means not increased strength to the Established Church, but a proportionate lessening of the effective working power of Christianity in the country. It is true that one effect of the local weakness may be to transfer a few individuals from one body to another, but, without attempting to strike the balance of gain and loss from such changes, it seems clear that their chief importance lies in their being symptomatic of the weakness.

What, then, are the weak points of Congregationalism at the present day? Put in the most concise form my answer is—the prevalence of the commercial spirit, the under-education of our ministers, and the absence of any adequate central organisation. Let us take each of these in detail.

1. *The prevalence of the commercial spirit.*—A Christian Church, according to the Congregational theory, is a family circle gathered round the never-vacant seat of Christ. Members of that circle may come and go; He is always there. If He be absent, the Church is a living organism no longer. It may, as John says, have a name to live, but that is all. These members, moreover, are united to their head by the strongest and closest of ties. More than Bedivere to Arthur, more than the three mightiest to David, far more than these are the individual members of every conventicle bound to render to their Lord and Master an absolute unlimited devotion. To borrow again an Apostolic phrase, they are 'the slaves of Jesus Christ,' and as such their service, their possessions, their very lives, are not theirs but His.

The object for which such a Church exists is not the gratification

of its members' æsthetic feelings, not even their individual salvation, but simply and solely that His kingdom who sits in their midst may come, and His will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. Such, as I understand it, is in barest outline our theory of a Christian Church. It is of course an ideal, and considering men have not yet been nineteen hundred years trying to realise it, we shall hardly be surprised at a partial failure. But this is the question we are bound to ask ourselves—is there—not in isolated cases—but through the mass of the Congregational churches, an honest attempt to regulate church life by such a standard?

To answer this question, let us recall the organisation of an ordinary Congregational chapel. It is something like a republic. The 'church,' consisting of those who are duly enrolled as church members, is the final authority on all matters of importance. It elects the minister and has power to dismiss him. It elects also an executive body called sometimes a committee, sometimes 'the deacons.' Their duties are partly spiritual, partly material. Regarded from one point of view they are the minister's assistants, from another they are the business managers. They recommend to the church the course to be adopted; the church may act upon the recommendation or not as it thinks fit.

Sometimes the two functions are exercised by different officers. Sometimes, though I think very rarely, the committee of management, members of which are not necessarily church members nor even communicants, forms with the minister the executive.

But whatever the particular form which the church organisation assumes, one difficulty has always to be faced. Somehow or other the community must pay its way. We all have an architectural smattering of Parker and Scott and Street, we do not want to be behind our neighbours, and the result of our zeal constantly is that our handsome churches open their doors with a heavy debt. Then the minister's stipend (as to which our zeal sometimes glows less ardently), the expenses of maintaining our beautiful building, the salaries of organist and caretaker, the very prosaic but highly necessary items of lighting and heating—all these have to be provided for, not from comfortable endowments, but by the voluntary gifts of the worshippers.

And here lurks the deacon's snare. Our pockets, like nature, abhor a vacuum, and to face unscared the possibility of a deficit needs a stronger faith than that of Gideon and Barak. For, indeed, faith, though all very well to talk about and preach about, often seems grievously to complicate the simple problems of life, like the x and y of the schoolboy's equation. • Common sense, business capacity, these are the substitutes that usurp its place. Hence the attempt so often made in our communities to apply to the Church of the living God precisely the rules and principles that govern a well-ordered retail

business. I am not intending any cheap sneer at trade. On the contrary, for the typical tradesman—honourable, shrewd, capable—I have the highest respect. To my mind he stands far higher in the social scale than the dandies of the Park, or even than the padded warriors of Pall Mall. But his virtues are conditioned by his sphere of action. Now, to build the temple of trade after the pattern of the temple of the Lord were a noble undertaking, but to reverse the operation—to correct the pattern showed in the Mount by the plans and designs of Vanity Fair, this is the fatal tendency against which we shall do well to stand constantly on guard.

And we need the warning all the more because we have been apt to vaunt ourselves over our neighbours on the ground of our greater spirituality. We have no sales of advowsons to scandalise the faithful. With us no cure of souls falls under the auctioneer's hammer. True. And yet—and yet—are there not scores and scores of Congregational churches in which the spirit of the mart and the auction-room makes itself too sadly prominent?

Of all recent attacks—or let us rather say criticisms—upon Nonconformity, none was so well aimed and so effectively delivered as the *Chronicles of Carlingford*. And why? Because it was directed against our weakest point. We can hardly help shuddering at Tozer, for do we not recognise him? Is he not the incarnation of our commercial system of church management? And Tozer, at home or in his shop, is a thoroughly worthy man, not to be derided or denounced. But Tozer with one hand on the ark of God, and the other jingling the coppers in his pocket: Tozer offering spiritual privileges at a reasonable discount for cash, with a reduction on taking a quantity—this is the picture that brings the blush of shame to our cheeks. Cardinal Manning, in an eloquent passage, exults in the thought that the shadow of Peter lies once more over England. Too often athwart the rich harvest-fields open to the sickles of Nonconformity there falls the shadow of Tozer instead of the shadow of the Cross.

Take, for instance, our pew-rent system. Its primary object, I presume, is to secure a regular income—and this, no doubt, is a very desirable thing. Few would deny that it would be well for those who believe in Congregational worship as an efficient means of doing the Master's work, to pledge themselves to a minimum annual contribution. But the pew-rent system degrades the offering, which is a privilege, to a payment which expects a *quid pro quo*. The building is not Christ's house, but theirs who pay for a share of it. No gracious Figure stands at the door, with open arms and loving eye, to say, 'Enter in, ye who are poor and outcast. Here, at least, where I dwell, is a perpetual never-failing welcome.' No; but, instead—barring the way—stand a group of worthy deacons or committee-men with a sheet of paper and a pencil on which they jot down certain hasty memoranda. As, for instance:—Debt on building (Early Eng-

lish, with very correct mouldings), say, 3,000*l.* Interest on debt, 150*l.* Incidental expenses, 600*l.* Minister's salary, say, 700*l.*—Total expenditure, 1,450*l.* Number of sittings, 800 : this, at 2*l.* per sitting, gives 1,600*l.* Surplus over expenditure, 150*l.* Therefore, 75 sittings are available for Christ's poor—or, to leave a margin, suppose we say 60—all good, comfortable, uncushioned seats, and conveniently near the doors. And still (according to our theory) Christ sits patient in the seat of honour and bears even this. But if He should speak, how these careful calculations would shrivel in the very breath of His lips!

For, to go boldly to the root of the matter, is not our practice grossly inconsistent with our theory? We claim to be the slaves of Christ Jesus, and yet we grudge to Him and His work far less than a tithe of our incomes! And even when we give, are not our gifts sometimes half for ourselves and half for Him? Can any man doubt which would be the more acceptable offering in His sight—an errand-boy, rescued from dice and drink, or a brand-new organ by Hill? Yet I have a shrewd idea which object would be the easier to collect for. Not that I would denounce as waste what I may call the luxuries of religion. Beautiful buildings, delightful music, the sweet-voiced instrument, the well-trained choir—how these and kindred things are to be esteemed will depend on surrounding circumstances. They may be signs of life : they may be only the decencies of death.

I have no fanatical hostility to fine architecture. There is no virtue in ugliness, and the power to appreciate as well as the ability to design a stately building is one of the good gifts of God. What I do protest against is the spending of large sums on building a house for Christ, and then calmly announcing that the expense of doing the work which lies closest to His heart is too great a tax on the pockets of the community. But, we are told, it is a matter of policy to build fine chapels. Thus and thus only shall we be able to let our sittings to the wealthier classes whose well-filled purses will guarantee us against deficits. Is it any wonder that the glory of the Shechinah should sometimes desert our splendid Sunday toys and seek for itself humbler but holier habitations, where there is more of fervour and less of strategy?

For this calculating temporising Christianity is really a very unheroic thing. It speaks well for the young that they are not attracted by it. Youth is generous, and will answer large demands by unexpected sacrifices. But a religion that asks for nothing but money will get what it deserves—threepenny pieces—and no more. We shall keep our young men and young women in our churches when in the name of our common Master we can invite them to work that shall call forth their fresh and ready sympathies and all the ardour of their unexhausted energies.

And our sin has found us out. The commercial church makes

the commercial student and the commercial minister. So long as churches look on a man's preaching power as a commodity, the price of which is to be regulated like that of any other commodity by the haggling of the market, we may look in vain for an ideal ministry. How unlovely a spectacle is many an Independent church engaged in the task of selecting a pastor. The preaching competitions. The over-mastering anxiety to secure a man who will 'draw.' The management of meetings and the manipulation of votes, and side by side with all this the stereotyped form of the purest and most spiritual religious phraseology. Commerce tempered by prayer-meetings. The tables of the money-changers 'hard by the oracles of God.'

There is many a church besides the Roman, to which the warning question might well be put,

'Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,
Fisher of fish wouldst thou live instead?'

2. *The under-education of our ministers.*—In broaching this subject, I feel I am treading on rather dangerous ground. Dangerous, because it is very difficult to say out what I believe to be the truth without hurting susceptibilities that I am most anxious to respect. The number of Independent ministers whom I have the privilege of counting among my friends is not large, but it is large enough to satisfy me that there is in our ranks at the present day an abundance of ability, energy, and zeal. My complaint is not of our ministers, but of the system under which they are equipped for the ministry. Many even of the rank and file of the Nonconformist ministry are men of real culture and wide reading, but I believe in most cases it would be found that the best part of their culture was self-culture and had been acquired since they left college.

Many of those who are fond of referring to the former triumphs of the Nonconformist pulpit forget the altered conditions of the present day. Not only is the general standard of culture far higher than it used to be, but the number of boys and young men who go from Nonconformist homes to public schools and to the universities is immeasurably greater. Then, too, the higher education of women has within our own time effected a revolution not the less real and momentous because so silent. And all this is bound to affect the relations between the pulpit and the pew. I believe it is an entire mistake to suppose that culture disqualifies a man for success with the masses. Other things being equal, I am persuaded it gives him added power. But, however this may be, the position of a man who occupies the post of leader and teacher, and yet is manifestly inferior in intellectual attainments to a large part of his congregation, must surely be very difficult, if not quite intolerable. Character no doubt is infinitely more important than culture, but why need the two be divorced?

To descend from generalities to particulars. There are at least two respects in which I think we have a right to expect from our teachers something of the knowledge and authority of experts.

Considering the enormous importance of the part which the Bible takes in our Protestant theologies, it does not seem too much to ask that our teachers should be familiar with the book, not in a casual, but in an accurate and scholarly way. Surely it should be the exception rather than the rule for a man to stand forth as the appointed expounder of the Bible without an adequate knowledge of the languages in which it was written. Ought he not to be as familiar with all the changes and developments of criticism and exegesis as a lawyer with his current reports or a doctor with his *Materia Medica*? Yet one may hear sermon after sermon that suggests not intelligent dissent from, but placid ignorance of, the results of the newer—I will not beg a question by calling it the higher—criticism. But if the pews are reading Cheyne and Driver and Robertson Smith, to say nothing of Kuenen and Wellhausen, while the pulpit is just awakening to the fact that some years ago there lived a dangerous heretic named Ewald, it is easy to foretell the result.

Again, the Bible is not merely a body of religious teaching. It is also a collection of magnificent poems. And who can best enjoy, understand, and interpret such poems? Who but the man upon whose rapt ear there has fallen the music of those other voices which God has tuned and given to earth? Who but the man who, having walked in spirit with the poets,—

the one royal race
That ever was or will be in this world,

till from such intercourse his soul has caught a touch of kingliness itself, turns to those mighty prophet bards whose crowning glory it was that their harps were ever strung to the one key of righteousness? It is for a deep, wide, comprehensive study of literature as a preparation for the work of the Christian ministry that I plead. If it be said that theological students have no time for such work, I answer that I cannot help thinking it would be far better either to sacrifice some items of the ordinary theological curriculum, or, if that be thought impossible, to extend the time of training, instead of launching men on their work with inadequate preparation.

Much might be said in detail as to the management of our colleges, and as to the strange apathy which our churches have displayed in the past with reference to this question of ministerial training. It is however unnecessary for me to pursue these themes since they are foreign to the purpose of this article, which is to specify results rather than to detect the causes or allot the various degrees of censure.

3. *The absence of any central organisation.*—The almost complete isolation of Congregational churches is no doubt the logical outcome

of our theory. Each church having Christ in its midst can recognise no higher tribunal. It stands alone, accepting no criticism, needing no assistance. And indeed we may freely admit that if Christians were all they should be, our system in theory and in practice alike would be near perfection. For its organisation is so simple as hardly to deserve the name. But organisation of any kind generally implies weakness—weakness against which it is intended to provide. It is under the stress of individual imperfection that our system breaks down, and the question arises, would it not be better frankly to recognise the difficulty and to give up—for the present at any rate—something of the ideal consistency between theory and practice? So long for instance as there are close-fisted Christians there will be half-starved ministers. So long as there are quarrelsome Christians there will be cases of rupture between pastor and people. Now in such cases our system is apt to bear very hardly on the weaker side. The poor minister must look for relief to charity. The stranded minister is hampered by rules of etiquette in trying to help himself. The county or the larger unions do no doubt in some measure attempt to bind the churches together, but the tie is so feeble that even as an Intelligence Department they fall very far short of meeting the necessities of the case. The importance, and under the present system the difficulty, of fitting the right men into the right places is so great as to call loudly for some better machinery.

Then again the starvation salaries of many of our country ministers are simply a scandal to the name and cause of Him they serve. I cannot help thinking it would be well for the churches to appoint a representative body to deal with these financial questions, perhaps in some such way as that adopted by the Presbyterians. The work of such a body would be twofold: on the one hand to prevent the premature and unnecessary creation of fresh churches, and on the other to see that the incomes of ministers presiding over affiliated churches did not fall below a certain minimum.

Such, as it seems to me, are some of the chief weaknesses and perils of the Congregationalism of to-day. But I cannot leave the subject without affirming my undiminished faith in the future of our free churches. If there are signs and symptoms that seem to point to degeneracy, there are also indications of better things and better days to come. A new Congregationalism appears to be rising above the hard and sterile ground of old routine and formalism, bearing within it the promise of wider sympathies, larger intelligence, more Christ-like charity.

Especially are the eyes of the churches turned anxiously upon that latest and most hopeful experiment, the invasion of Oxford. But, indeed, Mansfield is already more than an experiment—it is an assured success. The standard of scholarship among our ministers that are to be, is fixed within its walls and at a far higher level than hereto-

fore. And culture and zeal walk hand-in-hand. No better proof of the wisdom and courage that guide its counsels could be given than is afforded by its newest development. The idea of associating a theological college with an institute for working men and lads in the heart of London suggests a comparison between what I have called the new Congregationalism and that which it is superseding. For something like thirty years I have lived within a stone's throw of a splendid building devoted to the training of Congregational ministers. For six evenings out of seven during almost all those years it has stood dark, sullen, lifeless. Yet the opportunity was there; those empty class-rooms, those silent corridors, might have been filled with the stir of eager, active life. There is absolutely no reason why that college should not have done for the suburb in which it stands as noble a work as Toyubee Hall has done for its surroundings. It is not too late now; the example of Mansfield may yet be followed, and Congregationalism, new and old, be brought into line with all those who have recognised that besides the 'Believe and be baptized' on which the Church has laid such tremendous stress, she has another and not less important message to deliver, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

B. PAUL NEUMAN.

II.

SEEN FROM THE PULPIT.

THE following pages have been written at the suggestion of my friend, Mr. Neuman, as an appendix to his paper. We believe that it may be useful to compare notes on the working of our ecclesiastical system taken from the pulpit as well as from the pew. I must first of all express my profound sympathy with both the spirit and the main substance of his criticisms. What follows is merely a brief attempt in the same friendly spirit to support and emphasise some of those criticisms, and to suggest certain possible and practical remedies for the defects pointed out.

It may be well to remark that the name Congregational, as here used, really includes both Baptists and Independents. There is no difference whatever between them in church polity; they are divided by nothing but a question about ritual, and a growing majority of the best men in each denomination recognise that their outward union is only a matter of time.

The central idea of Congregationalism is that each separate church, or 'company of faithful men,' constitutes a miniature religious

republic; accordingly its system combines those elements of strength and weakness which are exhibited in democracies on a far larger scale. Perhaps I can best illustrate briefly what seem to me some of its practical drawbacks under the headings of those corresponding political difficulties which exercise the minds of democratic statesmen to-day.

(1) *Registration of electors.*—The Congregational system is one of absolute Home Rule: the entire authority in each church rests with the adult members of that church, the suffrage belonging to women as well as to men. But to become a recognised member you must either bring a letter of transfer from some kindred society, or you must personally apply for admission. This, as a rule, is only granted by the vote of a church meeting, after a report has been received from two delegates deputed to visit you, that they are satisfied as to your religious experience and belief.

Now, many sensitive and spiritually-minded Christians object strongly to such an ordeal. And, whether they be right or wrong, the practical result is that we find in most congregations some of the truest Christians and best workers, often regular communicants, and who yet, because they are not formally church members, have neither voice nor vote in church affairs. Surely it is time that we advanced as far as old Richard Baxter: 'I am not so narrow,' he writes, 'in my principles of church communion as I once was. . . . A credible profession is proof sufficient of a man's title to church admission; and that profession is *credibile in foro ecclesie* which is not disproved.'

The same drift of opinion which has left the Communion Table free to all whose consciences bid them come, is making us feel that the church roll ought naturally, and as a matter of course, to register all habitual communicants in the congregation, without any inquisitorial formalities.

(2) *Functions of the executive.*—By traditional usage the church members meet once a month to discuss and decide church business. But no society, large or small, can be properly administered by a mass meeting. Democracy means government by representatives, not government by perpetual plebiscite. And our little religious republics feel that they, too, need to strengthen their executive, whether they name it diaconate, eldership, committee, or council.

The gain to a church is immense, both in what is avoided and in what is secured, when it trusts its officers to organise and administer, and lets devotion take the place of business detail at all its common meetings, except once a quarter, or even once a year.

(3) *Frequency of elections.*—But a strong executive means representatives who are in touch with their constituents. Now,

strangely enough, many Congregational churches elect their officers for life. 'Once a deacon, always a deacon,' is the practical, if not the written rule, in the majority of cases. The result is often a fossil, not to say senile, church executive, which fails to represent some of the best and most energetic elements of the church's life. It would be a wholesome change if (say) a third of the officers retired each year in rotation, and were, *for that year only*, ineligible for re-election. New men would thus be introduced and trained into service, and any less competent official could be dropped quietly, without invidious rejection.

4. *Elijah's mantle*.—The weakest points in the working of the Congregational system are notoriously its interregna. We have not yet successfully solved the hard problem—how to get the right minister for each church, and the right church for each minister. Under present conditions it is difficult for any minister to become a candidate for a vacant pulpit, and still to keep his self-respect quite untarnished. It is absurd for the rank and file of church members to pass judgment upon a stranger, on the sole evidence of three or four sermons. They cannot even tell whether his sermons will go on pleasing them, much less can they decide whether or no he is fit to become their leader in Christian service, and their guide into spiritual truth.

But there is no reason at all, except old habit and prejudice, why the members of a pastorless church should not delegate the entire choice of their new minister to a specially elected and representative committee of their wisest men and women. It might be possible for such a committee, without any long delay, to get some sufficient personal knowledge of the right man before they appointed him. And, in nine cases out of ten, their choice might be trusted to prove far more satisfactory than the result of the present method. How often after long months of restless criticism and partisan debate, the 'tail' of a church will sway the 'head' into reluctant acquiescence in a foolish election for the sake of a peaceful settlement. Patronage may be an excellent thing, if you carefully nominate your own patrons.

5. *Endowments*.—The Congregational idea of absolute local liberty and responsibility in religion, not only refuses aid from the State, but generally discourages money endowments, or aid from the dead. But this principle, that those who want religious privileges should pay for their supply, has to face the fact that those who need Christian ministry most are the worst able and the least willing to support it. In a prosperous suburb it is easy enough to build and keep up an unendowed church; but among the crowded back streets of great cities the people are too poor, as well as too indifferent. Though we may hold that the democratic basis and flexible character of Congregationalism ought, in theory, to make it specially attractive to working men, yet we cannot help confessing that it does not flourish freely in dense and dingy town districts, which income-tax payers have

forsaken : it generally follows their retreating steps. I myself believe that, in spite of Church Aid Societies, churches among the poor need endowments. At any rate every well-to-do church ought, in simple duty, to be affiliated with a sister church in some adjacent poorer neighbourhood, to the great profit of both.

6. *One church, one minister.*—This Congregational fondness for middle-class respectability is at once a cause and an effect of the undue importance we attach to preaching as compared with pastoral work. For the shepherd's true mission lies among the scattered and not the folded sheep. But the minister who is primarily a private chaplain to his pew-holders, has scant energy to spare for souls without. The truth is that a large congregation cannot be properly worked by only one minister. Hardly any other Christian denomination attempts such an impossibility. It is rare, indeed, to find a vicar with 500*l.* a year or upwards in a busy town who has not, as a matter of course, one or more curates to help him. But it is almost equally rare to find a similarly situated Congregational minister who is not single-handed at his task. We need not discuss the secret of this not quite creditable result—whether a congregation gathered, as it so often is, by personal attractions, prefers to wear out its favourite preacher rather than appoint him a deputy ; or whether the preacher be sometimes unwilling to share his income, even when it is large, with an assistant. The fact remains that twice one are more than two ; and I believe Congregational church work would be far more efficient if curacies were as much the rule as they are now the exception.

7. *Federation.*—The problem how best to combine Home Rule with central authority is certainly not yet solved in ecclesiastical politics. Perhaps it passes the wit of man. The system we are considering secures the first of these by abandoning all idea of the second. But what an enormous surrender this is ! Congregationalists hardly recognise how closely their religious ideal runs parallel with the political theories of which Bakunin has been the chief modern apostle. They affirm in the Church the same absolute liberty of the individual and his independence of all external human authority, and they disown in the Church, with the same jealousy, all privileged orders and classes, as Bakunin affirms and disowns in the State.

The one system is a curious correspondent of the other, alike in its protest against things present and in its hope for things to come.

The ideal which Bakunin bids us cherish of a regenerate society is simply the free federation of free associations—associations of which we may find the type in the Russian village commune.

The Baptist and Congregational Unions boast that they are, and ought to be, nothing except the free federation of free associations, and the nearest ecclesiastical analogue of a Russian village commune is found in a Congregational church. .

I have neither space nor skill to pursue a suggestive comparison. But the sturdiest Dissenter may ask himself whether this anarchist ideal, which he scoffs at in politics, is indeed meant to become the ground plan of the city of God ; or whether in the Church, as well as in the State, the Divine Spirit has not ordained some deeper and more enduring order, even as human nature itself cries out for some visible and permanent bond.

The writer is very far from forgetting the practical virtues of Congregational polity, even while he has thus pointed, with no unfriendly finger, to some of its weaknesses.

It is so flexible and so free that it can cure many of its own defects by simply willing that they shall cease.

Nothing has been said about worship and ritual, because each church has perfect liberty to adapt its forms to its own needs and conditions.

And only one sentence shall be added about doctrine. In days of intellectual revolution, when educated men find it increasingly difficult to become religious teachers, the one supreme and sufficient argument for Congregationalism with many young ministers is this—that it affords them liberty of prophesying, without tempting them to tamper with confessions and creeds.

T. HERBERT DARLOW.

AN ARMENIAN'S CRY FOR ARMENIA.

WHY does the Turk oppress the Armenians? Because we are Christians!

Once I remember at school we had to write an essay on 'How were the Buddhists expelled from Central India,' and I explained it in one laconic phrase, 'Most rapidly.' I confess I was not awarded a prize; but I have learned thereby that to this paradox an explanation will be necessary if I want to be admitted into the pages of this Review.

Turkey is not to be regarded as a State, nor judged by the code which pertains to civilisation. Her organic laws are not legislative enactments, nor established by the will-power of an autocrat; but they are derived from the Korân. Hence it is not a State, but a congregation of religious enthusiasts, whose *primum mobile* is the propagation of the Faith and not the welfare of the State; since the Korân, from which the organic law of the land is derived, inculcates the following precepts.¹

War to the knife against all unbelievers.

War is enjoined you against the infidels; but this is hateful unto you; yet perchance ye hate a thing which is better for you, and perchance ye love a thing which is worse for you; but God knoweth and ye know not.

Be not negligent in seeking out the unbelieving people, though ye suffer some inconvenience; for they also shall suffer as ye suffer, and ye hope for a reward from God which they cannot hope for; and God is knowing and wise.

O prophet, stir up the faithful to war; if twenty of you persevere with constancy, they shall overcome two hundred, and if there be one hundred of you, they shall overcome a thousand of those who believe not; because they are a people who do not understand.

When you encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads until ye have made a great slaughter among them; and bind them in bonds, and neither give them a free dismission afterwards or exact a ransom until the war shall have laid down its arms: this shall ye do. Verily if God pleaseth he could take vengeance on them without your assistance; but he commandeth you to fight his battles that he may prove the one of you by the other.

Animosity to unbelievers a religious obligation.

I will cast a dread into the hearts of the unbelievers. Therefore strike off their hands, and strike off the ends of their fingers. This shall they suffer, because they have resisted God and his apostle: verily God will be severe in punishing them.

¹ I have gleaned these precepts from a collection of an eminent compatriot, Dr. Oskanian, of New York.

Friendship or alliance with the unbelievers is strictly forbid den.

O true believers, contract not an intimate friendship with any besides yourselves: they will not fail to corrupt you.

O true believers, take not the Jews or Christians for your friends; they are friends the one to the other; but whoso amongst you taketh them for his friends he is surely one of them.

Let not the faithful take the infidels for their protectors rather than the faithful: he who doth this shall not be protected of God at all.

Mohammedan charity and benevolence.

Let not the unbelievers think because we grant them lives long and prosperous that it is better for their souls: we grant them long and prosperous lives only that their iniquity may be increased, and they shall suffer an ignominious punishment.

Mohammedan self-sacrifice and 'ne plus ultra.'

Verily in this book are contained sufficient means of salvation unto people who serve God.

O true believers, if ye assist God by fighting for his religion, he will assist you against your enemies, and will set your feet fast; but as for the infidels, let them perish.

With principles such as these, how is it possible for the Turks, Mussulmans, not to be barbarous? It is an axiom in science that governments exist by the consent of the governed. Accordingly Mussulman populations will never consent to be governed otherwise than with the inculcations of their sacred book. Far from being a political body, even the head of their State is not a sovereign but a pontiff (a Caliph), whose edicts or *Iradsés* must all conform to the organic laws of the Korân. There are men among them, I admit, who evince intellect and foster broader views; yet even they must submit to the law prevailing in the land. First, because a fanatical horde stands guard over them; and second, they cannot overcome the influence of a pernicious education from childhood up, which is to them a second nature. Such being the facts, then, Turks they are and Turks they will remain—savage, bigoted and averse to civilisation, which stands in their way. It follows, as we cannot domesticate a wild beast, neither is it possible to civilise the Turk. He is on a par with the Indian Thug, who, with a religious zeal, is devoted to throttle civilisation. He has proved himself a great stumbling-block on the highways of progress and commerce; an enemy therefore to this country which lives and thrives thereby.

The enmity of the Turk to commerce and civilisation is easily demonstrated. Armenia; by its industry, resources, and genius, once supported a population of over 30,000,000 souls. Yet since it was brought under Turkish rule, its natural resources have remained undeveloped, pasture and arable lands have been abandoned and are fast falling out of cultivation, rivers choked up, roads broken, so that the country is now but sparsely inhabited and become almost a dreary

waste. The work of decay and destruction alone progresses under that organised brigandage whose chiefs are the crony advisers of the Sultan. To the same pitiful condition were reduced also the Balkan states. Much was said by Europe against these whilom unfortunate countries: that they could not look after their own affairs; they were better under Turkey. But since the Tatar foot was removed from their necks, even the most sanguine supporters of Turkey have been compelled to confess their admiration in many ways for these gallant little states. See what progress they have made within these last few years! And yet, if facts be admitted, Armenia is capable of a much higher progress and civilisation than any of them. Surely a country that has produced and can produce men like Gengis Khan of Indian fame, General Loris Malekoff, Nubar Pasha, Prince Malcom Khan, Agob Pasha, and a host of distinguished statesmen, diplomatists, financiers, soldiers, merchants, artists, historians, lawyers, poets, and scientists—may justly claim to be allowed at least to look after its own local affairs—not independently, but according to its own tastes and capabilities, in a civilised fashion—while remaining loyal to the Automan Throne. I think this is but a modest claim. It is a claim that ought not to be denied us by Europe; it is a claim that Great Britain particularly should satisfy, since it is principally her duty, and in her own interests, to do so.

It is perhaps one of the greatest anomalies existent in the *régime* of England—so great indeed that her foreign and colonial friends are wont to regard it as one of her national characteristics—that she should undertake new enterprises, grant Royal charters for the development of the Dark Continent, and enter into contestations with inferior countries concerning tracts of sterile lands which Lord Salisbury characteristically says ‘no one knows where they are,’ whilst those peoples over which she has established a protectorate are left to groan under a yoke of most inconceivable oppression, with which no form of absolutism or autocracy can hold comparison.

‘Charity should begin at home’ is a precept the truth of which few sane people I think will contest; but if the standard of morality and fitness—politically, socially, and financially—is so superior in England as to be susceptible of no improvement, it is then obviously the bounden duty of this country to look to the interests of her ‘adoptions,’ and to ameliorate the conditions of their life. The Armenian Question, like all questions that are just, is making quick progress, notwithstanding the immense efforts to keep it in the background. And it is only by its ventilation in the *Daily News*, and the conscientious portion of the British press, that Englishmen will know for what they are responsible in our country.

In former times Armenia embraced a vast space of fertile and mountainous land in Western Asia, bounded by the Black Sea, the Caucasus, the Caspian Sea, the Persian Gulf, Syria, the Mediterranean

on the north, east, and south sides, while Byzantium has twice in history formed the western limits of our ancient monarchy. Like Poland, Armenia is to-day divided between three Powers—Russia, Persia, and Mohammedan Turkey.

For the purpose of protecting her own interests in the East, as some people maliciously insinuate, under the veil of bettering the condition of the Armenians struggling 'to live' under the yoke of atrocious barbarity, England, through the instrumentality of Lord Salisbury at the Berlin Congress, secured for the provinces of Erzeroum, Diarbekir, Van, and the Sandjacks of Segbert and Argana a local and administrative autonomy. Prior to this, according to Article 16 of the St. Stephano Treaty, Russia alone had the right of establishing a protectorate over Armenia, and up to the signature of the Berlin Treaty she maintained some 20,000 soldiers at Erzeroum. But it is needless to add, England, having secured the withdrawal of the Muscovite troops from our much-coveted country, absolutely nothing has been done to carry out the reforms which, by a subsequent agreement with the Porte—the Cyprus Convention—England herself undertook to introduce. As a result of English national remissness, I grieve to say, Armenia, fertile and metallurgically rich, veritably a land 'flowing with milk and honey,' has now become a vast chaos, wherein all the fiercest passions of which brute humanity is capable are free to roam about unbridled and unchecked. Public interests are in the hands of whoever can lay hold of them; private warfare is pitiless and rampant; every man, save Christian, goes armed, and every weapon is tolerated; dissimulation, fraud, trickery, gun and *yatagan*, are all permitted for the furtherance of concupiscent and corrupt ends. Armenia is in a condition that would have affrighted even fifteenth-century Italians.

For all this we hold Albion responsible. That it is a duty incumbent upon Great Britain, and a duty voluntarily undertaken, to secure good government and justice for prostrated Armenia, I trust no right-thinking Briton will for a moment deny. But as, on the other hand, there are persons who, from their imperfect knowledge of the question, may say 'We don't deny our obligations; but we don't think the game is worth the candle,' I will here take the opportunity of showing them how England has disregarded her own interests in abandoning us, as she has done, in the hands of barbarous tribes and corrupt and unreformed functionaries.

The result of our unredressed wrongs—wronges which our experience of Zeitoun has taught us Europe will not allow us to avenge—I very much regret may lead to the Russian occupation of the remainder of Turkish Armenia, which would necessarily place in jeopardy this country's great military and commercial interests.

Authorities and writers like Von Moltke, Colonel Niox, the late General Malekoff, and I believe Lord Wolsc'ey, like their famous

but remote predecessors, Alexander, Hannibal, Catullus, and all the eminent generals of the ancient empires, whose knowledge of geography extended to it, have considered the Armenian plateau, *i.e.* Erzeroum, as one of the most important military positions in the world.

Writing some ten years ago, impartial M. Niox says :

Armenia consists in a succession of plateaux or elevated grounds. To its north flow the Koura and the Araxes, to its south the Tigris and Euphrates, and the Tchorok to its north-east. Armenia forms the watershed of the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Persian Gulf. One can reasonably say then, that, from a geographical point of view, the Armenian plateau commands the whole of Western Asia. The Power that is its mistress is consequently said to play a preponderating rôle in these countries, the communications of which are in her hands.

Erzeroum is the point to which converge the roads from the Caucasus and those that traverse Asia Minor, Syria, and the districts of the Persian Gulf. The most interesting direction to study is that of Erzeroum, Kjeban-Maaden, above Alexandretta, and Antioch. This is the shortest route by which the Russians could reach the shores of the Mediterranean, and, consequently, one of the principal objects of their enterprise. [If one day they militarily establish themselves on this line, they will intercept all the overland commerce of India.] The English watch their advances with attention, and impede them by all means possible. The conquest of Alexandretta by the Russians, giving them an outlet in the Mediterranean at a short distance from the Suez Canal, will be of much greater importance to them perhaps than the conquest of Constantinople.

In his opinion the distinguished military geographer is generally supported by an eminent English statesman.

Russia could reach Constantinople through Asia Minor (*i.e.* Armenia), not so directly, but more surely and more safely than through Europe. There is this additional danger to England in her going by way of Asia, that she does not interfere with Austria, and that, on the other hand, she does interfere with the canal route through Egypt. If Russia were once to establish herself in Palestine, she could easily reach the Suez Canal by land, and, although the distances are great, . . . we shall not feel that in the days of telegraphy and railroads such an advance is in the least impossible.

It is an open secret that Russia's greatest ambition is one day to invade India, and to that end we have seen all her efforts steadily directed. And (thanks, perhaps, to the drowsiness of the British Lion and her diplomatic blunders in Eastern affairs), Russia's labours—few 'Imperialists' would like to hear—have, so far, been crowned with success. With Russia's achievements of the past half-century before us to contemplate, we can no longer doubt that, if she were to occupy Erzeroum, most of us would live to see the Bruin, unrestrained and unmuzzled, established on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. And these circumstances, I think (if, as a civilian, I may be permitted to express an opinion), would go a long way towards the realisation of her dream. There is another important matter which must be borne in mind. It is whispered that, at the latest, 1900 will record the completion of an iron military road from St. Petersburg to

the very walls of India—*i.e.* Bandar Abbas, on the confines of Persia and Beluchistan, the only exposed and practically undefendable frontier of the Indian Empire. This railway, no doubt, is calculated to play a supremely important part in the conquest of what is metaphorically but aptly described as the most precious jewel in the British crown. But, that it may be of any practical use to her designs, Russia's fleets also must have free course in the Mediterranean and in the Persian Gulf, which the possession of the Armenian plateau alone would bring about. For, in the event of an invasion, Russia could then retard supplies and reinforcements by blocking up the Suez Canal and close up the Straits of Ormuz against England's navy, thus affording her invading forces not only a march under cover but also a safe retreat in case of a reverse.

Apart, however, from these considerations, one thing is certain—that the possession of a mountainous country like Armenia, situated on the confines of Europe and Asia, and commanding all the important roads in Western Asia, would confer upon Russia an enormous advantage, which she could use to the incalculable detriment of British possessions in the East.

Of no less moment are England's commercial interests in Armenia. What these are and how they are endangered, I cannot do better than quote a few lines from a remarkable despatch written by England's present Prime Minister :—

'The acquisition of the strongholds of Armenia will place the population of that province under the immediate influence of the Power which held them; while the existing European trade which now passes from Trebizonde to Persia will, in consequence of the sessions in Kurdistan, be liable to be arrested at the pleasure of the Russian Government by the arbitrary barriers of their commercial system.' These views are confirmed by the author of *Greater Britain*:—'There is one loss by a Russian occupation of the remainder of the Turkish dominions which no British Government would willingly face. It is the loss of trade. In Asiatic provinces acquired by Russia at the end of the last war, where there was formerly a considerable British trade, there is now none; it has been killed by protective duties. Our commercial interests in Asia Minor (Armenia) are very large, and they are placed in jeopardy by a further Russian advance.'

If, then, a country which is known to be the unsuccoured victim of oppression and robbery, where there is neither protection for life, nor security for property, nor respect for honour—a country like Armenia in its miserable condition, 'keeps up' a considerable commerce, directly and indirectly, with England, is it not natural to anticipate an enormous increase over present transactions if this country were to assist us to secure a civilised form of Government? While England would preserve her honour, she could also fill up her pockets. And she would deserve her earnings, for nothing is done for 'love.' I do not think anybody can be deceived about the philanthropy of the century.

From time immemorial we have actively traded in many quarters of the globe, and when Armenia fell before the cupidity of conquerors, several States, in order to improve their commerce, with the temptation of rare privileges and advantages, encouraged Armenian settlers. The republic of St. Mark was the first; then Persia under the Great Shah Abbas; Turkey under Mohammed; the Dutch Indies; the East India Company, whose records show to what great extent the success of British enterprise was owing to the Armenians; and France, during Cardinal Richelieu's tenure of office, who granted us a free printing house in Marseilles and plots of land elsewhere. In a posthumous poem of Victor Hugo's, published in the *Athenæum* last year, the author, in order to show to what height of prosperity France had attained under the masterly direction of the 'Great Cardinal,' that her merchants had surpassed even Armenian merchants, has thus immortalised our ancestors:

Pour la vente et l'échange
 Déjà nous remplaçons de tigre jusqu'à Gange
 Marchands Arméniens et marchands Esclavans:
 Partout nous sommes les maîtres.

In mineral wealth Armenia is even richer than the richest districts of Asia Minor. It is common knowledge with geologists that the land abounds in gold, silver, iron, lead, tin and mercury. Entire mountains of copper and rocksalt may be seen in the provinces of Koukarh and Ararat. Alabaster, jasper, marble, sulphur, petroleum, coal and naphtha are among its commonest minerals. Here, then, is an extensive and remunerative channel for the introduction of British capital.

Able as we are generally admitted to be in commercial and financial matters, unlike the Jews we pride ourselves more as agriculturists. It is to the noble pursuit of husbandry that we chiefly owe our formidable presence in Armenia. It is to be attributed to their aversion to this noble calling that there are now more Jews in London than in Palestine. Nor is our old devotedness to the soil in the least degree diminished. We are only merchants where we cannot be agriculturists. And I feel sure that if we were to obtain our long expected autonomy, as in the days of Quintus Curtius, our fields and our rivers, our vineyards and pasture-lands stretching hundreds of miles at the foot of Ararat, would once more become the pride and glory—the bride—of Western Asia.

Cotton, silk, tobacco, and honey are also Armenian products. Indeed, a large percentage of the weed designated 'Egyptian' is of Armenian growth: no tobacco plantation was ever known in the land of the Pharaohs. The yield of wheat and corn in Armenia is often fifteen-fold, and the former far surpasses the Hungarian staple which is generally but incorrectly considered the best. The harvests are

sometimes so abundant that quantities of corn are left to rot in the fields for want of proper means of transport and sale. In some parts fruit trees grow almost wild. The vines of Armenia are traditionally famous. As a cattle-producing country it has all the advantages of a healthy climate and excellent pastures. But it particularly excels in a breed of horses which have been found invaluable for war both in ancient and modern times. Being sure-footed and fleet, they are also unequalled for the purposes of hunting, a pastime in which the sons of Ararat take exceptional delight; and indeed in anything else in the shape of sound, good, real sport. Armenia, in fact, is the country of the sportsman. Of wild animals and birds, including almost all those found in the British Isles, there are too many to be mentioned here. It is not generally known that the last 'victor' at Olympia was an Armenian. In their games we have successfully competed with the English also, whenever we have had an opportunity of playing them. For many years the boys of the Armenian National Academy in Calcutta, both in cricket and football, have held their own against all comers. A few years ago, while playing the latter, the defeat they bestowed upon the Black Watch team is one that the 'crack' English regiment is not likely to forget for many a season. And these young men, almost all of them, are splendid specimens of a 'sound mind in a sound body.' What splendid materials they would be for fine and stubborn soldiers! How well they could defend their country against foreign aggression! These are the elements that England and Turkey for their mutual benefit must elevate so that they may stand as a bulwark against the Russian advance!

Although I have pointed out so many advantages that are likely to accrue to British enterprise and British *prestige* from a speedy settlement of the Armenian question, I have still a word to say for the British lender. The revenue, which goes chiefly towards the payment of interest on his Turkish Bonds, is largely, if not entirely, collected from the Christian—the Armenian subjects of the Porte. Let him particularly remember that while he remains apathetic to our sufferings, we are growing poorer every day, and may soon be unable to bear the burden of taxation for his benefit. And therefore he must either join other classes of his countrymen and try and find a means of satisfying our claims, or give up the hope of getting money for his coupons any more.

We only ask for an Armenian Governor-General for Armenia; and a local gendarmerie recruited from among the sedentary populations—chiefly Armenians and Turks.

JAMES A. MALCOLM
(Of the *Havasdan*.)

A MODEL GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

THE Admiralty is one of the Public Offices which still afford a pleasant harbour of refuge from most of the cares and anxieties which are apt to oppress men in a country where the competition for employment grows keener every day, and where the ordinary rate of wages for work requiring the exercise of no special skill and training is not advancing. It is a great thing to have an assured provision for life, even though it be coupled with the condition that a few hours' attendance shall be given each day in a comfortable office, where the labour is divided among so many that the share which falls to each is scarcely felt. Good pay, easy hours, light occupation, and a heavy pension to follow—what more can most people expect or desire, as times go? They are all to be enjoyed at the Admiralty, and as the scrutiny of the public can rarely penetrate into the well-guarded recesses of that office, the peace and comfort which prevail there are not likely to be disturbed for some little time to come.

Few persons are aware how difficult it is to bring about a discussion in Parliament on the management of any of these offices. Such a discussion can only arise on the production of the particular vote for the office which is to be criticised, and the head of the Department, should he perceive that an attack upon it is threatened, can easily manage to get his vote postponed till the end of the session. That is one of the numerous artifices which are looked upon as part of the fair and legitimate stock-in-trade of a Minister. It is even proper to give a specific pledge that a vote shall be brought on at an early date, and to take good care that it shall not be heard of again till towards the end of August. Ministers are always sure of the support of a very influential section of the press in these matters. It is now the custom to ridicule and depreciate debates in Supply—the primary business of the House of Commons. They have over and over again been the means of checking extravagance and of preventing jobbery, and they have led to material reductions of expenditure and to important changes of policy. But officials—and ex-officials do not like them; they give rise at times to very is inconvenient revelations; they sometimes bring to light startling

disclosures of official ignorance or incapacity; they cause a great deal of trouble to the minister who has to defend the vote. Every device is therefore adopted to throw back the estimates to the last hours of the session, and to bring into derision and contempt all who presume to criticise any detail of the public expenditure. No doubt these tactics are fortified by the waste of time which is sometimes witnessed in Committee of Supply, and which is carried on for sheer purposes of obstruction. It is a great misfortune for the House of Commons and for the country when this occurs. It discredits the entire business of Supply, and officials and ex-officials laugh in their sleeves at the blindness of the members who thus help to destroy a weapon which should be so potent against all the influences that are framed to serve private interests, and to perpetuate the system of circumlocution and red tape. Private members throw away their own power, and do the very thing which officials like to see, when they countenance obstructive tactics in Committee of Supply. All sides should combine to suppress the mischievous intruder who is obviously wasting time, or who undertakes to discuss a vote without the slightest previous study or preparation. Whenever two or three hours are spent in this way, the country is made to resound with the news of another outrage upon the dignity of Parliament. But when hour after hour is wasted upon a miserable brawl between the 'two front benches'—an incident of almost daily occurrence—not a word is said about it. I have stated in the House of Commons, and it is the truth, that if anybody had taken an exact account of the time occupied last session by official and ex-official speeches which turned upon merely personal disputes, and did not in any way advance the business of the country, the public would be immensely astonished by the record disclosed. I have known six hours out of seven at a single sitting taken up by Mr. Goschen proving that Sir William Harcourt was inconsistent, by Sir William Harcourt returning the compliment, and then by the other 'front benchers' joining in the fray. At the end of the session the private member is cursed all round the ring for having occasioned the wicked waste of time. Obstruction is a great evil, but it is not by any means the only evil which afflicts the House of Commons in the present day.

In consequence of the clever way in which the Estimates have been worked, it has not been permitted to any one for several years past to look very closely into one particular vote which it seems very desirable that the public should know something about—the vote for the Admiralty Office. It has been purposely singled out from the others and kept back until the last hours of the session. This year a debate on the Hartington Commission was cleverly grafted upon it, so as to exclude any possible chance of investigating the actual expenditure of the office: Lord George Hamilton managed this part of his business in a way which must have won for him the

cordial approval of his colleagues. Yet, that his Department is fairly open to a good deal of criticism, and that great reforms are urgently required in it, is perfectly well known to all who have penetrated a few yards beyond its threshold.

The Lords of the Admiralty and their secretaries—eight persons in all—receive among them 13,900*l.* a year, but several of the number enjoy extra emoluments. Thus, the First Naval Lord is down in the Vote for 1,500*l.* a year, with a house, but he also draws half-pay to the amount of 766*l.* 10*s.* a year. The Second Naval Lord gets 456*l.* 5*s.* a year, besides his salary of 1,200*l.* a year and 200*l.* for rent. The private secretary to the First Lord receives a salary of 500*l.* a year and 301*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* half-pay. It is the same with most of the other officials; but the Civil Lord is not thought worthy of any extra allowance. This, at first sight, constitutes a rather serious grievance. But we have to consider that the Civil Lord is a creature neither of the sea nor of the land—resembling, perhaps, what sailors call a ‘horse’ marine.’ He is entirely useless at the Admiralty, and his salary is therefore merely so much money wrongfully diverted from the public exchequer. The Royal Commission on the Civil Service say quite sufficient to condemn this office. They remark, in their first report, ‘We doubt whether a Civil Lord is required in addition to the Financial Secretary.’ It does not seem of any great utility for Royal Commissioners to make these or any other suggestions if they are not acted upon.

No one need be surprised at the heavy charges for the Lords of the Admiralty when he finds that the messengers cost 11,177*l.* a year, apart from emoluments paid out of other votes. The tail runs the head a pretty close race in this office. This liberality presents a great contrast to the starvation-system upon which the Intelligence Department is kept up. This ought to be of immense service to the Navy, and Lord Charles Beresford used frequently to call attention to the importance of maintaining the Department in the highest state of efficiency. But only 6,880*l.* is set apart for it this year—not much more than half the cost of the messengers. Intelligence of any kind is not the article which fetches the highest price at the Admiralty. If we inquire narrowly into the means by which 220,000*l.* is spent every year in keeping up the Department, we shall find that a great part goes in doing work which does not want doing at all, in distributing heavy salaries among superfluous officials, and in general confusion, extravagance, and muddledom. Some years ago there was a picture in *Punch* representing John Bull remonstrating with a sailor on his expense to the nation. The sailor replies: ‘It is not us fighting beggars that cost the money—it’s them thinking beggars at the Admiralty.’ A survey of the office, with official aid in the form of Parliamentary documents to guide us, will show that the sailor hit the right nail pretty straight on the head.

The Secretary's Department must be in a high state of efficiency if we are to judge from the sum 'it costs the nation. The principal clerk gets 1,000*l.* a year and 200*l.* for acting as 'assistant secretary.' Three other principal clerks receive 980*l.* a year each, and will soon receive 1,000*l.* Then there are six other assistant principal clerks with 800*l.* a year each, and nine others with close upon 600*l.* a year. Six of this latter class are paid extra remuneration for acting as private secretaries. That is to say, the public pays for the whole of their time, but if they are taken from their ordinary work to act as private secretaries, they expect and receive an additional salary. This is another characteristic of the 'finest service in the world,' which endears it very much to those who belong to it, but which the public who have to find the money do not look upon with quite the same admiration. The charges for salaries in this office amount to nearly 22,000*l.* a year, but these charges do not by any means include the whole of the cost. The pension list attached to the office, and of which the Admiralty is justly proud, reaches the sum of 15,913*l.* If any private firm found that it had a pension list costing upwards of two-thirds of the amount required for current wages and working expenses, it would naturally think that its managers had gone mad. But then we are often told, and with great truth, that a private firm is not like our Civil Service—the glory and the wonder of the country. One witness before Sir Matthew White Ridley's Commission coolly laid it down as a principle that you could not expect a man to work for a Government as he would for an ordinary house of business. Mr. Goschen told me in a speech in the House of Commons last session that private firms do pay salaries quite as high as those paid by the Government; but when I asked him if it was for the same kind of work, he made no reply. Does any business house give a clerk 800*l.* or 900*l.* a year for copying minutes or putting his initials to a sheet of paper which he has not even read? If so, a good many persons who are anxious to improve their positions would like to know the name of that firm.

The accountant-general's office costs 51,670*l.* for salaries, and 26,236*l.*—nearly half as much again—for pensions. Is that a sound basis for any place of business? I do not wish to commit myself to the statement that the accountant-general's office is what ordinary people understand by a place of business, but the nation is called upon to keep it up as if it were so. It can boast of no fewer than five accountants or assistant accountants-general, receiving among them 5,339*l.* a year. Any private firm would, of course, get rid of at least four of them at once. How did they all manage to get into the Admiralty? No one seems to know. It is a problem at least five times as interesting as that which baffled George the Third to the last day of his life—namely, how the apple got inside the dumpling.

We know, as a matter of fact, that for very many years it was found quite practicable to get all the work of this office done with one accountant-general at 1,300*l.* a year.¹ During the Russian war, when the work of the office was necessarily much heavier than it is in time of peace, it was all done for 33,924*l.* a year. And there is another very remarkable fact to be mentioned. While the expenses of this Department have largely increased of late years, the work done in it has been greatly diminished. All the work performed at the Admiralty might be moved to some other place, but the cost of keeping up this national institution would not be reduced by a single shilling. On the contrary, if Parliament could be kept from interference, as it can be, by the plan of 'burking' the Estimates, the salaries and pensions would roll on more merrily than ever.

Let us see what the work used to be. Mr. White, the Assistant Secretary of Contracts, told the Royal Commission on the Civil Service that in 1855 the staff numbered 153, while in 1886 it was 222—and that 'a great deal of work which was in the Accountant-General's Department between those dates has been transferred from the Accountant-General's Department to others.' (Q. 8025.) The Deputy Accountants-General were appointed after 1885, and since then all the work connected with medical accounts, victualling accounts, and naval store accounts has been taken from the office—the store accounts so recently as November 1887. Yet it would be quite useless for me, or any other barbarian who stands outside the office, to assert that it had too large a staff. We should be asked how we could possibly know anything about it, since we had never been employed in it? But some interesting evidence is at our command from persons who do know. For example, there is Mr. Audry, formerly a clerk in the office, who testified before the Royal Commission on Civil Establishments that the staff is 'out of all proportion to the character of the work which they are called upon to do.' (Q. 9322.) He was of opinion that at least 20,000*l.* a year might be saved at the Admiralty.

A still more curious piece of evidence was given before the Royal Commission by Mr. Cox, who was one of the two principal clerks in the Accountant-General's Department. He made the discovery that there was not work enough to keep him and his colleague occupied. In the Admiralty, that kind of position is usually regarded as one of the dispensations of Providence to be accepted with pious resignation. But Mr. Cox, being perhaps of an original turn of mind, pointed out to his official superior that the office did not require these two principal clerks. He received a snub for his pains. He pocketed the affront—and his salary—for another year, and then, as he says, 'he felt so strongly that the Government money was being wasted,' that he renewed his protest. This was a fine subject for a cartoon for the

¹ See *Parliamentary Paper*, No. 71 of 1887, p. 22.

walls of the Admiralty—a clerk with 900*l.* a year, prowling round the premises, complaining that he had nothing to do, and remonstrating against the waste of the taxpayers' money. The finest traditions of the Admiralty were ruthlessly trampled upon by this terrible Mr. Cox. 'I was again snubbed,' he told the Royal Commission. He seems to have thought that the Admiralty was a place for hard work, instead of a quiet retreat for meditating on the life of Lord Nelson. Arrangements were made for the retirement of Mr. Cox, and the revolution was quelled.

The heads of the Department themselves are obliged to admit that they have a bloated and an overpaid staff. Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, the Accountant-General, was appointed by Lord Northbrook in 1885, having then had no experience whatever of the Admiralty. Just before his appearance upon the scene, there were in the office one Accountant-General at 1,500*l.* a year, a deputy at 1,200*l.* and six principal clerks. Now there are an Accountant-General and a deputy, two assistants and one assistant 'acting,' nine superintending clerks at about 800*l.* a year each, fifteen assistant-superintending clerks at 600*l.* a year each, and eleven higher division clerks at nearly 500*l.* a year each. Let it further be observed that the superintending part of the staff costs 27,720*l.* a year, while the persons superintended cost only 23,950*l.* Sir Gerald Fitzgerald was asked (Q. 5968) whether he considered this a proper distribution of the force, and he felt constrained to reply, 'I should say not.' He was further asked, 'There is too much in the upper division?' and his reply was 'Yes.' This excess of the 'supervisors' over the 'supervised' is also to be found in the Secretary's office. There are twenty-four superintending clerks to look after twenty-four clerks of the lower division. A still nearer approach to perfection was exhibited last year, when there were only twenty-two lower division clerks, so that each one had another clerk to supervise him, and then there were two left over for ornamental purposes. The astonishing disproportion between the amount of real work done and the cost of supervision is another of the distinguishing features of the Admiralty. It is caused in a great degree by the fact that business there is still carried on according to the well-known principles of the Circumlocution Department. The Accountant-General cannot approach the Admiralty Board direct, but must do so through the Secretary's Department. The strictest formalities must be observed, and the book of Admiralty etiquette be consulted, every time these officials have business to transact. The rules are almost as severe as they are at a suburban dancing academy, where a notice is stuck up to the effect that no gentleman must speak to a lady unless first introduced. So the Accountant-General can only communicate with the Board through a specially prepared medium. One cannot help wondering what would happen if the Accountant-General opened the wrong door some day and came

plump upon the Board? We can imagine the consternation of the Board. Susannah surprised by the elders would be nothing to it.

Compare the salaries paid to these men of figures with those awarded to most important functionaries in the departments where great practical knowledge or scientific training is required. The engineer-in-chief of the Navy gets only 1,000*l.* a year; the Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes is allowed the same sum; the chief constructors at the Dockyards get 700*l.* a year and their quarters; in the chief engineer's department at the Dockyards there is no one who gets more than 650*l.* a year. In the Scientific Department the Astronomer Royal is considered to be worth no more than 1,000*l.* a year and his quarters—the salary of a principal clerk in the Secretary's Department. The superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, who must be at least as skilful in making abstruse calculations as any of these Admiralty clerks, is paid only 500*l.* a year, while the gentleman who prepares an 'Egyptian almanac for the War Office' is rewarded with the munificent sum of 8*l.* a year for his trouble. Most English officials who have had any work to do in connection with Egypt have made it pay better than that. The Admiralty has kept itself carefully free from the reproach of giving an extravagant remuneration for scientific attainments.

But it may be thought that the scale of pay for clerical duties in the Admiralty has been fixed so high because the greater part of the work done there is of a most important and onerous kind. No one who is acquainted with the true state of affairs will venture to make any such statement. When Mr. Forwood, the present Secretary to the Admiralty, was before the Royal Commission, he told them that unnecessary duplication of work is the rule in the Accountant-General's office, and that the work done by the clerks on 700*l.* a year is 'absolutely mechanical.' 'I think,' he said, 'there is a great deal too much checking and re-checking, auditing and re-auditing, connected with the establishment.' He had witnessed the 'anomaly of a senior higher division clerk in the Accountant-General's Department receiving 500*l.* a year, checking the receipt of goods against a labourer at 3*s.* 6*d.* a day sent by another Department.' An account is sent from the Dockyard to the Admiralty, where it is examined by a lower-division clerk, who passes it on to another lower-division clerk. Then it goes to 'an assistant-superintending clerk' on a salary of 600*l.* or 650*l.* a year, and then to a superintending clerk on 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year, and then to an assistant accountant-general on 1,000*l.* a year, and then to the accountant-general, all the real work connected with examination and revision having already been done at the dockyards.² Did any novelist ever draw a picture of a more preposterous office? And yet, if a member of Parliament presumes to criticise it, he is instantly told that he 'exaggerates.' The

² Mr. Forwood's Evidence before the Ridley Commission. Q. 9630-9671.

fact is, that it would be impossible to exaggerate the folly and wastefulness which characterise the method of business adopted in some of these Government offices.

Besides all the pantomime of checking and re-checking, auditing and re-auditing, copying and re-copying, ingenious devices are put into operation for making unnecessary work. I will take one example only, given by Mr. Collett, the Director of Navy Contracts. An advertisement was issued by the Admiralty to certain newspapers. The publishers of other newspapers applied for it—not at all an uncommon incident. But these applications were treated in a very uncommon way at the Admiralty. Each one was put into a docket-sheet and registered. A clerk then drew up a report upon it, and this was submitted to the head of the branch. This official, after turning the matter well over in his mind, recommended that a minute should be written setting forth that the advertisement had received sufficient publicity. This minute was sent to the head of the Department, who returned it approved to the Financial Secretary, who returned it to Mr. Collett—and perhaps it is still on its rounds. And this is doing business on rational and economical principles! It might be a salutary change for the Admiralty clerks if they were turned into the British Museum or the Post Office, with the duties and salaries there awarded, while the overworked and underpaid clerks in those departments were transferred to the Elysium of the Admiralty.

Now it is from the Admiralty, of all places in the world, that the loudest cry for reorganisation and ‘abolition terms’ is at present proceeding. In reference to this particular diet, it may be truly said that the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Debauch after debauch has followed at the Admiralty with a rapidity which would shake the nerves of the most hardened reorganiser. And still another is being impatiently demanded, on the old ground that it would lead to an economy of public money. Ten years ago, an addition to the pension list was made of 20,000*l.* a year, and 52,199*l.* was given away in bonuses. Yet before the reorganisation, the total cost of the Department was 215,000*l.* a year, and in 1888, when the Royal Commissioners inquired into it, it was 262,000*l.*—so that the reorganisation had cost the country about 50,000*l.* a year. That is the sort of ‘economy’ incidental to this system. Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, the Accountant-General of the Navy, had these facts put before him by the Royal Commission, and he did not deny their accuracy (Q. 5931–32). In the particular orgie to which I refer, a clerk of thirty-six got a pension of 187*l.* 10*s.* a year for life (half his salary), and a bonus of 860*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; another of thirty-four also got half his salary for life, and a bonus of 805*l.*; another of thirty-two half his salary and 557*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*; one of forty a bonus of 1,000*l.*, and 269*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* for life, his salary having been 475*l.*; another clerk of forty-one got a pension of 387*l.* 10*s.* a year, and a bonus of 445*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*, the capital

value of these amounts being 6,933*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.*—not a bad present for a youngish man to leave the service with. Numerous cases of this kind will be found in the two Returns obtained from the Government by Mr. Burt and myself (Parliamentary Papers, No. 71 of 1887 and No. 44 of 1888).

In another Parliamentary Return (No. 387 of 1888) there will be found the names of 64 officials in the Admiralty who were retired at ages varying from twenty-one to forty-two, the average age being thirty-six. The pensions awarded to these persons amounted to 9,853*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* The capital value of this annual sum—according to the Tables of Annuities in the Post Office Guide—is 183,929*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* In addition to the pensions, a sum of 31,382*l.* 16*s.* was given by way of bonus. These two amounts make together 215,312*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.*, which represents the cost to the country of the retirements included in this Return. Between 1878 and 1880, over 20,000*l.* a year was added to the Pension List by 'reorganisations,' and 52,200*l.* was paid in bonuses. A deputy accountant-general, aged fifty-two, got a pension of 666*l.* a year, and a bonus of 489*l.* A bookkeeper, whose salary had been 800*l.* a year, received a pension of 480*l.* a year, and a bonus of 475*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* On the 12th of June, 1888, I brought these and many other cases before the notice of the House of Commons. I moved a resolution to the effect that, in any future reorganisations, 'officials who are still able and willing to render service for the public money shall be provided with employment in other departments, instead of being forced to become useless burdens upon the country.' This resolution was opposed by the First Lord of the Admiralty, but it was carried by a majority of nineteen. Twenty Conservatives voted for the resolution, and eighty-eight against it; but of the eighty-eight twenty-seven were office-holders, four were private secretaries to Ministers, and two had just received certain honours from the Government.

From that time no reorganisations on an extensive scale have been possible, but a loud demand for them arises at intervals in the public departments, and occasionally it makes itself heard in the press. These operations are always recommended on the ground of economy. I have shown what kind of economy it is to which they lead. The Royal Commissioners on the Civil Service, after my Resolution had been carried, recommended in their second report that any 'large reorganisation of an office or offices should in future be invariably carried out by means of an Act of Parliament, or at least by Provisional Orders in Council approved by Parliament.' This is in complete accordance with the spirit of my resolution, against which the officials inveighed heartily at first, but to which they now seem reluctantly to have reconciled themselves.

There is another interesting little matter in connection with this office which is worth a moment's notice. How it may be at this

moment I do not know, but it is certain that in previous years the Admiralty has supplied its full proportion of clerks to the institutions known as 'Civil Service' and 'Army and Navy' stores. Tradesmen and others have thus the satisfaction of knowing that they are contributing towards the salaries of persons who enter into competition with them in business on very unequal, not to say unfair, terms. Sir Algernon West has expressed himself as very strongly opposed to this system, and declared that in his own Department he will 'promote no man who is connected in any way with any trading establishment.'³ He was asked whether he intended his remarks to apply to such trading companies as Civil Service Stores, and his reply was, 'Distinctly, more than to anything else, because that not only takes up time, but the man's thoughts are naturally all day long upon his Civil Service trading. It is impossible that a man with any brain work to do can cut himself adrift from a trading concern in which he is interested.'⁴ This interference with the ordinary course of trade by persons in the pay of the country has often caused a very strong and bitter feeling against the Civil Service, and it is not to the interests of those who belong to that service to pursue it any farther. Fortunately, they will not be allowed to do so without limitations even if they would; for the new Rules, promulgated by an Order in Council on the 15th of August last, expressly state that 'no officer shall be allowed to accept any part in the management of any society, or any trading, commercial, or financial company of whatever description, which would require the attendance of such officer at any time between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M.' This will not prevent Civil Service officials from managing Civil Service Stores, but it will henceforth be understood that outside work of this kind will be regarded with disapproval by the heads of the Department. No doubt some of the clerks may turn upon their superiors and say, 'If this rule is fair towards us, why not apply it to yourselves? Why should an Under-Secretary of State, who is supposed to be over us, be Director of seven or eight companies—not all of them, perhaps, of the soundest character—if we are not permitted to be associated in any way even with one?' This is a question which the House of Commons will one day have to consider. The permanent heads of Departments have nothing to fear from its discussion, for they very wisely hold themselves aloof from all connection with joint-stock enterprises.

In the Admiralty, as in most other public offices, the larger part of the daily work, the most laborious part, is done by lower-division clerks and copyists. The general feeling towards them was expressed very frankly to the Royal Commissioners by one of the Civil Service Commissioners. 'These lower-division clerks,' he said, 'spring from a class low down in society' (Q. 15,095). By a 'class low down in

³ Civ. Serv. Com. Report. Q. 17309.

⁴ Ibid. Q. 17322.

society' this fastidious gentleman explained that he meant the sons of artisans and small tradesm^{en}. We are obliged, in the present imperfect state of the universe, to tolerate these objectionable persons in our midst, because the brunt of the hard work of life falls upon them, and because more select and pure-blooded circles could scarcely exist without their aid. But it is desirable, at any rate, to keep them down as much as possible. The Civil Service Commissioner said in his evidence (Q. 15,079) that they are of a 'Bohemian character'—'you are not sure of them.' A gentleman of his superior gifts and perceptions must, no doubt, feel instinctively that you cannot well be sure of anyone who has shown such a want of taste and judgment as to be born the son of a tradesman or of an artisan. The lower-division clerk and the copyist are never likely to be the spoilt children of the British Civil Service. It is not for them that reorganisations, abolition terms, fat pensions, and big sinecures are set in motion or created.

Reform in the Admiralty, or in any other office, never comes from within. It invariably receives its impulse from without—from the House of Commons or from the press. If the work of the House of Commons in this direction can be discredited, and if the press can be turned aside from investigations which are demanded by the public interest, but which are strongly deprecated in official circles, there will be little hope of finding a remedy for any of the abuses which still exist. The task of criticising the Estimates in Parliament is at all times one of great difficulty. Immense labour and research must be brought to bear upon a vote if it is to be thoroughly mastered, and the official explanation or denial is easily made, and is generally accepted without inquiry. The question is argued in a House of a couple of dozen members, and when the division bell rings two or three hundred pour in, and proceed to decide on the merits of a discussion not one word of which they have heard. The Ministerial papers complain next day of the 'waste of time' of which the presumptuous private member has been guilty, and condoles with the Ministers on the ill-usage to which they have been subjected, perhaps by one of their own followers. Obsequious supporters of the Government, looking for honours or place, write letters to the papers pointing out that in the good old days no member of a party dared to criticise the Estimates of his own side, though he might do what he liked when the opposite party was in power. The public expenditure must, in fact, be treated purely as a party question. Against the men who are expecting honours, or those who have received some and are expecting more, as well as against the whole weight of official influence and of the interests which are threatened, the 'private' member has a hard struggle to wage. Any man entering Parliament who desires to lead a quiet life, and to 'get on,' may confidently be recommended never to busy himself with any detail of public expenditure, unless he

merely wants to hammer away 'at the fellows opposite.' Then he may criticise the Estimates as much as he likes. It must only be used by the 'outs' against the 'ins.'

The past history and the present state of such a department as the Admiralty—and there are other offices almost as bad—is not only an injury, but a source of danger, to the whole Civil Service. The public cannot discriminate between departments in which honest work is done, and those in which officials on extravagant salaries are employed in beating the air. A stigma is likely to be cast on the entire body of Civil servants by the existence of a costly, inefficient, overcrowded, ridiculous office like the Admiralty. It is futile to complain—as the worthy Alderman, Sir Robert Fowler, did recently in a letter to the *Times*—of an 'irresponsible' member of Parliament 'questioning a vote which was assented to by his chief.' No member of Parliament, unless it be for the City of London, is 'irresponsible' in these times, and it does not follow that, because a member has not been made a baronet for his extreme docility as a partisan, he is not a conscientious, as well as a responsible, person. Moreover, the constituencies pay far more attention than ever they did before to the way in which their money is spent; and the days when all the 'good things' in the country could be reserved for the 'best families,' or for persons who have subscribed liberally to party funds, or to the sycophants of a Minister, are rapidly drawing to a close. The country will have no more of that. The 'best families' and the privileged class generally have had a good long innings. They will now be called upon to work like others, or to make room for others. It is right that it should be so. A few party hacks and parasites may not perceive the revolution that is coming over England in these matters. It will work out its inevitable results all the same. And that man is a friend, and not an enemy, of the Civil Service who endeavours to get its abuses and its defects reformed before the day of grace is past, when no more time for reform will be vouchsafed.

L. J. JENNINGS.

MEDDLING WITH HINDU MARRIAGES

A PAMPHLET entitled 'An Appeal from the Daughters of India' has lately been widely circulated in England and in India by a Parsee gentleman, Mr. Malabari, who says that 'it refers to certain outer public aspects of an Indian custom (which have nothing to do with religion) fraught with terrible iniquity and aggravated by anomalies and absurdities of the English law.' With this introduction Mr. Malabari proceeds to state that he has contrasted India's glorious past with its present inglorious condition, and has endeavoured to ascertain in what degree different strata of society have been affected by the injurious custom of infant marriage and enforced widowhood.

Next, he enumerates the evils—many of which are admitted on all hands—resulting from infant marriage, such as physical deterioration of race, too early consummation of matrimony, and abnormal prevalence of widowhood. He states dogmatically 'that these customs produce domestic infelicity and pauperism, which may be better imagined than described,' and he asserts 'that the custom which began with the higher class under the stress of necessity has ended with almost the whole community as a fashion.' He condemns the British Government in India for forcing the helpless girl-wife to join her husband, referring, I presume, to what is believed to be the only one case in which a suit has been tried in India for the restitution of conjugal rights; and again, I presume with this case in his mind, he represents the typical Hindu wife as patient and faithful, but unable to drag herself down to the level of the drunkard, the gambler, or the bigamist, who must be assumed to be the typical Hindu husband.

Despairing, apparently, of obtaining any justice from the Indian Government, which has some practical acquaintance with this difficult problem, Mr. Malabari invokes the aid of the women of England, and at a recent meeting at the house of one of the most charming and charitable of her sex a strong committee has been formed, including the names of Cardinal Manning, Lords Ripon, Dufferin, Northbrook, and Reay, and Ladies Dufferin and Grant Duff, for the purpose of furthering his views.

So long ago as 1880 Professor Max Müller, ever anxious for the interests of his Indian fellow-subjects, had said to Mr. Malabari,

‘Write a short pamphlet and send it to the women of England. They begin to be a power, and they have one splendid quality—they are never beaten; but Professor Max Müller said, ‘Let your pamphlet contain nothing but well-known and well-authenticated facts.’

After stating his case, Mr. Malabari suggests his remedies. He would repeal that portion of the Indian Civil Procedure Code which allows of the institution of a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights; he would pass a law that should enable parents in India to defer the marriages of their children till any age they like, and another providing suitable punishments for any overt acts of disapproval on the part of the neighbours and fellow-castemen of such persons as might avail themselves of this enabling act, and he would also raise the limit of age of consent, so as to make it an offence for any husband to consummate marriage with his wife, she being under the age of twelve, whereas at present the age of consent is ten. He states that under the present law a man may deprive a girl of her most precious possession at ten with her consent, and at the same age without her consent, if he is her husband. He would amend marriage law by enacting that persons married during infancy shall have the opportunity, when they come to the years of discretion, of themselves ratifying or annulling the contract, and he would amend the act of the Government of India which legalises the remarriage of Hindu widows, so as to allow of their retaining the property of their deceased husbands. Finally, in an impassioned appeal he accuses the State of throwing ‘the weight of its authority on the side of injustice and wrong, and of encouraging what is flagrantly immoral and iniquitous in the social usages of the people,’ and again he appeals to the women of England.

The London *Times*, adopting Mr. Malabari’s views, strongly advocates a change in what it calls the barbarous system of Indian marriage, and declares that the abstention of Government from instituting these reforms will amount to abnegation of our responsibilities as rulers of India.

It is a somewhat ungrateful task, especially to one who acknowledges the existence of much that is evil in the customs which Mr. Malabari attacks, to point out that there is some exaggeration in his statement of the case. I cannot imitate his eloquence, but I propose to set down a few facts for the consideration of those who wish to hear the other side of a very important question.

In the first place, it will be expedient to refer to the past history of this agitation. In 1884 Mr. Malabari commenced his crusade by publishing in India two memoranda, and by inviting the opinions of all the eminent personages in the country upon their contents. He was encouraged by Lord Ripon, the then Viceroy, to persevere. Sir Alfred Lyall, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, was of opinion that the State should be ready to countenance any distinct

movement of Indian public opinion in the direction of these reforms. Sir William Hunter, Sir Charles Aitchison, and Sir Lepel Griffin naturally sympathised with Mr. Malabari's object in wishing to improve the condition of Indian women, the last observing that he did not believe that Mr. Malabari realised 'the intensity of Hindu Conservatism.' Sir Steuart Bayley said that reform must come from within and not from without, that Government should not take the initiative, and 'that the most hopeful aspect of the question was, that the guidance of caste feeling would ultimately fall into the hands of educated men.' Many distinguished native gentlemen, however, at once pronounced against the movement, and Sir James Fergusson, then Governor of Bombay, giving his own private opinion, said that the interference of Government was out of the question, that he did not see that it would 'be more right for Government in India to take steps to deter young Hindus from early marriage or to encourage widows to remarry, than for Government in England to protect from social ostracism a young lady who married her father's footman, or for Government in France to insist on every husband being the man of his bride's choice.' Similarly Mr. Hume, C.B., the founder of the Congress movement, whose views should carry great weight with the advanced party in India, replying to Mr. Malabari, said :—

In the first place I must say I think you *somewhat* exaggerate the evil results of these traditional institutions. I quite admit that there is full warrant for everything you advance—the terrible evils you refer to are real; but they are not, to my idea, by any means so universal as the ordinary reader of your Notes would, I think, be led to infer. Moreover, though I admit that the evil does, on the whole, outweigh the good, it is not fair to our people to allow it to be supposed that they are so hopelessly blind as to cling to institutions which are utterly and unmitigatedly bad. In the existing state of the native social problem, no really impartial competent judge will, I believe, deny that in many cases these institutions even yet work fairly well. There are millions of cases in which early marriages are believed to be daily proving happy ones, and in which, consummation having been deferred by the parents (and this, my friends say, is the usual case) till a reasonable age (I mean for Asiatic girls), the progeny are, so far as we can judge, perfectly healthy, physically and mentally.

Everything in this world has its darker and brighter sides, and the blackest cloud has some silver lining; and infant marriage (though fraught with grievous misery in too many cases, though a custom marked for extinction and daily becoming more and more of an anachronism and more and more of an evil, taking its results as a whole) has not yet become that unmitigated curse, unrelieved by redeeming features, which—forgive me if I say so—your vigorous onslaught would, it seems to me, lead the European readers to believe.

It is bad enough doubtless, but it is not that gigantic cancer at the heart's core of society, that tremendous and cruel evil, the eradication of which is essential as the first step to national regeneration, that the casual reader unacquainted with the intricacies of social life in the East might well conceive it to be from your eloquent and earnest denunciations.

Professor Wordsworth, C.I.E., of the Elphinstone College, Bombay,

is a distinguished educationalist, through whose hands great numbers of the rising generation of educated Hindus have passed, and his views command the greatest respect throughout the country. I quote the following passage from his answer to Mr. Malabari :—

I consider infant marriage an irrational practice, and one which must seriously hamper any society that adopts it. I believe this opinion is held by Hindus who have learnt to exercise their reason freely. But I must frankly say that, perverse and cruel as such practices are, I do not believe that their moral and social consequences have been, and are, so disastrous as the reformers would wish us to believe. I do not believe that the great majority of Hindu widows are necessarily either miserable nor unhappy. Human nature is marvellously plastic, and a state of life, which many women deliberately adopt, and which extrinsic circumstances impose on a multitude of others in all civilised lands, cannot be without compensating consolations. In those cases where it is sweetened by domestic affections, sustained by religious devotion, or fortified by intellectual passion, I have no doubt that the lives of those who, from choice or necessity, adopt it, are neither unprofitable nor unhappy. I share, of course, your own judgment of that masculine egotism which has imposed on one half of the human race in India a law of sacrifice from which the other half is relieved. But the feminine world of India is, I suppose, hardly conscious of this inequality, and finds a consolation in self-sacrifice which we can hardly estimate. In India, where for ages the thoughts and habits of men have been controlled and dominated by religious ideas, it is easy to understand how the sacramental or mystical conception of marriage as a binding tie for time and eternity, and the inferences which have been drawn from that conception, should have taken such deep root and possess such enduring vitality. In the primitive Christian society, in which this temporal life was also darkened by the overpowering vision of the hereafter, the sacramental conception of marriage was among its earliest developments, and second marriages, as you know, were tolerated and barely tolerated, as concessions to human weakness. On this subject even St. Paul, in whom practical judgment went hand in hand with mysticism, uses language which strikes harshly on modern ears. If European society had ever been as completely moulded by theological beliefs and priestly rules as Hindu society has been, I am persuaded that remarriage, or at least the remarriage of women, would have also been prohibited in Europe. If this had been done, European society would certainly have suffered, but not perhaps so much in the direction which you would be inclined to suppose. How far Indian society has suffered, and how far it has gained, if you will concede that it has gained anything, from its peculiar marriage customs, is a problem which no one is in a position to solve. I believe that those customs are inconsistent with the new life into which India is daily being impelled, and that the new ideals of that life, no less than its material circumstances and conditions, must tell inevitably against them. For these reasons I have never quite shared the impatience which you and other social reformers sometimes exhibit, and personally I have also always felt indisposed to join in any open attack on practices or beliefs of whose actual operation and effect I knew so little, and which are so intimately associated with the deepest interests and feelings of the Hindus. Many Hindus who are not indifferent to social reform have assured me that direct attacks by outsiders on their customs or beliefs commonly do more harm than good. If they contain, as they usually do, exaggerations, they excite indignation; and indignation blinds men to the real magnitude of evils which in their cooler moments they admit. But beyond this, I am certain that no rhetoric, however pathetic or eloquent, will produce the smallest effect on the solid structure of Hindu habit; and that reason, whether starting from facts or first principles, can only slightly, and for the most part indirectly, affect it.

In reply to Mr. Wordsworth's appeal to him 'to suspend his apostolate of criticism and rebuke,' Mr. Malabari declined to wait for 'the intellectual emancipation of the Hindus,' in which alone, like Sir Steuart Bayley, Mr. Wordsworth sees the silver lining to the cloud. Mr. Malabari appears to count largely upon the aid of Christian missions, and, acknowledging the benefits which he has derived in his own person from contact with the spirit of Christianity, he instances as a proof thereof 'the fact that it is owing to that holy contact that he has himself grown into a staunch and sincere Zoroastrian.' I do not think that Christian missions will tend to have any such effect; but however that may be, this agitation, in regard to which so many members and servants of the Government had expressed so much sympathy and to which they had given so much support, resulted in a resolution being recorded by the Government of India in 1886 reviewing Mr. Malabari's suggestions, and remarking that all local governments and administrations exhibited a complete unanimity of opinion against the adoption of legislative action. The Governor-General in Council agreed with the unanimous conclusion arrived at on the subject by local authorities, and he stated the reasons which led him to that conclusion, which I quote below:—

In dealing with such subjects as those raised in Mr. Malabari's Notes, the British Government in India has usually been guided by certain general principles. For instance, when caste or custom enjoins a practice which involves a breach of the ordinary criminal law, the State will enforce the law. When caste or custom lays down a rule which is of its nature enforceable in the civil courts, but is clearly opposed to morality or public policy, the State will decline to enforce it. When caste or custom lays down a rule which deals with such matters as are usually left to the option of citizens, and which does not need the aid of civil or criminal courts for its enforcement, State interference is not considered either desirable or expedient.

In the application of such general principles to particular cases, there is doubtless room for differences of opinion; but there is one common-sense test which may often be applied with advantage in considering whether the State should or should not interfere in its legislative or executive capacity with social or religious questions of the kind now under notice. The test is, 'Can the State give effect to its commands by the ordinary machinery at its disposal?' If not, it is desirable that the State should abstain from making a rule which it cannot enforce without a departure from its usual practice or procedure.

If this test be applied in the present case, the reasons will be apparent why his Excellency in Council considers that interference by the State is undesirable, and that the reforms advocated by Mr. Malabari, which affect the social customs of many races with probably as many points of difference as of agreement, must be left to the improving influences of time, and to the gradual operation of the mental and moral development of the people by the spread of education.

It is true that the British Government in India has by its legislation set up a standard of morality independent of, and in some material respects differing from, the standard set up by caste; and it may be that the former standard has had some beneficial effect in influencing native customs, practices, and modes of thought. But legislation, though it may be didactic in its effects, should not be undertaken for merely didactic purposes; and in the competition of influence between legislation on the one hand, and caste or custom on the other, the condition of success on

the part of the former is that the Legislature should keep within its natural boundaries, and should not, by overstepping those boundaries, place itself in direct antagonism to social opinion.

Of the suggestions made in the course of this voluminous correspondence, the only two which do not seem to the Government of India to be open to serious objection on ground of principle are: (1) the Amendment Act XV of 1856 as to the forfeiture of property of a widow on remarriage; and (2) the supply of machinery by which a Hindu widow, who fails to obtain the consent of her caste-fellows to her remarriage, may nevertheless marry without renouncing her religion.

But although there is much to be said in favour of each of these suggestions, the Governor-General in Council, as at present advised, would prefer not to interfere, even to the limited extent proposed, by legislative action until sufficient proof is forthcoming that legislation is required to meet a serious practical evil, and that such legislation has been asked for by a section, important in influence or number, of the Hindu community itself.

I do not propose to touch at length upon the subject of Hindu marriage. Mr. Justice Moothoosawmy Iyer, C.I.E., a Brahmin judge of the High Court of Madras, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in India, has carefully examined the position taken up by Mr. Malabari's party. Mr. Malabari, in his 'Appeal,' says

that infant marriage is no part of the religious system of the Hindus, and that, far from having its root in religion, it is an irreligious innovation. How and when the custom arose, he says, it is difficult to say. The explanation probably is that in its origin infant marriage was a temporary expedient to which high-caste Hindu classes were driven during the early inroads on India of the Tartars and the Mongols.

Now let us hear what Mr. Justice Moothoosawmy Iyer says on this subject.

According to custom now obtaining, a Brahmin girl is bound to marry, for fear of social degradation, before she attains maturity. The marriage is of the nature of a sacrament which no Brahmin is at liberty to neglect without forfeiting his caste. Although this restriction is binding on Brahmins only and the other regenerate classes, according to Hindu Shastras, yet many respectable Sudra families recognise it as regards the prohibition of widow-marriage as a matter of family or caste usage. The party of reform is radical in its views, and advocates legislation in an aggressive spirit with more enthusiasm than judgment. No statesman should be invited to commit himself to a course of legislative action, which would invalidate marriages that are performed in accordance with national custom, and which would thereby involve an irritating interference with the most important domestic event of the majority of her Majesty's Hindu subjects.

Mr. Moothoosawmy next proceeds to demolish altogether the argument which has been quoted from Mr. Malabari's pamphlet above. He says:—

The Hindu law which the Courts are bound to administer, and which the legislature ought to respect, is not what may have been the law of the Vedic period or of any other period in the history of this country, but the law which, whether rightly or wrongly, is at present received by the people as law. It is respected by the State and by the judges of the land, not because it is in accordance with the Vedic law, nor because the Vedic law is the revealed law which no sovereign can change, but because sound policy suggests that the customary law of a nation should be preserved to them as regards inheritance and marriage, and that it is a

matter of no moment to the State, whether its source is Vedic, or Puranic, or juristic, or whether it is the outcome of a civilisation other than Brahminical or Aryan. Doubtless there was a time in India when the women of the upper classes were married after maturity; but the notion that such marriages were valid was overruled during the progress of the Brahminical religion, and another notion took its place at a later date, namely, that after the marriage rite was completed so as to create the relation of husband and wife, their competency to go through the same rite again ceased, whether the wife, because of tender years or for other reasons, remained a virgin or not.

Mr. Moothoosawmy shows that over and over again the *Smritis*, or 'Things heard from God,' which are of a later date than the Vedas, (1400 B.C.), declare it to be the duty of a father to bestow his daughter in marriage before she attains her maturity.

The idea of conception and birth as a taint, and the effect of sin in prior life, and the idea that purification is necessary, is the outcome of aspiration for immortality, and of the belief that as long as one's sin remains unexpiated, one is born again in this world. The consequent necessity for the purificatory rite led to the recognition of marriage, which is the only rite prescribed for women as indispensable. This is the conventional religious ground on which marriage became imperative on women belonging to the regenerate classes. The rational ground is also disclosed, though as it were incidentally, by those texts which direct their fathers to give their daughters in marriage before they attain their maturity, lest they may yield to temptation.

Combating the theory advanced by the Reform party that marriage is not complete unless consummated, and that a virgin widow is consequently at liberty to remarry, Mr. Moothoosawmy Iyer proves conclusively from the ancient texts that this belief is contrary to religion and custom alike of the Brahmins and those who follow them. The learned judge also shows that the proposal that no girl should be married, *i.e.* betrothed as we should say, before her tenth year is at variance with the *Smritis*, as it certainly is with the custom of the upper classes throughout the country. It is an instructive commentary on Mr. Malabari's assertion that infant marriage is an Indian custom which has nothing to do with religion, that in the elaborate Hindu marriage ritual the happiness of the married couple in this life is not mentioned, either as a primary or secondary purpose of marriage. Its main ingredient is a desire for offspring for the perpetuation of the patriarchal custom of ancestral worship. 'It is,' says Mr. Moothoosawmy Iyer, 'a regard to the efficacy of ancestral worship that has led to infant marriage and the prohibition of widow marriage.' Well, this ancestral worship forms part of the Brahminical religion which affects directly or indirectly some two hundred millions in India, and some three hundred millions in China. Here we have nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the globe affected by a custom which, one Parsee gentleman tells us, has nothing to do with religion. It is true that widow marriage, like marriage after maturity, was formerly permitted in India, but twice-married women were never considered as impure. They were segregated into a sepa-

rate class, and designated by a separate name; and they were held up to obloquy as persons who destroyed the families into which they were taken by marriage in the same way as fire destroys the objects with which it comes into contact. Finally, Mr. Justice Moothoosawmy concludes by regretting that he cannot support a suggestion made by the reform party to the effect that a marriage contract before a girl is ten years old should be declared illegal, or that no marriage should be declared to be complete unless consummated. 'Such legislation,' he says, 'would be aggressive; policy and statesmanship forbid it; and it would be an irritating interference with national religion and cause disaffection amongst the people.' He suggests the provision of certain legislative facilities to enable a member of a joint family to provide for his wife and daughter. The last passage in his interesting paper which I shall quote is of much relevance in regard to Mr. Malabari's proposal that any overt act of disapproval of a violation of caste customs should be punishable by law.

Another matter deserving notice is, whether the power of excommunication exercised by high priests may not be taken away. There can be no doubt that this is a great obstacle to the progress of reform. Whenever a man of position and influence aids reform, he finds that his cooks and menial servants desert him, and his mother, wife, and daughters render his home-life anything but pleasant. Desirable as it is to repeal this power in the interests of liberty of conscience, which without a corresponding freedom of action is a mere name, I do not see my way to suggesting a mode which would at once be effective and expedient. The power is exercised as regards matters which are left by law to the option of citizens, and which are not the incidents of civil rights. Any declaration by the Legislature that the exercise of such power is an interference with the liberty of conscience, and that it is punishable with a fine, or that it may form a ground for a suit for damages, will place the Government in an attitude of antagonism to the majority of Hindus.

As to the extent to which orthodox Hinduism permeates the vast population of India, it is true that the Brahmins are but a fraction of the great total. They amount roughly to 7 per cent. of the whole, but perhaps another 15 per cent., more or less, strictly adhere to orthodox Brahminism, while its influence spreads from the Brahmin himself down to the fetish worshipper, who prays to a vermilion-smeared stone in a forest. The majority of the Mahomedans themselves in India are either local converts or long residents, whose customs have been modified and affected by intercourse with the Hindus, who are an overwhelming majority of the people. Mr. Baines, the present census commissioner of India, who conducted the census of 1881 for Bombay, is an excellent authority. There is no better. He says:—

According to the ideal code of Manu, every man ought to marry, in order that he may have a son to perform at his death the sacrifices to his ancestors, and pour out the customary libations to their spirits. Without such ceremonies, the

father's soul cannot be delivered from the hell called *Put*, hence the name *putra* given to the son. As regards the father of a daughter, it is his duty to see her married, as she is put into the world to become a mother. The choice of a husband by the girl appertains to a lower order of marriage, and for all these reasons is less reputable than the bestowal of the hand of a daughter by the father on one of his own choice. If the daughter is still unmarried, three years after she has arrived at womanhood, the father has failed in his duty, and the girl is at liberty to choose her husband from her own caste. If choice were allowed in other cases, there would be danger of the girl's inclination leading to an infringement of caste purity. When the husband dies before his wife, the latter is not to remarry, but to elevate herself to the world of life by avoiding pleasure, performing works of piety, and living in solitude. At the present day the remarriage of widows is a practice confined to the lower and middle classes, and the few attempts that have been made to introduce it into the higher grades of Hindoo society have met with little efficient support. Here we have the cardinal principles by which the Hindoo marriage system is regulated. Marriage is a necessity to every one who acknowledges the Brahminical authority. It must be contracted with a girl of an age below puberty, and considerably less than that of the husband; the wife must not be sought for by inclination, or beyond a certain social pale. The widow, however, is never to remarry.

A few of the main tendencies of this system may be noticed. First comes the almost universal prevalence of marriage, with the result, in the present state of Indian society, of a surplus of children, and a consequent high mortality amongst them. Then there is the inequality of age, a most important feature, as it leads to the diminution of the period during which the parents are both living, and increases therefore, as the life of women is better at advanced age than that of men, to a superabundance of widows. In the lower classes, these features are less prominent, as the practice of second marriage is not at all uncommon; but the large proportion of the widowed females is one of the main characteristics of the returns for the whole indigenous community without exception.

So much for Mr. Malabari's assertion that the custom of infant marriage and prohibition of widow remarriage have nothing to do with religion, and that what began with the higher class under the stress of necessity has ended with almost the whole community as a fashion. I have already stated that these customs are chiefly confined to the Brahmins and those who follow them. In the Presidency of Madras, with a population of upwards of 30,000,000, these customs certainly do not obtain among more than 20 per cent. of the population. In Bengal and the North-West Provinces they obtain somewhat more widely. In the Punjab, with a population of 19,000,000, they obtain merely amongst the Brahmins, traders, and a few other castes, who form a small fraction of the population. Half the girls up to the age of fourteen in the Punjab are unmarried; and two-thirds of its whole population allow widow remarriage. I cannot give the percentage for all the provinces of India, but the percentage of widows will throw some light upon the subject. In Bengal 21 per cent. of the women are widows, as against 9 per cent. in the United Kingdom and in France; on the other hand, the proportion of unmarried females in England is twice as great as in Bengal. Throughout the whole of India the percentage of widows is 21; in the North-West

Provinces, 26 per cent. But few girls in these provinces bear children before their fifteenth year, cohabitation generally taking place between that age and the age of twenty. Since the prevalence of this custom is put down entirely to Hinduism, it will not be superfluous to remark that the proportion of widows amongst Mahomedans in the North-Western Provinces is very nearly as great as it is amongst the Hindus. In Madras 21 per cent. of Hindu females are widows, but of the Mahomedans 18 and of the Christians 16 per cent. are in the same condition. The figures for the whole of India exhibit a corresponding proximity. Of the total female community in Berar, 15 per cent. of the Hindus are widows. These figures undoubtedly show that the people marry very early, and that caste influences largely affect the proportion of widows in the regions where remarriage of widows is either prohibited or unpopular. At the same time, the mean age for married females in India is twenty-eight, as against forty in England, which, considering the difference in climate, is no very great difference. Every married person should have four children. This takes ten or twelve years on an average. Life is shorter in the East, and women age earlier; they must therefore marry earlier. The child-bearing age in Europe is from fifteen to forty-five. In India it is from fifteen to thirty-five. I shall be surprised if the above figures, though they do prove that there is a great deal in Mr. Malabari's case, do not also convict him of exaggeration. It must not be forgotten also that if marriage is a good thing for women, as is alleged on all hands, the much more married condition of the Indian population is *some* set-off as against the defects of their system of marriage. Out of 1,000 of the age of twenty and upwards, there are but fifteen single women in India as against 258 in England.

It follows from what has been said above that an examination of the best available records discloses the fact that it is very doubtful whether public opinion in India would support an amendment of the Penal Code suggested by Mr. Malabari for the express purpose of making a husband guilty of a crime who consummates his marriage with a wife of (or under) twelve years of age. For my own part, I am sure that in a country where girls are grown up at eleven or twelve, such an alteration in the law would meet with great opposition, although it is the case that too early consummation is looked upon generally in India with as much disgust and disapproval as it is in England, and that the criminal annals of the country afford very few examples of the occurrence of such offences as that which has lately created so much sensation in Calcutta. I have lately searched the files of the native press for opinions on this subject. In July last a leading native paper, the *Burdwan Sanjivani*, said:—

The case of Hari Charan Maiti has led several writers in the native press to agitate for the abolition of early marriage. According to these writers, Govern-

ment ought to pass a law prohibiting early marriage among Hindus; but early marriage, though not free from faults, has many good points. It is owing to early marriage, in fact, that the amount of domestic happiness enjoyed by the Hindus is not less than that enjoyed by other people, and that in most points they are happier than others. If early marriage had been productive of pure mischief, Hindu society would have been by this time extinct. And the fact that it still exists is a proof that early marriage is not an unmixed evil. Again, it is hardly reasonable to agitate for the abolition of early marriage simply because a person of low birth and bad character has been guilty of an outrageous act.

Early marriage is no new institution in Hindu society, and yet how many cases like Hari Charan Maiti's have been heard of in the country? But if it be at all necessary to abolish the practice, it is Hindu society and not Government which should be asked to move in the matter. If Hindu society feels any necessity of suppressing the practice, it will suppress it of itself.

The *Dacca Gazette* has the following paragraph on the same subject:—

The authorities are always endeavouring to find out defects in the social customs of the people of this country. But can they point to any people on the face of the earth whose manners and customs are perfectly faultless? A nation should not certainly be judged by the acts of a few of its members, nor by the acts of those occupying its lower strata. The manners of men in the lower ranks of society are everywhere more like those of beasts than of men, and it is not therefore right to judge of a whole society by the conduct of its worst members. And is not the marriage system of the English people themselves as faulty as the marriage system of the Hindus? Considering the daily increasing number of divorce suits among Englishmen, the question must be answered in the affirmative. The reasons which have induced the Hindus to regard the utterances of Professor Jhinsiwalla of Bombay as the effusions of an erratic brain are exactly those which make them attach no importance to the carplings of the Anglo-Indian Press.

An influential paper—with a very long name—publishes the paragraph which follows:—

The Sastras prove conclusively that early marriage is the best form of Hindu marriage, and any attempt on the part of Englishmen to deal a blow to that system will be an act of interference with the religious and social customs of the Hindus, and will therefore deeply wound Hindu feeling. The number of Hindus in India is about twenty crores, whilst the number of radical and reckless social reformers among them is hardly twenty score. Such being the case, it will be neither reasonable nor politic on the part of Englishmen to pass any law which will have the effect of interfering with the social customs of the Hindus. There is no fixed age of puberty among girls in this country: with some it is ten, with others it is twelve, while with a few it is sixteen. Under these circumstances, any increase of the age of consent will in a great many cases interfere with the religious custom of the Hindus, and will be also objected to by the Mahomedans. It is hardly proper to change a law in consequence of the clamour of a few Europeans and non-Hindu Babus.

The *Hindu Patriot* and the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* deny that the Indians urge the Government to raise the age of consent.

The *Dacca Prakash*, commenting last year upon Sir Comer Petheram's speech at the Calcutta University, said:—

By condemning caste, early marriage, the institution of widowhood, and other Hindu institutions, Sir Comer has indirectly condemned the religion of the Hindus, thereby wounding their religious feelings. And by so doing he has made himself amenable to punishment under the Indian Penal Code. Hindu society has been greatly scandalised by this speech.

At the third National Social Conference at Bombay in October last, of ten speakers five were against the very lame conclusion arrived at, to the effect that the time had arrived for an inquiry into the working of the Widow Marriage Act, with a view to suggest further improvements. Commenting upon this resolution, the *Hindu* (an excellent native paper of Madras, devoted exclusively to reform) says that

the report shows how much less enthusiasm is manifested in social reforms than what actuates the champions of political advancement of Hindus. The present organisation for the advancement of social reform is a sham and a delusion. The conference is a powerless institution which is brought into existence and galvanised into life for the time being as a necessary sequel to the political congress.

I could give many other instances, but these will suffice.

As regards the proposed amendment of the Civil Procedure Code, and the omission of the section providing for the institution of a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights, the suggested change has arisen entirely out of one individual case which occurred in Bombay in 1889.

I do not pretend to decide who in that case was in the right or who was in the wrong, but the husband who sued asserted that his wife was kept away from him by her mother-in-law, that she might retain with the girl the property which she had forfeited by her second marriage; and it does seem to be the case that the wife rejected her husband and made up her mind, as she said, 'to wash her hands of him for ever,' without having tried to live with him. It is extremely improbable that this provision of the law will be worked to the detriment of Hindu women to any great extent. The fact is that the Rukmi Bhai case was taken up by well-meaning and kind-hearted European and native reformers as a test case, and it affords but little matter for the decision of the complicated issues involved in the question under consideration. I do not suppose, however, that the repeal of this provision of the law would meet with any opposition in any quarter. The Hindus, I am sure, do not want it, and it will be long before they consider that a recourse to its provisions will be other than scandalous to those concerned.

The adoption of the third suggestion, to amend the marriage law by enacting that persons married during infancy shall have the opportunity, when they come to years of discretion, of themselves ratifying or annulling the contract, would, as has been shown above by quotations from Mr. Justice Moothosawmy Iyer, and as would be admitted

by every Hindu, be an interference with the religion and customs of the country as irritating as it would be abortive.

Coming to the fourth suggestion, it would be absurd to pass a law enabling parents in India to defer the marriage of their children to any age they liked, for there is no law to prevent them from doing so, and no law that could be passed could remove the social stigma that attaches in the upper classes to marriage after maturity.

In regard to the suggestion that the Widow Remarriage Act should be amended so as to allow a widow remarrying to retain her late husband's property, it need only be said that the existence of this Act is a convincing proof of the absolute futility of Government legislation in such matters. The law was passed in 1856, and has remained a dead letter ever since. It might be altered in any respect that anybody desires, and the alteration would not matter to anybody in the world. At the same time the alteration proposed would, like the Act itself, confirm a principle that is unacceptable to the upper classes of India. Mr. Malabari's remaining suggestions do not, I think, call for any comment; but desiring to inform myself whether the opinions of those best competent to judge have been affected by the agitation carried on since 1884, I have asked for the views of several distinguished Hindus as to these proposed reforms, and as to the actual condition of the Hindu widow. Here again, I am sure, exaggeration has been as gross as it has been in other respects in the treatment of this question. In 1884 many eminent native gentlemen were consulted by the Government of Madras before it wrote to the Government of India deprecating any legislative interference. On that occasion the Chief Justice of Travancore said that the orthodox element still represented 99 per cent. of the native community, and that 90 per cent. of the remaining 1 per cent. that advocated reform was not likely to act up to its convictions for several decades to come. The judge of the appeal court of Cochin pointed out very pertinently that out of 80,000 widows in the Madras Presidency, no less than 60,000 belonged to the Brahmin class, the most highly educated, the most highly civilised, and in every respect the most eminent section of the population. Again, out of 16,000,000 and odd Hindu widows in India, upwards of 2,000,000 are Brahmins. That leaves 14,000,000 of non-Brahmin Hindu widows, as against 40,000,000 of which Mr. Malabari speaks.

A learned member of the Madras Governor's Council considered the proposed changes entirely out of harmony with the feelings and prejudices of the people, however unreasonable these might be considered by go-ahead reformers. Mr. Cheusal Row, C.I.E., pointed out that widows did not receive any such ill-treatment as they could not prevent without any special aid from Government; and it does not seem superfluous to point out now, in view of Mr. Malabari's assertions, that wives are not exempted from the benefit of all the provisions of

the Penal Code. The law protects women on every occasion. If they have anything to complain of, it arises from the existence of customs of which they are the most strenuous upholders.

One of the native gentlemen consulted wished to know whether Government contemplated eventually punishing those who declined to ask remarried widows to dine with them. I wonder whether those who lately signed a petition to the Viceroy praying that the age of consent to consummation may be raised to fourteen years in India, are aware that under the Code Napoléon marriage is legal at fifteen for females in some countries in Europe, while in other countries which follow the Roman law twelve is the age, subject of course in every case, as in India, to the attainment of puberty; and that in Turkey, which rejoices in a more temperate climate than India, girls are generally married at puberty, just as they are in India, for consummation as a rule never takes place until puberty is attained, and rarely till a year or two after? Indeed, in the South of India the girl is not allowed to go to her husband's family until her own family consider she is fit to discharge all the duties of wifehood and maternity; and a study of the Indian Census Report of 1881 will induce the belief that the average age of consummation throughout India is fifteen years. I will conclude by quoting a few opinions quite recently collected by myself.

For myself, as I have ventured upon opinions here and there, I may say that I have held every office, judicial and revenue, in an Indian district, and have been translator to Government in four languages spoken by upwards of 112,000,000 of the people, for which above all I have an affectionate regard, and in regard to which I have a desire to learn what are their real views as distinguished from those with which they are credited by the few who affect to hold briefs for them on social and political subjects.

Mr. Varada Row, a statutory civil servant, bears testimony to the peace, amity, and good feelings that exist in a Hindu joint family, and states that although marriages amongst the Hindus are not preceded by courtship or even acquaintance, they generally turn out well—a result due to the abiding influence of Hindu mothers on their daughters, and to the early lessons on wifely duties taught in the recesses of the Hindu homes.

Mr. V. Krishnama Charriar, Registrar of Books, has kindly obtained for me the opinion of a Brahmin widow, who says that all the female members, especially of her family, and those in the houses of her relatives, hate the present agitation, and condemn the agitators as dangerous enemies of morality and religion. Mr. Krishnama Charriar adds that this short sentence pretty accurately represents the general feelings of the native population in this part of India (Madras).

On one occasion a meeting of agitators was stopped by widows

themselves, and on two occasions lately in the Madras Presidency assistance at burial has been denied to deceased Brahmin widows. It is impossible to over-estimate the abhorrence of the proposed innovation in this part of India. Sir Ramasawmy Moodelliar, C.I.E., commonly known as the Peabody of the southern capital, says that, as far as his experience goes, the Hindu widow is generally treated very kindly, her unfortunate condition creating a feeling of sympathy and kindness. He points out, as do all others consulted now and in 1884, that it is only amongst the Brahmins and those who follow Brahminical rule that girls are married before the attainment of puberty. I have endeavoured to make an estimate of what proportion of the population these form. After consulting authorities in every part of India, I have come to the conclusion that 25 per cent. would be the outside estimate, but I submit it with diffidence. Sir Ramasawmy thinks legislative interference with the marriage customs of the country neither practicable nor expedient. The evils complained of, he says, affect but a small section of the community in southern India, but that section is very bigoted and will strongly protest.

His Highness the Raja of Cochin, K.C.I.E., observes that infant marriage does not exist in his flourishing country, and that widows are not badly or cruelly treated, as supposed by Western philanthropists or Hindu reformers.

Dewan Bahadur Venkasawmy Row and Dewan Rama Row deprecate legislative interference. The former points out that throughout India only one out of five Hindu girls under the age of fifteen is married, and only one out of 133 girls under that age is a widow.

Mr. S. Srinivasa Ragava Iyengar, Inspector-General of Registration, points out that infant marriage and compulsory widowhood merely exist amongst a small proportion of population, adding that he has no reason to think that Hindu marriages turn out badly, and that, on the contrary, in his experience Hindu women win the affection and respect of their husbands by their constant attention to their household duties, and by the unfailing and unselfish devotion which they display in times of sickness and sorrow. He deprecates legislative interference, which he says would meet with very great opposition from the very classes for whose benefit it is intended. It is in the highest degree improbable, he says, in the present state of feeling that the higher class of Hindu society would consent to have the marriage of girls postponed till after the age of puberty, while, as regards the lower classes, such a marriage is already allowed by law and custom.

the Raja Sir T. Madava Row, K.C.S.I., Ex-Minister of Indore, Travancore, and Baroda, testifies that girls even in the upper classes join their husbands a year after they have attained puberty, that only 3 in 100 marriages generally turn out well, that the Hindu widow is not such an wretched

treated badly, but kindly and considerately, that she is not the drudge and the slave of the other members of the family, as is sometimes represented, and that legislative interference is not practicable or expedient. Sir Madava concludes his remarks by saying:—

My deep conviction is that the existing system of the Hindus, which is an extremely ancient one, and which the Hindus love in the highest conceivable degree, is the product of the longest experience in the world, and is the best adapted to produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number, by which I mean the greatest happiness of the greatest number of *men* and also the greatest happiness of the greatest number of *women*.

I say this not merely as a Hindu, but as a philosopher!

The above opinions are all those of eminent men deeply read in English and in Oriental literature—men who have risen to the highest positions under the British Government or in native States. Their opinions will carry most weight with the British public, but I cannot refrain from adding another, that of a Hindu ascetic, with which I have been favoured. Once a lawyer in good practice, he retired from his business and from the world, and occupies himself in reading, thinking, and writing—all for the improvement of his fellow-men, amongst whom he has gained the title of ‘yogee’ or ‘ascetic,’ which is habitually prefixed to his name. His style may appear to us worldlings somewhat strained and savouring of rhapsody; but there is no doubt that he does most accurately represent a very widely diffused phase of Hindu feeling, and one that rarely or never comes before the authorities. He says:—

The age at which Indian girls actually join their husbands may on an average be taken as sixteen, which is considered among the Hindus to be the ideal age for cohabitation. In the lower classes, addicted to mechanical operations and fed upon coarse food, girls attain puberty at a much later age than fourteen, and the age at which they join their husbands is proportionately delayed. Hindu marriages turn out most happily, the fickleness of free love among young people being rarely possible under the religious and social safeguards usual in India. That the Hindu widow is generally badly or cruelly treated I deny. Hindus, being mild and merciful from the accumulated habits of countless ages, are acknowledged to be most indulgent even to their prisoners. Who, then, can charge them with cruelty to widows, who are naturally among the most deserving of their relatives? ‘Strike not with a flower’ is the Hindu’s rule of conduct in the treatment of the females in his power.

Where authority is exercised by those who are or ought to be admitted to know and love us better than we know and love ourselves, it is sacrilege to complain of ‘tyranny,’ for the authority in such cases bears the seal of God Himself. Widows are generally provided for out of their husband’s or children’s property. If they have children, their children cherish them; if they have not, such unburdened ladies, being ‘nuns by the choice of God,’ are often prized as the guardian angels of our households, for they ever give far more than they can possibly take in the shape of voluntary temporal service and holy religious example. Far from being oppressed by their brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, or other relatives, into whose houses they are eagerly received, they are often even permitted to monopolise all authority therein. In the lower castes widows who cannot remain continent are allowed to

join another male, but only on condition of separating from their old connections and undergoing a degradation of social rank. You ask me whether legislative interference in the customs of the country is practicable or expedient. I reply that no measure that a Government so powerful as the British, bearing away over a people so superlatively meek as the Hindus, determine to take up in earnest can be said to be wholly impracticable. But the price at which alone such a measure could be carried out, would be sufficient to deter any prudent statesman from making an attempt calculated without any compensating advantage to forfeit the affections of a whole people. Beware of the anger of the patient man! What wrath is slow in arising will likewise be long in subsiding, and be fierce and desperate in its manifestation. India has been for thousands of years the land of castes and temples—of sages and saints—the sources respectively of social order and godly devotion. We wholly disown those noisy innovators, lost to our faith, who alone are moving Government now to remove from among us the last pillar left in the fabric of India's orthodox organisations. Our castes and religion have survived the shock of the Buddhists and of the Mahomedans. They are sure likewise to survive the shock of the Europeans, to whom till the day of our moral triumph, which in the fulness of God's own time is certain to come, we shall simply keep saying, 'Strike us, ye Europeans, but hear us.' Despise us not because we have been politically conquered. Athens and Palestine, though politically conquered by the Romans, did themselves in turn conquer the latter in arts and religion. Here in India alone by contact with a people who alone, of all the peoples of the earth, have best learned to show the right cheek to him who smites him on the left, you Europeans shall be truly evangelised, and thus be amply rewarded by gracious Providence for your good work in establishing and maintaining political peace among us. Know ye therefore your calling and govern yourselves accordingly.

May the setting-in of a stream of compassion for our deserving widows lead the Government, under the providence of God, to reverse its *law-multiplying* policy and inaugurate—in favour of the poor orphan at least—a *mind-multiplying* policy by admitting them to the privilege of a free education, such as that which the United States of America wisely give to a whole people! Taking in this exchange of thoughts between us, not as the recreation of an idle hour, but as a solemn conference on a solemn subject, right or wrong opinions on which might cause the weal or woe of countless millions of human beings in our day and of countless generations to come, I have assumed a degree of anxiety and earnestness of tone which might not be looked for in commonplace writing. You from the land of arts, arms, and secular organisations, I from the land of castes and temples, sages and saints—may we representatives of opposite worlds of energy unite in council and action, do good work in this world, and inherit eternal bliss in the next!

I am unwilling to add any commonplaces to the eloquence of my friend the ascetic, and will finish this paper by echoing his final 'Amen.'

J. D. REES.

Madras: September 1880.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.



THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CLXV.—NOVEMBER 1890.

MR. CARNEGIE'S 'GOSPEL OF WEALTH.'

A REVIEW AND A RECOMMENDATION.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has not yet travelled far into middle life, but his name has become one of considerable celebrity. As, however, this celebrity is special rather than general, he may require to be introduced by a few words to a portion of our readers. His life has been passed in America and Great Britain. He is happy in being one of those rare individuals, whose lives and whose sympathies are so distributed, rather than divided, between two great countries, that they themselves have become part of the living *nexus* between them and their inhabitants. Born in Dunfermline, he emigrated, as a very young lad, to the United States; and beginning, it may almost be said, from zero, he has become, by virtue of his energy, industry, and ability, the possessor of a vast commercial fortune, and the greatest ironmaster in the world. By using the epithet commercial, I mean to signify not that it is less stable than other fortunes, but that it is a fortune engaged in supplying the fixed and circulating capital required for a gigantic and still growing business, and not allowed to heap itself up in immeasurable accumulations. What has become of the share of profits not devoted to the extension of the concern will be sufficiently understood, when I state that it has been disposed of in practical illustration of the doctrines, which it is the first purpose of the present paper to explain. In the account just given of this remarkable person, I have not been divulging confidential or private information. I have simply put together what is well

known to all such as have obtained a general acquaintance with a career pursued in the face of day, and that in a country where beyond any other country, if the expression may be allowed, everybody knows everything about everybody.

Although Mr. Carnegie has spent by far the greater portion of the years he now numbers in America, yet he has made frequent and long visits to England or to his native land, and it is believed that he has the idea, if not the intention, of settling on this side the ocean. This may be interesting to some on the ground that his purse, which is a heavy one, seems to discharge its contents as freely as they have been received. But I think it will appear, as we proceed, that his doctrine is even more important than his wealth. And, as we always are curious to know what manner of man our teacher may be, I will mention that he is in and for America a stout unflinching protectionist, more than suspected of sympathy with the Mc'Kinley Bill; in and for the kingdoms of Queen Victoria, a Radical and something to boot. As the most open and direct of men, he would not thank anyone who palliated, or as he would say who disfigured, his political creed. There is no hardier Liberalism in this island than that which has flourished in Dundee, ever since it had some experience of the tyrannical government that, in the judicial sphere, marked the opening years of the great French War. Mr. Carnegie has recently delivered an address there. In it he soars immeasurably above the comparatively pale and colourless Liberalism in which we commonplace politicians are content to dabble.¹ In truth his flight is such that the naked eye is unable to follow him; we require a telescope, or at the least an opera-glass. The choice of the day was appropriate: it was the 1st of September, a day of slaughter. And the address was not an assault merely, but an onslaught on all which accompanies and qualifies, or as some of us would say mellows, consolidates, and secures the principles of popular government in this country. He evidently does not stop short of the opinion that rank, as it exists among us, is a widely demoralising power. I have thus mentioned his political views, in order to be clearly understood, when I thrust them entirely aside for the purposes at present before us. They are broadly and clearly severed from the subject which

¹ To obviate any exaggerated apprehensions, I subjoin an abstract from a speech more recently delivered (Sept. 12) by Mr. Carnegie at Inverness. He said: 'He had never known a similar public occasion in any city in America in which they had not been very careful to drink the health of her Majesty. He liked to see those two titles together. They were the symbol to him of one of the most cherished desires of his heart. They symbolised, as it were, the harmony, the union of the two great branches of the English-speaking race. The health of no foreign potentate was drunk with one tithe of the enthusiasm in America as the health of that good woman, their Queen. He congratulated them that they had such a Queen to drink to and to wish long life to. It had been so seldom their privilege to have a crowned head whom they could respect, personally as well as officially. The Royal Monarchists and Republicans were united in holding that the constituted authorities must be revered.'

Mr. Carnegie has, in a very interesting tract, placed before the British public, namely, the creation and employment of wealth. And that is a subject which, throughout the wide circle of what may be termed the wealthy portion of the community, demands (as I think), and demands without delay, a searching, painstaking, and practical consideration.

The accumulation of wealth has had its adversaries, such as Moses and Lycurgus in actual lawgiving, as well as among speculators from Plato to Diogenes. But it has been too strong for them all: it is the business of the world; and further we have, I suppose, to confess that the enormous power which it possesses has been used on the whole not well but ill. Has it been sufficiently taken into view that this enormous power from day to day grows more enormous? It is in course of rapid increase. Nor is even this all. With the growing development of commerce, still very far from its attainable maximum, the rate of that growth is likely itself to grow. And, lastly, it must not be forgotten that the kind of wealth which chiefly grows is what may be called irresponsible wealth: wealth little watched and checked by opinion, little brought into immediate contact with duty. When the principal form of property was the possession of land, wealth and station were co-extensive, and were visible and palpable to the world. They were seen to be placed in proximity, at every point, with the discharge of duty; and as the neglect of this duty was in the public eye, they were in a partial yet real way responsible. But, apart from property in houses, where there is not in general visibility of ownership, real property in land has now become but one, and not the chief, among many items of the national wealth. As it is not merely the amount but the irresponsibility of wealth, in its now prevailing forms, which gives occasion to the present paper, I subjoin some figures from the well-known 'Statistical Abstract,' which will partially illustrate this important point.

In the year 1862, the income from land was stated for the United Kingdom at 60½ millions. The income charged under Schedule D was 99 millions, and the income other than land charged under Schedule A was 83 millions, together 182 millions. Thus even at that date land in its products was outweighed by other wealth in the proportion of three to one. In 1889, Schedule D with its adjuncts had grown to 336 millions, showing an increment of 154 millions, or 85 per cent., while the income from land, which in 1879-80 had nearly touched 80 millions, had actually fallen to 58½ millions. The income from land was one fourth of the aggregate in 1862; and, in 1889, it was not much over one seventh.

So much for the growth of what I have termed irresponsible wealth. But now as to the growth, the portentous growth, of wealth at large. In 1842, when the Income Tax was imposed at 7*d.* in the pound, Sir Robert Peel, with much caution, originally calculated the proceeds at 500,000*l.* for each penny. They proved however to be

700,000*l.* for each penny. In 1889, the proceeds of the sixpenny Income Tax were for each penny two millions and fifty thousand pounds, so that in forty-seven years the wealth of the United Kingdom had been nearly trebled. It is true that in the interval (1853) the tax had been laid on Ireland; but I think the addition on this account was probably not greater, possibly even less, than the loss suffered by relaxations in various years, particularly under Mr. Lowe and (most of all) Sir Stafford Northcote, as Ministers of Finance. The annual amount of property and profits charged in 1889 was 636 millions. A deduction has to be made on account of the National Debt, which in reality represents not property of the nation, but the amount of an annual charge on its property and labour: moreover, the tax both for land and houses is charged on gross rental, which, in Great Britain, and especially in England, seriously exceeds the nett return. But any deductions due under these heads would be much more than compensated by additions to Schedule D on the score of profits unascertained, omitted, or understated. To state the annual income on which Income Tax is paid in the United Kingdom at 650 millions is, I am convinced, to state it moderately. We may pretty safely add a like amount for the exempt incomes of poorer but very far larger classes who do not pay income tax, and thus make the total for the three kingdoms thirteen hundred millions a year. The sum is prodigious. Were we to attempt to estimate in capital the values out of which it is annually produced, we must bid adieu to all idea of exactitude. But the increment of returns of Tax on Income gives some aid towards estimating the annual increment of capital. For 1855 the entire income on which the tax was levied may be taken at 310 millions. In thirty-five years, therefore, 340 millions have been added to the taxable income, or nearly ten millions a year. During the same period, apart from all other forms of investment, between sixty and seventy millions have been accumulated in the Savings Banks of the Post Office; and there have without doubt been other large increments of wealth among the masses who do not pay this special tax. Upon the whole, the annual addition to the capital of the country, for many years past, cannot be taken at less than 200 millions. Let us take it, for the whole period of forty-eight years since 1842, at 150 millions annually. This gives an aggregate addition of 7,200 millions. It would evidently be unreasonable to estimate the entire capital of the country (by conjecture) at less than from ten to twelve thousand millions. If the entire community, taking rich and poor overhead, were to dedicate ten per cent. only of the income, the amount thus given away by the individual for the honour of God and the good of his neighbour, large as it would sound at 130 millions, would still leave an increment of 70 millions at the close of the year in the prospering store of the wealth-making classes; besides the value that would be represented

in durable products of building and endowment, intended to be the prolific parents of future good, and indeed of future capital.

It is now time to turn again to Mr. Carnegie, and his recent challenge to the wealthy world. It is delivered in two articles, which were first printed in the Northern States, and reprinted with slight revision on this side the water in *more* forms than one. It has been widely circulated, perhaps by sale, certainly in the way of gift, and the copy before me forms part of the fiftieth thousand.² This self-made *millionnaire* has confronted the moral and social problem of wealth more boldly, so far as I know, than any previous writer. He may, like the rest of us, have his infirmities; but his courage and frankness, both of them superlative, are among the attendant virtues, which walk in the train of a munificence not less modest and simple than it is habitual and splendid.

Mr. Carnegie's tone is not that of either the ascetic or the socialist. He opens by observing that the progress of arts and industries has enormously widened the interval, which severs the conditions of the upper and the labouring classes from one another. He thinks, however, that the servant has gained something where the master has gained so much; and (p. 2) that 'a relapse to old conditions would sweep away civilisation with it.' Luxury is, as he evidently conceives, the mother of industry; and industry is to human society what movement is to air and sea. Therefore, he boldly upholds his position as an industrial giant, and he considers enterprise on a vast scale, and the erection of colossal fortunes, to be normal processes, and essential conditions of modern society. He speaks of the various rungs of the social ladder with the authority of a man who has trod them all, and in the disengaged and impartial spirit with which such men are not always blessed. The upshot of the great changes in invention and discovery is, that for scarcity and dearness have been substituted cheapness and abundance, nay even, as he somewhat broadly assumes, improvement in quality to boot. The labourer (p. 3) has more comforts now than the farmer of a few generations back, the farmer now than the landlord then, the landlord now than the king then. Queen Elizabeth, I think, breakfasted on beer and beefsteaks: agricultural distress must go far indeed, before the squire of our day will be content with such a bill of fare.

For these beneficial changes we pay a heavy price, in what Carlyle called the establishment of cash payment as the sole *nexus* between man and man. The ties, the relations, which were 'cords of a man,' which were strictly human, have very largely become mechanical. More than ever the employer knows his labourer only through the products of his labour. I here interpolate on my own behalf the expression of a fear that in many quarters the change in

² *Wealth, and the Best Fields for Philanthropy*. London: the Victoria Publishing Company, 179 Victoria St., S.W.

this direction is a growing change, though there are gallant struggles to counteract it. But while the conditions may here and there be hard, Mr. Carnegie accepts them, resignedly as being imperative, and cheerfully as being on the whole beneficial. Organisation, concentration, competition, survival of the fittest, elevation of the material conditions of the general life, all these are dovetailed into one another, and cannot be parted. So this great, but not godless, Cyclop employs with a quiet conscience his twenty thousand men, and sends off every morning from his works a mile in length of train-waggons laden with coke. The *millionnaire* as such has, then, a right to his place in the world, and has no occasion to be ashamed: thus far he serves God in his time and place. 'Our duty is with what is practicable now: with the next step possible in our day and generation' (p. 6).

But the wealth thus legitimately accumulated (and it is of wealth only, not of mere competence, that Mr. Carnegie speaks) constitutes, when rightly understood, a heavy burden upon the shoulders of its possessor. Mr. Carnegie discusses the mode of getting rid of it, only so far as concerns that portion of it which cannot be, or which is not commonly, spent. He does not consider the case of the gambler, or the glutton, or the wine-sop, or the sybarite. He lends them no warrant, either by his doctrine or his practice; but he chooses his own field of discussion, and deals with 'surplus' wealth alone. Probably America has less acquaintance, than we of the older societies, with that class of men, amongst all the most miserable, for whom the word 'surplus' never can exist, because, however vast their wealth, however imperative and however attractive the obligations which rank, tradition, and social ties impose upon its use, the idea of enjoyment is from youth upwards the only one they comprehend; and all is swallowed without compunction in the insatiable maw of their desires.

It is with a more tranquil, if sometimes not less obstinate, class of offenders that Mr. Carnegie has to deal. For their benefit, he points out that there are but three ways, in which the surplus beyond expenditure can be disposed of. It can be left to the family; or it can be bequeathed for public purposes; or it can be 'administered,'—that is to say, bestowed, or given away—by the possessor during life.

To dispose of accumulated wealth by provision for the family is, in the judgment of Mr. Carnegie, the 'most injudicious' of the three modes he specifies. He associates it with the custom of primogeniture, and views it as a device to gratify the vanity of the parent in the perpetuation of his name (p. 7). 'He thinks that the picture presented by contemporary Europe testifies to its failure; and that to leave great fortunes to our children is to impose upon them both burden and disadvantage. Moderate life-provisions should be pro-

vided for the wife and daughters, and 'very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons' (pp. 7, 8).

Not, then, so much the creation as the perpetuation of large money fortunes, detached from occupation and exertion, as well as from recognised responsibility to others, is to be deemed a doubtful and hazardous experiment. I confess myself to hold an opinion, shared I believe by few, which condemns the measure touching entails devised by Lord Cairns, and passed some years back with very wide assent, in so far as it gives encouragement to this form of proceeding by creating an entail of some kind for monies. But it is another matter when in commerce, or in manufacture, or in other forms of enterprise, such for example as the business of a great publishing house, the work of the father is propagated by his descendants. This proposition may indeed be extended far beyond the province of wealth-making. That children should be able to take to the employments of their fathers has been an ancient and conspicuous form of human felicity, from the time of Dardania onwards.

νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀνδρεῖ
καὶ παῖδες παῖδων, καὶ τοὶ μετόπισθε γέγονται.³

We have in 1890 a Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly employed, to the great benefit of England, ten generations ago. Is not this a good? Is not this tie of lineage for him a link binding him to honour and to public virtue? Does not such a relation tend to quicken the stings of conscience while it lives, or when it wakes, for those who wander into evil ways? Does it not present a natural, nay a commanding, object of reverence, and is not reverence one of the firmest and surest bonds of human society, as well as one of the most refining elements of human character? These traditions have some of the power so justly ascribed by Tennyson to pure love; the power to

Teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.⁴

We ought in this life to foster all that makes goodness easier, and sets barriers of whatever kind across the flowery ways of sin. There may be other impediments to good; and the barriers may be over-leapt; but we are poor enough with all our resources, and cannot afford to part with the very smallest of them. Is it too much to affirm that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position, in conjunction with the calls of occupation and of responsibility, is a good and not an evil thing? I rejoice to see it among our merchants, bankers, publishers: I wish it were commoner among our great manufacturing capitalists: I trust that those who are now at school may live to witness it in the descendants of Mr. Carnegie himself.

³ Il. xx. 307.

⁴ Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

Even greater is the subject of the hereditary transmission of land : more important, and more difficult. The subject is too large for any real discussion here ; and I admit that Mr. Carnegie's argument has the advantage of many a scandalous and guilty exhibition in its favour. This portion of the subject is the weightiest, because of the wonderful diversity and closeness of the ties by which, when rightly used, the office of the landed proprietor binds together the whole structure of rural society. It is also the most critical ; and it will so continue even when we shall have got rid of the social and moral mischiefs inherent in entails, because the evasion of duty is easy, and the forms of it are such as do not force themselves on a feeble and diseased perception, while the means of selfish indulgence can be had with unimpaired abundance through labours performed by deputy. Our system of landholding may break down through rampant abuse, or may be upheld by the high merits of those who adorn it by appropriate and conspicuous virtues : but in it is largely involved what the French call the *famille-souche*, that cohesion, interdependence, and affection of the *gens*, which is in its turn a fast compacting bond of societies at large. Mr. Carnegie has doubtless much to say against this system ; but there is *plus* and *minus* in the account between a country of old wealth and a country of new, and he will perhaps admit that he has not quite the whole truth on his side. I must in fairness add that he has allowed an exception to his rule. Where sons have been brought up in idleness, or for the performance of public duty without reference to gain—and occasionally these last (he says) 'are the very salt of the earth'—they ought to be endowed 'in moderation.'

We are now in smooth water ; and, from this field of partial if serious difference, I proceed to the main scope of his work in a spirit of strong and for the most part unqualified sympathy.

Having reduced within a narrow compass in the case of the really wealthy the claims of family, he proceeds to deal with the two remaining methods of discharging their burden ; the method of bequest, and the method of bestowal.

As to the first, he thinks that the objects of testators are often thwarted, or otherwise unattained ; often, also, that they only remain as monuments of human folly. He proceeds to pronounce a severer sentence (p. 9), the justice of which appears to me undeniable.

'Men who leave vast sums in this way may fairly be thought men who would not have left it [*sic*] at all, had they been able to take it with them. The memories of such cannot be held in grateful remembrance ; for there is no grace in their gifts.'

He then declares death-duties to be the wisest of all forms of taxation : and notices with pleasure 'the growing disposition to tax more and more heavily large estates' left to pass under testament. He thinks it difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's

estate which on his death should go to the public. He holds, indeed, that such taxes should leave unscathed moderate gifts to dependents, but he indicates a moiety, as the share which the State might fairly abstract from the hoard of the *millionnaire*.

If so stringent a graduation be deemed hard, the remedy is at hand. The oppressed individual has only to give away his money during life, which of course means giving it not in contemplation of approaching death. Thus he may effectually defy a greedy Treasury. But before proceeding to consider Mr. Carnegie's darling method, let us touch in a few details that method of bequest which probably is far more rife among us than in the United States, and which I think deserves a much more critical and jealous treatment than it usually receives.

It is understood in the first place that no censure is to be cast upon those minor gifts by will to friends, attendants, and the like, which often derive their grace from their arriving on the occasion of decease, or for which the reasons may not be fully ripe until that solemn time. And yet, even here it is surely a question whether, subject to general instructions, the particulars might not often be better left to the decision of judicious executors. Apart from these cases, I cannot but hold the opinion that Mr. Carnegie's censures of what are called charitable bequests are within the mark, and that these bequests involve from certain points of view the danger of serious moral evils. And, as I do not doubt that this proposition will be deemed by many to be fanciful or extravagant, I will proceed to state some of the grounds on which it rests.

My first charge against the practice is that it offers a ready and seductive mode of escape from that exercise of self-denial, which is required in order to part on any adequate scale with our means while we are alive.

Next, an evil tradition obtains among us, that assigns to these posthumous dispositions of property a character of virtue, to which they are in no way entitled. What is wrested from me by the gripe of Death I can in no true sense be said to give; and yet we hear of the bounty and munificence of A or B, and that such and such a hospital was founded at the sole costs and charges of C, when there was neither bounty nor munificence, since nothing can be given which is not also taken away from the giver, but nothing is here taken from any giver by the bequest he makes, for it is already gone; nor are there any costs or charges in the case, for no man can spend his money, any more than he can walk in Bond Street or Hyde Park, after he is dead. Only while this pen is in my hand I see in a newspaper of the day paragraphs headed in large type 'Munificent Bequests.' And what do they convey? I sketch a case in rude outline. A lady dies possessed of seventy or eighty thousand pounds. I take for granted (what is not always the fact) that there are no individuals

with just claims upon her. She frames, perhaps with care and labour, a list of charitable institutions: she assigns 500*l.*, or 1,000*l.*, or 2,000*l.*, or 5,000*l.* to each of them, and departs this world lauded and admired. I submit that she has no title to admiration. She has given them nothing. If, as I will assume, her whole income was required for her yearly expenditure, why did she not provide it by life annuity with a portion of her capital, and hand over the rest while she lived as occasion served? There would then have been gift (probably) without praise: there is now praise without gift.

We have here, therefore, a false ascription of virtue; and this is practised, not here and there only, but systematically among us. Surely, when we think seriously about the matter, this is a real and grave evil. It is dangerous enough when we are taught to plume ourselves upon virtues that are real, instead of recollecting that we are 'unprofitable servants.' But to have sham virtues set up in our own personal image is the worst kind of image-worship that I know; and my fear is that, with a servile submission to custom, or a vague and wandering phantasm of good nature, we are cherishing unawares, and under false pretences, a really demoralising agency. Nor should it be forgotten that, with a view to make the offering after death as large as possible, we may be induced to practise an unworthy parsimony towards good purposes while alive. Indeed, there are undoubted, if not even notorious, cases, where *compo* reputations have thus been built up after death for persons who actually fell short, during life, even of the poor standards that so commonly prevail among the wealthy.

Again: the method of bequest tempts the rich to make their wealth an engine for counteracting posthumously the free and healthy action of public opinion, by imposing conditions designed to force it into particular directions, congenial to the private views of a testator. No doubt we have all of us the right, and the duty, of acting upon public opinion, and, through institutions or otherwise, bringing it right where we think it wrong. Doing this in our lifetime, we do it by the use of means which really belong to us; our diverting them from our own personal use gives the public some security against irreflective action; and, moreover, we see our plans at work, and learn their weak points, and can correct them. In the cheap magnificence of testamentary appropriations, this security against thoughtless action, this opportunity of amendment, entirely disappear.

The remarks, which I thus submit for consideration, are aimed at a system, and at a state of opinion which upholds it, and attracts people towards it. The censure of individuals, who may have been misled by perverted fashion into a wrong course of action, might be very unjust, and is at any rate wholly beside the present purpose.

Let us now pass on to the method which alone Mr. Carnegie

approves, and which seems to be worthy of all praise and good will as a competitor with the method of bequest.

He thinks that in the method of bestowal, or giving away their money (p. 10) the rich may find an antidote to the temporary inequality in the present distribution of wealth, and also a specific for the reconciliation of the rich and the poor, since the surplus property of the few will be a great treasure administered for the common good. He considers this method to be far superior in its moral effect to distribution among numerous individuals in trifling amounts. It seems undoubtedly to have this recommendation, that its benefits are open to all on equal terms; that it offers no temptation to cupidity, fraud, and concealment; and that it has no tendency to constitute a class who may be described as the able-bodied recipients of alms, modern representatives of the sturdy beggar of antiquity. He thinks the altered conditions of the age point decisively in this direction, and he pleads for making the surplus large by modesty of private expenditure: on which, however, it may be observed that, among those whose station excuses or even requires magnificence, there are abundant opportunities, and there are also beautiful and graceful examples, of personal simplicity and restraint.

Mr. Carnegie's estimate of ordinary so-called charity is severe, for (p. 14) he supposes 950 dollars out of every thousand to be unwisely spent; but all must feel with him when he says the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves. With regard to the particular forms in which his principle may be applied, he thinks the Free Library the best of all; but he enumerates many other forms of beneficent investment: he recognises the whole field of the institutions generally considered useful. As to churches, he says (p. 34) 'the *millionnaire* should not figure how cheaply this structure can be built, but how perfect it can be made;' and, with the warnings of the Gospel in his recollection, he concludes by saying (p. 36), 'against such riches as these no bar will be found at the gates of Paradise.'

John Wesley looked forward to the day when his people, trained by him to industry, order, and forethought, would by these means become wealthy; and when the wealth thus engendered would, by a circuitous and subtle process, undo the work for which he spent himself, and drown them anew in the gulf of worldliness. That something of this kind might happen under the teaching of Mr. Carnegie seems to be within the bounds of possibility, though scarcely of likelihood. Should the gospel taught by this John the Baptist, now one crying in the wilderness, lay hold, like that of his predecessor, on all the Scribes and Pharisees of the nineteenth or the twentieth century; should it, as the man in the garment of camel's hair could not, catch even the Herodians; should impulse, once effectually given, grow into principle, into habit, into passion: then, indeed, after many ages a

time might arrive when the baths, the parks, the libraries, and I know not what, multiplied so as to overtake the wants of the universal people, might corrupt them into luxurious remissness, and destroy their manhood, as under the Emperors was destroyed the manhood of the Roman population. But cares, so faintly shadowed in so remote a distance, may be left to our descendants. It is ours to have regard to the goods which are attainable, and to the dangers which are near.

Such, then, are the doctrines of Mr. Carnegie on the Use of Wealth. They are sustained, as is well known, by his practice. No one, I think, is entitled magisterially to recommend them, who is not engaged in acting upon them. My office is the humble one of an attempt at making them definitely known in some quarters, into which they may not yet have penetrated. Men will perhaps learn them with a startled surprise. Like St. Paul to the Athenians,⁵ 'he will seem to be a setter forth of strange gods ;' or of ideas not less inconvenient than gods. The plan by its terms is one, which is limited to a few. It contemplates the disposal wholesale of what may be called giant surpluses for large purposes. Only a very small proportion even of those in easy circumstances have such surpluses to dispose of, and few are competent to devise or select these large purposes. We may then, after according a cheap admiration to a noble system, comfortably conclude that it is no plan for cases like ours, and thereupon again go to sleep. This it is which it might be well to prevent. Though the plan for us be mute, yet the principle of the plan speaks trumpet-tongued to thousands upon thousands. I feel indisposed to turn away from regarding it without offering, from an immeasurable distance, a humble suggestion. Let the seed sown by Mr. Carnegie bring forth its thirtyfold, if it cannot yield sixty or a hundred. The subject is a serious one, and concerns us all.

If the question be put whether the wealthy portion of our community give away an adequate or becoming portion of their incomes, there can hardly be a serious doubt that the answer must be in the negative. If it be asked who are the wealthy, we must begin by excluding from that general and necessarily vague description all those, who are wholly or partially relieved from Income Tax. Below this line, the principle of course applies ; but the evil is probably both less extensive, and less glaring. Above the line, the application of the word 'wealthy' ought to be graduated. It applies with increasing force as we mount the scale of incomes ; and undoubtedly it applies most of all to the possessors of what I have termed irresponsible wealth, because here it is that the possessor has the greatest freedom of disposal, and is least within the calls of neighbourhood, tradition, and customary expectation. The worst wealth of all, however, is probably that of the landowner who carries his income, or attempts to carry it,

⁵ Acts xvij. 18.

into the class of the irresponsibles by systematic absenteeism. This case, apart from real necessity (which is for the most part temporary), is so bad as to be unpardonable and irredeemable.

If the moral liability of the six or seven hundred millions of wealthy income were roughly fixed, for the sake of argument, at a tithe, let us first consider the difference between the property-holder of the present day and the property-holder of six or eight hundred years ago. In those days there was little wealth, except what was liable to either the great tithe or the small. The tenth, taken on the gross produce, may perhaps be considered as representing a fifth of the nett. And it is doubted whether in England this fund was of old so administered as to exempt the laity from other calls on behalf of the poor. These slight indications may serve to suggest that the wealth of the present day is far less lightly charged, far more available for accumulation and for personal indulgence, than was the wealth of our remote forefathers.

Again, the six or seven hundred millions now before us are subject only to moderate deductions for the expense of government. Of the eighty-nine millions constituting the Imperial Income for 1889-90, no more than seventy-three are raised from taxes, and of the seventy-three a large share, perhaps a moiety, falls upon the poorer classes, who receive the other half of the national income. After making a due allowance for the local rates, we may suppose the wealthy classes to enjoy on the average eleven-twelfths of their receipts discharged from all the expenses of government. How poor a figure would all the known and estimated givings by these classes, as a body, be found to exhibit, in comparison with the sixty or seventy millions which form only the tithe of their aggregate income!

That there are shortcomings, and that these shortcomings are large and even enormous, is directly testified by the general experience of the agents and managers of eleemosynary undertakings, whose incessant or frequent complaint it is that givers are but a class or section of the community, and that the clutch and gripe of most possessors over their money is hardly ever relaxed. And yet hardened or conscious avarice is a thing so odious, and does such violence to all that is good, or even tolerable, in our nature, that we must in reason suppose it to be a curse confined to comparatively few. The gross defect of duty which prevails is probably due to a mixture of influences, in which ignorance and carelessness are the most efficient factors. In most cases the love of indulgence, and in some few sheer greed, rush in at every opening thus created, lay hands on all they can, and shut out all chance of beneficent alienations unless in the handful of instances where the demands for them are so determinate, so glaring, and so pungent, that they cannot be set aside without either some public disgrace, or else without their penetrating even the most thick-skinned conscience with a sense of pain and shame. If,

then, thoughtlessness, in some one of its many ramifications, be an indispensable agent in generating the present mischief, the question at once arises whether anything can be done to compel or induce men, in this case at least, to *think*.

There existed in this country some five and twenty years back, under the presidency of the excellent Lord Carlisle, best known as Lord Morpeth, an institution termed, I think, the 'Universal Beneficent Society,' the aim of which was to deal with this great subject; materially great, morally almost immeasurable. I am obliged to speak of the institution from memory, as it was explained to me by a Mr. Cather, its chief agent at the time. It purported to be a combination of persons who bound themselves in honour to one another to give away from year to year at the least a certain fixed proportion of their incomes; fixed, that is to say, by themselves; so that as between man and man there was no other guarantee, than honour, for the fulfilment of the engagement. But then it was an engagement which as a rule no one would have any motive to assume without the intention of keeping it; and as to which, while intrusion into the inner sanctuary of the mind would be impossible, yet it might perhaps be allowed, from time to time, to remind the contracting parties of their promise, and also to acquaint them how far the vitality of the scheme was attested and maintained by the influx of new adhesions.

This institution, large in scope, was limited in the support it obtained. There was indeed no occasion for a great list of subscriptions, as the only heads of expense would be those connected with the making known the existence of the association, in order to extend its circle, and with the periodical announcement of its condition.

It at once appeared to me that the aim was admirable; but I found that there was in my judgment a rather serious flaw in the constitution adopted. It was limited to the circle of what Mr. Cather termed Evangelical Protestantism. Whether this limitation impeded its extension, or whatever other cause marked it for ill fortune, I know not. But it has been disembodied, if not extinguished; as the only society now existing under this title appears to be one which has its *habitat* in Soho Square, and which sets forth an array of good and honourable names, but which has an entirely distinct and separate purpose, namely, the provision of annuities in suitable cases for needy persons.⁶

This virtual removal of the old plan from the field, with its claims

⁶ In an excellent paper by the Rev. J. S. Jones, Vicar of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, read at the Church Congress of 1888, I find it stated that the Systematic Beneficence Society lost itself in the Christian Moral Science Association, and that its influence gradually waned. Whether he is more exact in the details than I have been is immaterial, as the upshot in each case is the same. There appears to be no existing organisation for the promotion of the purpose which I have in view. I ought to add that I have adopted from the paper of Mr. Jones the phrase 'proportionate giving.'

of seniority and originality, is so far an advantage that it completely disembarasses those, who might be inclined to repeat under well-considered conditions the old experiment, from the religious difficulty. For it is surely one of the great and palpable advantages of such a plan that it involves something of communion and co-operation unaccompanied by anything of compromise. What has Protestantism as such, Evangelical or other, to do with the matter? If the resolution to act as is proposed cannot be taken in the name of Christianity or of some historic religion, let it be taken in the name of the altruism which, as some tell us, is to supersede them all. The resolution is to establish a precinct, however small, which shall be specially guarded against the intrusion of selfish purpose. Surely this is not in the nature of a religious test. The gate is wide enough to let in all the -isms and all the -ologies. Let orthodox and heterodox, affirmative and negative, make trial of its breadth: and let them enter into a wholesome and vigorous though secret competition, for the honour of God if they acknowledge and worship God, and if they do not then for the honour of whatever they do acknowledge and do worship⁷; and, alike in the one class and the other, for the benefit of their fellow-men, and the riveting of the ties, so often sadly strained, between them.

The object in view is to induce everyone, who may be willing, to open an account with his own conscience, in order to secure a proper treatment of the subject of giving. He is to make what he may think a due appropriation out of his substance for purposes lying outside the expenditure applied to the necessities or convenience of himself and his family. It is beyond doubt that some persons already make effective, and others partial, efforts in this direction. What is wanted is, first, to rouse, and if necessary to rouse by disquieting, the consciences of many who make no such effort at all: secondly, to improve and enlarge those attempts now made which are feeble and uncertain, so as to give them both increased extent and greater promise of permanence; thirdly, to render the examples of those who already do their best, or something like it, effective in stimulating and aiding others, without the questionable distinction of advertising particulars, or otherwise inflating vanity or pride; and, lastly, to strengthen and consolidate the whole by the undoubtedly powerful principle of mutual association.

Undoubtedly an appeal of this kind has a special application to those who are connected with the Established Church of the country. Of late years, indeed, most laudable efforts have been made to counteract the lethargy, which a State provision for our clergy has tended to produce, by setting forth the mean and scanty pittance now available for many members of the order, by the

⁷ I will not say, in honour of the locomotive. But I understand that in some remote districts of India, where school-training has not penetrated, the locomotive has been seen to receive offerings of cocoanuts and flowers.

revival of the weekly Offertory, and by boldly setting up the duty and the privilege of abundant, or systematic, or proportionate almsgiving. It can hardly be doubted that the members of the other religious bodies, which form so considerable a section of the population, are better taught and practised in the duty of almsgiving than we are, at least as regards the direct calls of their religious profession. For the noblest collective example of such almsgiving known, in modern times, to this or perhaps to any country, we may turn to the early history of the Free Church of Scotland, after the disruption in 1843. Yet there is probably no religious community that has not many members who fall short of their duty, while undoubtedly in the greater part of the wealthy class the shortcoming is palpable and even immense. A little agitation may do a great deal of good. It will not indeed deprive wealth of what ought to be its terrors; of those influences, alike subtle and deleterious, which prompted the fervent and pathetic expostulation of St. Paul.⁸ But it will tear away the veil of ignorance and brace the nerves of carelessness; and, in placing us face to face with very formidable facts, will stir towards amendment all hearts not yet altogether hardened into moral and social indifferentism.

It will of course be understood that the step which is immediately contemplated in these remarks is one attended with the smallest possible expense. It is to found (if the distinction may be permitted) an association, but not a society. It is to enter into a bond of honour, under which the bondsmen would have no public action whatever in common. They would subscribe an engagement having no legal force; and no moral sanction, no *Erinnues*, to enforce it, except the action of the private conscience in the internal *forum*. For the engagement is to give away a proportion of the annual receipt which the individual himself will fix, will alter if he pleases, and which, altered or unaltered, he will not be called to promulgate. If it is said he does not know exactly what his income is, let him allow a margin; and let him, if he think proper, rule everything in his own favour by taking it at what he knows to be its minimum. If it be asked, may he credit himself with his poor's rate which is compulsory, or with a contribution to a statue of a public benefactor which relieves no human want or misery, again it is in his own power, like⁹ the estate of Ananias and Sapphira. He will, however, not fail to remember that his obligation is only to give not less than the proportion he has fixed. It does not restrain him from giving more. It is to be hoped that, with practice, his ideas will alter and improve. The burden will be lost in the privilege. He will learn as to giving that, like mercy,

It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes.¹⁰

⁸ 1 Tim. vi. 9-11.

⁹ Acts v. 4.

¹⁰ *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

Nay, that done in a certain manner, it is even a surer and a larger blessing to the first than to the second. Now it may be requisite to specify some of the incidental advantages which are to be expected from this peculiar method, not of giving (for all our choice of modes and forms of giving would remain just as free as before), but of conditioning our gifts. I will name one or two. First, it will place us in honest co-operation with those from whom we differ. This is a distinct good; for it will tend to soften any asperities which difference engenders. Secondly, for that portion of the community who find economies either necessary or congenial, a certain dignity will be conferred upon these economies, and they will be redeemed from the sense of meanness, if they are made in order to render possible the fattening of a dedicated fund. And, thirdly, in many cases of begging letters and the like, who is there that has not felt it painful to have his own pecuniary interest pitted against even a questionable applicant? But, under the plan now in our contemplation, the applicant goes against the fund, not against our personal means of indulgence and enjoyment: so that we can afford to treat him dispassionately, and reject him, if need be, with a quiet conscience, as it makes us none the richer.

I have not thus taken upon me the office of tendering a recommendation to my fellow-members of the community, bearing upon the order of actual life, without ascertaining in more than one quarter from whence influence may flow that there is a desire to see tried some experiment of the kind, and even to give it energetic support. The work of correspondence necessary to organise the plan, and set it going, would be altogether beyond my power to undertake. At the same time, I am ready to be the careful recipient of any assents to the general conception, which there may be a disposition to tender; and (without any other pledge) I should hold myself bound to make such endeavours towards a practical beginning as would at least prevent good intentions thus conveyed from falling to the ground.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

IN PERIL FROM PARLIAMENT.

I.

MUCH dissatisfaction has been expressed at its having been found impossible to pass through the House of Commons in the last session some of the Bills proposed by Her Majesty's Ministers, in consequence of the excessive delay experienced in carrying on the business of the House. This delay has been found to be so serious an evil, that an attempt, it has been announced, will be made to guard against it for the future by a change in the rules of procedure in the House of Commons, and the need for some check to what has become an intolerable abuse will hardly be disputed by any impartial observer of the manner in which the business of the House of Commons has for some years been carried on. But unless the House does something more than seems to be as yet contemplated, in order to prevent the wilful waste of its time, it is hard to see how any improvement in its procedure can provide for the transaction of its business with reasonable expedition, since Mr. Chamberlain clearly spoke the truth when he said that 'the cause of their difficulty was the presence in the House of obstruction—of inveterate, barefaced, avowed, deliberate obstruction.' Making those who are guilty of such obstruction severely responsible for their offence will be absolutely necessary if it continues to be committed, and it is to be hoped the House will not shrink from the duty of protecting itself against a practice so destructive of its usefulness should occasion for it arise; but apart from any regulations of a more or less penal character against wilful obstruction, there seems to be no doubt that by improvement in the present system of procedure, the transaction of business might be rendered both more expeditious and more satisfactory. Something would be done in this direction by adopting the standing order recommended by the Committee appointed to consider this subject in the last session; the power of taking up in a new session a bill which had made a certain progress in a previous one, would clearly tend to prevent some waste of Parliamentary time, but it appears to me to be doubtful whether the proposed standing order would do this in the best

manner, while it would certainly have no effect in correcting what I regard as the greatest fault in the present mode of conducting legislation. For many years the judges have repeatedly and justly complained of the careless manner in which Acts of Parliament are now passed; they are frequently obscure partly from hasty amendments made in their progress through Parliament, and their different clauses are found to be often inconsistent with each other, or to bear an interpretation quite different from what was intended, so that the judges have much difficulty in applying them to cases that come before them. This is a natural consequence of the manner in which Acts of Parliament are now passed, which does not afford opportunities to either House of Parliament for considering measures brought before it with sufficient care. The most important bills are usually and properly first introduced into the House of Commons, and I have no doubt that to depart from this long-established practice would be unwise. But in the earlier part of the session there are so many demands upon the time of the House of Commons, that it is generally late in the session before long and complicated bills are ready to be sent to the Lords. If therefore they are found to stand in need of extensive amendments, there is little time for considering them, and still less is left for due consideration by the Commons of changes made by the other House in the bills they had passed. The result is that important bills have not unfrequently to be either abandoned for the session, or passed in an unsatisfactory and imperfect condition. The new standing order recommended by the Committee would afford no remedy for this fault in the existing mode of carrying on the work of Parliament, but it might be corrected by making an additional order to the following effect.

1. When a bill has been read a third time and passed, the House, instead of directing it to be sent at once to the Lords, may, if it think fit, order it to be so sent only after the opening of the next session of Parliament.

2. If, after the opening of a new session of the same Parliament, a Minister of the Crown should move that a bill with respect to which such an order had been made in the previous session 'be now sent to the Lords,' the question whether this motion be agreed to shall take precedence of all other business.

3. If the question should be decided in the negative, the bill shall be considered as having been rejected.

4. If the decision should be in the affirmative, a bill in the same terms as that passed in the previous session shall be forthwith introduced, shall be read three times, passed and sent to the Lords without further question being put.

5. On the question being put for sending to the Lords a bill passed in the preceding session, it shall be open to any member to object to it, but only on the ground that since the bill was agreed to

by the House circumstances had occurred rendering it no longer expedient that the measure should be adopted.

6. In any discussion that may arise on an objection offered to the sending of the bill to the Lords, no remarks shall be considered as being in order except such as are directed to proving or disproving the fact of a change of circumstances having occurred to render it no longer desirable that the bill should pass.

The passing of such a standing order would not involve giving to the Lords any means of interfering with the Commons in the transaction of their business, nor yet the exercise of any novel power by the House of Commons. That House has never hesitated to suspend its standing orders on fitting occasions so as to pass urgent bills in a single day. What is now suggested would merely provide for the exercise of this power according to a fixed rule in favour of bills already fully considered by the House, and the important advantage would be gained that the House of Commons would be enabled, without interfering with the usual business of a new session, to send at its very beginning important bills to the House of Lords. For many years it has been found to be both exceedingly inconvenient and injurious to the public service, that in the early part of a session the Lords have very little business before them, and that towards its close there is so great a rush of business that it is impossible it should be well done; by the more equal distribution of its business through the whole session, the House of Lords would be enabled to give far more valuable assistance than it can now render in the work of legislation. The House of Commons would also gain much in obtaining a better opportunity than it now has of giving deliberate consideration to amendments made by the Lords in bills it has sent to them. At present, bills in which the Lords have made large amendments usually come back so late to the Commons that these amendments cannot be properly considered, and thus it has not unfrequently to choose between risking the loss of an important measure, and accepting, without sufficient examination, the amendments that have been made in it. Occasionally it has been thus driven into accepting objectionable changes in bills it has passed. Obtaining more time for communication between the two Houses on amendments proposed in important bills would often lead to the correction of mistakes, and to the Acts being ultimately passed in a far more perfect form than they now are. Two bills which came before Parliament in the last session afford examples of the inconvenience of the present mode of carrying on the work of legislation, and of the advantages that would arise from the change I have suggested. I refer to the Bankruptcy Bill and the Directors' Liability Bill. The first of these bills has passed in a form which there is reason to hope may be found satisfactory, but the attempts hitherto made to legislate on the subject have been so unsuccessful,

that it is to be regretted that the Act now passed did not undergo somewhat more careful examination than it has done, both by the public and by Parliament, before it was allowed to become law. With regard to the other bill I have mentioned, it is still more to be regretted that it could not be subjected to closer examination before it was permitted to pass. Its object was to put a stop to fraudulent practices, by which it is notorious that many persons have been plundered of enormous sums of money in the many years that have gone by since the original Act providing for the creation of joint stock companies with limited liability was hurried through the House of Lords in the month of August, by a gross abuse of the influence of the Government. Though attempts have since been made to correct the defects of this ill-considered Act, which has been the cause of severe distress, and even of ruin, to hundreds of families, none of these attempts have had the desired effect of putting a stop to the abuse, and a bill was in consequence passed by the House of Commons in the last session, containing clauses that would have subjected those who should hereafter be guilty of the fraudulent practices which have been so common to severe penalties. When the bill reached the other House late in the session, these provisions were strongly objected to by most of the law lords, and at their instance amendments were made in the bill which are regarded by many persons as having destroyed most of its value, but which were accepted by the House of Commons to prevent the loss of the bill which must have followed from their rejection. Whether the amendments have really injured the measure as much as some persons suppose, I am unable to judge; but be this as it may, there can be no doubt that it would have been a great advantage if the bill, instead of being sent to the Lords at the fag end of the last session, could have been reserved till the beginning of a new one, when both the bill and the amendments proposed by the Lords could have been far more deliberately considered than they were.

The fact that legislation is at present injuriously affected in the manner I have described, can scarcely be disputed by any one who has paid attention to the proceedings of Parliament in past years. The remedy I have proposed for this serious evil is a simple one, and though I do not pretend that it would be complete, it certainly would go far towards removing difficulties that now exist, while it is not open to any objection that I can perceive. Those which Mr. Gladstone urged in his draft report against the standing order recommended by the committee of the House of Commons would not apply to that which I have suggested, as I think he would himself admit. Other modes of expediting business in the House of Commons have been recommended and deserve consideration. Among these the proposal of Mr. Aird for restricting the time allowed for debate on questions brought before the House, is one for which much might be

said, though it is open to objections which ought not at any rate to be hastily dismissed. A good deal of time might also be saved to the House by reverting to what was the former practice of allowing much of the regular expenditure of the State to be provided for by payments permanently charged on the Consolidated Fund or from other sources, without requiring the amount wanted to be annually voted in Committee of Supply. This change was made on the ground of its being the duty of the House of Commons to exercise a strict control over the whole of the national expenditure. The necessity for such a control is unquestionable, but it seems to me to have been a mistake to imagine that it was necessary for this purpose to give up the former practice, or that any real good could be done by submitting annually to the House of Commons votes to provide for expenses essentially fixed and the details of which it is utterly impossible for a numerous body to examine. In point of fact I doubt whether, in all the years that have gone by since the change was made, it has been the means of effecting even the slightest saving of public money, while it has beyond all doubt wasted the time of the House by affording additional opportunities for useless talk.

These and any other changes which may be suggested ought to be carefully considered, and those which may be found to hold out a fair prospect of being useful ought to be adopted. But it is impossible that any improvement that can be made in its rules of procedure should afford an effectual remedy for that dilatory and inefficient discharge of its duties by the House of Commons which is so universally complained of, and has been getting worse and worse from year to year; the fault is not nearly so much in its rules of procedure as in the House itself. Its character as a deliberative assembly, which formerly stood so high as to excite the envy and admiration of the world, is now altogether changed, and this change is the true cause not only of the wearisome slowness with which it does its work, but also of many other evils and dangers. These are so formidable, and the calamities with which the nation is threatened from the inability of the House of Commons as now constituted to perform its duties as it ought appear to me so appalling, that without dwelling further on the comparatively unimportant question as to what improvements in its procedure ought to be attempted, I will endeavour to call public attention to the perilous position in which the country is placed by the present constitution of the House of Commons. But the observations I have to offer on this subject would unavoidably extend this article to too great a length; I must therefore reserve them for another.

GREY.

MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

(Continued.)

As soon as spring comes back to the temperate zone, myriads and myriads of birds which are scattered over the warmer regions of the South come together in numberless bands, and, full of vigour and joy, hasten northwards to rear their offspring. Each of our hedges, each grove, each ocean cliff, and each of the lakes and ponds with which Northern America, Northern Europe, and Northern Asia are dotted tell us at that time of the year the tale of what mutual aid means for the birds; what force, energy, and protection it confers to every living being, however feeble and defenceless it otherwise might be. Take, for instance, one of the numberless lakes of the Russian and Siberian steppes. Its shores are peopled with myriads of aquatic birds, belonging to at least a score of different species, all living in perfect peace—all protecting one another.

For several hundred yards from the shore the air is filled with gulls and terns, as with snow-flakes on a winter day. Thousands of plovers and sand-courers run over the beach, searching their food, whistling, and simply enjoying life. Further on, on almost each wave, a duck is rocking, while higher up you notice the flocks of the Casarki ducks. Exuberant life swarms everywhere.¹

And here are the robbers—the strongest, the cunningest ones, those ‘ideally organised for robbery.’ And you hear their hungry, angry, dismal cries as for hours in succession they watch the opportunity of snatching from this mass of living beings one single unprotected individual. But as soon as they approach, their presence is signalled by dozens of voluntary sentries, and hundreds of gulls and terns set to chase the robber. Maddened by hunger, the robber soon abandons his usual precautions: he suddenly dashes into the living mass; but, attacked from all sides, he again is compelled to retreat. From sheer despair he falls upon the wild ducks; but the intelligent, social birds rapidly gather in a flock and fly away if the robber is an erne; they plunge into the lake if it is a falcon; or they raise a cloud of water-dust and bewilder the assailant if it is a kite.² And

¹ Syeverstsoff's *Periodical Phenomena*, p. 251.

² Seyfferlitz, quoted by Brehm, iv. 760.

while life continues to swarm on the lake, the robber flies away with cries of anger, and looks out for carrion, or for a young bird or a field-mouse not yet used to obey in time the warnings of its comrades. In the face of an exuberant life, the ideally armed robber must be satisfied with the off-fall of that life.

Further north, in the Arctic archipelagoes,

you may sail along the coast for many miles and see all the ledges, all the cliffs and corners of the mountain-sides, up to a height of from two to five hundred feet, literally covered with sea-birds, whose white breasts show against the dark rocks as if the rocks were closely sprinkled with chalk specks. The air, near and far, is, so to say, full with fowls.³

Each of such 'bird-mountains' is a living illustration of mutual aid, as well as of the infinite variety of characters, individual and specific, resulting from social life. The oyster-catcher is renowned for its readiness to attack the birds of prey. The barge is known for its watchfulness, and it easily becomes the leader of more placid birds. The turnstone, when surrounded by comrades belonging to more energetic species, is a rather timorous bird; but it undertakes keeping watch for the security of the commonwealth when surrounded by smaller birds. Here you have the dominative swans; there, the extremely sociable kittiwake-gulls, among whom quarrels are rare and short; the prepossessing polar guillemots, which continually caress each other; the egoist she-goose, who has repudiated the orphans of a killed comrade; and, by her side, another female who adopts anyone's orphans, and now paddles surrounded by fifty or sixty youngsters, whom she conducts and cares for as if they all were her own breed. Side by side with the penguins, which steal one another's eggs, you have the dotterels, whose family relations are so 'charming and touching' that even passionate hunters recoil from shooting a female surrounded by her young ones; or the eider-ducks, among which (like the velvet-ducks, or the *coroyas* of the Savannahs) several females hatch together in the same nest; or the lums, which sit in turn upon a common covey. Nature is variety itself, offering all possible varieties of characters, from the basest to the highest: and that is why she cannot be depicted by any sweeping assertion. Still less can she be judged from the moralist's point of view, because the views of the moralist are themselves a result—mostly unconscious—of the observation of Nature.

Coming together at nesting time is so common with most birds that more examples are scarcely needed. Our trees are crowned with groups of crows' nests; our hedges are full of nests of smaller birds; our farmhouses give shelter to colonies of swallows; our old

³ *The Arctic Voyages of A. E. Nordenskjöld*, London, 1879, p. 135. See also the powerful description of the St. Kilda Islands by Mr. Dixon (quoted by Seebohm), and nearly all books of Arctic travel.

towers are the refuge of hundreds of nocturnal birds; and pages might be filled with the most charming descriptions of the peace and harmony which prevail in almost all these nesting associations. As to the protection derived by the weakest birds from their unions, it is evident. That excellent observer, Dr. Couës, saw, for instance, the little cliff-swallows nesting in the immediate neighbourhood of the prairie falcon (*Falco polyargus*). The falcon had its nest on the top of one of the minarets of clay which are so common in the cañons of Colorado, while a colony of swallows nested just beneath. The little peaceful birds had no fear of their rapacious neighbour; they even did not let it approach to their colony. They immediately surrounded it and chased it, so that it had to make off at once.⁴

Life in societies does not cease when the nesting period is over; it begins then in a new form. The young broods gather in societies of youngsters, generally including several species. Social life is practised at that time chiefly for its own sake—partly for security, and chiefly for the pleasures derived from it. So we see in our forests the societies formed by the young nuthatchers (*Sitta cæsia*), together with titmouses, chaffinches, wrens, tree-creepers, or some wood-peckers.⁵ In Spain the swallow is met with in company with kestrels, fly-catchers, and even pigeons. In the Far West the young horned larks live in large societies, together with another lark (Sprague's), the sky-lark, the Savannah sparrow, and several species of buntings and longspurs.⁶ In fact, it would be much easier to describe the species which live isolated than to simply name those species which join the autumnal societies of young birds—not for hunting or nesting purposes, but simply to enjoy life in society and to spend their time in plays and sports, after having given a few hours every day to find their daily food.

And, finally, we have that immense display of mutual aid among birds—their migrations—which I dare not even enter upon in a review article. Sufficient to say that birds which have lived for months in small bands scattered over a wide territory gather in thousands; they come together at a given place, for several days in succession, before they start, and they evidently discuss the particulars of the journey. Some species will indulge every afternoon in flights preparatory to the long passage. All wait for their tardy congeners, and finally they start in a certain well-chosen direction—a fruit of accumulated collective experience—the strongest flying at the head of the band, and relieving one another in that difficult task. They

⁴ Elliot Couës, in *Bulletin U.S. Geol. Survey of Territories*, iv. No. 7, pp. 556, 579, &c.

⁵ Brehm Father, quoted by A. Brehm, iv. 34 sq. See also White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Letter XI.

⁶ Dr. Couës' *Birds of Dakota and Montana*, in *Bulletin U.S. Survey of Territories*, iv. No. 7.

cross the seas in large bands consisting of both big and small birds, and when they return next spring they repair to the same spot, and, in most cases, each of them takes possession of the very same nest which it had built or repaired the previous year.⁷

Going now over to mammals, the first thing which strikes us is the overwhelming numerical predominance of social species over those few carnivores which do not associate. The plateaus, the Alpine tracts, and the steppes of the Old and New World are stocked with herds of deer, antelopes, gazelles, fallow deer, buffaloes, wild goats and sheep, all of which are sociable animals. When the Europeans came to settle in America, they found it so densely peopled with buffaloes, that pioneers had to stop their advance when a column of migrating buffaloes came to cross the route they followed; the march past of the dense column lasting sometimes for two and three days. And when the Russians took possession of Siberia they found it so densely peopled with deer, antelopes, squirrels, and other sociable animals, that the very conquest of Siberia was nothing but a hunting expedition which lasted for two hundred years. Not long ago the small streams of Northern America and Northern Siberia were peopled with colonies of beavers, and up to the seventeenth century like colonies swarmed in Northern Russia. The flat lands of the four great continents are still covered with countless colonies of mice, ground squirrels, marmots, and other rodents.

In the lower latitudes of Asia and Africa the forests are still the abode of numerous families of elephants, rhinoceroses, and numberless societies of monkeys. In the far north the reindeer aggregate in numberless herds; while still further north we find the herds of the musk-oxen and numberless bands of polar foxes. The coasts of the ocean are enlivened by flocks of seals and morses; its waters, by shoals of sociable cetaceans; and even in the depths of the great plateau of Central Asia we find herds of wild horses, wild donkeys, wild camels, and wild sheep. All these mammals live in societies and nations sometimes numbering hundreds of thousands of individuals, although now, after three centuries of gunpowder civilisation, we find but the *débris* of the immense aggregations of old. How trifling, in comparison with them, are the numbers of the carnivores! And how false, therefore, is the view of those who speak of the animal world as if nothing were to be seen in it but lions and hyenas plunging their bleeding teeth into the flesh of their victims! One

⁷ It has often been intimated that larger birds may occasionally *transport* some of the smaller birds when they cross together the Mediterranean, but the fact still remains doubtful. On the other side, it is certain that some smaller birds join the bigger ones for migration. The fact has been noticed several times, and it was recently confirmed by L. Buxbaum at Raunheim. He saw several parties of cranes which had larks flying in the midst and on both sides of their migratory columns.—*Der zoologische Garten*, 1886, p. 133.

might as well imagine that the whole of human life is nothing but a succession of Tel-el-Kebir and Geok-tépé massacres.

Association and mutual aid are the rule with mammals. We find social habits even among the carnivores, and we can only name the cat tribe (lions, tigers, leopards, &c.) as a division the members of which decidedly prefer isolation to society, and are but seldom met with even in small groups. The two tribes of the civets (*Viverridæ*) and the weasels (*Mustelidæ*) might also be characterised by their isolated life, but it is a fact that during the last century the common weasel was more sociable than it is now; it was seen then in larger groups in Scotland and in the Unterwalden canton of Switzerland. As to the great tribe of the dogs, it is eminently sociable, and association for hunting purposes may be considered as characteristic of its numerous species. It is well known, in fact, that wolves gather in packs for hunting, and Tschudi left an excellent description of how they draw up in a half-circle, surround a cow which is grazing on a mountain slope, and then, suddenly appearing with a loud barking, make it roll in the abyss.⁸ During severe winters their packs grow so numerous as to become a danger for human settlements, as was the case in France some five-and-forty years ago. In the Russian steppes they never attack the horses otherwise than in packs; and yet they have to sustain bitter fights, during which the horses (according to Kohl's testimony) sometimes assume offensive warfare, and in such cases, if the wolves do not retreat promptly, they run the risk of being surrounded by the horses and killed by their hoofs. The prairie-wolves (*Canis latrans*) are known to associate in bands of from twenty to thirty individuals when they chase a buffalo occasionally separated from its herd.⁹ Jackals, which are most courageous and may be considered as one of the most intelligent representatives of the dog tribe, always hunt in packs; thus united, they have no fear of the bigger carnivores.¹⁰ As to the wild dogs of Asia (the *Kholzuns*, or *Dholes*), Williamson saw their large packs attacking all larger animals save elephants and rhinoceroses, and overpowering bears and tigers. Hyænas always live in societies and hunt in packs, and the hunting organisations of the painted lycæons are highly praised by Cumming. Nay, even foxes, which, as a rule, live isolated in our civilised countries, have been seen combining for hunting purposes.¹¹ As to the polar fox, it is—or rather was in Steller's time—one of the most sociable animals; and when one reads Steller's description of the war that was waged by Behring's unfortunate crew against these intelligent small animals, one does not know what to wonder at most:

⁸ Tschudi, *Thierleben der Alpenwelt*, p. 404.

⁹ Houzeau's *Études*, ii. 463.

¹⁰ For their hunting associations see Sir E. Tennant's *Natural History of Ceylon*, quoted in Romanes's *Animal Intelligence*, p. 432.

¹¹ See Emil Hüter's letter in L. Büchner's *Liebe*.

the extraordinary intelligence of the foxes and the mutual aid they displayed in digging out food concealed under cairns, or stored upon a pillar (one fox would climb on its top and throw the food to its comrades beneath), or the cruelty of man, driven to despair by the numerous packs of foxes. Even some bears live in societies where they are not disturbed by man. Thus Steller saw the black bear of Kamtchatka in numerous packs, and the polar bears are occasionally found in small groups. Even the unintelligent insectivores do not always disdain association.

However, it is especially with the rodents, the ungulata, and the ruminants that we find a highly developed practice of mutual aid. The squirrels are individualist to a great extent. Each of them builds its own comfortable nest, and accumulates its own provision. Their inclinations are towards family life, and Brehm found that a family of squirrels is never so happy as when the two broods of the same year can join together with their parents in a remote corner of a forest. And yet they maintain social relations. The inhabitants of the separate nests remain in a close intercourse, and when the pine-cones become rare in the forest they inhabit, they emigrate in bands. As to the black squirrels of the Far West, they are eminently sociable. Apart from the few hours given every day to foraging, they spend their lives in playing in numerous parties. And when they multiply too rapidly in a region, they assemble in bands, almost as numerous as those of locusts, and move southwards, devastating the forests, the fields, and the gardens; while foxes, polecats, falcons, and nocturnal birds of prey follow their thick columns and live upon the individuals remaining behind. The ground squirrel—a closely akin genus—is still more sociable. It is given to hoarding, and stores up in its subterranean halls large amounts of edible roots and nuts, usually plundered by man in the autumn. According to some observers, it must know something of the joys of a miser. And yet it remains sociable. It always lives in large villages, and Audubon, who opened some dwellings of the hackee in the winter, found several individuals in the same apartment; they must have stored it with common efforts.

The large tribe of the marmots, which includes the three large genres of *Arctomys*, *Cynomys*, and *Spermophilus*, is still more sociable and still more intelligent. They also prefer having each one its own dwelling; but they live in big villages. That terrible enemy of the crops of South Russia—the *souslik*—of which some ten millions are exterminated every year by man alone, lives in numberless colonies; and while the Russian provincial assemblies gravely discuss the means of getting rid of this enemy of society, it enjoys life in its thousands in the most joyful way. Their play is so charming that no observer could refrain from paying them a tribute of praise, and from mentioning the melodious concerts arising from the

sharp whistlings of the males and the melancholic whistlings of the females, before—suddenly returning to his citizen's duties—he begins inventing the most diabolic means for the extermination of the little robbers. All kinds of rapacious birds and beasts of prey having proved powerless, the last word of science in this warfare is the inoculation of cholera! The villages of the prairie-dogs in America are one of the loveliest sights. As far as the eye can embrace the prairie, it sees heaps of earth, and on each of them a prairie-dog stands, engaged in a lively conversation with its neighbours by means of short barkings. As soon as the approach of man is signalled, all plunge in a moment into their dwellings; all has disappeared as by enchantment. But if the danger is over, the little creatures soon reappear. Whole families come out of their galleries and indulge in play. The young ones scratch one another, they worry one another, and display their gracefulness while standing upright, and in the meantime the old ones keep watch. They go visiting one another, and the beaten footpaths which connect all their heaps testify of the frequency of the visitations. In short, the best naturalists have written some of their best pages in describing the associations of the prairie-dogs of America, the marmots of the Old World, and the polar marmots of the Alpine regions. And yet, I must make, as regards the marmots, the same remark as I have made when speaking of the bees. They have maintained their fighting instincts, and these instincts reappear in captivity. But in their big associations, in the face of free Nature, the unsociable instincts have no opportunity to develop, and the general result is peace and harmony.

Even such harsh animals as the rats which continually fight in our cellars are sufficiently intelligent not to quarrel when they plunder our larders, but to aid one another in their plundering expeditions and migrations, and even to feed their invalids. As to the beaver-rats or musk-rats of Canada, they are extremely sociable. Audubon could not but admire 'their peaceful communities, which require only being left in peace to enjoy happiness.' Like all sociable animals, they are lively and playful, they easily combine with other species, and they have attained a very high degree of intellectual development. In their villages, always disposed on the shores of lakes and rivers, they take into account the changing level of water; their dome-shaped houses, which are built of beaten clay interwoven with reeds, have separate corners for organic refuse, and their halls are well carpeted at winter-time; they are warm, and, nevertheless, well ventilated. As to the beavers, which are endowed, as known, with a most sympathetic character, their astounding dams and villages, in which generations live and die without knowing of any enemies but the otter and man, so wonderfully illustrate what mutual aid can achieve for the security of the species, the development of social habits, and the evolution of intelligence, that they

are familiar to all interested in animal life. Let me only remark that with the beavers, the musk-rats, and some other rodents, we already find the feature which will also be distinctive of human communities—that is, work in common.

I pass in silence the two large families which include the jerboa, the chinchilla, the *biscacha*, and the *tushkan*, or underground hare of South Russia, though all these small rodents might be taken as excellent illustrations of the pleasures derived by animals from social life. Precisely, the pleasures; because it is extremely difficult to say what brings animals together—the needs of mutual protection, or simply the pleasure of feeling surrounded by their congeners. At any rate, our common hares, which do not gather in societies for life in common, and which are not even endowed with intense parental feelings, cannot live without coming together for play. Dietrich de Winckell, who is considered to be among the best acquainted with the habits of hares, describes them as passionate players, becoming so intoxicated by their play that a hare has been known to take an approaching fox for a playmate.¹² As to the rabbit, it lives in societies, and its family life is entirely built upon the image of the old patriarchal family; the young ones being kept in absolute obedience to the father and even the grandfather.¹³ And here we have the example of two very closely allied species which cannot bear each other—not because they live upon nearly the same food, as like cases are too often explained, but most probably because the passionate, eminently individualist hare cannot make friends with that placid, quiet, and submissive creature, the rabbit. Their tempers are too widely different not to be an obstacle to friendship.

Life in societies is again the rule with the large family of horses, which includes the wild horses and donkeys of Asia, the zebras, the mustangs, the *cimarrones* of the Pampas, and the half-wild horses of Mongolia and Siberia. They all live in numerous associations made up of many studs, each of which consists of a number of mares under the leadership of a male. These numberless inhabitants of the Old and the New World, badly organised on the whole for resisting both their numerous enemies and the adverse conditions of climate, would soon have disappeared from the surface of the earth were it not for their sociable spirit. When a beast of prey approaches them, several studs unite at once; they repulse the beast and sometimes chase it: and neither the wolf nor the bear, not even the lion, can capture a horse or even a zebra as long as they are not detached from the herd. When a drought is burning the grass in the prairies, they gather in herds of sometimes 10,000 individuals strong, and migrate. And when a snow-storm rages in the steppes, each stud keeps close

¹² *Handbuch für Jäger und Jagdberechtigte*, quoted by Brehm, ii. 223.

¹³ Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*.

together, and repairs to a protected ravine. But if confidence disappears, or the group has been seized by panic, and disperses, the horses perish and the survivors are found after the storm half dying from fatigue. Union is their chief arm in the struggle for life, and man is their chief enemy. Before his increasing numbers the ancestors of our domestic horse (the *Equus Przewalskii*, so named by Polyakoff) have preferred to retire to the wildest and least accessible plateaus on the outskirts of Thibet, where they continue to live, surrounded by carnivores, under a climate as bad as that of the Arctic regions, but in a region inaccessible to man.¹⁴

Many striking illustrations of social life could be taken from the life of the reindeer, and especially of that large division of ruminants which might include the roebucks, the fallow deer, the antelopes, the gazelles, the ibex, and, in fact, the whole of the three numerous families of the Antelopides, the Caprides, and the Ovides. Their watchfulness over the safety of their herds against attacks of carnivores; the anxiety displayed by all individuals in a herd of chamois as long as all of them have not cleared a difficult passage over rocky cliffs; the adoption of orphans; the despair of the gazelle whose mate, or even comrade of the same sex, has been killed; the plays of the youngsters, and many other features, could be mentioned. But perhaps the most striking illustration of mutual support is given by the occasional migrations of fallow deer, such as I saw once on the Amur. When I crossed the high plateau and its border ridge, the Great Khingan, on my way from Transbaikalia to Merghen, and further travelled over the high prairies on my way to the Amur, I could ascertain how thinly peopled with fallow deer these mostly uninhabited regions are.¹⁵ Two years later I was travelling up the Amur, and by the end of October reached the lower end of that picturesque gorge which the Amur pierces in the Dousse-alin (Little Khingan) before it enters the lowlands where it joins the Sungari. I found the Cossacks in the villages of that gorge in the greatest excitement, because thousands and thousands of fallow deer were crossing the Amur where it is narrowest, in order to reach the lowlands. For several days in succession, upon a length of some forty miles up the river, the Cossacks were butchering the deer as they crossed the

¹⁴ In connection with the horses it is worthy of notice that the quagga zebra, which never comes together with the dauw zebra, nevertheless lives on excellent terms, not only with ostriches, which are very good sentries, but also with gazelles, several species of antelopes, and gnus. We thus have a case of mutual dislike between the quagga and the dauw which cannot be explained by competition for food. The fact that the quagga lives together with ruminants feeding on the same grass as itself excludes that hypothesis, and we must look for some incompatibility of character, as in the case of the hare and the rabbit.

¹⁵ Our Tungus hunter, who was going to marry, and therefore was prompted by the desire of getting as many furs as he possibly could, was beating the hill-sides all day long on horseback in search of deer. His efforts were not rewarded by even so much as one fallow deer killed every day; and he was an excellent hunter.

Amur, in which already floated a good deal of ice. Thousands were killed every day, and the exodus nevertheless continued. Like migrations were never seen either before or since, and this one must have been called for by an early and heavy snow-fall in the Great Khingan, which compelled the deer to make a desperate attempt at reaching the lowlands in the east of the Dousse mountains. Indeed, a few days later the Dousse-alin was also buried under snow two or three feet deep. Now, when one imagines the immense territory (almost as big as Great Britain) from which the scattered groups of deer must have gathered for a migration which was undertaken under the pressure of exceptional circumstances, and realises the difficulties which had to be overcome before all the deer came to the common idea of crossing the Amur further south, where it is narrowest, one cannot but deeply admire the amount of sociability displayed by these intelligent animals. The fact is not the less striking if we remember that the bisons of North America display the same powers of combination. One sees them grazing in great numbers in the plains, but these numbers are made up by an infinity of small groups which never mix together. And yet, when necessity arises, all groups, however scattered over an immense territory, come together and make up those immense columns, numbering hundreds of thousands of individuals, which I mentioned on a preceding page.

I also ought to say a few words at least about the 'compound families' of the elephants, their mutual attachment, their deliberate ways in posting sentries, and the feelings of sympathy developed by such a life of close mutual support. I might mention the sociable feelings of those disreputable creatures the wild boars, and find a word of praise for their powers of association in the case of an attack by a beast of prey. The hippopotamus and the rhinoceros, too, would occupy a place in a work devoted to animal sociability. Several striking pages might be given to the sociability and mutual attachment of the seals and the walruses; and finally, one might mention the most excellent feelings existing among the sociable cetaceans. But I have to say yet a few words about the societies of monkeys, which acquire an additional interest from their being the link which will bring us to the societies of primitive men.

It is hardly needful to say that those mammals, which stand at the very top of the animal world and most approach man by their structure and intelligence, are eminently sociable. Evidently we must be prepared to meet with all varieties of character and habits in so great a division of the animal kingdom which includes hundreds of species. But, all things considered, it must be said that sociability, action in common, mutual protection, and a high development of those feelings which are the necessary outcome of social life, are characteristic of most monkeys and apes. From the smallest species to the biggest ones, sociability is a rule to which we know but a few exceptions.

The nocturnal apes prefer isolated life; the capuchins (*Cebus capucinus*), the monos, and the howling monkeys live but in small families; and the orang-outangs have never been seen by Mr. Wallace otherwise than either solitary or in very small groups of three or four individuals, while the gorillas seem never to join in bands. But all the remainder of the monkey tribe—the chimpanzees, the sajous, the sakis, the mandrills, the baboons, and so on—are sociable in the highest degree. They live in great bands, and even join with other species than their own. Most of them become quite unhappy when solitary. The cries of distress of each one of the band immediately bring together the whole of the band, and they boldly repulse the attacks of most carnivores and birds of prey. Even eagles do not dare attack them. They plunder our fields always in bands—the old ones taking care for the safety of the commonwealth. The little tee-tees, whose childish sweet faces so much struck Humboldt, embrace and protect one another when it rains, rolling their tails over the necks of their shivering comrades. Several species display the greatest solicitude for their wounded, and do not abandon a wounded comrade during a retreat till they have ascertained that it is dead and that they are helpless to restore it to life. Thus James Forbes narrated in his *Oriental Memoirs* a fact of such resistance in reclaiming from his hunting party the dead body of a female monkey that one fully understands why ‘the witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.’¹⁶ In some species several individuals will combine to overturn a stone in order to search for ants’ eggs under it. The hamadryas not only post sentries, but have been seen making a chain for the transmission of the spoil to a safe place; and their courage is well known. Brehm’s description of the regular fight which his caravan had to sustain before the hamadryas would let it resume its journey in the valley of the Mensa, in Abyssinia, has become classical.¹⁷ The playfulness of the tailed apes and the mutual attachment which reigns in the families of chimpanzees also are familiar to the general reader. And if we find among the highest apes two species, the orang-outang and the gorilla, which are not sociable, we must remember that both—limited as they are to very small areas, the one in the heart of Africa, and the other in the two islands of Borneo and Sumatra—have all the appearance of being the last remnants of formerly much more numerous species. The gorilla at least seems to have been sociable in olden times, if the apes mentioned in the *Periplus* really were gorillas.

We thus see, even from the above very brief review, that life in societies is no exception in the animal world; it is the rule, the law of Nature, and it reaches its fullest development with the higher

¹⁶ Romanes’s *Animal Intelligence*, p. 472.

¹⁷ Brehm, i. 82; Darwin’s *Descent of Man*, ch. iii.

vertebrates. Those species which live solitary, or in small families only, are relatively few, and their numbers are limited. Nay, it appears very probable that, apart a few exceptions, those birds and mammals which are not gregarious now, were living in societies before man multiplied on the earth and waged a permanent war against them, or destroyed the sources from which they formerly derived food. 'On ne s'associe pas pour mourir,' was the sound remark of Espinas; and Houzeau, who knew the animal world of some parts of America when it was not yet affected by man, wrote to the same effect.

Association is found in the animal world at all degrees of evolution; and, according to the grand idea of Herbert Spencer, so brilliantly developed in Perrier's *Colonies Animales*, colonies are at the very origin of evolution in the animal kingdom. But, in proportion as we ascend the scale of evolution, we see association growing more and more conscious. It loses its purely physical character, it ceases to be simply instinctive, it becomes reasoned. With the higher vertebrates it is periodical, or is resorted to for the satisfaction of a given want—propagation of the species, migration, hunting, or mutual defence. It even becomes occasional, when birds associate against a robber, or mammals combine, under the pressure of exceptional circumstances, to emigrate. In this last case, it becomes a voluntary deviation from habitual moods of life. The combination sometimes appears in two or more degrees—the family first, then the group, and finally the association of groups, habitually scattered, but uniting in case of need, as we saw it with the bison and other ruminants. It also takes higher forms, guaranteeing more independence to the individual without depriving it of the benefits of social life. With most rodents the individual has its own dwelling, which it can retire to when it prefers being left alone; but the dwellings are laid out in villages and cities, so as to guarantee to all inhabitants the benefits and joys of social life. And finally, in several species, such as rats, marmots, hares, &c., sociable life is maintained notwithstanding the quarrelsome or otherwise egotistic inclinations of the isolated individual. Thus it is not imposed, as is the case with ants and bees, by the very physiological structure of the individuals; it is cultivated for the benefits of mutual aid, or for the sake of its pleasures. And this, of course, appears with all possible gradations and with the greatest variety of individual and specific characters—the very variety of aspects taken by social life being a consequence, and for us a further proof, of its generality.¹⁸

¹⁸ The more strange it is to read in the previously mentioned article by Mr. Huxley the following paraphrase of a well-known sentence of Rousseau: 'The first men who substituted mutual peace for that of mutual war—whatever the motive which impelled them to take that step—created society' (*Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1888, p. 165). Society has *not* been created by man; it is anterior to man.

That life in societies is the most powerful weapon in the struggle for life, taken in its widest sense, has been illustrated by several examples on the foregoing pages, and could be illustrated by any amount of evidence, if further evidence were required. Life in societies enables the feeblest insects, the feeblest birds, and the feeblest mammals to resist, or to protect themselves from, the most terrible birds and beasts of prey; it permits longevity; it enables the species to rear its progeny with the least waste of energy and to maintain its numbers albeit a very slow birth-rate; it enables the gregarious animals to migrate in search of new abodes. Therefore, while fully admitting that force, swiftness, protective colours, cunningness, and endurance to hunger and cold, which are mentioned by Darwin and Wallace, are so many qualities making the individual, or the species, the fittest under certain circumstances, we maintain that under *any* circumstances sociability is the greatest advantage in the struggle for life. Those species which willingly or unwillingly abandon it are doomed to decay; while those animals which know best how to combine, have the greatest chances of survival and of further evolution, although they may be inferior to others in *each* of the faculties enumerated by Darwin and Wallace, save the intellectual faculty. The highest vertebrates, and especially mankind, are the best proof of this assertion. As to the intellectual faculty, while every Darwinist will agree with Darwin that it is the most powerful arm in the struggle for life, and the most powerful factor of further evolution, he also will admit that intelligence is an eminently social faculty. Language, imitation, and accumulated experience are so many elements of growing intelligence of which the unsocial animal is deprived. Therefore we find, at the top of each class of animals, the ants, the parrots, and the monkeys, all combining the greatest sociability with the highest development of intelligence. The fittest are thus the most sociable animals, and sociability appears as the chief factor of evolution, both directly, by securing the well-being of the species while diminishing the waste of energy, and indirectly, by favouring the growth of intelligence.

Moreover, it is evident that life in societies would be utterly impossible without a corresponding development of social feelings, and, especially, of a certain collective sense of justice growing to become a habit. If every individual were constantly abusing its personal advantages without the others interfering in favour of the wronged, no society-life would be possible. And feelings of justice develop, more or less, with all gregarious animals. Whatever the distance from which the swallows or the cranes come, each one returns to the nest it has built or repaired last year. If a lazy sparrow intends appropriating the nest which a comrade is building, or even steals from it a few sprays of straw, the group interferes against the lazy comrade; and it is evident that without such inter-

ference being the rule, no nesting associations of birds could exist. Separate groups of penguins have separate resting places and separate fishing abodes, and do not fight for them. The droves of cattle in Australia have particular spots to which each group repairs to rest, and from which it never deviates; and so on.¹⁹ We have any numbers of direct observations of the peace that prevails in the nesting associations of birds, the villages of the rodents, and the herds of grass-eaters; while, on the other side, we know of few sociable animals which so continually quarrel as the rats in our cellars do, or as the morses, which fight for the possession of a sunny place on the shore. Sociability thus puts a limit to physical struggle, and leaves room for the development of better moral feelings. The high development of parental love in all classes of animals, even with lions and tigers, is generally known. As to the young birds and mammals whom we continually see associating, sympathy—not love—attains a further development in their associations. Leaving aside the really touching facts of mutual attachment and compassion which have been recorded as regards domesticated animals and with animals kept in captivity, we have a number of well-certified facts of compassion between wild animals at liberty. Max Perty and L. Büchner have given a number of such facts.²⁰ J. C. Wood's narrative of a weasel which came to pick up and to carry away an injured comrade enjoys a well-merited popularity.²¹ So also the observation of Captain Stansbury on his journey to Utah which is quoted by Darwin; he saw a blind pelican which was fed, and well fed, by other pelicans upon fishes which had to be brought from a distance of thirty miles.²² As to facts of compassion with wounded comrades, they are continually mentioned by all field zoologists. Such facts are quite natural. Compassion is a necessary outcome of social life. But compassion also means a considerable advance in general intelligence and sensibility. It is the first step towards the development of higher moral sentiments. It is, in its turn, a powerful factor of further evolution.

If the views developed on the preceding pages are correct, the question necessarily arises, in how far are they consistent with the theory of struggle for life as it has been developed by Darwin, Wallace, and their followers? and I will now briefly answer this important question. First of all, no naturalist will doubt that the idea of a

¹⁹ Haygarth, *Dush Life in Australia*, p. 58.

²⁰ To quote but a few instances, a wounded badger was carried away by another badger suddenly appearing on the scene; rats have been seen feeding a blind couple (*Seelenleben der Thiere*, p. 64 sq.) Brehm himself saw two crows feeding in a hollow tree a third crow which was wounded; its wound was several weeks old (*Hausfreund*, 1874, 715; Büchner's *Liebe*, 203). Mr. Blyth saw Indian crows feeding two or three blind comrades; and so on.

²¹ *Man and Beast*, p. 344.

²² L. H. Morgan, *The American Beaver*, 1868, p. 272; *Descent of Man* ch. iv.

struggle for life carried on through organic nature is the greatest generalisation of our century. Life is struggle; and in that struggle the fittest survive. But the answers to the questions, 'By which arms is this struggle chiefly carried on?' and 'Who are the fittest in the struggle?' will widely differ according to the importance given to the two different aspects of the struggle: the direct one, for food and safety among separate individuals, and the struggle which Darwin described as 'metaphorical'—the struggle, very often collective, against adverse circumstances. No one will deny that there is, within each species, a certain amount of real competition for food—at least, at certain periods. But the question is, whether competition is carried on to the extent admitted by Darwin, or even by Wallace; and whether this competition has played, in the evolution of the animal kingdom, the part assigned to it.

The idea which permeates Darwin's work is certainly one of real competition going on within each animal group for food, safety, and possibility of leaving an offspring. He often speaks of regions being stocked with animal life to their full capacity, and from that overstocking he infers the necessity of competition. But when we look in his work for real proofs of that competition, we must confess that we do not find them sufficiently convincing. If we refer to the paragraph entitled 'Struggle for Life most severe between Individuals and Varieties of the same Species,' we find in it none of that wealth of proofs and illustrations which we are accustomed to find in whatever Darwin wrote. The struggle between individuals of the same species is not illustrated under that heading by even one single instance: it is taken as granted; and the competition between closely allied animal species is illustrated by but five examples, out of which one, at least (relating to the two species of thrushes), now proves to be doubtful.²³ But when we look for more details in order to ascertain how far the decrease of one species was really occasioned by the increase of the other species, Darwin, with his usual fairness, tells us:

²³ One species of swallow is said to have caused the decrease of another swallow species in North America; the recent increase of the missel-thrush in Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush; the brown rat has taken the place of the black rat in Europe; in Russia the small cockroach has everywhere driven before it its greater congener; and in Australia the imported hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small stingless bee. Two other cases, but relative to domesticated animals, are mentioned in the preceding paragraph. While recalling these same facts, Mr. Wallace remarks in a foot-note relative to the Scottish thrushes: 'Prof. A. Newton, however, informs me that these species do not interfere in the way here stated' (*Darwinism*, p. 34). As to the brown rat, it is known that, owing to its amphibian habits, it usually stays in the lower parts of human dwellings (low cellars, sewers, &c.), as also on the banks of canals and rivers; it also undertakes distant migrations in numberless bands. The black rat, on the contrary, prefers staying in our dwellings themselves, under the floor, as well as in our stables and barns. It thus is much more exposed to be exterminated by man; and we cannot maintain, with any approach to certainty, that the black rat is being either exterminated or starved out by the brown rat and not by man.

We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms which fill nearly the same place in nature; but probably in no case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

As to Wallace, who quotes the same facts under a slightly modified heading ('Struggle for Life between closely-allied Animals and Plants *often* most severe'), he makes the following remark (*italics* are mine), which gives quite another aspect to the facts above quoted. He says:

In *some* cases, no doubt, there is actual war between the two, the stronger killing the weaker; but *this is by no means necessary*, and there may be cases in which the weaker species, physically, may prevail by its power of more rapid multiplication, its better withstanding vicissitudes of climate, or its greater cunning in escaping the attacks of common enemies.

In such cases what is described as competition may be no competition at all. One species succumbs, not because it is exterminated or starved out by the other species, but because it does not well accommodate itself to new conditions, which the other does. The term 'struggle for life' is again used in its metaphorical sense, and may have no other. As to the real competition between individuals of the same species, which is illustrated in another place by the cattle of South America during a period of drought, its value is impaired by its being taken from among domesticated animals. Bisons emigrate in like circumstances in order to avoid competition. However severe the struggle between plants—and this is amply proved—we cannot but repeat Wallace's remark to the effect that 'plants live where they can,' while animals have, to a great extent, the power of choice of their abode. So that we again are asking ourselves, To what extent does competition really exist within each animal species? Upon what is the assumption based?

The chief argument as known is—to use Professor Geddes' expression—the 'arithmetical argument' borrowed from Malthus.²⁴ But this argument does not prove it at all. We might as well take a number of villages in South-East Russia, the inhabitants of which enjoy plenty of food, but have no sanitary accommodation of any kind; and seeing that for the last eighty years the birth-rate was sixty in the thousand, while the population is now what it was eighty years ago, we might conclude that there has been a terrible competition between the inhabitants. But the truth is that from year to year the population remained stationary, for the simple reason that one-third of the newborn died before reaching their sixth month of

²⁴ I must omit here the discussion of the indirect argument, which might be derived from the supposed extermination of the varieties intermediate between two species. That discussion would bring us too far, the more so as that argument touches upon one of the most contested parts of the Darwinian theory—namely, in how far isolation is necessary for the appearance of new species.

life; one-half died within the next four years, and out of each hundred born, only seventeen or so reached the age of twenty. The newcomers went away before having grown to be competitors. It is evident that if such is the case with men, it is still more the case with animals. In the feathered world the destruction of the eggs goes on on such a tremendous scale that eggs are the chief food of several species in the early summer; not to say a word of the storms, the inundations which destroy nests by the million in America, and the sudden changes of weather which are fatal to the young mammals. Each storm, each inundation, each visit of a rat to a bird's nest, each sudden change of temperature, take away those competitors which appear so terrible in theory.

As to the facts of an extremely rapid increase of horses and cattle in America, of pigs and rabbits in New Zealand, and even of wild animals imported from Europe (where their numbers are kept down by man, not by competition), they rather seem opposed to the theory of over-population. If horses and cattle could so rapidly multiply in America, it simply shows that, however numberless the bisons and other ruminants were at that time in the New World, its grass-eating population was far below what the prairies could maintain. If millions of intruders have found plenty of food without starving out, the former population of the prairies, we must rather conclude that the Europeans found a *want* of grass-eaters in America, not an excess. And we have good reasons to believe that want of animal population is the natural state of things all over the world, with but a few temporary exceptions to the rule. The actual numbers of animals in a given region are determined, not by the highest feeding capacity of the region, but by what it is every year under the most unfavourable conditions. So that, for that reason alone, competition hardly can be a normal condition; but other causes intervene as well to cut down the animal population below even that low standard. If we take the horses and cattle which are grazing all the winter through in the steppes of Transbaikalia, we find them very lean and exhausted at the end of the winter. But they grow exhausted not because there is not enough food for all of them—the grass buried under a thin sheet of snow is everywhere in abundance—but because of the difficulty of getting it from beneath the snow, and this difficulty is the same for all horses alike. Besides, days of glazed frost are common in early spring, and if several such days come in succession the horses grow still more exhausted. But then comes a snowstorm, which compels the already weakened animals to remain without any food for several days, and very great numbers of them die. The losses during the spring are so severe that if the season has been more inclement than usual they are even not repaired by the new breeds—the more so as *all* horses are exhausted,

and the young foals are born in a weaker condition. The numbers of horses and cattle thus always remain beneath what they otherwise might be; all the year round there is food for five or ten times as many animals, and yet their population increases extremely slowly. But as soon as the Buriate owner makes ever so small a provision of hay in the steppe, and throws it open during days of glazed frost, or heavier snowfall, he immediately sees the increase of his herd. Almost all free grass-eating animals and many rodents in Asia and America being in very much the same conditions, we can safely say that their numbers are *not* kept down by competition; that at no time of the year they can struggle for food, and that if they never reach anything approaching to over-population, the cause is in the climate, not in competition.

The importance of natural checks to over-multiplication, and especially their bearing upon the competition hypothesis, seems never to have been taken into due account. The checks, or rather some of them, are mentioned, but their action is seldom studied in detail. However, if we compare the action of the natural checks with that of competition, we must recognise at once that the latter sustains no comparison whatever with the other checks. Thus, Mr. Bates mentions the really astounding numbers of winged ants which are destroyed during their exodus. The dead or half-dead bodies of the formica de fuego (*Myrmica savissima*) which had been blown into the river during a gale 'were heaped in a line an inch or two in height and breadth, the line continuing without interruption for miles at the edge of the water.'²⁵ Myriads of ants are thus destroyed amidst a nature which might support a hundred times as many ants as are actually living. Dr. Altum, a German forester, who wrote a very interesting book about animals injurious to our forests, also gives many facts showing the immense importance of natural checks. He says that a succession of gales or cold and damp weather during the exodus of the pine-moth (*Bombyx pini*) destroy it to incredible amounts, and during the spring of 1871 all these moths disappeared at once, probably killed by a succession of cold nights.²⁶ Many like examples relative to various insects could be quoted from various parts of Europe. Dr. Altum also mentions the bird-enemies of the pine-moth, and the immense amounts of its eggs destroyed by foxes; but he adds that the parasitic fungi which periodically infest it are a far more terrible enemy than any bird, because they destroy the moth over very large areas at once. As to various species of mice (*Mus sylvaticus*, *Arvicola arvalis*, and *A. agrestis*), the same author gives a long list of their enemies, but he remarks: 'However, the

²⁵ *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, ii. 83, 95, 69.

²⁶ Dr. R. Altum, *Waldbeschädigungen durch Thiere und Gegenmittel* (Berlin, 1889), pp. 207 *seq.*

most terrible enemies of mice are not other animals, but such sudden changes of weather as occur almost every year.' Alternations of frost and warm weather destroy them in numberless quantities; 'one single sudden change can reduce thousands of mice to the number of a few individuals.' On the other side, a warm winter, or a winter which gradually steps in, make them multiply in menacing proportions, notwithstanding every enemy; such was the case in 1876 and 1877.²⁷ Competition, in the case of mice, thus appears a quite trifling factor when compared with weather. Other facts to the same effect are also given as regards squirrels.

On the other side, the contagious diseases which continually visit most animal species destroy them in such numbers that the losses often cannot be repaired for many years, even with the most rapidly multiplying animals. Thus, some sixty years ago, the *sousliks* suddenly disappeared in the neighbourhood of Sarepta, in South-Eastern Russia, in consequence of some epidemics; and for years no *sousliks* were seen in that neighbourhood. It took many years before they became as numerous as they formerly were.²⁸

Like facts, all tending to reduce the importance given to competition, could be produced in numbers. Of course, it might be replied, in Darwin's words, that nevertheless each organic being 'at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction,' and that the fittest survive during such periods of hard struggle for life. But if the evolution of the animal world were based exclusively, or even chiefly, upon the survival of the fittest during periods of calamities; if natural selection were limited in its action to periods of exceptional drought, or sudden changes of temperature, or inundations, retrogression would be the rule in the animal world. Those who survive a famine, or a severe epidemic of cholera, or small-pox, or diphtheria, such as we see them in uncivilised countries, are neither the strongest, nor the healthiest, nor the most intelligent. No progress could be based on those survivals—the less so as all survivors usually come out of the ordeal with an impaired health, like the Transbaikalian horses just mentioned, or the Arctic crews, or the garrison of a fortress which has been compelled to live for a few months on half rations, and comes out of its experience with a broken health, and subsequently shows a quite abnormal mortality. All that natural selection can do in times of calamities is to spare the individuals endowed with the greatest endurance for privations of all kinds. So it does among the Siberian horses and cattle. They are enduring; they can feed upon the Polar birch in case of need; they resist cold and hunger. But no Siberian horse is capable of carrying half the

²⁷ Dr. B. Altun, *ut supra*, pp. 13 and 187.

²⁸ A. Becker in the *Bulletin de la Société des Naturalistes de Moscou*, 1889, p. 625.

weight which a European horse carries with ease; no Siberian cow gives half the amount of milk given by a Jersey cow, and no natives of uncivilised countries can bear a comparison with Europeans. They may better endure hunger and cold, but their physical force is very far below that of a well-fed European, and their intellectual progress is despairingly slow. 'Evil cannot be productive of good,' as Tchernyshevsky wrote of late in a remarkable essay upon Darwinism.²⁹

Happily enough, competition is not the rule either in the animal world or in mankind. It is limited among animals to exceptional periods, and natural selection finds better fields for its activity. Better conditions are created by the *elimination of competition* by means of mutual aid and mutual support. In the great struggle for life—for the greatest possible fulness and intensity of life with the least waste of energy—natural selection continually seeks out the ways precisely for avoiding competition as much as possible. The ants combine in nests and nations; they pile up their stores, they rear their cattle—and thus avoid competition; and natural selection picks out of the ants' family the species which know best how to avoid competition, with its unavoidably deleterious consequences. Most of our birds slowly move southwards as the winter comes, or gather in numberless societies and undertake long journeys—and thus avoid competition. Many rodents fall asleep when the time comes that competition should set in; while other rodents store food for the winter, and gather in large villages for obtaining the necessary protection when at work. The reindeer, when the lichens are dry in the interior of the continent, migrate towards the sea. Buffaloes cross an immense continent in order to find plenty of food. And the beavers, when they grow numerous on a river, divide into two parties, and go, the old ones down the river, and the young ones up the river—and avoid competition. And when animals can neither fall asleep, nor migrate, nor lay in stores, nor themselves grow their food like the ants, they do what the titmouse does, and what Wallace has so charmingly described: they resort to new kinds of food—and thus, again, avoid competition.

'Don't compete!—competition is always injurious to the species, and you have plenty of resources to avoid it!' That is the *tendency of nature*, not always realised in full, but always present. That is the watchword which comes to us from the bush, the forest, the river, the ocean. 'Therefore combine—practise mutual aid! That is the surest means for giving to each and to all the greatest safety, the best guarantee of existence and progress, bodily, intellectual, and moral.'

²⁹ *Russkaya Mysl*, Sept. 1888: 'The Theory of Beneficency of Struggle for Life, being a Preface to various Treatises on Botany, Zoology, and Human Life,' by an Old Transformist.

That is what Nature teaches us ; and that is what all those animals which have attained the highest position in their respective classes have done. That is also what man—the most primitive man—has been doing ; and that is why man has reached the position upon which we stand now, as we shall see in a subsequent paper devoted to mutual aid in human societies.

P. KROPOTKIN.

*THE DESTRUCTION
OF EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.*

IN setting forth the achievements of the nineteenth century it is usual to place the decipherment of the hieroglyphics—the discovery of the key unlocking the wisdom of Ancient Egypt—in the first rank. It would be a strange fatality if this same century witnessed also the almost total destruction of the monuments on whose walls are written both the records of the history and the masterpieces of the literature of their founders. That such an event is within the bounds of possibility is known to all familiar with the tombs and temples lying scattered along the Nile valley. It is brought vividly home to all in the face of an ominously significant fact such as that noted by M. Naville relating to the tomb of Seti the First. The distinguished Egyptologist has stated that since he first copied the inscriptions on the walls of the royal tomb, more than a third of the hieroglyphs and sculptured bas-reliefs have been obliterated. To lay bare historical documents pertaining to the earliest recorded civilisation, to uncover treasures of art that in many particulars have never been surpassed, and then to permit them to be wantonly wrecked, or to perish from negligence in using ordinary precautions, are acts which an educated person would not care to be charged with, and to many the discomfort is none the less by how many degrees the responsibility is removed. Hence the movement that has been in progress during the last few years to save what yet remains of these venerable relics of a past art and an ancient literature, recovered as by a miracle after an oblivion of well-nigh sixteen centuries.

Public opinion in Europe demands that national monuments shall be guarded by the State. In Egypt a sentiment of this nature at present lies dormant. Therefore, whether the memorials of her former greatness shall be preserved rests with those who are at present guiding her destiny. There is no avoiding the responsibility. At the same time it is only fair to state that there are difficulties in the case, perhaps more embarrassing than have arisen elsewhere. The question then follows:—Has an intelligent effort been made to overcome these difficulties?

Before attempting to answer the above question it may be desirable to endeavour to determine the causes tending to destruction of the monuments. The usual scapegoat with the hasty newspaper letter-writer is the tourist. It is either he who commits the havoc, or bribes and incites the native to do the deed. As far as the observation of the present writer extends this raging Vandal is simply a creature of the imagination. As a rule the direst charges that could be sustained against him would be, that he sometimes leaves the *débris* of luncheons behind him in the temples, and is occasionally boisterous in his merriment—offences, doubtless, against good taste, but otherwise harmless to the monuments. If he wishes for a relic of the building that has given him temporary shelter, there are generally chips and fragments lying about wherewith he can fill his pockets to his heart's content. As to defacement by carving names, it is rare to find examples of recent date, while the records of the French Expedition stand in deeply cut, foot-long letters, even as far south as the Temple of Philæ. It is not pretended to imply that acts of wilful damage have never been perpetrated by tourists; it is only asserted that, compared with other causes of destruction, they have of late years been rare and trivial.

The notion that the presence of the tourist is an encouragement to the native to mutilate the monuments has an appearance of plausibility. It is, however, an erroneous impression, resulting from a confusion of ideas respecting the monuments and the portable antiquities of Egypt. The question now before the public is the destruction of the monuments, a matter quite apart from the trade in portable antiquities; but, as the two subjects are constantly referred to in the same breath, it may be desirable to glance for a moment at the latter, because, as carried on under present conditions, the loss to science is often truly deplorable. Concerning the tourist, it would be more accurate to say that his presence in Egypt encourages the minor artistic industries of the land, since the pedigrees of the mass of Pharaonic relics acquired by him date no further back than the preceding summer, when they were fabricated by some guileless native dexterous in using the graver and blow-pipe. It is true that a certain number of the trifles offered for sale to the tourist are genuine; they, however, are rarely of value; the really important objects are reserved for the regular customers of the dealers, the collectors and Egyptologists. Of the portable objects, not, it must be remembered, ever having formed part of the monuments, some unquestionably are mutilated before they come into the market, but this, often irreparable, loss to science is solely and entirely the result of an unwise edict of the Government. With that singular ignorance of human nature not uncommon in those who draw up edicts, it has been supposed that an Oriental dealer in antiquities will accept half a crown from an official for an object for which he

can much more readily obtain a sovereign from a private person. As the law stands, the national museum has the right to acquire all antiquities found in Egypt, the authorities valuing the objects. The fellahéen and dealers say, and probably rightly, that the price fixed is invariably below what they can obtain elsewhere; further, they know it would be dangerous to dispute the matter with the officials, consequently they prefer offering their wares to a collector, or the agent of a foreign museum. This proceeding would be a matter of little importance—the essential desideratum being the preservation of all examples of the art of antiquity—but for the necessity of secrecy in the transaction. There is almost invariably a partnership in a find, which may consist of a series of objects, or of one of a certain bulk. In the latter case it will be deemed prudent to cut it in pieces, and to dispose of the separate portions as specimens; in the former it will also be more convenient for each of the partners to take his share of the objects. It is at once perceived, since the purchasers may belong to half a dozen nationalities, that the dispersion of works of art thus intimately related to each other may deprive the find of its historical interest. Again, the necessity for secrecy impels the vendor to withhold the name of the locality where the object was discovered, which still further diminishes its archæological value. A practical illustration of the working of this sapient edict may be seen in a case which came within the observation of the writer, and of which he happened to learn most of the particulars. Some years ago, a few examples (less than a dozen) of a large gold Ptolemaic coin, bearing the effigy of Arsinoë the Third, turned up in the shops of the dealers at Cairo. The coins were in remarkably brilliant condition, evidently having never been in circulation, and, needless to say, they at once found purchasers. They really formed only a portion of a treasure found in the Fayoum, and which contained many other specimens of this identical piece. All the find at once went into the melting pot, saving the few Arsinoës that it was known could be disposed of in an hour at Cairo, and for double the value of their weight in gold. If the fellahéen had been permitted to dispose of their examples of antique art as freely as they could a sack of lentils or a load of straw, the cabinets of half a hundred or so museums and collectors would now be the richer by the possession of specimens of this noble coin in its pristine state. There may have been other and possibly unique coins in the find; or some exquisitely wrought gold *patera*, a marvel of the goldsmith's art, which would have stood a central piece in the British Museum or the Louvre. It will be seen that strictly speaking the portable antiquities have nothing to do with the monuments, and to say that the tourist in purchasing a few small works of art, more frequently fictitious, encourages the mutilation of the monuments is manifestly untrue and unjust.

The charge of wreckage brought against the natives of Egypt is, of

course, well founded. The motive is twofold: fanaticism and plunder. Both of these have been in operation since the period of the edict of Theodosius establishing Christianity (391), and with increased intensity after the Arab conquest (641). In the past the temples were destroyed because they furnished convenient quarries to the builders of mosques and palaces. How great has been the devastation from this cause may be judged from the fact that only a few stones remain of the temples and palaces formerly standing in the vast and splendid city of Memphis. The frequent occurrence of hieroglyphic inscriptions on the slabs of stone composing the pavement and walls of mosques is well known to every student of the Arab architecture of Egypt. At the present day the chief object of the depredation appears to be the collection of materials for making lime, although at the same time the stones are often worked into the walls of modern houses.¹ All who have annually visited the tombs at Asiout during late years will have remarked the gradual disappearance of the walls separating the chambers, and these vast wall spaces were covered from floor to ceiling with sculpture and hieroglyphic inscriptions of the earliest dynasties. The attention of the native governor has been called to this scandalous desecration; he has been prayed to put a stop to it, but he turned a deaf ear to the appeal. Similar acts have been perpetrated in other tombs along the Nile valley, and gunpowder is sometimes employed to facilitate the operations. It is only reasonable to suppose that destruction for the purpose above stated will continue in an increased ratio, owing to the erection of houses superior to the mud hovels of the past time, consequent on the growing prosperity of the country under British rule.

When the incitement is cupidity the antique monument is utterly abolished. The voice narrating the deeds or speaking the thought of the man who lived five thousand years ago is for ever silent. His portrait, the picture of his domestic life, the symbolical presentation of the divinity he worshipped, all are obliterated, without hope of recall. A page of the world's history is blotted out. And it must be remembered that it was expressly written in the most enduring materials, so that it might reach the latest posterity. The classic authors tell us how little the Egyptians regarded the houses they built for this life, and what infinite pains they took to secure the immortality of their 'eternal habitations.'

When the evil influence is fanaticism its fury is generally expended in mutilation, although total destruction may sometimes have

¹ Since the above has been in type the news has reached England that the stones forming the foundation courses of the Great Pyramids at Ghizeh are being displaced by a gang of Arabs, under the direction of two Sheikhs, broken up and carried away on camels to be used for building purposes. If the Director of the Ghizeh Museum is incapable of protecting monuments—and such monuments—standing under his very nose, what guardianship can be expected for those at four or five hundred miles distant?

been intended. The mediæval mob which streamed out of Cairo, under the leadership of a raging dervish, with the intention of wreaking its vengeance on the 'idol' in the desert, the Sphinx, only succeeded in defacing a work of art that had won the admiration of travellers during fifty centuries. Makrizy's account of the circumstance, however, appears to suggest that the object was to annihilate the 'idol.' How the impulse to destruction arises was explained to the writer by an Efferdi, when in the presence of some recently mutilated sculpture in the temple of Seti the First, at Abydos, a few years past. It appears that an uncontrollable mania takes possession of the devout Mussulman of limited education and bilious temperament, when he finds himself before some graven image, perhaps the counterfeit presentment of a Thotmes or a Ramses. Pious thoughts arise in his soul, a holy horror seizes him when he realises the potency of the demoniacal agency. He remembers the injunctions of the Prophet, and then and there, at whatever risk, determines to make an end of the *effreet*, which he believes is effected by defacing its image. In that particular instance the susceptible creature had smashed and battered the countenances in bas-reliefs of a peculiarly interesting period of Egyptian art. The sculpture in this temple marks one of the spring-tide seasons in the splendid career of the national artistic activity. In its refinement of execution, in its regard for purity of line, and in its cultivation of a certain preciousness of sentiment, it has affinities with the art of the *quattro cento* Italian renaissance. There are passages of carving on the walls of the temple that would have done credit to the chisels of Della Quercia and Mino da Fiesole. Parenthetically it may be mentioned, that on the same occasion the scattered fragments of sculptured alabaster in the adjoining temple of Ramses the Second, unmistakably showed that similar havoc had been going on there, and only a short time previously; and seeing that the temple stood unguarded and unfenced, and was evidently a popular recreation ground with the boys of the village, the incident created no surprise in the mind of the observer.

There is, of course, no intention to imply that every follower of the Prophet in humble circumstances is an image-breaker. When the representations of the human figure, whether carved, modelled, or graven, can be sold for piastres, the fellâh, if he has rubbed shoulders with the European, will conveniently forget the command of the Koran. Still, there are many who know or care little about this branch of commerce, and there are yet more who will be driven to sudden frenzy at the sight of an *effreet*. Mariette's assistants relate how difficult it was, on breaking into a tomb, to restrain some terrified Arab digger from rushing at a statue with his pick-axe. When Count d'Hulst last year returned to Tel-Bast, after an absence of three months, he found some of the sculptured slabs left from the

previous winter's excavation had been already defaced. Who were the perpetrators of the outrage is unknown, but there is little doubt as to its motive. We have no occasion, however, to go to Egypt for illustrations of this particular form of Mussulman fanaticism. Any miscellaneous collection of oriental art will show illuminated MSS. with the faces smeared out of the miniatures, Persian tiles with the heads picked out of the figures, and a frequent defacement of the representations of humanity generally.

Another cause of disaster to the monuments has been the zeal of the Egyptologists. In their ardour of discovery they have, unhappily, laid bare tombs and temples, and have too often left them to the mercy of the elements, or the still less tender mercies of man. It may be pleaded in extenuation of what would now be generally stigmatised as culpable neglect, that it was not so accounted in the days of Lepsius and Mariette. Lepsius himself in his letters from Egypt frequently deplores the relegation of the ancient sculpture to the lime-kiln; it never, however, appeared to have occurred to him to take steps to stop such proceedings. No society for the preservation of ancient buildings had educated public opinion to denounce the mutilators, and to arrest the pick and the spade of the wreckers. Yet by many the relics of the past were then regarded with veneration, and from an artistic point of view their value as models to be studied was constantly proclaimed. Therefore acts such as Mariette's employment of gunpowder, in his excavations at the Pyramids, were inexcusable. One can entertain no other feeling but that of the warmest admiration for Mariette's enthusiasm and devotion to Egyptology, for his untiring energy and unceasing labour in disseminating a knowledge of the science to which he sacrificed health and life. Still, it can be wished that his method had been less rough and ready. We might even have been content to rest patiently in the faith that the mounds at Abydos and Dayr-el-Bahari held securely in their recesses the artistic masterpieces of the glorious eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. We might further have been content that their uncovering should be reserved for a future generation, rather than have witnessed the ghastly spectacle of ruin and devastation that meets the eye of the traveller who directs his steps to those world-famed shrines. Mariette was not compelled to thrust his spade into every mound that rose above the soil in Egypt. He lamented in his account of the Abydos excavation that he had no tramway and trollies to cart the earth and rubbish into the desert. If, however, he had had fewer irons in the fire he could have found funds for those not very costly materials. In short, he should have abstained from uncovering any monument that he could not leave in the same state of order and decorum that the Germans placed Olympia, before handing it over to the safe keeping of the Greek Government. After all, those who

knew Boulaq Museum, and remember the liberal spirit characterising Mariette's administration, will prefer to think of him as the creator of that institution. It stands a monument of his efforts to smooth the path of the student, and to popularise the knowledge of the art of ancient Egypt among all classes. We can imagine his indignation if he had been told that one day it would be turned into a shilling show, with a stall of trumpery nick-nacks on sale for the tourists. There was a rugged grandeur about Mariette, with no little of the antique spirit of the age of his *Sheikh-el-beled*. He had not the soul of a huckster.

We have endeavoured to point out some of the sources of present danger to the monuments; showing that they are serious and abiding from the greed and fanaticism of the more ignorant natives; that the acts of vandalism of the tourists are of no great atrocity; and that a certain amount of peril may arise to them from the unchecked ardour of the votaries of science. To these must be added the natural decay always in process in ancient buildings, and in the present instance intensified by periodic floodings of the foundations. It is obvious that the preventive measures must include the fencing in of the temples and tombs; the appointment of guardians and custodians, an inspector and also an architect having under him a staff of native workmen. It is needless to say that it is absolutely necessary that the architect and the inspector be European. These being the only conditions of security, the question arises, are they at present fulfilled? The answer is:—the guardians and custodians are insufficient; the large majority of the monuments are unfenced; works of reparation are almost entirely neglected; there is neither inspector nor architect, but the inspection is supposed to be performed by the director of the national museum, an Egyptologist, who is expected to make an annual journey up the Nile, starting from his residence at Cairo. This arrangement has, during the past few years, been entirely ineffectual in preserving the monuments.² Indeed the state of things has been so scandalous that there have appeared continual letters in the newspapers, culminating in the recent series in the *Times*; there have been private memorials and representations to the Government, and also the formation of a society for the preservation of the monuments of ancient Egypt.

The original prospectus of this society, issued in 1888, formulated the measures it deemed essential to secure the attainment of its end,

² It is scarcely necessary to give the particulars of the wreckage at Beni-Hassan, Dayr-el-Barsha, and other places, described by Prof. Sayce and Col. Ross in the *Academy* of Feb. 8 and March 1 of this year, and which have been commented upon in the Press generally. It is worth while, however, to place on record the action of the authorities of the Ghizeh Museum, when some of the mutilated fragments were offered to them by the Rev. Chancey Murch, as related by him in a letter to the *Academy* of Aug. 23 last. Briefly stated, according to Mr. Murch's account, they treated his offer with an indifference almost cynical.

and, on the grounds that we have undertaken the responsibility of directing the government of Egypt, respectfully laid them before the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The principal proposals being that the Home Government should send an officer of engineers to Egypt to report on the present state of the monuments, and also that an inspector be appointed by the Egyptian Government, it was suggested that a British R.E. officer would be the most suitable for this post. Then followed a series of negotiations between the Society and the Foreign Office, needless to relate, since they have led to no result. It may, however, be said that the Egyptian Government stated it could not appoint an inspector, on the ground that it had no funds; and that it forestalled a report by an officer in the service of the British Government by directing one of its own engineers, Grand Bey, who happened to be on duty up the Nile, to draw up a report. This document only relates to a portion of the monuments, and both as a specification and an estimate of expenditure has been pronounced by competent authorities incomplete and erroneous.

Those who have glanced at the newspaper correspondence will be aware that there is also another factor in the case, the pretension of the French Consul-General at Cairo to have a voice in the appointment of the director of the Ghizeh Museum. The open claim is only of recent date, the French agent formerly attaining his end by other means. Thus, when Mariette died (1881), the same night the Consul-General obtained the Khedive's signature to a decree appointing M. Maspero his successor; the reason for this haste being the general impression that on account of his connection with the Museum, and his distinguished position as an Egyptologist, Dr. Henry Brugsch would, as a matter of course, be asked to take Mariette's place. After holding the post five years M. Maspero determined to quit Egypt. On announcing his intention to the French Government its diplomatic agent succeeded in obtaining Sir Evelyn Baring's consent to the appointment of another Frenchman, M. Grébaut. The business was transacted so quietly that it did not even reach the ears of Nubar Pasha, then the head of the Egyptian administration. Consequently when M. Maspero paid his farewell visit to the Pasha and incidentally mentioned that his successor was already appointed, he was requested, in language the reverse of diplomatic, instantly to leave the Minister's cabinet. His Excellency, of course, at once recognised that the prime mover in this piece of sharp practice was not the learned and genial Egyptologist, whose courtesy and amiability are well known. The Director of the Museum is now simply a puppet in the hands of the French Consul-General.

It is on the precedent of these two appointments that the French agent advanced his claim, and pressed it during the negotiations for the conversion of the debt last summer, when, according to a statement made by M. Ribot in the French Assembly, it was accepted by

Sir Evelyn Baring as one of the articles of the convention. Thus, after a convincing mass of evidence had been before the public for several years, proving that the present system works for the destruction of the monuments, Sir Evelyn elected to sacrifice the interests of science, and also to some extent the material prosperity of Egypt—for when the monuments have perished the attraction for tourists will also have vanished—for a political end. And, as is now generally admitted, needlessly. For the French Government could not have risked the unpopularity of withholding its signature to the convention for another three months. As to the moral right of an official to make an arrangement of this nature, there will not be two opinions among impartial persons. The legal right has been debated; but if, as the Rev. W. J. Loftie asserts in the *Times* of the 3rd of October, the conditions have already been broken by the action, or rather the neglect to perform certain duties, of the Ghizeh Direction, Sir Evelyn Baring will have little difficulty in coming to a thoroughly satisfactory understanding with the French Consul-General without more ado. Doubtless M. Ribot has a gallery he is bound to play to, but Lord Salisbury has a pit and stalls he also has to consider. And, after all, there exists a large class of cultivated Frenchmen who have a genuine regard for science, and who we cannot believe will desire the interest of culture to be sacrificed for the sake of a petty diplomatic triumph. There have been indications lately—as, for instance, the article that created some attention in the *Journal des Débats* a few months back—that intelligent Frenchmen now regard the Egyptian question in its true light. They recognise that the policy advocated by some of their politicians and newspaper writers would probably lead to national disaster. France scored off Italy when she established herself at Tunis, readers of Italian newspapers know at what cost. If England washed her hands of Egypt to-morrow, of the several eventualities, the most probable are that either the French or the Italians would be at Cairo within six months, and with the certainty that war between the two nations would follow, unless France had first given Germany a crushing defeat. There is no reasonable doubt that sooner or later Italy will again acquire that legitimate influence in the Mediterranean to which by her geographical position she is entitled. It is for this she is making such strenuous efforts to strengthen her naval and military resources. When she deems this task efficiently accomplished, she will assuredly put forth her claims to Tunis and the African coast opposite Sicily. Even now Italy would not acquiesce in the present occupants of Tunis passing eastwards to Alexandria. Again, if France held Egypt, the Suez Canal would be a bone of contention, inevitably leading to a rupture with England. All this is perfectly well known at the French Foreign Office, where the dream of French ascendancy in Egypt must surely be a thing of the past. It is also known there

that of all possible arrangements, English rule in Egypt (native rule at present meaning anarchy not tolerable by Europe) is precisely the one most favourable to French interests. The opposition of the French Minister to our performance of a duty acknowledged to be a function of all civilised governments is therefore as impolitic as it is unreasonable. It is an affront similar to what would be a demand on the part of Italy or England to administer a museum or take charge of the ancient monuments at Tunis.

It has been said that at the present time there is no public opinion in Egypt, calling for the preservation of the ancient monuments. Yet, no one acquainted with the country to-day, and remembering its history in the past, would venture to assert that a regard and veneration for the memorials of her past greatness will not again arise in the land. The chronicles of Egypt are written on a scroll of such vast proportions, that we often fail to realise them as a continuous record. Egypt is referred to as Ptolemaic, Roman, Arab, and so forth, as if the racial characteristics changed with the various dynasties. But the ancient race, the veritable descendants of the builders of the pyramids, still exists. Compare the *Sheikh-el-beled* of the Ghizeh Museum, the small basalt head lately acquired by the Louvre, and the 'Scribe' of the same collection, with the crowd at the weekly market of any Nile town, and the resemblance is unmistakable. The types are identical. And, moreover, there are no signs of physical degeneration in these solidly built fellaheen; while, on the other hand, the Arabs and Turks of the cities display all the indications associated with effete and worn-out races. In circumstances like these, who can doubt that when despotic government is abrogated, as it is at present, the more virile and tenacious stock will again assert its ascendancy? The historians of ancient Egypt record a gap of more than five hundred years between the twelfth and the eighteenth dynasties, during which the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings ruled at Memphis. In modern times Egypt has had her Hyksos period, which has lasted from the date of the Arab invasion until our own day. She finds herself after these twelve centuries of oppression, under the protection of a people that has not unsuccessfully coped with the evils of misrule in other parts of the East. Who shall say what lies hidden in the womb of the future? But the belief may be permitted that the race that, as far as it is known, established the earliest civilisation, that after every invasion has lived down its conquerors, and which is still found stubbornly clinging to the soil, will not utterly perish. Nay, rather, the hope may be cherished that Egypt is on the eve of another new birth. Whatever our share in her future regeneration, one duty stands clear and simple: that the remains of the heirlooms of her glorious past suffer neither damage nor decay from our negligence or criminal indifference.

A careful study of the whole case can lead only to one conclusion, that the responsibility for the safety of the monuments—essentially an affair of police—must no longer devolve on the director of the Ghizeh Museum. As M. Grébaut once remarked to the present writer, it is impossible for the Director to fulfil the tasks demanded from him at the museum if he is sent up the Nile during the three months of the year in which the European can best work in Cairo. But the duty of inspectorship requires something more than an annual Nile trip. Every one knows the peculiar weaknesses of the average small officials in the East. In the Millennium they may all possess the zeal and integrity of Joseph the son of Jacob. In the present they are given to shirk work and accept bribes. Backsheesh is to them what beer is to the London loafer. But they will do their work faithfully enough if kept up to the mark by proper supervision. Therefore it is needful that the inspector be constantly on the move. He must be quick, alert, ready to detect tricks and evasions; he must speak Arabic, and it would be desirable if he were on the right side of thirty. He should also have a knowledge of practical engineering, so as to be able to give an opinion when structural repairs are needed in the monuments. That the inspector should be required to draw up the plans and superintend the operations, would be to demand more than it would be in the power of one man to perform. Some of the temples need repairs of such a nature that it will be the work of years to place them in a state of safety. Undertakings of this nature will naturally come under the department of the architect, who also should be a young man, with experience of building operations. The Minister of Public Works is indeed an Egyptian taskmaster if he expects a sedate middle-aged Egyptologist, whose life will have been passed in his study or in museums, to combine in his own person accomplishments that can only be acquired after a prolonged apprenticeship, and to perform duties that would tax the powers of a couple of energetic young men.

Besides guarding the monuments more effectually, a Royal Engineers officer would be more conciliatory in his dealings with the natives than a gentleman whose chief occupation in life had necessarily been deciphering inscriptions and poring over papyri. The officer being used to command would have acquired the tact and patience which can only be learnt by experience. When the student and recluse is roused to action, that action is apt to be spasmodic. How swift can be the stroke, and heavy the hand, of a learned Egyptologist came within the experience of the dealers in antiquities at Luxor in 1888. In the spring of that year a sudden raid was made on their stock in trade; they were torn from their families, hurried on board a steamer, and before they had recovered from their consternation, found themselves incarcerated in the gaol at

Kenneh, some thirty miles distant. Such high-handed proceedings naturally aroused the indignation of the tourists who happened to be at Luxor, and they telegraphed down to the authorities at Cairo, with the result that prompt orders came for the release of the prisoners. A few years previously directorial energy had displayed even greater vigour. This was on the occasion of the Dayr-el-Bahari find. Then some fellaheen were imprisoned for months and subjected to torture—it was before the abolition of the *Kourbash* by the British authorities—displaying an ingenuity worthy of an official of the Spanish Inquisition. Acts like these are not calculated to endear European rule to the Egyptians, neither can it be said that their influence is civilising. That they incur the sharp censure of the Government is, of course, understood; and then the learned men sit in the sulks and the monuments are left to their fate.

It would really be a much more sensible proceeding to appoint a superintendent of police director of the Ghizeh Museum, than to ask the director, who is chosen for his ability as an Egyptologist, to be at once engineer, architect, and policeman. Then at least one portion of the duties of the office would be satisfactorily fulfilled, and if the others stood in abeyance there would be no positive loss to science; whereas, under the present system, not only work that in all museums is considered indispensable, such as labelling the objects and compiling a catalogue, is at a standstill, but even the security of the objects themselves has not been attained.

The plea of poverty, referred to above, put forth by the administration as an excuse for not providing an inspector, is now admitted to be untenable. The finances of Egypt are known to be fairly prosperous, and can well afford to defray all necessary expenses for the monuments—and can afford them without resorting to such an ill-advised measure as a tourist tax. Many sarcasms have been flung at the McKinley tariff; it contains nothing so imbecile as an import duty on tourists. No clearer proof could be afforded that the officials had not the slightest perception of what were their real duties in relation to the monuments, than the conception of this impost. It was evidently believed that the necessity for preservation arose from the fact that the temples and tombs were no more than shows for the amusement of tourists. They were recognised to be attractions, but attractions less entertaining than a third-rate Italian opera troupe, for which a subsidy of 4,000*l.* per annum was voted.

Formerly, until the last ten or fifteen years, the monuments in the Nile valley were under a species of protection which has now almost entirely ceased. This consisted in the presence of cultivated tourists who made the journey in Nile boats, and who conscientiously studied the remains of ancient art in a scholarly spirit. The tourist of to-day makes the trip in a steamer, and he is conducted in an hour or so through the tombs and temples where his predecessor

formerly lingered for days. It was not only that the monuments were more under observation than they are now, but it was also the different spirit in which they were regarded that had a deterrent effect on would-be violators. The Government is not responsible for these altered circumstances. The disappearance, however, of a former safeguard, is a reason that its own precautionary measures should be thoroughly efficient.

Dr. Brugsch, in his *History of Egypt*, relates how a certain Prince Hortotef was made 'Inspector of the Temples of Egypt' by one of the kings of the IVth Dynasty, and so long as the Pharaohs governed the land the office was maintained. Then from the mouths of the Nile till far beyond Philæ, Egypt was studded with temples, and Prince Hortotef and his successors were heads of a State Department. Saving the remains of some few, the temples have disappeared, thus reducing the office of inspection to very modest proportions. The last thing dreamt of by the present administration at Cairo is the revival of the heroic ages of Amenhotep or Seti, yet it is making an honest effort to give peace and plenty to the country. Sir Colin Moncrieff with Colonel Ross and their assistants are, by the development of irrigation, opening up sources of prosperity for Egypt such as she has not enjoyed since the time of the Pharaohs. Sir Francis Grenfell and the British officers, by the exercise of justice, humanity, and intelligent discipline, have transformed a disorganised rabble into a soldierly body of men. If tasks like these are being accomplished, no excuse can be accepted for neglecting the very much simpler one of preserving the records of Egypt's former greatness.

There is no choice open to us. If by our negligence we allow these earliest records of the human race to perish, we shall stand disgraced for all time. A matter of this nature cannot be settled in a subsidiary clause in the draft of a scheme for a financial conversion. It was discreditable to agree to the prolongation of a system which appears almost to have been ingeniously contrived to insure the destruction of the monuments: it was discreditable to demand the continuance of such a system. Sooner or later an intelligent method of conservation must be established. It had better be begun at once.

HENRY WALLIS.

IRISH CHRONICLES.

GERALD THE GREAT.

I.

ACROSS the still for the most part unenclosed plains of mid-Ireland, over what long ranked as its fifth province, smallest though most important of the five, but which had now for several centuries been only part of Leinster, a company of horsemen were riding leisurely towards Dublin.

They were a very pious party, for they had just been visiting a succession of shrines or holy places, in fulfilment of a vow not long before made by their leader. What particular holy places they were, the historians of the day do not tell us, but one at any rate must have been the shrine of the Miraculous Virgin of Trim, in Meath, then, though not for very long to come, untouched by the spoiler. The date was the beginning of the month of July in the year of our Lord 1488. It is less easy to state absolutely what was the actual day, but there is reason to think that it must have been between the fourth and the seventh of that month. In any case is not punctilious accuracy in such matters surely a vanity? The central and most important portion of our company consisted of a group of horsemen, better armed, better attired, better mounted than the rest, and foremost among these rode one best mounted, best armed of all, as well he might, seeing that it was no other than the Lord Deputy and Governor of Ireland, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, known to his followers and posterity as Geroit Mor or Gerald the Great, eighth and chief of his name, who had already ruled Ireland with few breaks through three past reigns, and was destined to rule it with varying fortunes throughout the greater part of the one recently entered upon, and past it into the beginning of the one beyond.

Big people the Fitzgeralds emphatically were and had been for many a long day past. . Setting aside their earlier and more varying fortunes, for sixty years back at least the history of their house had been to all intents and purposes the history of the island, at least of the only part of it of which polite people and the world beyond the Channel took any cognisance—about a twentieth, that is to say, of its whole extent, dwindling down in the worst times to considerably less, nay

not unfrequently threatening to disappear from observation altogether.

Geroit Mor, like every Geraldine before him, had had his full share of fighting ever since the down first began to stiffen on his upper lip. His father had 'reigned' off and on since the year 1454, when he was appointed Deputy to Richard Duke of York, well beloved of the Irish. It had been a time of pretty stiff social convulsion and disaster both in Ireland and out of it, perhaps by way of variety, worse out of it than in. In 1459 'a great defeat,' says the Four Masters, 'was given by the Earl of Kildare to the O'Connor Faly.' Next year, however, a more serious and better known defeat befel, that of Wakefield, when both Yorkist Fitzgeralds and Lancastrian Butlers fought and were killed beside the same well-liked Richard of York. This was a great and seemingly a crushing blow, only that the very next year down for good went the Lancastrian rose, and up went Edward the Fourth, and up again like corks went all that belonged to him, and amongst them the Leinster Fitzgeralds. The Earl of Kildare was at once reinstated as Lord Justice and practically Governor of Ireland, and two years later was appointed its Lord Chancellor for life, with a fee of—the splendour dazzles us—forty pounds a year and ten shillings per diem.

Troublous times seemed to be over for good, as Earl Thomas seems indeed to have thought, for he and his wife (she was his far-away cousin Lady Joan Fitzgerald, sister of the Earl of Desmond) set themselves to build and endow an abbey of Franciscans at Adare near Limerick, giving it two chalices of silver, and its great bell, which cost, says the family annalist, ten pounds sterling. Troublous times were not, however, absolutely over for ever and ever, since only three years later both brothers-in-law, Kildare and Desmond, were arrested, it was supposed at the instigation of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, whose dignity they had spoken lightly of, and being enticed to Drogheda, where a parliament was then sitting under the presidency of John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Desmond's head was summarily struck off, for no particular reason that could ever be assigned either then or afterwards. The other earl was too quick-sighted a bird to be caught in so palpable a net, and getting away to England he, like his son and his grandson after him, so pleaded his own cause, and so effectually laid bare the malice of his enemies, that back he came triumphantly, the Act of Attainder having to be repealed—we may guess with what wry faces—by the very same parliament that had just pronounced it, and Lord Justice he shortly afterwards became again, and Lord Justice or Lord Deputy he continued to be with few and trifling interregnums till his death on the 25th of March, 1477, when he was buried, says the annalist, beside his father in the Monastery of All Hallows near Dublin, and Geroit Mor his son henceforth reigned in his stead.

Of the doings and sayings of this our present Gerald during his father's lifetime, little can be disentangled. He was the first knight and captain of the order of the 'Brothers of St. George,' consisting of thirteen knights chosen from the four 'Obedient Shires,' also forty horsemen, one hundred and twenty mounted archers, and some forty pages, an institution set on foot by Earl Thomas, the better to keep the 'Irish' in awe and terror, but not a very effective one as far as can be gathered, and which came to a summary conclusion some fifty years later.

Dim enough, truth to tell, is all that, even at this comparatively late date, can be ascertained of the most illustrious of Irishmen. The houses of Kildare and Ormonde are in this respect the best off, yet authentic records, beyond the meagrest, there are few. No portrait, even the rudest, of Geroit Mor seems to be extant, nor yet armour that he wore, or weapon that he handled, while of his chief house little remains save the mere naked walls, broken in his grandson's time by the cannon of Skeffington, and existing as a ruin only to our own. Some meagre descriptions there are, but how far they correspond to the actual man as his contemporaries saw and knew him must be guessed less by evidence than by a sort of process of imaginative reconstruction. At the date we stand at he must have been somewhere between forty and fifty years of age. Nearer we cannot go, for the year of his birth seems to be unrecorded, an odd circumstance seeing that we have that of his father, son, grandson, great-grandson, and most of the rest of his house. 'A mightie man of stature,' Holinshed the chronicler tells us he was, and as this is borne out by another report which describes him as 'of tall stature and good presence' we may safely regard it as accurate. A big broad-shouldered man, with a good-natured dominant face, already beginning to get somewhat heavy about the region of the lower jaw. Though little or no Celtic blood is traceable in his veins there seems to have been a considerable share of it in his nature, however it got there. 'The Earl being soon hotte and soon cold was well beloved,' says the same Holinshed. 'He was open and playne, hardly able to rule himself when he was moved; in anger not so sharp as short, being easily displeased, and sooner appeased.' A vehement sharp-spoken man evidently, dangerous as gunpowder when opposed, but easily mollified when once the occasion for anger was past; nay, not difficult to move to laughter, even at his angriest, and liking a jest, though it were sometimes at his own expense. Thus anecdote tells that one day he being in hot rage with a servant, one Maister Boyce, 'a gentleman' reigned to him, was offered a horse by another retainer on condition that he would venture to 'plucke an heare (hair) from the earl hys bearde.' Thereat nothing daunted, Boyce, stepping boldly up to the earl, 'with whose good nature he was thorowly acquainted,' said, "If it like your good lordshippe one

of your horsemen has promised me a choyce nagge if I do snippe one haire from your bearde." "Well," quoth the earl, "I agree thereto, but if thou plucke out more than one I promise to bring my fyst about thine eare."

Likely to be adored by his followers a man like this! Imagine the store of such tales, of which this doubtless is but a sample, which must have been circulated round the camp fires, while the steaks were grilling and the clothes drying, upon one of those interminable expeditions or petty wars which the Lord Deputy was for ever waging against O'Brynes, O'Tooles, O'Connor Falys, or other of the 'King's Irish enemies!' For, his big keep of Maynooth notwithstanding, Geroit Mor was essentially an out-of-door man. He loved to be in the saddle. He loved fighting for its own sake—too much so, those who liked him not averred—and would have made a raid—most Irishmen of his day or perhaps of any day for that matter would—were it but to recover a strayed kid.

Everything we learn of him bears the same stamp. His talk—what scraps remain—smacks emphatically of the open air. He quickly sickened of courts and courtly places, even when not kept in them as a prisoner. His son's speech, oft quoted, to Wolsey might have fitted quite as naturally into the mouth of his father:—"I slumber, my lord, in a hard cabyn, while your Grace sleeps in a bed of downe; I serve under the cope of Heaven when you are served under a canapie; I drinke water out of my skull, when you drinke wine out of golden cuppes; my courser is trayned to the field, when your genet is taught to amble. When you are begraced, crouched and kneeled to, I find small grace with any of our Irish rebels, 'cept I myself cut them off by the two knees.'

Wolsey, we are told, having all this suddenly fired at him, 'rose up in a fume from the councayle table, perceiving Kildare to be no babe.' No Kildare, neither the seventh, eighth, ninth, or any of the name, was a 'babe,' and their tongues were to the full as ready at an encounter as their swords. Geroit Mor himself had a somewhat similar ordeal, as we shall presently see, to go through with the King, and came off not less triumphantly. If the reader insists on asking how far these and similarly reported utterances are or are not strictly historical, I own that I am at a loss to reply—may one even go so far as to add that the matter is not of any profound consequence one way or other? Written down as they were by contemporaries, they fitted doubtless well enough into the popular estimate of the men, or they would not have been told at all. Beyond this, who, if it comes to that, knows anything with absolute certainty about anybody? Let us be thankful if any fragments, bearing some at least of the colours of life, still exist, and not scan their credentials too curiously. Certitude is not for this world, and certainly is not the peculiar prerogative of Ireland and Irish historians!

Although, as already explained, this was no raiding expedition, but, on the contrary, a pious pilgrimage, undertaken for the good of his soul, the earl was followed by a considerable train of horsemen, all well armed, well mounted, all with the 'G' blazoned conspicuously upon their left breasts. After the horsemen followed a yet larger body of foot retainers, the usual fighting kernes and gallowglasses of the time—hardy, lightfooted rascals, ready for anything from throat-cutting to hen-roost-robbing at a hint, or much less than a hint, from their leader. Behind these again followed a much less well-armed and less recognisable body, the irregular camp followers and footmen, such as always gathered and followed a chief or great man in those days, no matter what he might be doing or going to. Who were they, and what were they? In all probability even their nominal owners, those who were responsible for them, could hardly have answered *that* question. They were servants of servants, kernes of kernes, running attendants upon running horse-boys; cosherers, carouques, idlers, loafers, armed ragamuffins of every sort and kind. They slept habitually, even when not on the march, in the open air, the rain on wet nights pouring over their half-naked limbs and forming gathering pools about them; they lived upon the remains of feasts, flung to them as we fling scraps to the dogs. It was part of the pride of the great Anglo-Irish nobles to have as many retainers as possible, quite irrespective of their usefulness or efficiency; consequently they were tolerated, if not encouraged, and whatever shortness of fare they may have incurred in their service, they indemnified themselves for it by wholesale depredations upon those who in their turn durst offer them no opposition. For it was one of the most serious of the many accusations brought against the Kildares, that they were desperately lax as regards this burning question of 'coign and livery,' and their followers were undoubtedly recognised scourges, locusts who descended upon the poor man's fields, and under the name of 'free quartering,' 'coshering,' and the like, swept off all that was upon them, devouring his scanty store of corn, cattle, and everything else that he had, and then passed on to ravage other and equally defenceless owners in the same fashion. A bad system, truly, my lords of Kildare! Bad for others, and bad too in the long run for you and yours. The only defence, if defence we must seek, is that, when not actually on the war path, the victims in the great majority of cases were hereditary holders of land, or as we say tenants, and that if exaction at the sword's point was common, eviction, or even the milder form of rent-collecting, was all but unknown.

It is a common use (says Spencer, writing about a century later) amongst the landlords of the Irish to have a common spending upon their tenants. . . . For the tenants were never wont and still are loathe to yield any certain rent, but only such spendings. For their common saying is, 'Spend me and defend me.'

To defend his own people Geroit Mor, to do him justice, was rarely

loth—far too little his enemies said—seeing that any relative, retainer, or partisan of a Geraldine or the ally of a Geraldine was safe to catch his ear, while as for the followers and adherents of other houses they might clamour often in Dublin for a month at a time, and never find the Deputy at leisure.

If the would-be petitioner was a Butler, or remotest kin to a Butler, then indeed he might be certain of that result! The feud between these two houses was already several centuries old, and all Leinster, more especially in the immediate neighbourhood of their respective strongholds, had again and again been literally torn in pieces by it. The present Earl of Ormonde was an absentee, and his place in the Palatinate and at the head of the small army of fighting retainers which feasted and swaggered around Kilkenny had fallen into the hands of an illegitimate cousin of his, one Sir James Butler or Sir James of Ormonde. So completely and for so long did he continue to represent his absent chief that he is commonly spoken of in the Irish annals of the day as the Earl of Ormonde, or rather of Wormond, Wormon, or Worman, for orthography was an unborn art, and the most familiar names are rarely spelt twice over in the same way. Sir James's power did not pass, however, unchallenged amongst his own kindred; a certain Piers Butler, who was the Earl's heir presumptive, being held by many to be a much more fitting leader and representative, pending the absence of the real head of the house. By way of strengthening these divisions and thereby weakening the hostile force as a whole, Kildare had not long before bestowed his own daughter Lady Margaret Fitzgerald in marriage upon this Piers Butler. Sir James nevertheless kept his hold of the fighting kernes, and the result was that the struggle between him and the Deputy kept the whole wretched Pale and its borders in eternal hot water, the acts done on either side being often enough to make a modern reader's hair stand on end, especially when one reflects that one of the two culprits was the responsible chief of the government, and head of the executive.

It was the more rash of Geroit Mor, seeing that his own position as Deputy was anything but secure at that moment. The battle of Bosworth was still only three years old, and its effect had naturally been to elevate all Lancastrians, and depress all Yorkist friends and adherents. Now the Fitzgeralds, as all men knew, had always been as vehement Yorkists, as the Butlers were strong and ardent Lancastrians; hence a cautious somewhat deprecating line of conduct was the one plainly dictated by policy and self-interest. He had done one prudent thing two years before in ordering a *Te Deum* to be publicly sung in Christ Church Cathedral the instant the new King's marriage to Elizabeth of York was reported in Ireland, but this probably was more to please the Queen than the King, for his heart was known to be with the exiled house, and his obedience to

the new ruler but a reluctant and very half-hearted one at best. He had been more or less inculcated in the feeble and abortive insurrection got up by Lord Lovel shortly after the King's accession, and there had been plenty of people ready to assure Henry that had it succeeded he would have had to face an Ireland in arms, with his own Deputy at the head of the rebels. How far this was the case or not does not seem clear, but possibly it was true enough. The matter at any rate had been passed over, and apparently forgotten, as what happened in Ireland was very apt to be overlooked and forgotten in those days; tempestuous seas, bad shipping, difficulties of transport of all kinds, making a Lord Deputy—especially so considerable a Lord Deputy as Geroit Mor—to all practical intents and purposes absolute, almost as much so as if no king reigned in England, and no Henry the Second had ever crossed the narrow seas.

Kildare had not profited, however, by his escape as he ought to have done; on the contrary, he had since then been engaged, nay, had been foremost in a yet wilder and more hazardous piece of rebellion, one which even the most clement or the most occupied of monarchs could hardly be expected to wink at. The whole affair too had been such a desperate *fiasco*! It had ended in such disaster, so complete, so irretrievable, as a man could hardly look back at without keen mortification and at least some self-blame. That it lay heavily upon Earl Gerald's thoughts that day as he slowly pursued his way over the Meath pastures we may be sure. He would not have been human had it not done so, and, faults and all, it is difficult to imagine a more completely natural human being than this same jovial, passionate, easy-going Irish Deputy. Let us, too, look back a year and see what befel then, so we shall better be able to appreciate what his thoughts must have been, as, followed by his motley train of attendants, he rode, a big man upon a big horse, slowly, very slowly, in the direction of Dublin.

II.

Barely fourteen months before that day a very strange ceremony might have been seen going forward in that town. Nearly every lord of Anglo-Irish descent in the island, as well without as within the Pale, had come up to the capital for the occasion. Lords Birmingham of Athenry, Courcy of Kinsale, Nugent of Delvin, Flemming of Slane, Plunket of Dunsany, Barnewall of Trimleston, another Plunket, the Lord of Killteen; all these and others besides were there, likewise the Archbishop of Dublin and at least two bishops, the Bishop of Kildare, and Payne, Bishop of Meath. Every Anglo-Irishman of note in short in Ireland had mustered, and every Anglo-Irish house had its representative—all, that is, save two. There were no Butlers,

and there were no St. Lawrences, for the Earl of Howth had openly scoffed at the proceedings then taking place, had roundly declared that it was a folly and 'a mad dance,' and that none of his name or belonging to him should be allowed to take part in it.

Yet a more important occasion surely could hardly have been found, or a more important ceremony, seeing that it was nothing less than a Coronation—the first coronation that had taken place on Irish ground, with the exception of David Bruce's, since the Conquest. Let us examine this coronation a little closely, for truly it will repay our scrutiny. Only in Ireland, one is tempted to say, could such a ceremony have taken place; only in Ireland such a monarch have been crowned, such a gathering have come together for the purpose, such a performance have been looked upon as perfectly natural, appropriate, and even serious.

Who that monarch was seems hardly known to this day. We know, that is to say, his name, but of his birth and parentage practically nothing. He rose out of his native mud, fluttered a brief moment, like some bedizened May-fly or other poor ephemera, and then disappeared to be seen no more. Whether he was in reality 'son to Thomas Simnell late of Oxford, joiner,' as Royal proclamations afterwards declared, seems past the guessing. What he was called in Ireland at that moment was Edward Earl of Warwick, son of George Duke of Clarence, who had been born in that very Dublin, and whose memory was therefore dear to the hearts of all good Dublinites. That there was another Earl of Warwick known to be quite alive and in the King's hands—nay, promenaded about so as to be seen of all men—mattered little or nothing. This one here present is our own particular Warwick; this one we can see, touch, walk round, certify to; this one has been followed hither by Martin Swart, famed captain of mercenaries, accompanied by two thousand German soldiers—solid, tangible, tow-headed warriors, impressive in a country that has not for many generations seen other than its own wild native levies; a gracious youth, moreover, easily moved to tears over his royal woes, and his gratitude to his Irish benefactors; above all, this one and no other is Earl Gerald's nominee, and therefore Warwick he is, and king he shall be, though it rain kings and Warwicks elsewhere for a week or two at a time!

So accordingly it was settled, and Edward the Sixth, King of all England and Ireland—or was the order, one wonders, for the occasion reversed?—he was duly proclaimed; taken to the Cathedral of Christ Church, and there in the presence of the Lord Deputy, the Chancellor, and other functionaries solemnly crowned, the Bishop of Meath preaching the coronation sermon. And—royal crowns being of late years unfortunately not needed in Ireland—one was borrowed for the occasion from the head of the statue of the Virgin, 'in St. Mary's Church by the Dame gate.' Still wearing which—picture the scene; the lad

(he was only fifteen), the crowd, the church, the bishop, the crown—scarce likely, one would say, to be a fit; he was mounted upon the shoulders of ‘Great Darcy of Platten,’ tallest man of the day in Ireland, and so hoisted and so be-crowned marched back from the cathedral to the castle, all his train following.

Whether phantom King Simnels or remoté King Henrys were the nominal rulers of Ireland, Geroit Mor was apt to be the real one! Waterford having refused to take part in the late ceremonial, a herald was despatched thither, bearing the Geraldine arms on his tabard, to order its citizens to proclaim King Edward the Sixth then and there, upon pain of the earl’s displeasure and summary hanging. Refused admission by the mayor and commonalty of that city, he repeated his message to them from a boat in the harbour, and returned to report their inexplicable obstinacy and insolence to the Deputy.

There was no time to pursue them further for the moment. Geroit Mor had his hands full. Dublin, once the pride, glory, and satisfaction of the coronation was over, was beginning to feel the weight of its own spirited proceedings. To have a king of your very own—no dim potentate, throned away in England, but one of your own creating; walking your own streets, and being saluted by your own citizens—was no doubt a very glorious and satisfactory possession; but to have to feed two thousand mercenaries—German ones, picture it!—in a country already eaten up with coyne, livery, and every species of exaction, was a serious matter, not long or patiently to be endured. Active operations were accordingly decided upon, no less active and simple than the conquest of England! Kildare decided to remain behind, seeing that Ireland was likely to get on badly in his absence; but his brother, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, called of Laccagh, took command of such Irish levies as could be hastily got together, and in company with all the late guests got on shipboard and sailed forth, prepared to take the field.

Off then went poor phantom King Simnel; with him went Simon the priest, his instructor (as we should say ‘coach’) in the part he had to play. Off went Swart, with his two thousand mercenaries. Off went Lords Lovel and Lincoln, who had come to Ireland to see and do honour to their king. Off went Fitzgerald of Laccagh, having resigned the office of Chancellor (considerate Fitzgerald!) for the occasion; Plunket of Killeen, and a few other Irishmen of more or less note. Landing at Foudray upon the 4th of June, they were joined by Sir Thomas Broughton and his retainers, and all marched triumphantly forward together towards Yorkshire.

They were met, however, by a crushing lack of enthusiasm. The country people stared at them, inert and apathetic. ‘Their snow-ball,’ in Bacon’s words, ‘did not gather as they went.’ Henry, by judicious clemency, had recently won popularity in the district. Scouts stationed along the coast sent up tidings to him of all that

was afoot; his army, which included the new Irish viceroy, Bedford, with Lords Oxford, Shrewsbury, and others, met Lincoln and Swart with their followers hard by the village of Stoke, about a mile from Newark-on-Trent. The fighting was severe, and lasted three hours, but force was overwhelmingly on the side of the King. The Germans fought manfully; the Irish levies too, we learn, did 'right boldly and stuck to it valiantly,' but all was of no avail. The Earl of Lincoln was killed; so too was Martin Swart, the German leader; so too was Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, Plunkett of Killeen, and nearly all the rest of the Irish contingent. Sir Thomas Broughton, escaping from the battle-field, fell, it was said, into the Trent, and was drowned. Lord Lovel disappeared utterly from sight, and was never heard of again, tradition declaring that he had been starved dismally to death in a vault or cellar in which he had hidden himself. Poor phantom King Simnel, too, disappeared from sight, not into a cellar, but a kitchen—the royal one—whence he was destined to reappear once again, very disagreeably for his Irish supporters, as will be seen by-and-bye.

Meanwhile in Dublin nothing for a long time was heard of the fate of the expedition. In what mood Geroit Mor waited for tidings cannot be known, but may be sympathetically guessed. At last they came. Blacker tidings they scarcely could have been. Ireland it seemed was not after all to give England a king! Much the contrary. The whole expedition had failed disastrously. Everything and every one was lost; Lords Lovel and Lincoln, Swart and the German mercenaries, the Irish levies, Simon the priest, his own brother, the King, all! The entire bubble in short had burst, and as he pondered over the dismal tidings Earl Gerald in the depths of his soul must have shrewdly suspected that the bursting of it could mean nothing short of ruin to him and his.

That it ought to have meant ruin may as well candidly be admitted! A little later on it would have meant it. Rarely had attempts more audacious been made; rarely rebellion less disguised been carried on; and rarely too, it must be added, with less immediate provocation.

What was Kildare to do? that was the question; not an easy one to answer in so extraordinary a conjunction. Distance on the whole he seems to have regarded as still his chief safeguard, and a bold front his only sound wisdom. Boldness enough he undoubtedly showed, more boldness than in so recently, and so thoroughly defeated a rebel seems easily conceivable. William Butler, one of his chief enemies, had gone to England, it was believed, to further foment the wrath of the King. In his absence Kildare levelled his manses and houses, and proclaimed him a traitor. Upon Waterford too he turned fiercely, and it was over Waterford that for some time the struggle raged hottest. Several months after the battle of Stoke we

find Henry declaring in a despatch to its citizens that the Earl of Kildare with the people of Dublin still clung to their 'seditious opinions;' which they 'upheld and maintained presumptuously.' He further authorises the said citizens, as a proof of his trust and regard for them, to harass and pursue by land and sea all who oppose the Royal will, and especially 'our rebel the Earl of Kildare' (the said rebel, be it observed, being also still 'our Deputy') until he, 'with the parties thereabouts of the sequel, utterly forsake their rebellion and contemptuous demeanour, and be of good and due obedience.'

'Good and due obedience' certainly does not describe Geroit Mor's attitude at that moment! That under such circumstances retribution swift and sweeping ought to have alighted on the culprit's head seems unquestionable. Happily for him punishment meant soldiers, and soldiers meant money, and both were terribly short just then, and terribly wanted elsewhere. One extremity even Kildare's rebelliousness was plainly not prepared to go to, and that was to throw in his lot with the 'Irish enemy.' To do so would have meant in the long run nothing less than extinction for the Anglo-Irish interest. Little did any O or Mac in Ulster or Connaught care whether white roses or red roses were uppermost, or who reigned across the channel. Throw over England and you found yourself, as Kildare knew well, confronted with an entire native interest, one which, despite three centuries of intercourse and occasional intermarriage, was still absolutely antagonistic to himself and everything that he represented.

Upon the other hand Henry, despite his fulminations, could not, as he soon found, dispense with 'our rebel's' services, and upon these very odd terms of mutual interest a pact was finally made. The King agreed to pardon the earl, and even to continue him as his Deputy; Kildare on the other side agreeing to take a new oath of allegiance; to abstain from similar transgressions in the future; and to cross over within twelve months to England, there to make his submission in person.

The better to ratify this pact, and make all safe and sure, Henry determined to send over the comptroller of his household, Sir Richard Edgecombe, as his Irish Commissioner and representative.¹ This was a part of the programme anything but acceptable to the proud taste of Geroit Mor. To await the Commissioner's arrival, to receive him upon the shore, to squire him through the streets of Dublin—those streets which had recently seen such a very different pageant—was not a part which he at all saw himself performing! Hence that sudden access of piety which we have already seen; hence the determination to let the Commissioner and his train arrive ungraced by his presence; hence that very leisurely progression over

¹ For full particulars see 'The Voyage of Sir Richard Edgecombe, Kt., sent by the King's Grace into Ireland.' Printed in the *Hibernica*, Dublin, 1747, p. 26.

the Meath pastures upon that July afternoon just four centuries ago!

Sir Richard Edgecombe meanwhile had sailed upon the 23rd of June, starting from Mount's Bay in Cornwall in a ship called the 'Anne of Fowey,' with a convoy of three smaller vessels, the whole carrying some five hundred soldiers. The south of Ireland having been least affected by the Simnel rebellion, for the south therefore he made. Arrived at Kinsale he was met on board ship by the Lord Barry, the portreve and commonalty of the town coming out to meet him at the landing place. After Kinsale followed Waterford. Here the citizens flocked enthusiastically to the shore to welcome him; loyal citizens, flushed with the King's praise, and proud of the exceptional powers recently conferred upon them. When, however, they learnt that—far from losing his head, as in all propriety he ought to have done—the Earl of Kildare was to be reinstated in his powers; was still to be Lord Deputy, free to wreak his vengeance upon his enemies how and when he would; then, indeed, there arose such a wailing as never before was heard in Waterford. Was *this* how it was to be? Was *this* the end of all their so-much-praised activity and virtue? If Kildare was not to be punished, but was to escape scot free, what, oh what! they asked was to become of them, the loyal and patriotic citizens of Waterford? Surely so soon as that merciless persecutor should have time to spare, and the English Commissioner should have retired, that instant he would fall upon them and feed fat the grudge so long nourished. Poor loyal citizens! fallen 'betwixt the pass and fell incensed points' of two such opposites, your fate is indeed hard!

Sir Richard appears to have offered what consolation he could, but it did not amount to much. He promised that Kildare should be bound with the strictest oaths that could be framed to abstain from avenging himself or molesting them in any way; promises over which the mayor and council doubtless shook their heads, little believing that such flimsy stuff would avail them anything when Geroit Mor's blood was roused, and his hand raised to strike; ruefully reflecting too upon the fate predicted for those who put their faith in kings, a text upon which they had further opportunities, it may be observed, of meditating ere many more years had gone over their heads.

With the easy indifference of an official, undisturbed by local troubles, Sir Richard pursued his way to Dublin. Being met by 'contraryous wind,' with 'gret pain and peril' he succeeded in reaching Malahide, first casting anchor for a while at Lambay Island. Before he had set foot on shore the news of the Deputy's absence reached him. Needless to say, it was a terrible offence! Absent, and at such a moment? For what reason? With what absolute and peremptory necessity? Upon a pious pilgrimage, it was explained;

the Earl of Kildare, as all men knew, was a very religious nobleman. Sir Richard was forced—the days of pious pilgrimages not being yet over—to stomach his wrath as best he might and digest so dire and so unendurably public a slight. Little else was there for him to digest, poor man! and this was an additional offence. To arrive spent, sore, sea-sick, buffeted by contrary winds and to find *this* sort of greeting! to be received with *this* sort of welcome! Yet there are those who pretend that Ireland is a hospitable country!

Fortunately some one was at hand to in some measure come to the rescue of its imperilled honour. ‘The Ladye of Sir Peter Talbot,’ one of the long-established Talbots of Malahide, took pity upon the King’s Commissioner, brought him to her house, fed, and comforted him. Next day, or the next but one, for authorities vary at this point, accompanied by Payne, the Bishop of Meath, and a few other notables hastily gathered together, Sir Richard rode into Dublin, where he was received by the mayor and principal citizens, who accompanied him to the Dominican Friary, where he was to take up his quarters during his temporary stay. Up and down the narrow crooked streets of Dublin the cavalcade passed at a trot, the people running out in all directions to their doors to see the great English Commissioner, who had arrived, armed with unheard-of pardons and other mysterious powers from the King. Comforted by the good offices of Sir Peter Talbot’s lady, the party no doubt presented a sufficiently gallant appearance; but the chief figure, the one to which all eyes in Dublin turned instinctively on these occasions, was conspicuous only by its absence. There was no sign of the Earl of Kildare. He neither appeared, nor yet did he write, or send, or give the slightest indication of being aware that anything in the least unusual or interesting was afoot!

Five days that unfortunate Sir Richard remained nursing his wrath amongst the Dominicans—‘to his gret costs and chargis,’ as he specially insisted that the King should be informed; fuming at his own helplessness, and fruitlessly chewing the cud of his impatience. Never since Royal Commissioners were invented had one been treated in so scurvy a fashion! If he did not burn to convert the parchments of which he was the bearer into Royal warrants for hanging and quartering instead of Royal warrants for pardoning, he must have been more than mortal; if his thoughts did not turn with some sympathy to the lightly-dismissed citizens left behind him at Waterford, he must have been wanting in the very elements of brotherly feeling. What doubled his wrath too, no doubt, was the consciousness of his own helplessness. Fume as he would, nothing could be done till the Deputy chose to return. Despite of all that had occurred, Geroit Mor was still the King’s representative in Ireland, and, if he insisted upon visiting shrines and saying his prayers till Christmas,

there Sir Richard must sit and devour his impatience amongst the Dominicans until he came back.

At last, upon the 12th of July, the Earl of Kildare came riding quietly into Dublin, arriving, as he had probably always intended to do, just about a week late!

The first meeting that succeeded these unusual preliminaries was not exactly cordial. Followed by two hundred horsemen, the earl reached his usual Dublin residence of St. Thomas's Abbey, or, as it was then called, Thomas Court. Here, as soon as he had shaken off the dust of his journey, he despatched the ever-active Bishop of Meath, accompanied by Lord Slane and others, to summon the King's Commissioner into his presence. Arrived at Thomas Court, Sir Richard was received in the 'great chamber of the Abbey,' Lord Nugent de Courcy, Lord Plunkett, and others of the Council—all, it will be remembered, enthusiastic supporters of the late King Simnel—being present, standing by, making bows and other signals of politeness. At last the King's Commissioner and the King's Deputy were face to face!

Not many signals of politeness did poor Sir Richard make, and who shall blame him? He delivered the King's letters to the earl, we are expressly told, 'with no Reverence or courtesy,' and made a short speech 'not without Bitternesse.' Bitterness, indeed, it were hard to deny you, Sir Richard, after such unexampled slights and injuries, not to speak of the 'gret costs and chargis' suffered at the hands of those unconscionable Dominicans. The poor man's troubles, too, being far from over, might, in fact, be said to be only then beginning. No business was to be proceeded with he found upon that day, the whole meeting being of a purely illusory and ceremonious character. Certain of the Lords of the Council it was explained were absent; consequently everything must be deferred till they arrived. The next day was Sunday, and Sir Richard and the Deputy went together to Christ Church, the church where, as the reader it is to be hoped has not forgotten, Simnel was crowned little over a year before. On this occasion again the sermon was preached by 'the Lord Bushopp of Meath.' Indefatigable Bishop of Meath! One would like to have a chance of comparing those two sermons of yours, better still of knowing what you thought of as you glanced down from the same pulpit upon so nearly the same congregation. Surely the mutabilities of life have rarely presented themselves in more striking or less edifying guise?

Of course the serious part of the business was how the new oaths of allegiance were to be made more binding than the old ones had been, and it was over this point that the struggle was now to come. Earl Gerald had arrived in Dublin upon the 12th of July, the sermon at Christ Church was preached upon the 13th, and upon the next day, Monday, it was understood

that he and the other Lords of the Council were to take oath before the Commissioner to become again 'the King's true Subjets,' to be bound over in as 'good Surety as could be devised by the Laws' and to receive in return their pardons. On Monday, however, the members of the Council discovered that it was absolutely impossible for them to take the oath upon that day. It would be advisable, too, for many reasons, so the Deputy informed the Commissioner, that the oaths should be taken at Maynooth Castle, rather than in Dublin. It was a more convenient spot for some of the more distant members to come to; in short, it was better in every way.

Sir Richard remonstrated vehemently against this arrangement, but Geroit Mor was not to be withstood. It was indispensable that he should go to Maynooth himself he said, and it was equally indispensable that Sir Richard should go there with him as his guest. It went to his honour that the King's Chamberlain and High Commissioner should lodge under any roof but his own, and at Thomas Court there was unfortunately no provision for such distinguished guests. In vain Sir Richard protested against this somewhat belated hospitality; in vain pointed out that Dublin, and not Maynooth, was supposed to be the seat of the Irish Government, and that it was there consequently that the oaths ought to be taken. He might have spared his breath. Kildare's mind was made up, and the rest of the world had nothing to do but to obey. All the Lords of the Council were hastily getting upon their horses, and starting across the fields to Maynooth. No fear of overcrowding, no matter how many guests or attendants of guests might choose to present themselves at the door of Geroit Mor's great keep.

The irregularity of the whole proceeding was enough to turn any courtier's hair grey, but there was no help for it, and away the King's Commissioner had to go, carrying his pardons and other Royal gear along with him. At least the Dominicans were left behind, and that must have been some slight consolation to him!

As may be imagined, the road between Thomas Court and Maynooth Castle was a pretty well frequented one in those days. The town and castle were only about a dozen miles apart, and there was a fair enough road in summer time if you chose to keep to it, and at all times a pleasant green plain to ride over, with probably fewer 'impidiments,' and less scientific ones than at present. Together, then, with all the appearance of perfect amity rode the Earl and Commissioner, followed by their respective trains, and in a short time the fires in Maynooth Castle were blazing, the air above it blackening with smoke, the boards spread, and Sir Richard was being regaled, as he himself admitted, with much 'righte good Cheer.' This was upon the 14th of July, and upon the 15th we have again the satisfaction of knowing that Sir Richard 'had

gret Cheer of the Erle.' The Lords and other members of the Council were by this time 'also all at Maynooth, and they and Kildare 'had gret Communications among themselves.' Beyond this nothing however was done, always excepting the continual consumption of more good cheer. As to the main business of the expedition, namely, the signing of the bond proposed by Sir Richard, no one was one whit nearer to that than before. So the 15th and the 16th passed. Upon the 17th, the unfortunate Commissioner's patience fairly boiled over. Would they sign it or would they not, he wanted to know, speaking 'with righte fell and angry Words.' Upon the afternoon of the same day, he again, we learn, told them 'righte plainly and sharply of their unfitting Demeaning,' whereupon the whole party got upon their horses and rode back to Dublin, having so far achieved absolutely nothing. Next day, the 18th, matters came to a climax. The members of the Council's minds were now thoroughly made up. They would *not* sign the bond, so they told Sir Richard plainly. They were sorry to displease him, but it was out of the question. Anything in reason they were willing to do, but not this, and that for an excellent reason; if they did, all their estates would be forfeited to the King upon the next little occasion of the same kind. The Commissioner expostulated, threatened them with his master's anger, but they stood firm. They were ready, they said, to take oath to become the King's true lieges; ready to be bound over 'in good Suretys,' such as he might approve of, but sign such a bond they would *not*. Rather than that they would prefer, they solemnly protested, to become 'Irish, every one of them.'

This singular threat seems to have settled the matter. Sir Richard found himself forced to give in. Perhaps he had received private instructions that he might do so if he found the particular point impossible to carry. In any case he now drew up such a form of oath as he considered to be most binding under the circumstances, and sent it to the Lords for their approval. This was upon the 19th; on the 20th it was agreed to, and on the next day the whole party met in council at Thomas Court in the 'King's Chambir.' Here the Earl of Kildare went through the necessary form of homage to Sir Richard Edgewcombe as representing the King, the other lords following suit. A gold chain, 'the Collar of the King's Livery,' was laid upon the Earl's neck, and retiring to another chamber mass was said, Sir Richard, fearing some anti-English hocus-pocus, being careful to have the elements consecrated by his own chaplain. Full details are given us of how the Earl of Kildare extended his right hand over the patten upon which the host was laid in 'thre Partes,' and, so holding it, swore allegiance to King Henry; the prelates and secular lords present each individually performing the same ceremony in precisely the same manner. After this the whole party adjourned to the church of the monastery, where a *Te Deum*

was said, the bells of the church rung, 'and the Choir with the Organs sung it up solemnly.' The ceremony wound up by a dinner given by Sir Richard at his Friary.

Thankful, no doubt, to have got the matter over on any terms, the Commissioner rode away next day to Drogheda, from whence he returned upon the 28th, and on the 29th Kildare handed in his certificate of allegiance duly signed and witnessed, and received in return the King's pardon under the Great Seal. This was the last act. Reconciliation and universal loyalty were now supposed to have settled down again for good upon Ireland. Of all who had taken part in the late Simnel rising only one culprit was refused forgiveness—Keating, the prior of Kilmainham—whose offences seem for some reason to have been regarded as peculiarly heinous, though it is difficult to see how he can have steeped himself much deeper in treason than the rest of his neighbours.

Eager to escape further delay Sir Richard rode off the same day to Dalkey, where his ships were lying at anchor awaiting his arrival. Delay, however, was to be his portion as long as he was upon Irish shores. The winds were again 'contraryous,' and he had to remain where he was for nearly the whole of another week. At last he insisted upon sailing, and after eight days of cruel tossing and 'perillous jeopardies' landed once more at Fowey. Here, perhaps by way of thanksgiving for having ever returned at all, perhaps by way of penance for all the hard things he had recently said against shrines, he too went a pilgrimaging to the 'Chappell of Saint Saviour,' at that time the most highly reputed of all Cornish shrines. And so the year-long tragi-comedy of Rebellion and Pardon came at last to an end.

(To be concluded.)

EMILY LAWLESS.

THE ARYAN QUESTION AND PRE-HISTORIC MAN.

THE rapid increase of natural knowledge, which is the chief characteristic of our age, is effected in various ways. The main army of science moves to the conquest of new worlds slowly and surely, nor ever cedes an inch of the territory gained. But the advance is covered and facilitated by the ceaseless activity of clouds of light troops provided with a weapon—always efficient, if not always an arm of precision—the scientific imagination. It is the business of these *enfants perdus* of science to make raids into the realm of ignorance wherever they see, or think they see, a chance; and cheerfully to accept defeat, or it may be annihilation, as the reward of error. Unfortunately, the public, which watches the progress of the campaign, too often mistakes a dashing incursion of the Uhlans for a forward movement of the main body; fondly imagining that the strategic movement to the rear, which occasionally follows, indicates a battle lost by science. And it must be confessed that the error is too often justified by the effects of the irrepressible tendency which men of science share with all other sorts of men known to me, to be impatient of that most wholesome state of mind—suspended judgment; to assume the objective truth of speculations which, from the nature of the evidence in their favour, can have no claim to be more than working hypotheses.

The history of the ‘Aryan question’ affords a striking illustration of these general remarks.

About a century ago, Sir William Jones pointed out the close alliance of the chief European languages with Sanskrit and its derivative dialects now spoken in India. Brilliant and laborious philologists, in long succession, enlarged and strengthened this position, until the truth that Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Slavonian, German, Celtic, and so on, stand to one another in the relation of descendants from a common stock, became firmly established, and thenceforward formed part of the permanent acquisitions of science. Moreover, the term ‘Aryan’ is very generally, if not universally, accepted as a name for the group of languages thus allied. Hence, when one speaks of ‘Aryan languages,’ no hypothetical

assumptions are involved. It is a matter of fact that such languages exist, that they present certain substantial and formal relations, and that convention sanctions the name applied to them. But the close connection of these widely differentiated languages remains altogether inexplicable, unless it is admitted that they are modifications of an original relatively undifferentiated tongue; just as the intimate affinities of the Romance languages—French, Italian, Spanish, and the rest—would be incomprehensible if there were no Latin. The original or ‘primitive Aryan’ tongue, thus postulated, unfortunately no longer exists. It is a hypothetical entity, which corresponds with the ‘primitive stock’ of generic and higher groups among plants and animals; and the acknowledgment of its former existence, and of the process of evolution which has brought about the present state of things philological, is forced upon us by deductive reasoning of similar cogency to that employed about things biological.

Thus, the former existence of a body of relatively uniform dialects, which may be called primitive Aryan, may be added to the stock of definitely acquired truths. But it is obvious that, in the absence of writing or of phonographs, the existence of a language implies that of speakers. If there were primitive Aryan dialects, there must have been primitive Aryan people who used them; and these people must have resided somewhere or other on the earth’s surface. Hence philology, without stepping beyond its legitimate bounds and keeping speculation within the limits of bare necessity, arrives, not only at the conceptions of Aryan languages and of a primitive Aryan language; but of a primitive Aryan people and of a primitive Aryan home, or country occupied by them.

But where was this home of the Aryans? When the labours of modern philologists began, Sanskrit was the most archaic of all the Aryan languages known to them. It appeared to present the qualifications required in the parental or primitive Aryan. Brilliant Uhlands made a charge at this opening. The scientific imagination seated the primitive Aryans in the valley of the Ganges; and showed, as in a vision, the successive columns, guided by enterprising Brahmins, which set out thence to people the regions of the western world with Greeks and Celts and Germans. But the progress of philology itself sufficed to show that this Balaclava charge, however magnificent, was not profitable warfare. The internal evidence of the Vedas proved that their composers had not reached the Ganges. On the other hand, the comparison of Zend with Sanskrit left no alternative open to the assumption that these languages were modifications of an original Indo-Iranian tongue, spoken by a people of whom the Aryans of India and those of Persia were offshoots, and who could therefore be hardly lodged elsewhere than on the frontiers of both Persia and India—that is to say, somewhere in the region which is at present known under the names of Turkestan, Afghanistan, and

Kafiristan. Thus far, it can hardly be doubted that we are well within the ground of which science has taken enduring possession. But the Uhlans were not content to remain within the lines of this surely-won position. For some reason, which is not quite clear to me, they thought fit to restrict the home of the primitive Aryans to a particular part of the region in question; to lodge them amidst the bleak heights of the long range of the Hindoo Koosh and on the inhospitable plateau of Pamir. From their hives in these secluded valleys and wind-swept wastes, successive swarms of Celts and Greco-Latins, Teutons and Slavs, were thrown off to settle, after long wanderings, in distant Europe. The Hindoo-Koosh-Pamir theory, once enunciated, gradually hardened into a sort of dogma; and there have not been wanting theorists, who laid down the routes of the successive bands of emigrants with as much confidence as if they had access to the records of the office of a primitive Aryan Quartermaster-General. It is really singular to observe the deference which has been shown, and is yet sometimes shown, to a speculation which can, at best, claim to be regarded as nothing better than a somewhat risky working hypothesis.

Forty years ago, the credit of the Hindoo-Koosh-Pamir theory had risen almost to that of an axiom. The first person to instil doubt of its value into my mind was the late Robert Gordon Latham, a man of great learning and singular originality, whose attacks upon the Hindoo-Kooshite doctrine could scarcely have failed as completely as they did, if his great powers had been bestowed upon making his books not only worthy of being read, but readable. The impression left upon my mind, at that time, by various conversations about the 'Sarmatian hypothesis,' which my friend wished to substitute for the Hindoo-Koosh-Pamir speculation, was that the one and the other rested pretty much upon a like foundation of guess-work. That there was no sufficient reason for planting the primitive Aryans in the Hindoo Koosh, or in Pamir, seemed plain enough; but that there was little better ground, on the evidence then adduced, for settling them in the region at present occupied by Western Russia, or Podolia, appeared to me to be not less plain. The most I thought Latham proved was, that the Aryan people of Indo-Iranian speech were just as likely to have come from Europe, as the Aryan people of Greek, or Teutonic, or Celtic speech from Asia. Of late years, Latham's views, so long neglected, or mentioned merely as an example of insular eccentricity, have been taken up and advocated with much ability in Germany as well as in this country—principally by philologists. Indeed, the glory of Hindoo-Koosh-Pamir seems altogether to have departed. Professor Max Müller, to whom Aryan philology owes so much, will not say more now, than that he holds by the conviction that the seat of the primitive Aryans was 'somewhere in Asia.' Dr. Schrader sums up in favour of European Russia; while Herr Penka would have us transplant the home of the primitive

Aryans from Pamir in the far east to the Scandinavian peninsula in the far west.

I must refer those who desire to acquaint themselves with the philological arguments on which these conclusions are based to the recently published works of Dr. Schrader and Canon Taylor;¹ and to Penka's *Die Herkunft der Arier*, which, in spite of the strong spice of the Uhlan which runs through it, I have found extremely well worth study. I do not pretend to be able to look at the Aryan question under any but the biological aspect; to which I now turn.

Any biologist who studies the history of the Aryan question, and, taking the philological facts on trust, regards it exclusively from the point of view of anthropology, will observe that, very early, the purely biological conception of 'race' illegitimately mixed itself up with the ideas derived from pure philology. It is quite proper to speak of Aryan 'people,' because, as we have seen, the existence of the language implies that of a people who speak it; it might be equally permissible to call Latin people all those who speak Romance dialects. But, just as the application of the term Latin 'race' to the divers people who speak Romance languages, at the present day, is none the less absurd because it is common; so, it is quite possible, that it may be equally wrong to call the people who spoke the primitive Aryan dialects and inhabited the primitive home, the Aryan race. 'Aryan' is properly a term of classification used in philology. 'Race' is the name of a sub-division of one of those groups of living things which are called 'species' in the technical language of Zoology and Botany; and the term connotes the possession of characters distinct from those of the other members of the species, which have a strong tendency to appear in the progeny of all members of the races. Such race-characters may be either bodily or mental, though in practice, the latter, as less easy of observation and definition, can rarely be taken into account. Language is rooted half in the bodily and half in the mental nature of man. The vocal sounds which form the raw materials of language could not be produced without a peculiar conformation of the organs of speech; the enunciation of duly accented syllables would be impossible without the nicest co-ordination of the action of the muscles which move these organs; and such co-ordination depends on the mechanism of certain portions of the nervous system. It is therefore conceivable that the structure of this highly complex speaking apparatus should determine a man's linguistic potentiality; that is to say, should enable him to use a language of one class and not of another. It is further conceivable that a particular linguistic potentiality should be inherited and become as good a race mark as any other. As a matter of fact, it is

¹ Schrader, *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples*. Translated by F. B. Jevons, M.A. 1890. Taylor, *The Origin of the Aryans*, 1890.

not proven that the linguistic potentialities of all men are the same. It is affirmed, for example, that, in the United States, the enunciation and the timbre of the voice of an American-born negro, however thoroughly he may have learned English, can be readily distinguished from that of a white man. But, even admitting that differences may obtain among the various races of men, to this extent, I do not think that there is any good ground for the supposition that an infant of any race would be unable to learn, and to use with ease, the language of any other race of men among whom it might be brought up. History abundantly proves the transmission of languages from some races to others; and there is no evidence, that I know of, to show that any race is incapable of substituting a foreign idiom for its native tongue.

From these considerations it follows that community of language is no proof of unity of race, is not even presumptive evidence of racial identity.² All that it does prove is that, at some time or other, free and prolonged intercourse has taken place between the speakers of the same language. Philology, therefore, while it may have a perfect right to postulate the existence of a primitive Aryan 'people,' has no business to substitute 'race' for 'people.' The speakers of primitive Aryan may have been a mixture of two or more races, just as are the speakers of English and of French, at the present time.

The older philological ethnologists felt the difficulty which arose out of their identification of linguistic with racial affinity, but were not dismayed by it. Strong in the prestige of their great discovery of the unity of the Aryan tongues, they were quite prepared to make the philological and the biological categories fit, by the exercise of a little pressure on that about which they knew less. And their judgment was often unconsciously warped by strong monogenistic proclivities, which at bottom, however respectable and philanthropic their origin, had nothing to do with science. So the patent fact that men of Aryan speech presented widely diverse racial characters was explained away by maintaining that the physical differentiation was post-Aryan; to put it broadly, that the Aryans in Hindoo-Koosh-Pamir were truly of one race; but that, while one colony, subjected to the sweltering heat of the Gangetic plains, had fined down and darkened into the Bengalee, another had bleached and shot up, under

² Canon Taylor (*Origin of the Aryans*, p. 31) states that 'Cuno . . . was the first to insist on what is now looked on as an axiom in ethnology—that race is not co-extensive with language,' in a work published in 1871. I may be permitted to quote a passage from a lecture delivered on the 9th of January, 1870, which brought me into a great deal of trouble. 'Physical, mental, and moral peculiarities go with blood and not with language. In the United States the negroes have spoken English for generations; but no one on that ground would call them Englishmen, or expect them to differ physically, mentally, or morally from other negroes.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 10, 1870. But the 'axiom in ethnology' had been implied, if not enunciated, before my time; for example, by Ecker in 1865.

the cool and misty skies of the north, into the semblance of Pomeranian Grenadiers; or of blue-eyed, fair-skinned, six-foot Scotch Highlanders. I do not know that any of the Uhlans who fought so vigorously under this flag are left now. I doubt if any one is prepared to say that he believes that the influence of external conditions, alone, accounts for the wide physical differences between Englishmen and Bengalese. So far as India is concerned, the internal evidence of the old literature sufficiently proves that the Aryan invaders were 'white' men. It is hardly to be doubted that they intermixed with the dark Dravidian aborigines; and that the high-caste Hindoos are what they are in virtue of the Aryan blood which they have inherited,³ and of the selective influence of their surroundings operating on the mixture.

The assumption that, as there must have been a primitive Aryan people, in the philological sense, so that people must have constituted a race in the biological sense, is pretty generally made in modern discussions of the Aryan problem. But whether the men of the primitive Aryan race were blonds or brunets, whether they had long or round heads, were tall or were short, are hotly debated questions, into the discussion of which considerations quite foreign to science are sometimes imported. The combination of swarthiness with stature above the average and a long skull, confer upon me the serene impartiality of a mongrel; and, having given this pledge of fair dealing, I proceed to state the case for the hypothesis I am inclined to adopt. In doing so, I am aware that I deliberately take the shilling of the recruiting sergeant of the Light Brigade, and I warn all and sundry that such is the case.

Looking at the discussions which have taken place from a purely anthropological point of view, the first point which has struck me is that the problem is far more complicated and difficult than many of the disputants appear to imagine; and the second, that the data upon which we have to go are grievously insufficient in extent and in precision. Our historical records cover such an infinitesimally small extent of the past life of humanity, that we obtain little help from them. Even so late as 1500 B.C., northern Eurasia lies in historical darkness, except for such glimmer of light as may be thrown here and there by the literatures of Egypt and of Babylonia.

³ I am unable to discover good grounds for the severity of the criticism, in the name of 'the anthropologists,' with which Professor Max Müller's assertion that the same blood runs in the veins of English soldiers 'as in the veins of the dark Bengalese,' and that there is 'a legitimate relationship between Hindoo, Greek, and Teuton,' has been visited. So far as I know anything about anthropology, I should say that these statements may be correct literally, and probably are so substantially. I do not know of any good reason for the physical differences between a high-caste Hindoo and a Dravidian, except the Aryan blood in the veins of the former; and the strength of the infusion is probably quite as great in some Hindoos as in some English soldiers.

Yet, at that time, it is probable that Sanskrit, Zend, and Greek, to say nothing of other Aryan tongues, had long been differentiated from primitive Aryan. Even a thousand years later, little enough accurate information is to be had about the racial characters of the European and Asiatic tribes known to the Greeks. We are thrown upon such resources as archæology and human palæontology have to offer, and notwithstanding the remarkable progress made of late years, they are still meagre. Nevertheless, it strikes me that, from the purely anthropological side, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the two propositions maintained by the new school of philologists; first, that the people who spoke 'primitive Aryan' were a distinct and well-marked race of mankind; and, secondly, that the area of the distribution of this race, in primæval times, lay in Europe, rather than in Asia.

For the last two thousand years, at least, the southern half of Scandinavia and the opposite or southern shores of the Baltic have been occupied by a race of mankind possessed of very definite characters. Typical specimens have tall and massive frames, fair complexions, blue eyes, and yellow or reddish hair—that is to say, they are pronounced blonds. Their skulls are long, in the sense that the breadth is usually less, often much less, than four-fifths of the length, and they are usually tolerably high. But in this last respect they vary. Men of this blond, long-headed race abound from eastern Prussia to northern Belgium; they are met with in northern France and are common in some parts of our own islands. The people of Teutonic speech, Goths, Saxons, Alemanni, and Franks, who poured forth out of the regions bordering the North Sea and the Baltic, to the destruction of the Roman Empire, were men of this race; and the accounts of the ancient historians of the incursions of the Gauls into Italy and Greece, between the fifth and the second centuries B.C., leave little doubt that their hordes were largely, if not wholly, composed of similar men. The contents of numerous interments in southern Scandinavia prove that, as far back as archæology takes us into the so-called neolithic age, the great majority of the inhabitants had the same stature and cranial peculiarities as at present, though their bony fabric bears marks of somewhat greater ruggedness and savagery. There is no evidence that the country was occupied by men before the advent of these tall, blond long-heads. But there is proof of the presence, along with the latter, of a small percentage of people with broad skulls; skulls, that is, the breadth of which is more, often very much more, than four-fifths of the length.

At the present day, in whatever direction we travel inland from the continental area occupied by the blond long-heads, whether south-west, into central France; south, through the Walloon provinces of Belgium into eastern France; into Switzerland, South Germany,

and the Tyrol; or south-east, into Poland and Russia; or north, into Finland and Lapland, broad-heads make their appearance, in force, among the long-heads. And, eventually, we find ourselves among people who are as regularly broad-headed as the Swedes and North Germans are long-headed. As a general rule, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and South Germany, the increase in the proportion of broad skulls is accompanied by the appearance of a larger and larger proportion of men of brunet complexion and of a lower stature; until, in central France and thence eastwards, through the Cevennes and the Alps of Dauphiny, Savoy, and Piedmont, to the western plains of North Italy, the *tall blond long-heads*⁴ practically disappear, and are replaced by *short brunet broad-heads*. The ordinary Savoyard may be described in terms the converse of those which apply to the ordinary Swede. He is short, swarthy, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and his skull is very broad. Between the two extreme types, the one seated on the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic, and the other on those of the Mediterranean, there are all sorts of intermediate forms, in which breadth of skull may be found in tall and in short blond men, and in tall brunet men.

There is much reason to believe that the brunet broad-heads, now met with in central France and in the west central European highlands, have inhabited the same region, not only throughout the historical period, but long before it commenced; and it is probable that their area of occupation was formerly more extensive. For, if we leave aside the comparatively late incursions of the Asiatic races, the centre of eruption of the invaders of the southern moiety of Europe has been situated in the north and west. In the case of the Teutonic inroads upon the Empire of Rome, it undoubtedly lay in the area now occupied by the blond long-heads; and, in that of the antecedent Gaulish invasions, the physical characters ascribed to the leading tribes point to the same conclusion. Whatever the causes which led to the breaking out of bounds of the blond long-heads, in mass, at particular epochs, the natural increase in numbers of a vigorous and fertile race must always have impelled them to press upon their neighbours, and thereby afford abundant occasions for intermixture. If, at any given pre-historic time, we suppose the lowlands verging on the Baltic and the North Sea to have been inhabited

⁴ I may plead the precedent of the good English words 'block-head' and 'thick-head' for 'broad-head' and 'long-head,' but I cannot say that they are elegant. I might have employed the technical terms brachycephali and dolichocephali. But it cannot be said that they are much more graceful; and, moreover, they are sometimes employed in senses different from that which I have given in the definition of broad-heads and long-heads. The *cephalic index* is a number which expresses the relation of the breadth to the length of a skull, taking the latter as 100. Therefore 'broad-heads' have the cephalic index above 80 and 'long-heads' have it below 80. The physiological value of the difference is unknown; its morphological value depends upon the observed fact of the constancy of the occurrence of either long skulls or broad skulls among large bodies of mankind.

by pure blond long-heads, while the central highlands were occupied by pure brunet short-heads, the two would certainly meet and intermix in course of time, in spite of the vast belt of dense forest which extended, almost uninterruptedly, from the Carpathians to the Ardennes; and the result would be such an irregular gradation of the one type into the other as we do, in fact, meet with.

On the south-east, east, and north-east, throughout what was once the kingdom of Poland, and in Finland, the preponderance of broad-heads goes along with a wide prevalence of blond complexion and of good stature. In the extreme north, on the other hand, marked broad-headedness is combined with low stature, swarthinness, and more or less strongly mongolian features, in the Lapps. And it is to be observed that this type prevails increasingly to the eastward, among the central Asiatic populations.

The population of the British Islands, at the present time, offers the two extremes of the tall blond and the short brunet types. The tall blond long-heads resemble those of the continent; but our short brunet race is long-headed. Brunet broad-heads, such as those met with in the central European highlands, do not exist among us. This absence of any considerable number of distinctly broad-headed people (say with the cephalic index above 81 or 82) in the modern population of the United Kingdom is the more remarkable, since the investigations of the late Dr. Thurnam, and others, proved the existence of a large proportion of tall broad-heads among the people interred in British tumuli of the neolithic age. It would seem that these broad-skulled immigrants have been absorbed by an older long-skulled population; just as, in South Germany, the long-headed Alemanni have been absorbed by the older broad-heads. The short brunet long-heads are not peculiar to our islands. On the contrary, they abound in western France and in Spain, while they predominate in Sardinia, Corsica, and South Italy, and, it may be, occupied a much larger area in ancient times.

Thus, in the area which has been under consideration, there are evidences of the existence of four races of men—(1) blond long-heads of tall stature, (2) brunet broad-heads of short stature, (3) mongoloid brunet broad-heads of short stature, (4) brunet long-heads of short stature. The regions in which these races appear with least admixture are—(1) Scandinavia, North Germany, and parts of the British Islands; (2) central France, the central European highlands, and Piedmont; (3) Arctic and eastern Europe, central Asia; (4) the western parts of the British Islands and of France; Spain, South Italy. And the inhabitants of the regions which lie between these foci present the intermediate gradations, such as short blond long-heads, and tall brunet short-heads and long-heads which might be expected to result from their intermixture. The evidence at present extant is consistent with the supposition that the blond long-heads,

the brunet broad-heads, and the brunet long-heads have existed in Europe throughout historic times, and very far back into pre-historic times. There is no proof of any migration of Asiatics into Europe, west of the basin of the Dnieper, down to the time of Attila. On the contrary, the first great movements of the European population of which there is any conclusive evidence is that series of Gaulish invasions of the east and south, which ultimately extended from North Italy as far as Galatia in Asia Minor.

It is now time to consider the relations between the phenomena of racial distribution, as thus defined, and those of the distribution of languages. The blond long-heads of Europe speak, or have spoken, Lithuanian, Teutonic, or Celtic dialects, and they are not known to have ever used any but these Aryan languages. A large proportion of the brunet broad-heads once spoke the Ligurian and the Rhaetic dialects, which are believed to have been non-Aryan. But, when the Romans made acquaintance with Transalpine Gaul, the inhabitants of that country between the Garonne and the Seine (*Cæsar's Celtica*) seem, at any rate for the most part, to have spoken Celtic dialects. The brunet long-heads of Spain and of France appear to have used a non-Aryan language, that Euskarian which still lives on the shores of the Bay of Biscay. In Britain there is no certain knowledge of their use of any but Celtic tongues. What they spoke in the Mediterranean islands and in South Italy does not appear.

The blond broad-heads of Poland and West Russia form part of a people who, when they first made their appearance in history, occupied the marshy plains imperfectly drained by the Vistula, on the west, the Duna, on the north, and the Dnieper and Bug, on the south. They were known to their neighbours as Wends, and among themselves as Serbs and Slavs. The Slavonic languages spoken by these people are said to be most closely allied to that of the Lithuanians, who lay upon their northern border. The Slavs resemble the South Germans in the predominance of broad-heads among them, while stature and complexion vary from the, often tall, blonds who prevail in Poland and Great Russia to the, often short, brunets common elsewhere. There is certainly nothing in the history of the Slav people to interfere with the supposition that, from very early times, they have been a mixed race. For their country lies between that of the tall blond long-heads on the north, that of the short brunet broad-heads of the European type on the west, and that of the short brunet broad-heads of the Asiatic type on the east: and, throughout their history, they have either thrust themselves among their neighbours, or have been overrun and trampled down by them. Gauls and Goths have traversed their country, on their way to the east and south: Finno-tataric people, on their way to the west, have not only done the like, but have held them in subjection for

centuries. On the other hand, there have been times when their western frontier advanced beyond the Elbe; indeed, it is asserted that they have sent colonies to Holland and even as far as southern England. A large part of eastern Germany; Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary; the lower valley of the Danube and the Balkan peninsula, have been largely or completely Slavonised; and the Slavonic rule and language, which once had trouble to hold their own in West Russia and Little Russia, have now extended their sway over all the Finno-tataric populations of Great Russia; while they are advancing, among those of central Asia, up to the frontiers of India on the south and to the Pacific on the extreme east. Thus it is hardly possible that fewer than three races should have contributed to the formation of the Slavonic people; namely, the blond long-heads, the European brunet broad-heads, and the Asiatic brunet broad-heads. And, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, it is certainly permissible to suppose that it is the first race which has furnished the blond complexion and the stature observable in so many, especially of the northern Slavs, and that the brunet complexion and the broad skulls must be attributed to the other two. But, if that supposition is permissible, then the Aryan form and substance of the Slavonic languages may also be fairly supposed to have proceeded from the blond long-heads. They could not have come from the Asiatic brunet broad-heads, who all speak non-Aryan languages; and the presumption is against their coming from the brunet broad-heads of the central European highlands, among whom an apparently non-Aryan language was largely spoken, even in historical times.

In the same way, the tall blond tribes among the Fins may be accounted for as the product of admixture. The great majority of the Finno-tataric people are brunet broad-heads of the Asiatic type. But that the Fins proper have long been in contact with Aryans is evidenced by the many words borrowed from Aryan which their language contains. Hence there has been abundant opportunity for the mixture of races; and for the transference to some of the Fins of more or fewer of the physical characters of the Aryans and *vice versa*. On any hypothesis, the frontier between Aryan and Finno-tataric people must have extended across west-central Asia for a very long period; and, at any point of this frontier, it has been possible that mixed races of blond Fins or of brunet Aryans should be formed.

So much for the European people who now speak Celtic, or Teutonic, or Slavonian, or Lithuanian tongues; or who are known to have spoken them, before the supersession of so many of the early native dialects by the Romance modifications of the language of Rome. With respect to the original speakers of Greek and Latin, the unravelling of the tangled ethnology of the Balkan peninsula and the ordering of the chaos of that of Italy are enterprises upon which I do not propose to enter. In regard to the first, however, there

are a few tolerably satisfactory data. The ancient Thracians were proverbially blue-eyed and fair-haired. Tall blonds were common among the ancient Greeks, who were a long-headed people; and the Sphakiots of Crete, probably the purest representatives of the old Hellenes in existence, are tall and blond. But considering that Greek colonisation was taking place on a great scale in the eighth century B.C., and that, centuries earlier and later, the restless Hellene had been fighting, trading, plundering and kidnapping, on both sides of the *Ægean*, and perhaps as far as the shores of Syria and of Egypt, it is probable that, even at the dawn of history, the maritime Greeks were a very mixed race. On the other hand, the Dorians may well have preserved the original type; and their famous migration may be the earliest known example of those movements of the Aryan race which were, in later times, to change the face of Europe. Analogy perhaps justifies a guess, that those ethnological shadows, the Pelasgi, may have been an earlier mixed population, like that of Western Gaul and of Britain before the Teutonic invasion. At any rate, the tall blond long-heads are so well represented in the oldest history of the Balkan peninsula, that they may be credited with the Aryan languages spoken there. And it may be that the tradition which peopled Phrygia with Thracians represents a real movement of the Aryan race into Asia Minor, such as that which in after years carried the Gauls thither.

The difficulties in the way of a probable identification of the people among whom the various dialects of the Latin group developed themselves, with any race traceable in Italy in historical times, are very great. In addition to the Italic 'aborigines' northern Italy was peopled by Ligurian brunet broad-heads; with Gauls, probably, to a large extent, blond long-heads; with Illyrians, about whom nothing is known. Besides these, there were those perplexing people the Etruscans, who seem to have been, originally, brunet long-heads. South Italy and Sicily present a contingent of 'Sikels,' Phœnicians and Greeks; while over all, in comparatively modern times, follows a wash of Teutonic blood. The Latin dialects arose, no one knows how, among the tribes of Central Italy, encompassed on all sides by people of the most various physical characters, who were gradually absorbed into the eternally widening maw of Rome, and there, by dint of using the same speech, became the first example of that wonderful ethnological hotch-potch miscalled the Latin race. The only trustworthy guide here is archæological investigation. A great advance will have been made when the race characters of the pre-historic people of the *terremare* (who are identified by Helbig⁵ with the primitive Umbrians) become fully known.

⁵ *Die Italiker in der Poebene*, 1879. See for much valuable information respecting the races of the Balkan and Italic peninsula, Zampa's essay, 'Vergleichende Anthropologische Ethnographie von Apulien,' *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, xviii. 1886.

I cannot learn that the ancient literatures of India and of Persia give any definite information about the complexion of the Indo-Iranians, beyond conveying the impression that they were what we vaguely call white men. But it is important to note that tall blond people make their appearance sporadically among the Tadjiks of Persia and of Turkestan; that the Siah-posh and Galtchas of the mountainous barrier between Turkestan and India are such; and that the same characters obtain largely among the Kurds on the western frontier of Persia at the present day. The Kurds and the Galtchas are generally broad-headed, the others are long-headed. These people and the ancient Alans thus form a series of stepping-stones between the blond Aryans of Europe and those of Asia, standing up amidst the flood of Finno-tataric people which has inundated the rest of the interval between the sources of the Dnieper and those of the Oxus. If only more was known about the Sarmatians and the Scythians of the oldest historians, it is not improbable, I think, that we should discover that, even in historical times, the area occupied by the blond long-heads of Aryan speech has been, at least temporarily, continuous from the shores of the North Sea to central Asia.

Suppose it to be admitted, as a fair working hypothesis, that the blond long-heads once extended without a break over this vast area, and that all the Aryan tongues have been developed out of their original speech, the question respecting the home of the race when the various families of Aryan speech were in the condition of inceptive dialects remains open. For all that, at first, appears to the contrary, it may have been in the west, or in the east, or anywhere between the two. In seeking for a solution of this obscure problem, it is an important preliminary to grasp the truth that the Aryan race must be much older than the primitive Aryan speech. It is not to be seriously imagined that the latter sprang suddenly into existence, by the act of a jealous Deity, apparently unaware of the strength of man's native tendency towards confusion of speech. But if all the diverse languages of men were not brought suddenly into existence, in order to frustrate the plans of the audacious bricklayers of the plain of Shinar; if this professedly historical statement is only another 'type,' and primitive Aryan, like all other languages, was built up by a secular process of development, the blond long-heads, among whom it grew into shape, must for ages have been, philologically speaking, non-Aryans, or perhaps one should say 'pro-Aryans.' I suppose it may be safely assumed that Sanskrit and Zend and Greek were fully differentiated in the year 1500 B.C. If so, how much further back must the existence of the primitive Aryan, from which these proceeded, be dated? And how much further yet, that real *juventus mundi* (so far as man is concerned) when primitive Aryan was in course of formation? And how much further still the differentiation of the nascent Aryan blond long-head race from the primitive stock of mankind?

If any one maintains that the blond long-headed people, among whom, by the hypothesis, the primitive Aryan language was generated may have formed a separate race as far back as the pleistocene epoch, when the first unquestionable records of man make their appearance, I do not see that he goes beyond possibility—though, of course, that is a very different thing from proving his case. But, if the blond long-heads are thus ancient, the problem of their primitive seat puts on an altogether new aspect. Speculation must take into account climatal and geographical conditions widely different from those which obtain in northern Eurasia at the present day. During much of the vast length of the pleistocene period, it would seem that men could no more have lived either in Britain north of the Thames, or in Scandinavia, or in northern Germany, or in northern Russia, than they can live now in the interior of Greenland, seeing that the land was covered by a great ice sheet like that which at present shrouds the latter country. At that epoch, the blond long-heads cannot reasonably be supposed to have occupied the regions in which we meet with them in the oldest times of which history has kept a record.

But even if we are content to assume a vastly less antiquity for the Aryan race; if we only make the assumption, for which there is considerable positive warranty, that it has existed in Europe ever since the end of the pleistocene period—when the fauna and flora assumed approximately their present condition and the state of things called Recent by geologists set in—we have to reckon with a distribution of land and water, not only very different from that which at present obtains in northern Eurasia, but of such a nature that it can hardly fail to have exerted a great influence on the development and the distribution of the races of mankind.

At the present time, four great separate bodies of water, the Black Sea, the Caspian, the Sea of Aral, and Lake Balkash, occupy the southern end of the vast plains which extend from the Arctic Sea to the highlands of the Balkan peninsula, of Asia Minor, of Persia, of Afghanistan, and of the high plateaus of central Asia as far as the Altai. They lie for the most part between the parallels of 40° and 50° N. and are separated by wide stretches of barren and salt-laden wastes. The surface of Balkash is 514 feet, that of the Aral 158 feet above the Mediterranean, that of the Caspian eighty-five feet below it. The Black Sea is in free communication with the Mediterranean by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; but the others, in historical times, have been, at most, temporarily connected with it and with one another, by relatively insignificant channels. This state of things however is comparatively modern. At no very distant period, the land of Asia Minor was continuous with that of Europe, across the present site of the Bosphorus, forming a barrier several hundred feet high, which dammed up the waters of the Black Sea. A vast extent of eastern Europe and of western central Asia thus

became a huge reservoir, the lowest part of the lip of which was probably situated somewhat more than 200 feet above the sea level, along the present southern watershed of the Obi, which flows into the Arctic Ocean. Into this basin, the largest rivers of Europe, such as the Danube and the Volga, and what were then great rivers of Asia, the Oxus and Jaxartes, with all the intermediate affluents, poured their waters. In addition, it received the overflow of Lake Balkash, then much larger; and, probably, that of the inland sea of Mongolia. At that time, the level of the Sea of Aral stood at least 60 feet higher than it does at present.⁶ Instead of the separate Black, Caspian, and Aral seas, there was one vast Ponto-Aralian Mediterranean, which must have been prolonged into arms and fiords along the lower valleys of the Danube, the Volga (in the course of which Caspian shells are now found as far as the Kuma), the Ural, and the other affluent rivers—while it seems to have sent its overflow northward through the present basin of the Obi. At the same time, there is reason to believe that the northern coast of Asia, which everywhere shows signs of recent slow upheaval, was situated far to the south of its present position. The consequences of this state of things have an extremely important bearing on the question under discussion. In the first place, an insular climate must be substituted for the present extremely continental climate of west central Eurasia. That is an important fact in many ways. For example the present eastern climatal limitations of the beech could not have existed, and if primitive Aryan goes back thus far, the arguments based upon the occurrence of its name in some Aryan languages and not in others lose their force. In the second place, the European and the Asiatic moieties of the great Eurasiatic plains were cut off from one another by the Ponto-Aralian Mediterranean and its prolongations. In the third place, direct access to Asia Minor, to the Caucasus, to the Persian highlands, and to Afghanistan, from the European moiety was completely barred; while the tribes of eastern central Asia were equally shut out from Persia and from India by huge mountain ranges and table lands. Thus, if the blond long-head race existed so far back as the epoch in which the Ponto-Aralian Mediterranean had its full extension, space for its development, under the most favourable conditions, and free from any serious intrusion of foreign elements from Asia, was presented in northern and eastern Europe.

When the slow erosion of the passage of the Dardanelles drained the Ponto-Aralian waters into the Mediterranean, they must have everywhere fallen as near the level of the latter as the make of the country permitted, remaining, at first, connected by such straits as that of which the traces yet persist between the Black and the Caspian, the Caspian and the Aral Seas respectively. Then, the gradual

⁶ This is proved by the old shore-marks on the hill of Kashkanatao in the midst of the delta of the Oxus. Some authorities put the ancient level very much higher—200 feet or more (Keane, *Asia*, p. 408).

elevation of the land of northern Siberia, bringing in its train a continental climate, with its dry air and intense summer heats, the loss by evaporation soon exceeded the greatly reduced supply of water, and Balkash, Aral, and Caspian gradually shrank to their present dimensions. In the course of this process, the broad plains between the separated inland seas, as soon as they were laid bare, threw open easy routes to the Caucasus and to Turkestan, which might well be utilised by the blond long-heads moving eastward through the plains contemporaneously left dry south and east of the Ural chain. The same process of desiccation, however, would render the route from east central Asia westward as easily practicable; and, in the end, the Aryan stock might easily be cut in two, as we now find it to be, by the movement of the Mongoloid brunet broad-heads to the west.

Thus we arrive at what is practically Latham's Sarmatian hypothesis—if the term 'Sarmatian' is stretched a little, so as to include the higher parts and a good deal of the northern slopes of Europe between the Ural and the German Ocean; an immense area of country, at least as large as that now included between the Black Sea, the Atlantic, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean.

If we imagine the blond long-head race to have been spread over this area, while the primitive Aryan language was in course of formation, its north-western and its south-eastern tribes will have been 1,500 or more miles apart. Thus, there will have been ample scope for linguistic differentiation; and, as adjacent tribes were probably influenced by the same causes, it is reasonable to suppose that, at any given region of the periphery the process of differentiation, whether brought about by internal or external agencies, will have been analogous. Hence, it is permissible to imagine that, even before primitive Aryan had attained its full development, the course of that development had become somewhat different in different localities; and, in this sense, it may be quite true that one uniform primitive Aryan language never existed. The nascent mode of speech may very early have got a twist, so to speak, towards Lithuanian, Slavonian, Teutonic, or Celtic in the north and west; towards Thracian and Greek in the south-west; towards Armenian in the south; towards Indo-Iranian in the south-east. With the centrifugal movements of the several fractions of the race, these tendencies of peripheral groups would naturally become more and more intensified in proportion to their isolation. No doubt, in the centre and in other parts of the periphery of the Aryan region, other dialectic groups made their appearance; but whatever development they may have attained, these have failed to maintain themselves in the battle with the Finno-tataric tribes, or with the stronger among their own kith and kin.*

* See the views of J. Schmidt (stated and discussed in Schrader and Jevons, pp. 63-67), with which those here set forth are substantially identical.

Thus I think that the most plausible hypothetical answers which can be given to the two questions which we put at starting are these. There was and is an Aryan race—that is to say, the characteristic modes of speech, termed Aryan, were developed among the blond long-heads alone, however much some of them may have been modified by the importation of non-Aryan elements. As to the ‘home’ of the Aryan race, it was in Europe, and lay chiefly, east of the central highlands and west of the Ural. From this region it spread west, along the coasts of the North Sea to our islands, where, probably, it met the brunet long-heads; to France, where it found both these and the brunet short-heads; to Switzerland and South Germany, where it impinged on the brunet short-heads; to Italy, where brunet short-heads seem to have abounded in the north and long-heads in the south; and to the Balkan peninsula, about the earliest inhabitants of which we know next to nothing. There are two ways to Asia Minor, the one over the Bosphorus and the other through the passes of the Caucasus, and the Aryans may well have utilised both. Finally, the south-eastern tribes probably spread themselves gradually over west Turkestan, and, after evolving the primitive Indo-Iranian dialect, eventually colonised Persia and Hindostan, where their speech developed into its final forms. On this hypothesis, the notion that the Celts and the Teutons migrated from about Pamir and the Hindoo-Koosh is as far from the truth as the supposition that the Indo-Iranians migrated from Scandinavia. It supposes that the blond long-heads, in what may be called their nascent Aryan stage, that is before their dialects had taken on the full Aryan characteristics, were spread over a wide region which is, conventionally, European; but which, from the point of view of the physical geographer, is rather to be regarded as a continuation of Asia. Moreover, it is quite possible and even probable, that the blond long-heads may have arrived in Turkestan before their language had reached, or at any rate passed beyond, the stage of primitive Aryan; and that the whole process of differentiation into Indo-Iranian took place during the long ages of their residence in the basin of the Oxus. Thus, the question whether the seat of the primitive Aryans was in Europe, or in Asia, becomes very much a debate about geographical terminology.

The foregoing arguments in favour of Latham’s ‘Sarmatian hypothesis’ have been based upon data which lie within the ken of history or may be surely concluded by reasoning backwards from the present state of things. But, thanks to the investigations of the pre-historic archæologists and anthropologists during the last half-century, a vast mass of positive evidence respecting the distribution and the condition of mankind in the long interval between the dawn of history and the commencement of the recent epoch has been brought to light.

During this period, there is evidence that men existed in all those regions of Europe which have yet been properly examined; and such of their bony remains as have been discovered exhibit no less diversity of stature and cranial conformation than at present. There are tall and short men; long-skulled and broad-skulled men; and it is probably safe to conclude that the present contrast of blonds and brunets existed among them when they were in the flesh. Moreover it has become clear that, everywhere, the oldest of these people were in the so-called neolithic stage of civilisation. That is to say, they not merely used stone implements which were chipped into shape, but they also employed tools and weapons brought to an edge by grinding. At first they know little or nothing of the use of metals; they possess domestic animals and cultivated plants and live in houses of simple construction.

In some parts of Europe little advance seems to have been made, even down to historical times. But in Britain, France, Scandinavia, Germany, Western Russia, Switzerland, Austria, the plain of the Po, very probably also in the Balkan peninsula, culture gradually advanced until a relatively high degree of civilisation was attained. The initial impulse in this course of progress appears to have been given by the discovery that metal is a better material for tools and weapons than stone. In the early days of pre-historic archaeology, Nilsson showed that, in the interments of the middle age, bronze largely took the place of stone, and that, only in the latest, was iron substituted for bronze. Thus arose the generalisation of the occurrence of a regular succession of stages of culture, which were somewhat unfortunately denominated the 'ages' of stone, bronze, and iron. For a long time after this order of succession in the same locality (which, it was sometimes forgotten, has nothing to do with chronological contemporaneity in different localities) was made out, the change from stone to bronze was ascribed to foreign, and, of course, Eastern, influences. There were the ubiquitous Phœnician traders and the immigrant Aryans from the Hindoo-Koosh, ready to hand. But further investigation has proved^{*} for various parts of Europe and made it probable for others, that though the old order of succession is correct it is incomplete, and that a copper stage must be interpolated between the neolithic and the bronze stages. Bronze is an artificial product, the formation of which implies a knowledge of copper; and it is certain that copper was, at a very early period, smelted out of the native ores, by the people of central Europe who used it. When they learned that the hardness and toughness of their metal were immensely improved by alloying it with a small quantity of tin, they forsook copper for bronze and gradually attained a wonderful skill in bronze-work. Finally, some

* 'Proved' is perhaps too strong a word. But the evidence set forth by Dr. Much (*Die Kupferzeit in Europa*, 1886) in favour of a copper stage of culture among the inhabitants of the pile dwellings is very weighty.

of the European people became acquainted with iron, and its superior qualities drove out bronze, as bronze had driven out stone, from use in the manufacture of implements and weapons of the best class. But the process of substitution of copper and bronze for stone was gradual, and, for common purposes, stone remained in use long after the introduction of metals.

The pile dwellings of Switzerland have yielded an unbroken archaeological record of these changes. Those of eastern Switzerland ceased to exist soon after the appearance of metals, but in those of the Lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne the history is continued through the stage of bronze to the beginning of that of iron. And in all this long series of remains, which lay bare the minutest details of the life of the pile-dwellers, from the neolithic to the perfected bronze stage, there is no indication of any disturbance such as must have been caused by foreign invasion; and such as was produced by intruders, shortly after the iron stage was reached. Undoubtedly the constructors of the pile-dwellings must have received foreign influences through the channel of trade, and may have received them by the slow immigration of other races. Their amber, their jade, and their tin show that they had commercial intercourse with somewhat distant regions. The amber, however, takes us no further than the Baltic; and it is now known that jade is to be had within the boundaries of Europe, while tin lay no further off than north Italy. An argument in favour of oriental influence has been based upon the characters of certain of the cultivated plants and domesticated animals. But even that argument does not necessarily take us beyond the limits of south-eastern Europe; and it needs reconsideration in view of the changes of physical geography and of climate to which I have drawn attention.

In connection with this question there is another important series of facts to be taken into consideration. When, in the seventeenth century, the Russians advanced beyond the Ural and began to occupy Siberia, they found that the majority of the natives used implements of stone and bone. Only a few possessed tools or weapons of iron, which had reached them by way of commerce; the Ostiaks and the Tatars of Tom, alone, extracted their iron from the ore. It was not until the invaders reached the Lena, in the far east, that they met with skilful smiths among the Jakuts,⁹ who manufactured knives, axes, lances, battle-axes, and leather jerkins studded with iron; and among the Tunguses and Lamuts, who had learned from the Jakuts.

But there is an older chapter of Siberian history which was closed in the seventeenth century, as that of the people of the pile-dwellings

⁹ Andrec, *Die Metalle bei den Naturvölkern* (p. 114). It is interesting to note that the Jakuts have always been pastoral nomads, formerly shepherds, now horse-breeders, and that they continue to work their iron in the primitive fashion; as the argument that metallurgic skill implies settled agricultural life not unfrequently makes its appearance.

of Switzerland had ended when the Romans entered Helvetia. Multitudes of sepulchral tumuli, termed, like those of European Russia, 'kurgans,' are scattered over the north Asiatic plains, and are especially agglomerated about the upper waters of the Jenisei. Some are modern, while others, extremely ancient, are attributed to a quasi-mythical people, the Tschudes. These Tschudish kurgans abound in copper and gold articles of use and luxury, but contain neither bronze nor iron. The Tschudes procured their copper and their gold from the metalliferous rocks of the Ural and the Altai; and their old shafts, adits, and rubbish heaps led the Russians to the rediscovery of the forgotten stores of wealth. The race to which the Tschudes belonged and the age of the works which testify to their former existence, are alike unknown. But seeing that a rumour of them appears to have reached Herodotus, while, on the other hand, the pile-dwelling civilisation of Switzerland may perhaps come down as late as the fifth century B.C., the possibility that a knowledge of the technical value of copper may have travelled from Siberia westward must not be overlooked. If the idea of turning metals to account must needs be Asiatic, it may be north Asiatic just as well as south Asiatic. In the total absence of trustworthy chronological and anthropological data, speculation may run wild.

The oldest civilisations for which we have an, even approximately, accurate chronology are those of the valleys of the Nile and of the Euphrates. Here, culture seems to have attained a degree of perfection, at least as high as that of the bronze stage, six thousand years ago. But before the intermediation of Etruscan, Phœnician, and Greek traders, there is no evidence that they exerted any serious influence upon Europe or northern Asia. As to the old civilisation of Mesopotamia, what is to be said until something definite is known about the racial characters of its originators, the Accadians? As matters stand, they are just as likely to have been a group of the same race as the Egyptians or the Dravidians as anything else. And considering that their culture developed in the extreme south of the Euphrates valley, it is difficult to imagine that its influence could have spread to northern Eurasia except by the Phœnician (and Carian?) intermediation which was undoubtedly operative in comparatively late times.

Are we then to bring down the discovery of the use of copper in Switzerland to, at earliest, 1500 B.C., and to put it down to Phœnician hints? But why copper? At that time the Phœnicians must have been familiar with the use of bronze. And if, on the other hand, the northern Eurasiatics had got as far as copper, by the help of their own ingenuity, why deny them the capacity to make the further step to bronze? Carry back the borrowing system as far as we may, in the end we must needs come to some man or men from whom the novel idea started, and who after many trials and errors gave it practical shape. And there really is no ground in the nature of things for

supposing that such men of practical genius may not have turned up, independently, in more races than one.

The capacity of the population of Europe for independent progress while in the copper and early bronzestage—the ‘palæo-metallic’ stage, as it might be called—appears to me to be demonstrated in a remarkable manner by the remains of their architecture. From the crannog to the elaborate pile-dwelling, and from the rudest enclosure to the complex fortification of the *terramare*, there is an advance which is obviously a native product. So with the sepulchral constructions; the stone cist, with or without a preservative or memorial cairn, grows into the chambered graves lodged in tumuli; into such megalithic edifices as the dromic vaults of Maes How and New Grange; to culminate in the finished masonry of the tombs of Mycenæ, constructed on exactly the same plan. Can any one look at the varied series of forms which lie between the primitive five or six flat stones fitted together into a mere box, and such a building as Maes How, and yet imagine that the latter is the result of foreign tuition? But the men who built Maes How, without metal tools, could certainly have built the so-called ‘treasure-house’ of Mycenæ, with them.

If these old men of the sea, the heights of Hindoo-koosh-Pamir and the plain of Shinar, had been less firmly seated upon the shoulders of anthropologists, I think they would long since have seen that it is at least possible that the early civilisation of Europe is of indigenous growth; and that, so far as the evidence at present accumulated goes, the neolithic culture may have attained its full development, copper may have gradually come into use, and bronze may have succeeded copper, without foreign intervention.

So far as I am aware, every raw material employed in Europe up to the palæo-metallic stage, is to be found within the limits of Europe; and there is no proof that the old races of domesticated animals and plants could not have been developed within these limits. If any one chose to maintain, that the use of bronze in Europe originated among the inhabitants of Etruria and radiated thence, along the already established lines of traffic to all parts of Europe, I do not see that his contention could be upset. It would be hard to prove either that the primitive Etruscans could not have discovered the way to manufacture bronze, or that they did not discover it and become a great mercantile people in consequence, before Phœnician commerce had reached the remote shores of the Tyrrhene Sea.

Can it be safely concluded that the palæo-metallic culture which we have been considering was the appanage of any one of the western Eurasiatic races rather than another? Did it arise and develop among the brunet or the blond long-heads or among the brunet short-heads? I do not think there are any means of answering these questions, positively, at present. Schrader has pointed out that the state

of culture of the primitive Aryans, deduced from philological data, closely corresponds with that which obtained among the pile-dwellers in the neolithic stage. But the resemblance of the early stages of civilisation among the most different and widely separated races of mankind, should warn us that archæology is no more a sure guide in questions of race than philology.

With respect to the osteological characters of the people of the Swiss pile-dwellings information is as yet scanty. So far as the present evidence goes, they appear to have comprised both broad-heads and long-heads of moderate stature.¹⁰ In France, England, and Germany, both long and broad skulls are found in tumuli belonging to the neolithic stage. In some parts of England the long skulls, and in others the broad skulls, accompany the higher stature. In the Scandinavian peninsula, nine-tenths of the neolithic people are decided long-heads: in Denmark, there is a much larger proportion of broad-heads.

In view of all the facts known to me (which cannot be stated in greater detail in this place), I am disposed to think that the blond long-heads, the brunet long-heads, and the brunet broad-heads have existed on the continent of Europe throughout the Recent period: that only the former two at first inhabited our islands; but that a mixed race of tall broad-heads, like some of the Blackforesters of the present day, so excellently described by Ecker, migrated from the continent and formed that tall contingent of the population which has been identified (rightly or wrongly) with the Belgæ by Thurnam and which seems to have subsequently lost itself among the predominant brunet and blond long-heads.

I do not think there is anything to warrant the conclusion that the palæo-metallic culture of Europe took its origin among the blond long-head (or supposed Aryan) race; or that the people of the Swiss pile-dwellings belonged to that race. The long-heads among them may just as likely have been brunets. In north-eastern Italy there is clear evidence of the superposition of at least four stages of culture, in which that of the copper and bronze using terramare people comes second; a stage marked by Etruscan domination occupies the third place; and that is followed by the stage which appertains to the Gauls, with their long swords and other characteristic iron work. In western Switzerland, on the other hand, at La Tène, and elsewhere, similar relics show that the Gauls followed upon the latest population of the pile-dwellings among whom traces of Etruscan

¹⁰ Professor Virchow has guardedly expressed the opinion that the oldest inhabitants of the Swiss pile-dwellings were broad-heads, and that later on (commencing before the bronze stage) there was a gradual infusion of long-heads among them. (*Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, xvii. 1885.) There is independent evidence of the existence of broad-heads in the Cevennes during the neolithic period, and I should be disposed to think that this opinion may well be correct; but the examination of the evidence on which it is, at present, based does not lead me to feel very confident about it.

influence (though not of dominion) are to be found. Helbig supposes the terramare people to have been Greco-Latin-speaking Pelasgi, and consequently Aryan. But we cannot suppose the people of the pile-dwellings of Switzerland to have been speakers of primitive Greco-Latin (if ever there was such a language). And if the Gauls were the first speakers of Celtic who got into Switzerland, what Aryan language can the people of the pile-dwellings have spoken? ¹¹

As I have already mentioned, there is not the least doubt that man existed in north-western Europe during the Pleistocene or Quaternary epoch. It is not only certain that men were contemporaries of the mammoth, the hairy rhinoceros, the reindeer, the cave bear, and other great carnivora, in England and in France, but a great deal has been ascertained about the modes of life of our predecessors. They were savage hunters, who took advantage of such natural shelters as overhanging rocks and caves, and perhaps built themselves rough wigwams; but who had no domestic animals and have left no sign that they cultivated plants. In many localities there is evidence that a very considerable interval—the so-called *hiatus*—intervened between the time when the Quaternary or palæolithic men occupied particular caves and river basins and the accumulation of the debris left by their neolithic successors. And, in spite of all the warnings against negative evidence afforded by the history of geology, some have very positively asserted that this means a complete break between the Quaternary and the Recent populations—that the Quaternary population followed the retreating ice northwards and left behind them a desert which remained unpeopled for ages. Other high authorities, on the contrary, maintain that the races of men who now inhabit Europe may all be traced back to the Great Ice Age. When a conflict of opinion of this kind obtains among reasonable and instructed men, it is generally a safe conclusion that the evidence for neither view is worth much. Certainly that is the result of my own cogitations with regard to both the hiatus doctrine (in its extreme form) and its opposite—though I think the latter by much the more likely to turn out right. But I hesitate to adopt it on the evidence which has been obtained up to this time.

No doubt, human bones and skulls of various types have been discovered in close proximity to palæolithic implements and to skeletons of quaternary quadrupeds; no doubt, if the bones and skulls in question were not human, their contemporaneity would hardly have been questioned. But, since they are human, the demand for further evidence really need not be ascribed to mere conservative prejudice.

¹¹ See Dr. Munro's excellent work, *The Lake Dwellings of Europe*, for La Tène. Readers of Professor Rhys' recent articles (*Scottish Review*, 1890) may suggest that the pile-dwelling people spoke the Gaellic form of Celtic, and the Gauls the Brythonic form.

Because the human biped differs from all other bipeds and quadrupeds, in the tendency to put his dead out of sight in various ways; commonly by burial. It is a habit worthy of all respect in itself, but generative of subtle traps and grievous pitfalls for the unwary investigator of human palæontology. For it may easily happen, that the bones of him that 'died o' Wednesday,' may thus come to lie alongside the bones of animals that were extinct thousands of years before that Wednesday; and yet the interment may have been effected so many thousands of years ago that no outward sign betrays the difference in date. In all investigations of this kind, the most careful and critical study of the circumstances is needful if the results are to be accepted as perfectly trustworthy.

In the case of the remains found in a cave of the valley of the Neander, near Düsseldorf, half a century ago—the characters of which gave rise to a vast amount of discussion at that time and subsequently—the circumstances of the discovery were but vaguely known. The skeleton was met with in a deposit, the loess, which is known to be of quaternary age; there was no evidence to show how it came there. Consequently, not only was its exact age justly and properly declared to be a matter of doubt; but those who, on scientific or other grounds, were inclined to minimise its importance could put forth plausible speculations about its nature which do not look so well under the light thrown by a more advanced science of Anthropology. It could be and it was suggested that the Neanderthal skeleton was that of a strayed idiot; that the characters of the skull were the result of early synostosis or of late gout; and, in fact, any stick was good enough to beat the dog withal.

As some writings of mine on the subject led to my occupation of a prominent position among the belaboured dogs of that day, I have taken a mild interest in watching the gradual rehabilitation of my old friend of the Neanderthal among normal men, which has been going on of late years. It has come to be generally admitted that his remarkable cranium is no more than a strongly marked example of a type which occurs, not only among other prehistoric men, but is met with, sporadically, among the moderns; and that, after all, I was not so wrong as I ought to have been, when I indicated such points of similarity among the skulls found in our river-beds and among the native races of Australia.¹² However, doubts still clung about the geological age of the various deposits in which skulls of the Neanderthal type were subsequently found; and it was not until the year 1886 that two highly competent observers, Messrs. Fraipont and Lohest, the one an anatomist, the other a geologist, furnished us with evidence such as will bear severe criticism. At the mouth of a cave in the commune of Spy, in the Belgian province of Namur, Messrs. Fraipont and Lohest discovered two skeletons of the Neanderthal type; and

¹² *Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature*, 1863, p. 155.

the elaborate account of their investigations which they have published appears to me to leave little room for doubt that the men of Spy fabricated the palæolithic implements, and were the contemporaries of the characteristic quaternary quadrupeds, found with them. The anatomical characters of the skeletons bear out conclusions which are not flattering to the appearance of the owners. They were short of stature but powerfully built, with strong, curiously curved, thigh bones, the lower ends of which are so fashioned that they must have walked with a bend at the knees. Their long depressed skulls had very strong brow ridges; their lower jaws, of brutal depth and solidity, sloped away from the teeth downwards and backwards, in consequence of the absence of that especially characteristic feature of the higher type of man, the chin prominence. Thus these skulls are not only eminently 'Neanderthaloid' but they supply the proof that the parts wanting in the original specimen harmonised in lowness of type with the rest.

After a very full discussion of the anatomical characters of these skulls, M. Fraipont says :

To sum up, we consider ourselves to be in a position to say that, having regard merely to the anatomical structure of the man of Spy, he possessed a greater number of pithecoïd characters than any other race of mankind.¹³

And after enumerating these he continues :

The other and much more numerous characters of the skull, of the trunk, and of the limbs seem to be all human. Between the man of Spy and an existing anthropoid ape there lies an abyss.

Now that is pleasant reading for me, because, in 1863, I committed myself to the assertion that the Neanderthal skull was 'the most pithecoïd of human crania yet discovered,' yet that 'in no sense can the Neanderthal bones be regarded as the remains of a human being intermediate between men and apes'¹⁴ and 'that the fossil remains of Man hitherto discovered do not seem to me to take us appreciably nearer to that lower pithecoïd form, by the modification of which he has, probably, become what he is.'¹⁵

As the evidence stood seven and twenty years ago, in fact, it would have been imprudent to assume that the Neanderthal skull was anything but a case of sporadic reversion. But, in my anxiety not to overstate my case, I understated it. The Neanderthaloid race is 'appreciably nearer,' though the approximation is but slight. In the words of M. Fraipont :

The distance which separates the man of Spy from the modern anthropoid ape is undoubtedly enormous; between the man of Spy and the *Dryopithecus* it is a little less. But we must be permitted to point out that if the man of the later

¹³ Fraipont et Lohest, 'La race humaine de Néanderthal, ou de Canstatt, en Belgique,' *Archives de Biologie*, 1886.

¹⁴ *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 156-7.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* p. 159.

quaternary age is the stock whence existing races have sprung, he has travelled a very great way.

From the data now obtained, it is permissible to believe that we shall be able to pursue the ancestral type of men and the anthropoid apes still further, perhaps as far as the eocene and even beyond.¹⁶

These conclusions hold good whatever the age of the men of Spy; but they possess a peculiar interest if we admit, as I think on the evidence must be admitted, that these human fossils are of pleistocene age. For, after all due limitations, they give us some, however dim, insight into the rate of evolution of the human species, and indicate that it has not taken place at a much faster or slower pace than that of other mammalia. And if that is so, we are warranted in the supposition that the genus *Homo*, if not the species which the courtesy or the irony of naturalists has dubbed *sapiens*, was represented in pliocene, or even in miocene times. But I do not know by what osteological peculiarities it could be determined whether the pliocene, or miocene, man was sufficiently sapient to speak or not; ¹⁷ and whether, or not, he answered to the definition 'rational animal' in any higher sense than a dog or an ape does.

There is no reason to suppose that the genus *Homo* was confined to Europe in the pleistocene age; it is much more probable that this, like other mammalian genera of that period, was spread over a large extent of the surface of the globe. At that time, in fact, the climate of regions nearer the equator must have been far more favourable to the human species; and it is possible that, under such conditions, it may have attained a higher development than in the north. As to where the genus *Homo* originated, it is impossible to form even a probable guess. During the miocene epoch, one region of the present temperate zones would serve as well as another. The elder Agassiz long ago tried to prove that the well-marked areas of geographical distribution of mammals have their special kinds of men; and, though this doctrine cannot be made good to the extent which Agassiz maintained; yet the limitation of the Australian type to New Holland, the approximate restriction of the negro type to Ultra-Sahara Africa and the peculiar character of the population of Central and South America, are facts which bear strongly in favour of the conclusion that the causes which have influenced the distribution of mammals in general, have powerfully affected that of man.

Let it be supposed that the human remains from the caves of the

¹⁶ 'Where, then, must we look for primæval Man? Was the oldest *Homo sapiens*, pliocene or miocene, or yet more ancient? In still older strata do the fossilised bones of an Ape more anthropoid or a Man more pithecoïd than any yet known await the researches of some unborn palæontologist?'—*Man's Place in Nature*, p. 159.

¹⁷ I am perplexed by the importance attached by some to the presence or absence of the so-called 'genial' elevations? Does anyone suppose that the existence of the genio-hyo-glossus muscle, which plays so large a part in the movements of the tongue, depends on that of these elevations?

Neanderthal and of Spy represent the race, or one of the races, of men who inhabited Europe in the quaternary epoch, can any connection be traced between it and existing races? That is to say, do any of them exhibit characters approximating those of the Spy men or other examples of the Neanderthaloid race? Put in the latter form, I think that the question may be safely answered in the affirmative. Skulls do occasionally approach the Neanderthaloid type, among both the brunet and the blond long-head races. For the former, I pointed out the resemblance, long ago, in some of the Irish river-bed skulls. For the latter, evidence of various kinds may be adduced; but I prefer to cite the authority of one of the most accomplished and cautious of living anthropologists. Professor Virchow was led, by historical considerations, to think that the Teutonic type, if it still remained pure and undefiled anywhere, should be discoverable among the Frisians, in their ancient island homes on the North German coast, remote from the great movements of nations. In their tall stature and blond complexion the Frisians fulfilled expectation; but their skulls differed in some respects from those of the neighbouring blond long-heads. The depression, or flattening (accompanied by a slight increase in breadth), which occurs occasionally among the latter, is regular and characteristic among the Frisians; and, in other respects, the Frisian skull unmistakably approaches the Neanderthal and Spy type.¹⁸ The fact that this resemblance exists is of none the less importance because the proper interpretation of it is not yet clear. It may be taken to be a pretty sure indication of the physiological continuity of the blond long-heads with the pleistocene Neanderthaloid men. But this continuity may have been brought about in two ways. The blond long-heads may exhibit one of the lines of evolution of the men of the Neanderthaloid type. Or, the Frisians may be the result of the admixture of the blond long-heads with Neanderthaloid men; whose remains have been found at Canstatt and at Gibraltar, as well as at Spy and in the valley of the Neander; and who, therefore, seem, at one time, to have occupied a considerable area in Western Europe. The same alternatives present themselves when Neanderthaloid characters appear in skulls of other races. If these characters belong to a stage in the development of the human species, antecedent to the differentiation of any of the existing races, we may expect to find them in the lowest of these races, all over the world, and in the early stages of all races. I have already referred to the remarkable similarity of the skulls of certain tribes of native Australians to the Neanderthal skull; and I may add, that the wide differences in height between the skulls of different tribes of

¹⁸ Virchow, *Beiträge zur physischen Anthropologie der Deutschen* (Abh. der Königl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, 1876). See particularly p. 238 for the full recognition of the Neanderthaloid characters of Frisian skulls and of the ethnological significance of the similarity.

Australians affords a parallel to the differences in altitude between the skulls of the men of Spy and those of the grave rows of North Germany. Neanderthaloid features are to be met with, not only in ancient long skulls; those of the ancient broad-headed people entombed at Borreby in Denmark have been often noted.

Reckoned by centuries, the remoteness of the quaternary, or pleistocene, age from our own is immense, and it is difficult to form an adequate notion of its duration. Undoubtedly there is an abysmal difference between the Neanderthaloid race and the comely living specimens of the blond long-heads with whom we are familiar. But the abyss of time between the period at which North Europe was first covered with ice, when savages pursued mammoths and scratched their portraits with sharp stones in central France, and the present day, ever widens as we learn more about the events which bridge it. And, if the differences between the Neanderthaloid men and ourselves could be divided into as many parts as that time contains centuries, the progress from part to part would probably be almost imperceptible.

T. H. HUXLEY.

FRENCH BOYCOTTING AND ITS CURE.

FOR upwards of two centuries, and down to the present day, a tenant-right known as *droit de marché* has been maintained in a district of northern France, not eight hours distant from London. From first to last this *droit de marché* has treated the law of the land as a dead letter. The combat began in 1679. Without intermission, from that time to this, law has been defied, and justice baffled, by secret coalitions among tenant farmers, by boycotting, incendiarism, destruction of crops, breaking of implements, maiming of cattle, mutilation of horses, assassination of land-grabbers, and every familiar form of agrarian terrorism. Special legislation, enforced by the most despotic of governments, failed to stamp out the illegal custom for which a handful of peasants were contending. Fines, martial law, suspension of local tribunals, extraordinary powers vested in royal officials, billetings of soldiers on suspected villages, imprisonments, executions, transportations, only acted like water upon burning oil; they spread the area of disaffection. At the present day the tenant-right of Picardy continues a living force. But the district has become as peaceable as the most humdrum of English counties. What was the nature of the disturbance? How has the pacification been achieved? The answers, whether they apply or not to existing disturbances in Ireland, may prove of interest at this stage of our social and political history.

The district over which the *droit de marché* extends is chiefly situated in the Department of the Somme, with Péronne for its centre. But it also spreads to the north and the west up to and over the Belgian border. For two centuries every divinity student of Douai or St. Omer must have been familiar with the practice of placing the person, the family, the servants, the crops of a land-grabber under that interdict which we now know as boycotting. The parent of boycotting was more probably the Picard *dépointeur* than its modern eponymous victim. Formerly the area in France over which the system prevailed was more widely extended. An edict of Louis the Fifteenth, directed against it in 1764, shows that the claim of tenant-right was asserted over the whole of the north-west of France, reaching as far to the east as Sainte-Menehould.

But for the present purpose the area may be regarded as limited to Picardy.

Land in Picardy is either *terre libre*, or land subject to the *droit de marché*. By tenant-right the Picard farmer, holding under a lease, claims three things: (1) perpetual enjoyment of the *marché* or plot of land which he occupies; (2) the power to dispose of his *droit* to his representative by sale or will; and (3) if the land comes into the market, the right of pre-emption. He denies the landlord's right to let or sell the land over his head, to evict him from his holding, to raise his rent, or to refuse the lease to his nominee. He only recognises the rights of the nominal owner by paying an annual rent, and certain premiums for investiture of new tenants or for renewals of leases called respectively *intrades* or *pots de vin*. At the expiration of the term specified in the lease, the landlord can, in most districts, resume possession and farm the land himself; but he is bound, as soon as he tires of the amusement, to relet it to the representative of the former tenant. This power on the part of the owner is less than appears, for the farming of a holding which consists of a number of small, scattered, detached strips is neither profitable nor agreeable. The landlord is in fact the owner of the soil only in name. Unless he himself turns gentleman farmer, he cannot determine the tenancy; he cannot refuse the renewal of the lease; he has no voice in the selection of his tenantry; he cannot raise the rent or enforce a new condition; he often does not even know the name of the person who pays him his rent, his *intrades*, or his *pots de vin*; if the farm changes hands, the new tenant is not his own nominee, but the representative of the preceding occupier; he cannot even sell his land in the open market. What makes the establishment of the *droit de marché* more remarkable is, that its principle is a violation of the principles of French law, which, since 1790, has set its face against perpetuities. Yet, though this tenant-right is not only unrecognised but proscribed by the law, the tenant farmer sells this illegal right by public auction, disposes of it by will, divides it among his children, makes it the subject of contracts which notaries embody in legal language. And, as a curious result of its legal proscription, it escapes taxation, for, sooner than appear to sanction its legality, the State prefers to lose a source of revenue.

The system thus described has been maintained for centuries in the teeth of the landlords backed by all the power of a despotic government. It holds its ground by combination, secrecy, and terrorism. Suppose that a landlord wishes to extinguish the *droit*, and convert his land into *terre libre*. He takes the opportunity of the expiration of the lease to refuse its renewal, to enforce new conditions, to raise the rent, or to evict the tenant in order to introduce his own nominee. The occupier goes to the village *cabaret*, and among his neighbours utters the formula, 'Je n'ai jamais démonté

personne ; j'espère que personne ne me démontrera.' It is the proclamation of an interdict. The farm is boycotted. The holding is thrown up ; it cannot be let ; the land falls out of cultivation. If a new tenant is brought in from a distance, or if a neighbour bids for the farm, he is denounced as a *dépointeux* or land-grabber.¹ From passive resistance to open violence is a short step. The *dépointeux* is unable to hire labourers ; his sons can obtain no employment, his daughters no husbands. His neighbours refuse to hold intercourse with him or his family, or to render them any assistance. Any one who breaks this interdict falls under its ban. Men with masks or blackened faces sow tares among his crops, break up his implements, burn his farm-buildings, ricks, and stables, mutilate his cattle, maim his horses, or fire shots into his house. Finally, if these gentler hints fail to take effect, the *dépointeux* is found with a bullet through his head, or drowned in a well.

The attention of the legislature was first called to these agrarian outrages in 1679. From that date to 1870 the *droit de marché* has left a black record in the statute-book and the law court. It would be easy to accumulate instances of agrarian crime in the comparatively remote past. Every village has its traditions of such incidents. At Mesnil-Bruntel² in 1780 a shepherd, at Dompierre³ in 1783 the curé of the parish, at Villers-Guislain⁴ in 1797 a farmer, were shot dead for breaches of the custom. The murders took place in the street of the village, at the high altar, or in the crowded church ; but in none of the three cases could any evidence be procured. No one saw the shots fired. The sympathy of the country is invariably with the avenger of *dépointement*, and against the false brother who betrays his class. This feeling is curiously illustrated at the beginning of the last century. A farmer who murdered a *dépointeux* was hanged for the crime. The inhabitants of the village met and determined that the wealthiest bachelor should marry the widow of the criminal, and that her dower should be provided by the community ; 'et la chose fut exécutée.' Nor is the sympathy confined to the villages. It extends to the local tribunals. Thus in 1784 the Abbé de St Eloi at Noyon raised the rents of a property near Rosières, in the *arrondissement* of Montdidier. The land was at once thrown upon his hands. He applied in statutory form to the tribunal of

¹ The word *dépointeur* (or in Picard dialect *dépointeux*) will be found in Littré's Dictionary, in Corblot's Glossary of Picard *patois*, and in Jouancourt's *Studies on the Picard Dialect*. The verb is thus defined by Du Cange : 'Rei alicujus dominio et possessione exuere, privare, ab officio removere, nostris etiam *Dépointier*.'

² Mesnil-Bruntel is a village in the canton and *arrondissement* of Péronne, from which it is distant about three miles.

³ Dompierre is a village in the *arrondissement* of Péronne (eight miles). Like Mesnil-Bruntel it is in the Department of the Somme.

⁴ Villers-Guislain is a large village in the *arrondissement* of Cambrai (twelve miles), in the Department du Nord.

Montdidier for assistance to collect his rents according to the special law, which rendered the commune in which boycotted land was situated collectively liable for its rent and cultivation. But the tribunal decided against him with costs.

It is more difficult to collect modern instances of the operation of *droit de marché*. The peasantry talk about the system among themselves, but feign entire ignorance when interrogated by strangers. Yet the following cases illustrate its existence in the present century. In 1810 there were ten cases of incendiarism originating out of *dépointements* before the Criminal Court of the North. In 1845 the rents were raised upon an estate at Bouvincourt (seven miles from Péronne). The farmers refused to pay. Judgment was obtained against them in the local court. Still they refused payment. A company of soldiers was despatched to collect the rent. The villagers armed themselves, and mounted an old cannon, captured from the Spaniards in 1636, upon four coach wheels for their defence. The cannon and its carriage formed part of the 'pièces justificatives' in the subsequent trial. The carriage still stands in the corridor of the Palais de Justice at Péronne, though the gun was removed by the Prussians. In 1865 a number of small holdings subject to the *droit de marché* were thrown together into a single farm, which was let to a farmer imported from Belgium. Four years in succession the crops were burned as soon as they were housed, and the landlord was obliged to make terms with his evicted tenants. M. Baudrillart, whose admirable sketches of the agricultural conditions of rural France have from time to time appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, states that in 1868 there were ten cases of incendiarism attributed to the *droit de marché* before the criminal courts. In 1857, in the neighbourhood of Péronne, a landlord entered upon a number of tenant-right farms and cultivated them himself. This was, as has been explained, permitted by the *droit de marché*. Custom, however, demanded that when he ceased to farm, the land should be re-let to the representatives of the original tenants. So valuable is this right of re-entry considered, that in 1867, on an estate where land had been farmed by the owner for twenty years, men were willing to purchase from the original tenants their rights of re-entry at 150 francs the hectare. But to resume the story. The landlord in question refused to comply with this usage, and leased the land, not to the representatives of the evicted occupiers, but to his own nominee, who happened to be the mayor of the commune. Three weeks later the mayor was found drowned in the well. The two following instances occurred within the memory of a native of Amiens who is now barely thirty-five years of age. Both belong to the neighbourhood of Chipilly, a village between Corbie and Bray in the arrondissement of Péronne, from which it is distant about sixteen miles. The first was a case in which a landlord took tenant-right lands into his own hands; the

result shows some local variety of the *droit de marché*, for his house and farm-buildings were burned to the ground. The second illustrates the barbarity towards dumb animals, of which the Irish peasant enjoys no monopoly. Thirteen horses belonging to a *dépointeux* were found with their tongues cut out. In neither case were the perpetrators of the outrage discovered. Instances of agrarian crime are admittedly becoming extremely rare. The result which was formerly achieved by terrorism is now secured by gentler means. M. G. Vion, one of the best known and most scientific of French agriculturists, illustrates from his own experience the more peaceful operation of the *droit de marché* and the recognition which it has obtained from some of the best landowners. The father of M. G. Vion, a tenant farmer at Lœuilly, near Péronne, had purchased the tenant-right of his holding from the preceding occupier at 600 francs the hectare. The landlord, wishing to sell the estate, was offered by a neighbour 2,100 francs the hectare, the price which it would have fetched as *terre libre*. M. Vion offered 1,500 francs the hectare, and his offer was accepted. Another instance fell within the personal experience of M. G. Vion, whose recent death has left a gap in the ranks of French agriculturists. He rented, as a tenant, land over which he had purchased the *droit de marché*. When the property came into the market, he bought it under his right of pre-emption at 2,300 francs the hectare, instead of paying the 3,000 francs which it was worth as *terre libre*.

Such in broad outline is the *droit de marché* and the mode in which it operates. The origin of the tenant-right is lost in remote antiquity. The best explanation of it seems to be this. The whole district over which the *droit de marché* prevails was once covered by the forest of the Ardennes. Like the parallel system of the *mauvais gré* on the Belgian frontier, the tenant-right of Picardy probably sprang out of the exigencies of forest-clearings. Throughout the district, tracts of *terre libre* alternate with tenant-right lands. The *terre libre* represents the clearings made by the united efforts of the tribal or village community; the tenant-right lands represent the clearings effected by individual enterprise. In the primitive husbandry of agrarian associations the former lands were annually divided, and only held in individual ownership for a portion of the year; the latter were 'exsortes'—private property not subject to the annual allotment or common-rights. When the property in the soil of the mark or village community was vested by feudal lawyers in individual owners, it was held by tenants of the manorial lord. But the old distinction prevailed under a different form. The tenant-right land was, for agricultural purposes, the creation of the occupier, and therefore he claimed the co-ownership in the soil which the *droit de marché* represents. In the infancy of farming, the feudal landlords cared more for men than money, for retainers than for rent. It

was not till the commercial spirit entered into French agriculture, that the existence of the *droit de marché* was suspected, or that tenant-right was threatened. Land never changed hands, and rents were seldom raised. But in the seventeenth century the landed aristocracy endeavoured to increase the pecuniary value of their estates. The feudal spirit was comparatively extinct; retainers were less important than money to spend at the court of the *Grand Monarque*. Then it was discovered that rents could not be raised against the tenant's will, that no holding could be withdrawn from the possession of the occupier, and that the Picard farmer was prepared to defend to the death his immemorial *droits de marché*. The *droit* against which Louis the Fourteenth directed his edict in 1679 was not a new growth. It was rather the survival from a primitive system of land-tenure which belonged to an earlier date than private property.

That the *droit de marché* originated in the way suggested appears the more probable when we find it used at the present day as a means of inducing tenants to reclaim fresh land. Most of the land in Picardy which is capable of being tilled has been already reclaimed. But a few years ago a landlord desired to clear 250 acres of forest land. He handed it over to a tenant to stub the roots, giving him a *droit de marché* of 200 francs an acre and recording it in his lease. It may be objected that the peasants are unlikely to retain a tradition from so remote a period. Our own commons and copyholds are sufficient to show that the objection is futile. It is peculiarly inapplicable to the French peasant. Prodigious of nothing but his labour, saving of everything except himself, he lived for centuries a sordid, ignorant, isolated existence, doggedly pursuing the one object of his life, saving, pinching, starving, shivering, that he may grafix his *soif du sillon*. Impervious to new ideas, he was governed by rumour and tradition. He loved his priest, but he did not obey him in secular affairs: his only guides were, and, it may be said, still are, 'les anciens' and the 'on dit' of the market or the fair. Cut off from communication with the world beyond his own immediate neighbourhood, and practically *ascriptus glebæ*, he needs no charters, records, or title-deeds, to preserve the inherited, deep-rooted, universal, traditions of the country.

As has been already stated, agrarian outrages are now so rare that they are almost unknown. What is the explanation of this pacification of a turbulent district? The peace is not due to special legislation, for the *droit de marché* still exists though no longer as a disturbing force. A variety of causes have contributed to decrease the importance of the tenant-right.

In some few instances, the great sugar companies, which cultivate the land for beetroot, have been enabled to defy the results of a *dépointement* more successfully, than private individuals. But the

cases in which the high-handed action of landlords has extinguished the illegal burden are too few to be seriously taken into account. New tenant-rights are now no longer created except in rare cases. On the other hand, they are extinguished every day by merger of the ownership of the soil and the tenant-right. Either landlords acquire *droits de marché*, or tenant-right farmers purchase the ownership of the soil. Before the Revolution no *droits de marché* could be purchased by landlords, though the tenants themselves were prepared to pay extravagant prices for their acquisition. They were in fact the peasant's only permanent hold upon the soil, his only chance of gratifying his *soif du sillon*; to sell them to landlords was treason to the farmer's own class. Now, however, land is repeatedly in the market owing to the *partage forcé* of the civil code. Money formerly paid for the tenant-right now purchases the freehold of the proprietor. And the increase in the number of landed proprietors has in another way broken down the secret coalitions which were the parents of agrarian crime. Before the Revolution Picardy was a country of large estates. Great landowners might be counted on the fingers of the right hand; peasant tenants mustered by the hundreds. Insuperable barriers separated the landed from the landless, and coalitions were ready-made. Now these conditions are changed. The peasant owners, who were once unknown, now hold more than a third of the land of the district; as many are arrayed for, as against, owners of the soil. Against members of the same class it is impossible to maintain a combination. The peasantry are divided among themselves. Another result of the *partage forcé* must not be omitted, though it is easy to exaggerate its influence. The *Code Civil* divides the estates into equal portions; the *droit du marché* makes an eldest son *hêir* of the whole. Picard tenant-right is therefore opposed to the general interests of the younger children. Those who know anything of the sacrifices to which peasants resort to keep land in their families will not be surprised at the statement that the customary *droit d'aînesse* is preferred to the law of equal partition. To these causes for the decreasing importance of the tenant-right in Picardy must be added the increased facilities of communication, the organisation of new industries, the multiplication of new investments. Fifty years ago the French peasant clung to the soil with convulsive grip, not only because land was his one ambition, but because it was also his one means of livelihood. Now he has seen more of the world; there are other forms of employment, other and more profitable investments; the pleasures of town-life attract the younger generation away from the country districts. Finally, paradoxical though it may seem, the recent agricultural depression has reconciled land-owners to the existence of the *droit de marché*. In times of prosperity the great temptations to extinguish tenant-right were the high price of agricultural produce and the high rent which land commanded. During

the present period of adversity, prices and rents have fallen together. But the rents of tenant-right land have kept up; they are punctually paid, together with the *intrades* and *pots de vin*, lest the *droit* should be forfeited; and landlords derive from them an income which cannot be obtained from tenants of *terres libres*.

Different persons will draw different inferences from this history of the tenant-right of Picardy. But the two facts which stand out most prominently are—first, that this inveterate and long-continued system of agrarian terrorism springs from no national feeling or religious animosity, but originated solely and exclusively in land questions; secondly, that the disturbance has been principally allayed by a change which has thrown land into the market and increased the number of peasant-owners.

R. E. PROTHERO.

*THE GUILDS OF
THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.*

MODERN art not only in England, in France and Germany, but also in Italy, when historically investigated, appears to have no direct connection with Renaissance art. By this latter term we are accustomed to describe that classical period, extending over two centuries, upon which nowadays we look as an art of the highest standard—an epoch which may well be compared in many, if not most, respects with the best period of ancient Greek art, twenty centuries ago. There seems in modern art a tendency to revert to the principles laid down by the great old masters of the Renaissance period, whose works receive more study and appreciation at the present time than has ever been the case before. To those, therefore, who have enjoyed the masterpieces produced by the old masters, it will be interesting to investigate the conditions and the chances of their art, and to consider their aims, their education, their modes of preparing and executing the works, and the manner in which their success was attained.

Questions like these cannot well be discussed with any chance of satisfactory results in the case of the old Greek artists. We know too little about their private life, their social position, and their artistic education to be able to pronounce an opinion on these points. Besides, the works of those Greek artists, whom we know by name, have come down to us in a very small number. Most of them are in a fragmentary state, and about the studio-life of those times we have no knowledge whatever. A large number of the finest existing antique sculptures are copies of the lost Greek originals; they were executed at the Roman period, that is to say, four and more centuries later, and were not free from adaptation to the vaguer taste of less artistic generations. No wonder that, under the circumstances, only very few antique sculptures can come under consideration when such questions of primary importance as the execution and style of the various Greek masters are to be investigated.

But when we come to the study of the Renaissance art we encounter no such difficulties, for the number of original works still preserved is abundant. Much is known about the lives of the artists,

and about the society of the time, and also about the taste which the artists had to satisfy with their works, so that there is every opportunity given to us of making a thoroughly comprehensive and appreciative study of Renaissance art. And it may even be said that the abundance of material excludes the possibility of purely imaginary inferences, which, in archæological researches, greatly predominate. If, nevertheless, we find that the opinions of those who have written on Renaissance art are occasionally clashing, we must consider that these studies are still in a state of infancy, and have not yet had time to ripen, the less so because many have embarked in them without having a congenial nature for art, which may be said to be a necessary condition for these studies and researches. It is, I believe, not enough to have the capacity for appreciating the beautiful in art and in nature, or to have undergone an artist's education, nor will it be sufficient to be versed in æsthetics. The student of Renaissance art is not allowed, as the general public may be, to cut short the questions of the merits of the various schools and of the various masters by simply expressing his opinion that he likes or that he does not like this or that picture, that he cares or does not care for this or that style of painting. On the contrary, in criticising an old master's work individual bias or predilections of taste must not be allowed to warp the judgment.

One of the chief characteristics of the Renaissance artists is the predominance of individual character in their respective works. How can it be possible to do justice to this individual character if we deny it the privilege of being judged by the standard of excellence particular to those times?

Of all the epochs of painting there is, I believe, none in which the merits of the various works of art depend so much on this special characteristic. Its explanation thus becomes the most important problem an art critic has to solve when giving an opinion on a work by an old master. In Italian Renaissance art the individual character is apparent to such a degree that the demonstration of its outward signs is practically an easier task than the conclusive judgment on the æsthetic merits, about which, it seems, critics seldom agree.

How to investigate and to define this individuality ought to be of the first importance for the student of that art. But, before this question can be answered satisfactorily, I think it necessary to explain in what way the individuality of the several artists expresses itself.

The individual character of any single work of art may be investigated from three points of view:

1. The time when it was produced.
2. The school to which it belonged.
3. The master who probably executed it.

These questions have to be decided upon irrespective of external evidences, such as documentary information, signatures, tradition or

the like, which, however, may become useful as tending to substantiate the internal evidence, as the case may be.

The personal individuality of the single great artists is to a great extent dependent on that of the school out of which he has sprung, and still more on that of the single masters by whom he has been taught, and under whose directions he has served as an apprentice.

By the way, I may observe that in the domain of modern art it would be quite preposterous to give such a primary importance to the definition of the individuality of a school or of a single master. We must not forget that the sphere of the fine arts is at the present day an altogether different one, and so it has been everywhere in Europe for three centuries since—that is to say, ever since the academies have become the centres of artistic instruction. There can be no doubt that the base of academic instruction, as imparted to our young artists, is a much broader one than it had been, and than it could be, under the Renaissance artists. But it appears to me that the academic instruction is in its comprehensiveness the negation of those tendencies by which the Renaissance artists were inspired and which brought about their success. In proof of this I shall confine myself to one statement, which I believe to be conclusive.

It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to an art critic, when examining the pictures or the sculptures at some international exhibition, to give his opinion about a good many of the sculptures and the pictures, as to whether they are by the hand of some Spanish or of some Italian, or perhaps even of some Russian artist; whether a portrait comes from Norway or from Rome; whether a wood-scenery has been done by a Hungarian painter, or by one of Munich, or of Paris. I must not be understood to say that I find it difficult to discriminate between the works of reputed artists, whose style is well known to us, because we have seen them a good many times, and, so to say, lived with them. Not only art critics, but also the public at large, are well able to distinguish between the portraits by Reynolds and by Gainsborough, by Millais and by Herkomer, and so with many others. We all have seen authentic works by the hand of such prominent artists, and have become impressed by their marked individual style, so that there can be no difficulty in recognising it again whenever we come across productions by their hand.

But, on the other hand, it is not less true that we are subject to the grossest errors as soon as we go out of the sphere of our acquaintance; and the worst of it is, that on this wide field we are left without definite rules to guide us. Notwithstanding the numerous exhibitions, which offer us the best possible opportunity of comparative studies in this direction, we are bound to confess that we are unable to detect, in the works of most of the minor artists, such peculiarities which mark them out as belonging to some local school.

Let us now contemplate Renaissance art under the same aspect in order to make it more clear what I intend to say. Let us suppose that the pictures by the old Italian masters exhibited at the National Gallery had not the names of the artists written on the frames, and that there were no catalogue affording such information. Now I want to say that any art critic or connoisseur, if called upon, on his first visit to that collection, to name the artists who painted the several pictures, or at least to point out the local schools to which a personally unknown painter must have belonged, would be able to answer such questions without having seen these pictures before, or even without having heard of the existence of such pictures. Nay, in not a few instances he will also be able to give the approximate date of a picture, even when the dates of an artist's lifetime are not known. In the case of well-known artists, such as Giovanni Bellini, by whom there are five pictures in the National Collection, it would be a matter of but little difficulty to say at first sight in what chronological order they may be arranged. With Raphael, by whom there are four pictures, it is almost possible to give a precise date to each of them, the style of painting being the only evidence from which such inferences can be drawn. Even when pictures come from the hand of inferior artists, whose names are lost, and cannot be traced any more, we must be prepared to say whether these artists belonged to the Florentine, to the Umbrian, the Venetian, the Milanese, or any other local school. A designation such as 'Venetian' may even, in most cases, appear to be too vague, as under this head we are accustomed to comprise various local schools which were of a quite independent position, such as the schools of Padua, of Treviso, of Bassano, of Verona, and of Venice proper.

Again, when this question of the local schools has been settled about pictures by the hand of well-known artists, as well as by those who rank on a comparatively low level, it remains to be stated at what approximate date each of these pictures has been executed. Fifteen or twenty years' difference is distinctly noticeable, even with inferior masters of but little individual character; so much so, that errors or mistakes on these points can by no means be considered as being of little consequence.

The great variety of style in the works of the several masters and schools renders these studies especially interesting. But before entering any further into this matter it will be convenient to meet one objection which may be raised against my statement on the distinctive character of Renaissance art when compared with modern art.

From the standpoint of modern civilisation, modern life, and modern society we have little or no difficulty in understanding and appreciating the distinctive character of the pictorial art of the various nations, wherever that character appears to be sufficiently

marked out. Modern life offers us, indeed, frequent opportunities to pronounce such judgments. We are also wont to find out those peculiarities by which the nationality of certain artists makes itself felt. A French or an Italian painter, when doing a male portrait, will, as a rule, display quite a different taste from an English or German painter, even when the general appearance of the figures may not have the national type or fashion distinctly pronounced. When examining such portraits, we cannot help looking at them with a certain predisposition to detect in them the reflex of those habits and of that countenance of which we possess well-defined notions beforehand, as the result of our observations in social life, quite independent of art. In Italy the individual character of the people of the various provinces is, I believe, of a more special type than in most other civilised countries, and this is especially noticeable in the centres of the several provinces, such as Venice, Florence, Milan, Naples, and others. But why is it that, notwithstanding this fact, it is no more possible at the present day to treat on the art of that country under such general headings as Venetian, Tuscan, Florentine, and Lombard art, and so on? Everyone who has been living in that country is able to recognise without any difficulty the differences of race in the language and in the manners of the people, notwithstanding the now prevailing marked tendency to neutralise, in the interest of political unification, what is still left of such inborn and inherited dissimilarities. We find that three or four centuries ago, when cities like Padua, Bassano, Treviso, Vicenza, and Verona were all under one political rule, viz. that of Venice, the individuality of the artists of these towns was strongly marked. The area covered by the towns just named, with their respective provinces, occupied no more than Wales, but a pictorial subject, say the Infant Christ, or a landscape background, was treated by them in so distinct a style that nowadays we can distinguish those peculiarities with absolute certainty. This is the case even if we judge from the pictures alone, without reference to the social distinctions of the races under the common sway of Venice.

I believe one of the principal causes of this individualism in Renaissance art is to be found in the fact that within these various centres art was centralised as well as monopolised by well-constituted guilds, in which, as a matter of course, the natural artistic gifts and dispositions of the race were fostered, and, consequently, in the successive generations brought to the highest development of which they were capable.

The rules by which these guilds governed themselves deserve, therefore, our special attention. A few such statutes have fortunately been preserved in Italian archives. They are as yet very little known; art historians do not appear to have taken notice of them. But I believe that the subject of these statutes deserves to

be closely investigated, as throwing light on some of the most vital questions with which we have to deal in our studies of the Renaissance art.

The oldest I am aware of is the statute of the guild of Verona, which I have found in an old and not yet published manuscript. It dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, the time at which many wealthy Italian cities, fully conscious of their power and strength, strove for municipal freedom and independence, and when, after having thrown over the feudal government of the middle ages, they aimed at giving solidity to their newly established commonwealth. Some forty years after the death of Ezzelino Romano, by which the reign of terror of this great Ghibelline chief had come to an end, Verona enjoyed the peaceful government of the Scaligeri, and the leading families of the town became desirous of having their palaces and villas richly decorated by painters. Many artists were then coming to Verona to settle down there, whereas a short time before, when Ezzelino ruled the town, the artists had all been banished, or had to flee to save their lives, because in the time of Ezzelino they were looked upon as being connected with the Guelf or Papal party, on account of their being chiefly engaged in painting for churches. Now, under the government of the Scaligeri, they had to work for private palaces as well as for churches. There was plenty to do, and the work being remunerative, they felt the necessity of forming an association with the object of guarding reciprocally the interests of the profession. After some discussion the following statute, composed of twelve paragraphs, was agreed upon :—

I. That no one shall be allowed to become a member without having practised the fine arts for fully twelve years.

II. Twelve artists are to be elected members, and this number is not to be exceeded.

III. The reception of a new member depends on his condition of being a senior.

IV. The members are obliged in the winter season to take upon themselves the common instruction of the pupils in turn.

V. Members are liable to be expelled on being convicted of theft.

VI. Fraternal assistance in necessity of whatever kind.

VII. General agreement in the controversies ; ‘grande concordantia in le controversie.’

VIII. Hospitality towards strangers, when passing through the town, as thus information may be obtained about matters which one may like to learn.

IX. Reciprocal obligation of offering comfort in the case of debility.

X. Members to follow the funerals of members with lanterns and burning torches.

XI. The president of the company to exercise supreme authority about the regulations.

XII. President is to be that member who has been in the company the longest time.

We may imagine that the rules referring to the administration were somewhat different in other guilds of that early period, the statutes of which have not been preserved. Even in one and the

same guild the statute appears to have been subjected to alterations from time to time. But these alterations referred in most cases to the administration, whereas the rules about the rights and obligations of the members, and about the education of the pupils, very likely underwent less or no changes.

From the biographies of the artists we learn that for three centuries, if not more, it was the general practice to place the youths who wished to become painters at a very early age with the masters, who were paid for their tuition by the parents. During the first few years the boys were chiefly engaged in doing services of a low order, and which nowadays would be considered even as unbecoming or humiliating, such as grinding colours, cleaning the tools, and the like. So the old painters of Verona, who probably had not much time to devote to their pupils, may have thought that they could best satisfy their claims for having the benefit of theoretical instruction by founding a special art school, which was to be attended by the pupils and assistants of all the masters. This school was open only during the winter months, when fresco painting in the dark churches and palaces used to be suspended, and when there was less practical work for the pupils and assistants. As all the masters were bound to teach at that school in turn, the pupils had the great advantage of becoming acquainted with the merits of the various masters. Another, and perhaps not less weighty consideration of the founders of that school, must have been the interest in the advancement of the local art as professed by the masters, who must have had an interest in excluding the competition of masters of neighbouring or foreign places. We shall soon see with what severe regulations the guilds guarded themselves in later times against the influx of foreign art. In those early times the Veronese masters, in their more liberal spirit, did not object to receive hospitably foreign members of their profession, provided that they were merely passing through the town on some journey, and that they came without intention of settling there, which, as a matter of course, would not have been allowed to them. But passing travellers—so it had been agreed upon—were not to be molested. On the contrary, the members of the guild were bound to receive them hospitably, and we may imagine that when some such painter who had become famous arrived, the members of the guild were convened in special meeting for the ostensible purpose of entertaining him, but with the real object of getting from him the secrets of the profession as exercised by him, or by others who may have become of repute. The painters of Verona had indeed very good reason to become jealous of their own reputation, considering that in past centuries not only the princes of Central Italy, and occasionally also the popes, but also the emperors and kings of Germany, had given commissions to Veronese painters, and even had called them away from Verona

to serve them as their court painters, as appears from that old manuscript from which our knowledge of the statute of the Veronese guild is derived.

Here I may also mention that the coat-of-arms of the Veronese guild of painters was a monogram formed by the two letters S and L, meaning St. Luke, intertwined with two painters' brushes placed crossways, and above was a cross. With this emblem on their banner as well as on the right breasts of their own coats, the members of the guild used to appear officially and to join public processions. The first patron or honorary president of the guild was Messer Francesco Cane, a member of the reigning Scaligeri family. Another nobleman, Messer Menico, held the office of the first acting president, and this was at about the time when Dante came to Verona, to stay there for some years as the guest of the Scaligeri.

In other Italian towns the regulations and usages of the painters' guilds must have been very much the same in the main points. When we compare the statutes of the Veronese guild of that early date with those agreed upon by the painters of Florence, more than two and a half centuries later we are struck by the great similarity between them.

The exact date of the foundation of the Florentine company of St. Luke is not known. The original statutes have been lost, as well as the rolls of the painters, of which, however, a later copy is in existence. The earliest date which we find in that copy attached to a painter's name is 1339. But there is also evidence in favour of the year 1303 as being the date of the foundation of the company, that is to say, the very year in which at Verona the company was established.

The only details known about the Florentine Company of St. Luke refers to its organisation, the church services and other religious obligations of its members. Of these it may only be mentioned here that the brethren were enjoined to recite daily five paternosters and five Ave Marias, and when they forget to do so to make the number good on a future occasion. This confraternity, according to the statutes, was open to women as well as men, but the register of the female members, if such a roll ever existed, is no longer extant. The company admitted among the members not only the painters, but all the members of the art generally, and even persons exercising other trades or professions. The company was governed by four captains, four councillors, and two treasurers. On certain occasions, as at the election of officers, some of the brethren appear to have been called in council, or it may be that a certain number of members were requested to form a quorum. It was necessary that the captains and treasurers should have adopted the art of painters. The post of councillor was open to any member of the company irrespective of his profession.

The seal of the company was a winged bull in a recumbent position supporting a book with its right paw, the well-known emblem of St. Luke, the patron saint of all the painters' guilds, and a nimbus behind its head.

The fact that the Florentine painters were matriculated in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, which was one of the most important guilds of Florence, accounts for the comparatively insignificant rôle which the company of St. Luke appears to have played there as a separate body, so long as the profession proved to be better represented by that more important body.

Already in the year 1406 complaints were made in the company of St. Luke that the attendance at the religious services were 'less regular than heretofore, and that the members no longer rendered due obedience to the captains, or paid their fees willingly, thus tending to the dispersal of the said company and to the injury of this guild and university, which is especially displeasing to our Lord Jesus Christ.' And so it was ordered that in future every painter in the city of Florence, being a member of the company, whether matriculated in the guild or not, as well as all other persons who may or shall belong to the same, should attend divine service once or twice a month at the said church or make oblations and obey the orders of the captains, under penalty of a fine of twelve denari for each time they shall be absent from divine service or negligent in conforming to the commands of the captains without legitimate excuse. If the fine were not paid, the servants or messengers of the guild, at the request of the said captains, or of two of them, were to seize the goods of the debtor to recover the amount under a penalty of twenty soldi of *florini piccioli*, to be deducted from their wages and applied to the purposes of the said guild.

From the strictness of these regulations we may judge of the powers which the Florentine guild of painters must have exercised in the more vital questions relating to the exercise of the profession.

At the middle of the sixteenth century—that is to say, at the time when most of the guilds had altogether lost their former power and position—the Florentine company of St. Luke had also fallen into decay. But some leading members of the profession thought it then proper to revive it, a fact which, unimportant as it may seem to have been, has had consequences of special importance in the history of the fine arts. So in January 1563 the 'Accademia del Disegno' was inaugurated at Florence with great pomp in the chapter-house of the convent 'degli Angeli,' a building which had also been the residence of the Guild of St. Luke. The founders of this new academy were well-known artists of the time, painters as well as sculptors, such as Fra Giovanni Montorsoli, Giorgio Vasari, Francesco da San Gallo, l'Ammanato, Vincenzo dei Rossi, Michele di Ridolpho Ghirlandajo, and several others.

The statute, which originally comprised only fourteen artists as members, was, as a matter of course, based on the experiences made in the older guilds or associations, and in examining them we shall notice that not a few of the regulations closely resemble those of the old Veronese guild agreed upon two and a half centuries before.

The first chapter of that new Florentine statute treats on the love of God and on charity to neighbours, the last relates to assistance to be given to the sick and to the obsequies to be afforded to deceased members. The intervening twelve articles regulated the general government of the academy, the authority of the officers, the distribution of legacies, and the instruction of the younger members. Sculptors, painters, and architects were admitted as members of the academy, and also independent gentlemen who had cultivated the sciences appertaining to architecture and the art of design, or one of them.

The academy was placed under the immediate patronage of the Grand Duke of Florence, who accepted the titular headship. The aged Michelangelo, who then lived in Rome, was elected vice-president. The governing body was composed of a lieutenant, not an artist, proposed by the academicians and accepted by the prince, of three consuls and three councillors, assisted by a proveditor (administrator), an auditor, a secretary, a chancellor, and two arbiters. The first who held the office of lieutenant was Vincenzo Borghini, governor of the Hospital of the Innocenti, whom we find often mentioned in Vasari's writings as a distinguished connoisseur and collector of drawings and other works by the great masters. Two of the consuls were required to be on the roll of the academicians, who were artists distinguished by merit, elected by the vote of all the members of the company; the third consul was a member only.

Any elected officer refusing to serve was fined, if a consul, one lira; if a councillor, ten soldi; and the same for the administrator, the treasurer, the secretary, the *infirmieri* (members elected to attend on the sick), and the other officials.

The number of the academicians, as well as of the members of the company, appears to have been unlimited.

The new Florentine academy soon became famous, so that artists residing in various parts of Italy desired to be enrolled among its members. Among these were Andrea Palladio, the celebrated architect of Vicenza, Titian, Battista Veronese, better known by the name of Zelotti, Danese, Cataneo, Giuseppe Salviati, and Tintoretto, who were elected academicians by acclamation.

In 1571 the academy was made a magistracy, and freed, by grand-ducal decree, from subjection to the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, on which it depended for the painters, and to the Guild of the

Builders (*fabbricanti*), to which the sculptors and architects had belonged in former times. The academy thus became a guild and university by itself, depending solely, like the other minor guilds, on the tribunal of the Mercanzia, or chamber of commerce.

The magisterial functions of this Florentine academy, the first institution bearing this name, related to the internal affairs and the settlement of disputes between artists and their clients. The Mercanzia acted probably as a court of reference and of appeal. The jurisdiction of the academy extended over all the Florentine territory. It included Pisa, Leghorn, Arezzo, Cortona, Empoli, and Borgo San Sepolero. Not only architects, painters, and sculptors, but all persons who exercised any art or trade the basis of which was design, were subject to the jurisdiction of the academy. Gilders, plasterers, or workers in stucco thus depended on the academy, to which they paid a tax for the right of exercising their trade.

It is interesting to learn that the academy was also deputed to see that the works of celebrated artists were not carried out of the State. On the list of such especially valued masters were the following names: Michelangelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Beccafumi, Il Rosso, Leonardo da Vinci, Francia Bigio, Pierino del Vaga, Jacopoda Pontormo, Titian, Francesco Salviati, Angelo da Bronzino, Daniele da Volterra, Fra Bartolommeo, Sebastiano del Piombo, Filippino Lippi, Correggio, Parmigiano, Perugino, and Sogliano.

This list contains not a few names of artists who are no more considered as being very distinguished. The compilers of the list seem to have paid especial regard to those Florentine painters who had died lately. Others, who nowadays are highly valued, such as Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Fra Filippo, and all the early masters of the quattrocento, were left out. They were apparently little thought of in those times, at which the prevailing artistic taste had become an entirely different one.

The statute of 1563 provided that the younger members of the company, at their request, should receive artistic instruction by the academicians. Lessons in anatomy were also ordered to be held during the winter months at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, and at these the attendance of the junior members was obligatory. Among the teachers of mathematics at the academy were Ostitio Ricci and Vincenzo Viviani, the one the master, the other the pupil of Galileo.

A few years later a new seal was finally determined on to take the place of the old seal of the company of St. Luke. The design adopted, which in several bas-reliefs still decorates the walls of the present building, was three garlands of oak, laurel, and olive interlaced with the legend 'A Deo quasi nepote' (from God, as if his grandchild). In explanation of this curious motto I may refer here to a passage in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci, from which this

seems to be taken, and which runs thus: 'Painting is born of nature, or, to speak more correctly, we will say it is the grandchild of nature; for all visible things are produced by nature, and these, her children, have given birth to painting. Hence we may justly call it the grandchild of nature, and related to God.'

On the same basis as the Florentine academy, and very likely in imitation of it, an 'Académie Royale' was created in Paris in 1648, which again became the prototype of the Royal Academies of this country, founded in London in 1768, and of other capitals of Europe, where the study of painting, and of the fine arts in general, is nowadays carried on on similar principles.

Our modern academies may therefore be considered as being historically connected with the old guilds of painters, but only in an indirect way, because in the northern countries the guilds of painters had been abolished a long time before the foundation of the academies. Most of these, especially the earlier ones, were established after the model of the Florentine, which has been the first, and which, as it appears, was originally considered to be only a reorganised company of St. Luke.

At the time of the Renaissance the obligations of the painters of Florence towards the Florentine company of St. Luke were of an exceptional character, when compared with the usages of other Italian towns, because at Florence the company of St. Luke was essentially a religious corporation, which painters were at liberty to join or not. So it had been in Florence during the whole of the fourteenth and of the fifteenth centuries.

Until the close of the thirteenth century the painters of Florence had formed a separate and independent corporation, similar to the painters' guilds of other towns. But about the year 1297 the painters placed themselves under the consuls of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, of which they hereafter formed a subdivision. The Florentine Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries (*Arti dei Medici e Speziali*) was one of the seven '*arti maggiori*,' or the nobler arts or professions. They were governed by consuls, they had special armorial bearings, and a standard of their own, which was raised in front of the guildhall when the public safety demanded the services of the members. The consuls had authority over all the persons whose names were entered into the rolls of the guild, and so they settled all professional and trade disputes between the members themselves as well as between the members and third parties. This guild had extensive commercial relations also with foreign countries, such as France and England, to which its members imported spices and drugs, partly brought from the East. They were allied to the guild of the weavers in wool, whose chemical knowledge was valued in the preparation of drugs. And as the painters were wont to prepare their colours themselves, we can easily imagine that their

association with the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries had some substantial reasons. The goldsmiths of Florence, in whose workshops not a few of the best Florentine sculptors had been educated, belonged to the 'Arte della Seta,' or Guild of Silk Manufacturers, which was also one of the seven 'arti maggiori' or nobler professions, but in this case the association of the two seems to have been a merely accidental one.

The statute of the painters guild of another Tuscan town, of Siena, is fortunately preserved to us in a valuable old manuscript. This statute is especially profuse in its well-defined regulations about the organisation of that body, which enjoyed a quite independent position, and about the powers of its captains. As this statute is one of the very few documents which allow us to have a clear insight into the nature of these guilds, it will be of importance to consider some of its most conspicuous stipulations, which appear to reflect best the spirit of those guilds. In paragraph 6 of the Sienese statute it is ordered that no figure-painter, or painter of armorial emblems or otherwise, shall be allowed to execute pictures for which some other painter may have received the commission before, except the latter one has granted him a special license to do so. Ten pounds (or libre) were to be the punishment in case of contravention. By § 8, it was forbidden to the members to work on Sundays, and on such religious festival days which were recognised by the consuls of the Guild of Merchants. The rector or president of the painter-masters had power to appoint one or more watchmen, whose business it was to report those who were found breaking the rules. The names of these watchmen were not to be made known to the members, but they had to affirm on oath that they would not denounce any artist out of hatred or ill-will. On the other hand, the rector was empowered to grant permission for working on Sunday to anyone who might come forward with a just and discreet application. But it was to be understood that in the case of public works (*lavorio di comune*) such licenses were out of place. Section 9 treats on the obligations of the foreign artists who may come to Siena, not only from foreign countries like Germany, but also from any Italian town. Such foreigners were bound to pay down one gold florin at the office of the guild before they began any work, and, besides, they had to make a deposit of twenty-five lire. Again, no Sienese painter was allowed to engage a foreigner as assistant without having himself fulfilled these stipulations. It becomes evident from this that foreign artists who may have been in need of work will hardly have felt tempted to seek for work in a town like this, a democratic republic, where they were treated with so little liberality.

By § 15, the painters of Siena were forbidden to induce or to tempt any assistant in the service of some other painter to leave his

master and to enter his own studio. On such a misdemeanour a fine of twenty-five lire was imposed.

According to § 17, the rector or president had to make it his business to inquire from time to time, by conversing secretly with the single masters, one by one, whether they knew of any member who had a grudge against one of his colleagues, and that he should do his best to reconcile those whom he might find to be at enmity, or to have some spite against each other.

No painter was allowed, according to § 24, to refuse to accept an office of the guild when the guild bestowed it on him, on the plea that he did not consider it his calling, because the honours as well as the burdens of the guild had to be borne by every one of them. The fine for such a misdemeanour was to be five lire. Finally, in § 38, it is provided that, whenever a painter refuses to pay his fine, or fails to pay it within the term allowed to him, all the other members of the profession will be bound not to have any more to do with such offenders, nor to receive them nor to mix with them in any way.

There can be no doubt that in the course of time some details of the statute were altered; nevertheless, its tendency must have remained the same for centuries. Of this there is ample evidence when we compare this statute of the Sienese guild, which was agreed upon in the year 1355, with the statute of the Paduan guild, which came into force about a century later, it being dated 1441.

In an introductory paragraph of this Paduan statute we find it distinctly stated that, by common consent, a reformed statute had been agreed upon because the old statute did not suit any more the present time, in which manners had become different. Having no knowledge of the old statute, we are unable to say in what the innovations consisted. But we may suppose that they chiefly applied to the details of the administration. When we compare the regulations of the reformed Paduan statute with those of the old guild of Siena, we cannot help being surprised at the great similarity of the two, the more so when we consider that the great distance between these two towns, and also the difference of political rule, excluded the possibility of a reciprocal connection of the two statutes.

About this there can be no doubt when we compare the following rules of the Paduan statute with the corresponding ones of the much earlier Sienese statute, which have just been explained.

In one paragraph of the Paduan statute the painters are forbidden to take in, or to engage, foreign artists or assistants in their studios or elsewhere for a longer period than ten days, or they will be fined three pounds (libre) for each following day, except the foreigner becomes matriculated. It was the duty of the officers or the guild, who at Padua had the name of Gastaldiones or Massarins, to settle disputes about the works of art. Nobody could be matricu-

lated in this guild who was not a painter or a painter's pupil. The artists who kept a studio by themselves had to pay five pounds (*libre*), those who knew the art, but did not practise it, had to pay three pounds, and the pupils two pounds, entrance fee to the guild. The sons, grandsons, and nephews of the painters had to pay only twenty soldi. But in the case of foreigners the items of this standard were to be doubled. Whoever wanted to have his name taken off the rolls was allowed to leave the guild at once, but he was forbidden to practise the art of painting any more in Padua or in Paduan territory, or to execute any picture either publicly or privately. And if he was found, after having left the guild, to paint a picture whether for money or with the object of obliging someone, he was to be taken as having acted deceitfully in leaving the guild, and therefore such offender was to be punished according to the laws of the guild, except he could bring forward good and legitimate reasons for his having had his name taken off the rolls.

Sundays and festival days were also to be kept by the members of the painters' guild of Padua. The statute likewise directed them not to allow their assistants or pupils to do work on such days. The fine was to be twenty soldi, and if this sum was not paid within eight days, twice as much was to be exacted. However, the young people who were only studying the art were to be always allowed, on Sundays as well as on festival days, to make such studies and drawings with the silverpoint as pupils were wont to do.

In the Paduan statute there are several other interesting paragraphs with reference to the education of young artists. To these I shall have to refer when treating on the art education in the studios of the old masters.

It is to be regretted that only a few documents bearing on the subject are at our disposal, but it appears that in these we find ample proof in support of the theory that the strong individual character of the schools of painting at the Renaissance time greatly depended on the peculiar exclusiveness in the organisation of the guilds.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

THE LOYALTY OF THE COLONIES.

I READ the article in the August number of this Review on 'The Loyalty of the Colonies' in some doubt whether the title was a chance misnomer or an intentional irony. I could not but think of the 'snakes in Iceland.' The subject is to all Englishmen of such vital importance that some consideration of it from a different point of view may not be without interest.

The article to which I refer contains, no doubt, some truth, but truth which is superficial—not, I am convinced, the whole truth, nor the best element of the truth—on this most weighty matter. Perhaps the writer's sarcastic disbelief in all public spirit and local patriotism in his colonial fellow-countrymen—of evil augury, by the way, for the future independence, which he anticipates, and on the whole seems to desire for them—may be significant as to his qualification for judging of the reality in them of any spirit of loyalty to the old country, and of the larger patriotism which delights to claim a place in the mission and destiny of the whole British race. After all, a man can see only what he has eyes to see. The concluding sentence of the article—which will, I think, come as unexpectedly on its readers as on the supposed interlocutor—comforts us with the belief that the author still cherishes some sentimental remains of that spirit in himself. But one who, taking the low view of his colonial brethren to which I have already referred, assumes as a matter of course that they will act simply on the *do ut des* principle of self-interest, and therefore be utterly careless, for example, of such great destiny and mission for the good of all humanity as are involved in the preservation of our vast Indian Empire, seems to me to put himself as much out of court for rightly pronouncing as to the existence of a spirit of any large unselfishness, as the materialist who denies the existence of a soul, because he cannot discover it by aid of the scalpel and the microscope. I do not mean that, even on this lower ground, a strong case could not be made for the preservation by the colonies of the connection with the mother country. If (as, for example, with Sir Charles Dike in his *Problems of the Greater Britain*) we examine the actual position in Canada, Australia, or South Africa,

we shall, I think, come to the conclusion that, even for their own sakes, it would be madness for them to sacrifice that old connection. But conviction of self-interest does not, of course, deserve the name of loyalty; and history shows us very plainly that views which never rise above it, and which ignore all higher forces, are again and again refuted by the strong predominance of those forces, sweeping away, especially at times of crisis, the calculations of mere worldly wisdom. If Prince Bismarck had not had something better to rely on, than that appeal to the *do ut des*, to which he is so fond of referring in an affected cynicism, the victory of 1870 would never have been gained, nor the German Empire created.

I speak myself as an Englishman. I have spent but five or six years in colonial life. But I have the strongest belief in the future prosperity and material greatness of the colonies generally, and in particular of that important group of colonies, in which my experience has been gained, and of which especially I venture to speak. I have the deepest sympathy with all their aspirations and efforts after the true greatness, which is more than material, and rejoice in the wonderful progress which they have made in this respect within what is but a brief period of national existence. I am jealous, therefore, of representations which would produce, at least on most minds, the impression that narrowness and pettiness of self-interest are the ruling principles of colonial public opinion, teaching men to value their present connection with what they still call 'home' only for what they can get by it. That those lower motives have their influence, there as everywhere else, I do not deny; that, especially at moments of irritation, they come to the surface, is true enough. But, if I could believe that they were the dominant forces, driving out all nobility of affection and self-sacrifice, I confess that I should despair not only of the preservation of the great British Empire, but of a really great future, of any kind and under any conditions, for the colonies themselves.

But I do not believe this. Generally, as I have said, I distrust all views of human nature and history, however confidently they may claim knowledge of the world and freedom from transcendental illusions, which look only to motives of self-interest, and put out of consideration the nobler impulses of generosity, affection, loyalty, faith, to which, after all, the great movements of human society have owed their birth. It is, no doubt, folly to ignore the lower elements of force; but to my mind it is still greater blindness to assume their necessary predominance. But in the matter now before us I do not rest simply on faith in human nature, which is really ultimately faith in Him who made it; I rely on an experience which, if comparatively short, is at least somewhat varied, and perhaps not the less valuable because regarded from an independent point of view. I have visited

personally every colony of the Australasian group—knowing most, of course, of New South Wales, next of Victoria and South Australia, least, but still something, of Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, and New Zealand. Necessarily in my ministerial duty I have been brought into contact with men of all classes, all parties, and all shades of opinion. I had to study carefully the newspapers, which in Australia exercise an even greater power than in England, and which, although Mr. Bakewell inclines to discount their importance, certainly are the best indicators of public opinion and the most powerful influences in forming it; and I had frequently the privilege of intercourse and conversation with some of the chief leaders in political life. The time, moreover, of this experience included some critical occasions—the despatch of Australian troops to the Soudan, the Queen's Jubilee, and the Centenary celebration of the completion of the first hundred years of the colony—occasions which bring out the clearest expressions not only of public opinion, but of the public feeling, which is an even more energetic influence than opinion. My impressions may be right or wrong; but they are at least formed not without some thought and much opportunity.

How really stands the case? The present phase of relation to our colonies is, I am inclined to think, transitional, and therefore critical—not unlike the period in domestic life when the sons of a family are just grown up to manhood, too old and too mature for the discipline and the dependence of earlier days, and yet not properly ready for separation to an absolute independence. At such a period some, no doubt, will be eager—prematurely eager—to set up for themselves. But most who have any love of home, and any loyal and affectionate reverence for parental authority, will prefer still to belong to the life of the family, if within it they can have a right measure of freedom, and of influence in the direction of that family life. It is a critical time, not free from serious difficulties as to the right harmony of authority and freedom, of unity and independence. But for the strength and happiness of the home it is well worth while to face the difficulty; and in facing it more will depend on moral principle than on formal rule, more on love than on law, more on mutual self-sacrifice than on nice adjustment of interests on both sides. At such a crisis in our colonial history we seem to have arrived. There are, I suppose, rather less than nine millions of our people outside Great Britain, and some four times that number within its shores. The true central power, not only of numbers, but still more of wealth, culture, education, strength, and largeness of national life, is still in the old country. Separation even for the three chief groups of colonies—American, Australian, South African—would be at present the choice of comparative littleness in place of a share in greatness; of an isolation—possibly dangerous, possibly of a somewhat ignoble safety—

instead of a unity, burdened indeed with a great responsibility, but yet having a glorious mission, which must kindle something of a large and glorious spirit. There was a time, to which the article before us alludes with excusable bitterness, when a timid and ungenerous policy prevailed for a time in England, urging us to throw off our colonial responsibilities, to suggest and almost invite separation from our colonies, in order to relieve ourselves from burden and risk, and to concentrate our energies at home. That policy is happily a thing of the past with us. Nothing is more striking to me than the increase at home, even in the last five or six years, of interest, pride, affection for our colonies. I should be sorry if that deservedly cast-off policy were taken up there; and I believe that, if it has at times any real power, that power there, as here, will be but temporary, soon to give way to nobler and more generous conceptions.

But at the same time our chief colonies have advanced in various degrees to something like maturity. Naturally they have outgrown the stage of mere dependence, as on home resources so on home authority. There is accordingly, as might be expected, a separatist party, chiefly among the younger men, apt to exaggerate the strength of their colony and its power to protect and advance its own fortunes; ready to chafe against what they deem excess of interference from England, and still more to resent any real or fancied depreciation of colonial things and colonial men; somewhat prone to take restricted views of colonial interests, and to claim that these should be pursued without consideration of the complexity of the internal or external relations of a world-wide empire. But I believe that this party is still in a hopeless minority. Whenever it has asserted itself, as was done in Sydney by a well-planned surprise on an occasion connected with the Jubilee of 1887, the result has been the creation of an immense reaction of loyalty, by which it has been simply overwhelmed. Through all the celebrations of the Centenary festival of the succeeding year, amidst much natural self-congratulation on the marvellous progress mainly of the last half-century, and many equally natural anticipations of the still greater future which evidently lay before Australia in the next fifty years, there was in no one influential quarter a hint of separation from the old home. The great bulk of the colonists desire, I feel sure, to maintain the connection with the mother country; and, in direct opposition to the views advanced by Mr. Bakewell, I have a strong conviction that this desire, half-unconscious in quiet times, would be, not weakened, but greatly strengthened and kindled, by any stress of national danger or emergency.

I was in Sydney at the time of the preparation and despatch of the expedition to the Soudan, in which I may remark, the offer of New South Wales, gladly accepted at home, had merely the start of

similar offers from other Australian colonies; and I can testify that, both in those who went and in the community who sent them, there was a most genuine and enthusiastic outburst of loyal feeling. Probably the lower motives, to which Mr. Bakewell refers the ready volunteering for the service of a singularly fine body of men, may have had some influence. But even in them it was merely subsidiary; in those who sent them these motives could not possibly have found place. Nothing would be more unjust than to ascribe to any interested motives the bold initiative taken in this matter by Mr. W. B. Dalley, the acting Premier of the day, and readily adopted by his Ministry. To those who knew him the very idea would have seemed preposterous; and, in fact, it is well known that he refused proffered honours, such as most leading colonial statesmen have accepted, and that he was not made a Privy Councillor till some years after, only a short time before his lamented death. His act was one of simple loyalty to the old country in the hour of trial—perhaps the more remarkable because it came from the leading Irishman and Roman Catholic of the colony. It was, politically speaking, an audacious stroke of genius, inspired by a generous largeness of idea, eminently characteristic of him; for it committed the colony to a wholly new phase of enterprise, and a considerable expenditure, without the sanction of Parliament. But it was, as I can testify, supported unequivocally by the public opinion and feeling. I shall never forget the embarkation of the contingent—one of the most touching and inspiring sights of my experience—in the presence of I know not how many thousands and tens of thousands of people, gathered from all quarters. The cheers which came from the deck and rigging of the great troop-ship as she slowly steamed from the quay, and which were echoed back from the shore, were, I believe, as true expressions of loyalty and patriotism as were ever uttered. And, when Parliament met, the action of the Ministry was accepted and covered by the necessary Act of Indemnity, not indeed without some opposition, mainly on constitutional grounds, but by an overwhelming majority. Some reaction, indeed, took place afterwards, as is so often the case, both in individuals and in communities, in the ‘second thoughts’ which are not best, after some bold act of generosity and sacrifice—partly because, through no fault of its own, the contingent had but little opportunity of facing danger and achieving glory—partly also because the precedent was thought a somewhat dangerous one, and because a political reaction, which overthrew the Ministry, generated some reaction against this among other of their measures—partly because the policy of what by a name really inapplicable is called Imperialism was industriously misrepresented as inimical to colonial interest and independence. But the significance of the act itself, which told on the affection of England and the imagination of Europe, still remains; and I confess my

belief that, were a similar emergency to occur, a not dissimilar exhibition of solidarity of national feeling and national interest would be made, perhaps under the leadership of some of the very men who after the event depreciated or denounced the bold enterprise of Mr. Dalley.

But, as I have said, those who most desire to maintain the connection of the colonies with the mother country are the most anxious to secure the conditions, under which alone it is to be maintained. Ought we not, perhaps, to speak of patriotism rather than loyalty in the relation of our colonies to the whole Empire? The two feelings are probably inseparable; they melt, so to speak, into one another. But loyalty has in it more of the relation of sonship; in patriotism there is rather an enthusiasm of brotherhood. As the colonies grow towards equality with the old country, may it not be reasonable to look less for what is associated with the old dependence, more for that which asserts a right to a place in the Greater Britain, as in sacrifice so also in independence and power? Loyalty, there must always be to the Sovereign, as the head and representative of the whole Empire; and such loyalty is felt in the colonies as at home, and I fully agree with Mr. Bakewell in the wish that it might be more frequently stimulated by royal visits. Loyalty in a true sense there will be to the old home itself, not only as the mother country, but as the heart and centre of the great English-speaking race. But still I cannot but think that it is to free development of a patriotism, not merely local to the colony itself, but national to the whole national body, that we must look for the uniting and inspiring sentiment of the future.

What are the two conditions under which this development is possible? The one is the enjoyment by our maturer colonies of a large—indeed, an almost complete—self-government, only limited by considerations which plainly touch the well-being of the whole Empire. It is all but needless to point out that this condition is amply fulfilled. How greatly its fulfilment is desired, as soon as a colony has grown to any measure of strength, has been recently shown in respect of Western Australia, not only by the all but unanimous desire of responsible government in the inhabitants of that colony, but by the universal support and sympathy with that desire from all the colonies of Australia. That it undoubtedly tends to develop and strengthen the colonies which enjoy it, even when it increases their burdens, past experience seems fully to testify. On the side of the old country it has now been the steadfast policy of many years to grant such privilege willingly and unreservedly; and this policy was strikingly brought out in the same instance by the whole proceeding of the Select Committee and of the House of Commons, especially in the removal of some restrictions, with which

the original scheme was accompanied, and which were supposed to guard the home interests of the future. This policy may have been supported, as it naturally would be, by those who desired to encourage separation from our colonies, but certainly not by them alone. The idea that it, or any of its necessary consequences, such as the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, was designed as 'a slap in the face' to the colonies I hold to have been at all times utterly erroneous: Certainly in our own day it is cordially adopted by those who most prize the connection with the colonies as the true 'Expansion of England' and the creation of the 'Greater Britain.' They see plainly that, under the necessary laws of this expansion, we must desire that our country should sit, not as a queen over her dependencies, but as a mother among her daughter nations. But this condition, however fully realised, is clearly insufficient. Taken alone, it might, of course, tend to disintegration. Occasionally, if exaggerated by impatience of even slight and necessary control from head-quarters, it may have actually done so. There must be, as the second condition, some share by the colonies in the policy of the whole body—in other words, some scheme of a general federation of all the subjects of the British monarchy.

Intercolonial federation is in itself good. I sincerely hope that it may be speedily realised for Australia, as it has been, with excellent effects, already realised in Canada. It must diminish the jealousy, the excessive rivalry, the narrowness of view, which are very real dangers, as the colonies grow up in isolation side by side. It must promote the sense not only of community of interest, but of community of feeling, through the whole area of that great continent. It cannot but tend to more efficiency, economy, and unity in government, in regard of the many interests which are common to all. It will certainly give Australia a far greater importance in the eyes of the world, and a larger conception of its true policy: probably it will do much to stimulate its real progress, both material and immaterial. I have reason to know its infinite advantage in things spiritual and ecclesiastical; for, as is well known, such federation has been made a reality in our own Anglican Communion. In the new England, as in the old, the Church has, in respect of unity, anticipated the State. I have not the slightest doubt that a corresponding advantage will result in things civil. All, therefore, who care for the welfare of Australia watch with the deepest interest the deliberations on the subject now going on; and I rejoice especially that the old mother-colony of New South Wales, which has hitherto stood more or less aloof, is now eager in the good cause.

But intercolonial federation alone, good as it is in itself, is not enough. In fact it is urged by those who, like Mr. Bakewell, consider it likely to be a step towards separation, and those who desire that it

should prove so to be. Perhaps it has been for that reason looked upon coldly by some of the opposite school of opinion. But I am convinced that this is an error. The Imperial Federation League was surely right, when it recently expressed at a public meeting at the Mansion House its hearty congratulations to Australia on the progress already made towards its internal federation. It is, no doubt, true, that, if there should be at any time in Australia a general desire for separation, the existence of a Federal Government having command of the whole military and naval force, and able to act at once, perhaps precipitately, under some impulse of popular feeling would facilitate the execution of that desire. But should that desire really come, it would under any circumstances fulfil itself sooner or later; and meanwhile there is much to be said on the other side. Those who best understand the subject are decidedly of opinion that there will be far less danger of friction and difficulty for the Home Government in dealing with one Australian legislature on important matters, than with a number of smaller legislative bodies, having distinct and often conflicting policies. The authorities here will be able better to judge what Australian opinion really is—what are the true desires and aspirations of the colonists in general—and when this is known, unless it manifestly conflicts with the interests of the whole Empire, including of course our other colonies, there will never be any disposition to interfere with it. But we are not left on this subject to mere inference. It has long been clear, and by recent action of the Dominion Parliament it has been made clearer still, that intercolonial federation in Canada has not in the slightest degree created any desire for separation, or lessened the spirit of loyal attachment to the mother country. With a view to any future eventuality this federation is good. It is a natural tendency, and without artificial stimulation it will grow.

But what direction its influence will take depends on the realisation of that larger federation of which I have spoken. I am sorry that it has been thought necessary to give it the title of 'Imperial Federation,' although I must confess the difficulty of suggesting any satisfactory substitute for it; for about the word 'Imperial' there is a flavour of absolutism, which is singularly distasteful to democratic communities, and, in its application to any British community, utterly at variance with facts. The Queen is really Empress in India; there her sway must be properly imperial; however much we may raise and educate the native races, they will be subject races still, needing, above all other things, the strong hand of a firm and righteous government. But in her relation to her free colonies there can be no imperialism properly so called; and indeed the very word 'federation,' implying, as it does, union of communities, having their own rights and their own measure of independence, may be almost said to con-

tradict the epithet now attached to it. It is often said, and said truly, that the world's future lies between Empire and Federation. But besides this there seems to me to be another objection to the title. It appears to mean, and has been taken to mean, a course which has for its main object the advantage and the predominance of the mother-country and the Parliament which is called Imperial. In that view it has been, as I have seen, often decried, as though it were adverse to colonial independence and colonial interest. It is, indeed, easy enough to show that the actual scheme of 'Imperial Federation' is really liable to neither of these objections—that it is not intended to involve any arbitrary or despotic power, and that its one idea is to represent and further the common interests of all. But a misnomer, however carefully explained away, is a misnomer still, fruitful inevitably of confusion and perversion of idea.

But, under whatever title, I hold it absolutely necessary that some true federation between the mother country and her free colonies should be realised, so that all shall have some share in determining the national policy, which in its results must affect all. So far I am entirely in accord with Mr. Bakewell, although I can hardly accept his idea of an itinerating Imperial Parliament, moving away from what must be locally and substantially the true centre. This was the feeling which came out strongly in Australia during what was called the 'Russian scare,' when it was conceived as likely that the colonies might have to defend their shores in a war, to which no representatives of theirs had given consent. I believe that it lay at the root of some objections made to the scheme of maintenance of the increased Australian fleet. It was, of course, obvious that the direction of the fleet must be in one hand, and that hand at present could only be the hand of the British Government. But yet there was a reluctance to adopt a principle strange to parliamentary government, by voting supplies to that over which the Parliaments had no control, even in the face of obvious necessity, and, on the colonial side, commercial advantage. I think also that, though unseen, it made itself felt in the recent controversy as to the appointment of Sir Henry Blake in Queensland. No one could well fail to see the grave constitutional objections to making the appointment of a governor depend on the consent of a colonial Ministry, which might be the Government to-day and the Opposition to-morrow, so tending inevitably to make him the representative of a party and not of an authority superior to all parties. But yet there was a feeling that after all, 'the Crown' here meant simply the Prime Minister of the Home Government of the day, so that ultimately the power lay with a British Parliament, in which the colonies had no representation. All these and many other signs of the times appear to indicate what must be the policy of the future. As the

colonies grow—as the proportion of the inhabitants of the ‘Greater Britain’ outside the old country increases, as it will certainly do—the only possible alternatives of federation or separation, of closer unity or fatal disintegration, will be more and more plainly forced upon us. Between them, if we have the choice, who would hesitate at any time? Yet in these times, in which it has been said that ‘the day of small nationalities is over,’ and in which we certainly see everywhere tendency to aggregation of great empires, such hesitation would be more than ever inadmissible even for a moment. There are those, I know, who, like Mr. Bakewell, offer us the vision of a vast confederacy of wholly independent States of the English-speaking race, in which the United States of America are to have the preponderance even over the old country. But, even if this vision had in it anything attractive to English minds and hearts, yet, after all, it is but a vision; and it would be madness to sacrifice for it a bond which is at least a reality now, and which may easily become the germ of a far greater reality hereafter. So Canada evidently feels, even under strong commercial temptations to yield to the powerful attraction of the great republic on its borders. That Australasia would ever dream of adhesion to that republic is, I must own, beyond me even to conceive. If we are dealing with practical politics I think we may fairly dismiss this vision altogether, and face the true alternative of federation or separation.

Of course I know well that, as yet, such Federation is only ‘in the air.’ No working scheme for it has yet been formed, and it needs no great sagacity to see the difficulties which wait on such formation. But what is in the air is apt, for good or for evil, to manifest itself in due time visibly and tangibly upon the earth. What we need at present is firmly to grasp the idea, and to familiarise ourselves with it. The will must eventually find the way. It will be far better that the constitution which is to embody it should grow slowly and naturally like our own English constitution. So it will have that power of rooting itself deeply and lasting, to which brand new schemes, made all at once in artificial perfection and theoretical symmetry, have never yet attained. But we must try to make it grow—slowly and tentatively, perhaps, but surely. It is no prudence to hold our hands for fear of making some mistake in action, till we drift into some critical position which brings on a fatal catastrophe. How this is to be done it must be for our statesmen to determine. The matter is clearly one of no slight urgency; and, moreover, one which should be far above the level of party politics, one of higher and larger importance than many of the European complications which yet we cannot disregard. To make a small country great was the aspiration of ancient statesmanship. It will be a poor statesmanship in these later days, which will not strain every nerve

to prevent a great Empire from being broken into fragments weak and small. If only those who lead show here a bold and generous leadership, I, for one, believe that there will be loyalty and patriotism enough to respond to it heartily, both here at home and in the many new Englands with which we have fairly girdled the world.

ALFRED BARRY.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN a former paper (September 1888) it was shown, in some detail, how deeply Chaucer was indebted as a poet to that first stage of the great Renaissance movement which may be dated from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century. Europe then made its earliest distinct advance towards the recovery of Graeco-Roman culture, so far as it could be strictly adapted to the sentiments of mediæval Christendom. This movement was cosmopolitan in its character, and felt over a wide area; manifesting itself everywhere in the universities which then sprang into vigorous life among the principal nations of the Western world. Yet its chief seat, great as was the place held by the University of Paris, was naturally in that fair region where, even after so many desolating torrents of Teutonic or Mongolian violence, the traditions of Rome and even some of her noblest buildings still survived. It was there that painting and sculpture were making their youthful efforts to unite the Beauty which Greece had taught mankind, with modern feelings and beliefs. And it was there also that literature, in the *Divina Commedia*, received the first work that could be set by the side of those ancient masterpieces which the human race does not seem likely ever to surpass, or perhaps to equal. The earlier Renaissance, in a word, summed itself up in Italy, which was presently to become the sole parent of its later and better known stage.

But if Chaucer, as I tried to prove, owed to Dante his best and deepest impulses towards lifting English poetry also within the sphere of true and enduring art, yet the materials which he received from Petrarch and Boccaccio were equally important to him. It was with these two Italians that the later Renaissance decisively began: that revival which revealed to their astonished and fascinated countrymen, not only the literatures of Greece and Rome, but the life of the old civilised European nations. 'Chaucer's work, indeed, taken as a whole, belongs rather to the mediæval than the modern sphere. But in regard to culture he stands midway in the great Renaissance current; and his followers, during the fifteenth century, whether in England or Scotland, received rather his classical bias

than the inspiration which his lively and sensitive genius caught from the depth of Dante, the loveliness of Petrarch, or Boccaccio's narrative skill and gaiety. And this direction towards a somewhat limited and primitive classicalism (beyond which Chaucer could hardly go) remained supreme in our literature during the fifteenth century; it is not till we reach Wyatt and Surrey, early in the sixteenth, that *models* for poetry, in contrast with *materials*, were distinctly sought in either Latin or Italian writers. Chaucer's school in England, in fact, produced little approaching first-rate excellence; whilst although their Scottish contemporaries were considerably beyond them in point of poetical ability, yet that side-current came to a too-early close, lost in the political and religious convulsions of unhappy Scotland, during the hundred years which divide Dunbar and Douglas from Drummond of Hawthornden.

It was during the century following Chaucer's death that the Revival of Letters established itself in England. The industry of some recent writers enables us to put together the story of this movement—a movement by which our literature, our education, even in no small degree our morality, have been more or less transformed—in greater detail than, so far as I am aware, has yet been attempted; and it is a story well worth recalling. Hitherto the Renaissance influence had been scarcely more than personal among us; the imperfectly grasped possession of a few men of letters. What, however, Chaucer and his followers had derived from individual travel or study, was henceforth gradually laid open to all Englishmen who cared for intellectual advance. It is to that admirable and deeply interesting *History of the University of Oxford*, by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, that I am most indebted for my materials. For it may be claimed with just pride by an Oxford man, that the revival of learning was itself an essentially Oxford movement. It is not only as the 'home of lost causes' (to quote Arnold's beautiful phrase) that Oxford has distinguished herself. Without making invidious comparison between her and her distinguished sisters, in South or North Britain, the names of Roger Bacon, of Wyclif, and of those eight devoted pioneers whose efforts I shall presently record (not to touch on later leaders of thought), are sufficient proof that amongst the European centres of light and energy, Oxford has held a place inferior to none; nay, that she has most often taken the lead in giving those intellectual and spiritual impulses, those electric shocks, by which England has been vivified: *Magna parens frugum, magna virum*, as Virgil said of Italy.

But these two magical names remind us that our Oxonian Renaissance was not, like the other Oxford movements which may be numbered from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth, the product of our own soil alone. It is to Italy that we, and Europe with us, are notoriously indebted for that vast awakening and extension of human

intelligence, which, even with its many undeniable accompanying evils, must be conceded to the Renaissance. Italy, in Dante's age, and mainly through Dante's own vivid, vitalising, and harmonising genius, had consummated and taken to herself the earlier European struggle towards culture. And from that time for two hundred years—1300 to 1500 we may roughly say—the life of the advance was all but wholly hers. This advance was most powerful, lived and energised most, upon four great lines: Greek and Roman literature; the vernacular literature created under classical influence; the fine arts; and the first steps towards modern physical science in all its branches. It is the first of these, the Classical Revival, as transported to England, which forms my present subject. The story divides itself into two periods; and it may make this little essay clearer if I here briefly summarise their contents.

We must first glance at the stage which classicalism had now reached. By 1450 Italy had given a century of energetic and brilliant efforts towards the recovery of learning. Much as generations of patient scholarship have done since, yet she might fairly boast that the old world had been then thrown open to the gaze of the modern; and, indeed, the day of the Humanists, as her early teachers were named, was already nearing its close. To this Revival it should be noted that most of the well-known evils of the Renaissance were due. The intense admiration awakened for the writers of Greece and Rome (or, to speak more accurately, Grecian as interpreted by Roman literature) fell upon ground which the political and religious antecedents of the country had left only too well prepared to bear the crop of a renewed and more corrupt Paganism. On this theme, however (although perhaps hitherto rather well-worn than well-analysed), I need not dwell. Suffice it to say that the remorseless circle of compensation in human things, by which all advance is at the same time inevitably retrogressive, here also brought with it immense misfortunes; but that, at the same time, the very exaggerations and abuses of Italian classicalism aided powerfully to conquer the natural lethargy of mankind, and to give the Revival its permanent hold upon Europe. Italy, it is perhaps not too much to say, in this matter unconsciously sacrificed herself for the general establishment and progress of culture.

Our Oxford men thus came at the season when they might gather the ripe fruit, and reject the rotten, of the Italian Revival, which had preceded ours by a century. And for the first fifty years our Renaissance ran a similar course to that of its parent stream. Greek and Roman authors, as studied in Italy, were the dominating elements which by slow infiltration coloured and changed our whole University education, and began thus to break down the barrier of ignorance by which the ancient world had been hitherto all but hidden from the modern.

By 1500, however, English scholarship began to turn towards the text and interpretation of Scripture, and the writings of the early Church Fathers. This gave our Renaissance a new direction, in which Italy scarcely shared: it was the unconscious beginning of our religious changes. Yet, except in the direction of biblical criticism, a century later, the English Renaissance owes nothing to the English Reformation. Had this not intervened, the evidence is clear that the leading churchmen, such as Warham and Wolsey, would have done their best to carry out the New Learning, despite the opposition of the backward, the purely monastic, party. The impulse given was, in fact, irresistible; the time had come, and we should, anyhow, have had a Catholic Renaissance; and one, probably, based upon larger lines than that which the Order of the Jesuits soon after instituted on the Continent.

During this second period England diverges wholly from Italy. In that country, 'corrupted by over-rapid mental enfranchisement,'¹ the Renaissance was now rushing rapidly to its close. Its course, which hitherto, in England, had been characteristically conservative and self-restrained, from about 1525 was all but arrested by the Reformation, by the dark years of Henry's all-devouring tyranny, and the dynastic shocks which followed his death. Whether during the shameful revel of anarchy and hypocrisy under Edward the Sixth, or the gloomy reversal to the Roman allegiance under Mary, this was a time of reaction in the calamitous sense of the word; and when late in Elizabeth's reign literature and culture reassert themselves, our Renaissance movement quickly assumes that new and more national character which reveals itself in the great writers of that brilliant epoch.

Before, however, entering on the Oxford movement itself, we must look back for a moment to the earlier work by which, even in distant England, the ground had been unconsciously prepared for the new culture.

Waves of the elder and the later culture, of Monasticism and the Renaissance—the impulses, we might say, of Assisi and of Florence—had, for two centuries, washed uncertainly forward and backward, as we see at a river's mouth before the tide turns and declares itself. It is true, as Mr. Maxwell Lyte remarks in his *History*, that from the time when the early scattered schools at Oxford had attained to corporate union as a University, 'it had been tacitly recognised that . . . its primary duty was rather to provide students with a liberal education than to instruct them in the distinctive elements of any particular profession.' Hitherto, however, the studies had been

¹ I take this phrase from Creighton's *History of the Papacy during the Reformation* (1882-87), which incidentally gives the story of the Renaissance with an insight and an impartiality beyond any other historian of the movement.

principally directed by the Franciscan and Dominican friars, and subordinated naturally to the interests of those great preaching Orders. But the Statutes of Merton were framed so far back as 1274, to train the scholars for the secular, in opposition to the regular or monastic clergy; they did not require clerical orders for an 'indefinite time,' and allowed four or five to study canon and civil law:—changes which, if apparently slight, yet mark a real advance towards wider culture.

The Statutes of Balliol and those of Exeter (then named Stapledon Hall), in 1316, show the same tone and object as Merton; and in all three Oxford precedes Cambridge, where the Peterhouse regulations, copied from those of Merton, were not given before 1338.² New College in 1379 displays a further development, twenty-four scholars amongst seventy being secular, and allowed to devote themselves to law, medicine, or astronomy. Yet the library—splendid in numbers for the time—bequeathed by Wykeham, shows no sign of classical literature. With Hallam we may in fact sum up,—that the education of the English gentleman in those days included considerable familiarity with the French, and a slight tincture of Latin; of the Greek and Roman New Learning, nothing.

These, however, as we have said, were but the herald waves of the Italian flood—of the Renaissance movement, commonly so called. The first distinct influx we may trace to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, named by Henry the Fifth Regent of England at the accession of his nephew, Henry the Sixth. Mr. J. R. Green in his *History* has drawn a lively picture of Humphrey. His passion for literature was genuine; and the Classical Revival, then at its prime in Italy, was what specially attracted him. The great scholar Leonardo Bruni dedicated to the Duke a translation from Aristotle's *Politics*; his own Court poet and orator was a scholar from Forli. 'But with its love of learning Humphrey combined the restlessness, the immorality, the selfish, boundless ambition which characterised the age of the Renaissance. His life was sullied by sensual excesses, his greed of power shook his nephew's throne,' and, it may be added, in the end ruined his own career.

Returning to his connection with scholarship, Duke Humphrey's one nobler side, in 1431 and 1439 he may be said to have founded the Bodleian Library by the gift of 129 volumes to Oxford. Other donations rapidly followed, and the 274 volumes entered in the University Register of the time display to us what may be called a genuine library of culture. We note specimens of Ovid and of Quintilian (then and long after the leading authority for Latin style), seven volumes of Cicero; if but one Greek book (a vocabulary), Bruni's excellent Latin versions from Aristotle, with others of Plato. In Italian literature we find no less than two volumes of Dante.

² J. D. Mullinger's *History of the University of Cambridge* (1888).

seven of Petrarch, and five of Boccaccio; though whether these represented their vernacular or their Latin writings is not specified. And this Bodleian in infancy was shortly supplemented by Tiptoft, Lord Worcester (whom we shall presently meet again), with the manuscripts, valued at an immense sum, which he had collected in Italy, where the passion for these treasures, happily for the world, rivalled that inspired by gems and bronzes, pictures and sculpture.

As usual, loss follows gain. It is sad to relate that of this noble treasury but eleven volumes are now traceable. The library was mainly ruined—'dispersed' is the euphemistic phrase of a recent historian—by the barbarism and robbery of the early Reformation. Bodley himself could find none of the books, although three are now in the collection. 'The manuscripts,' says Mr. Lyte, 'disappeared in the course of the sixteenth century, lost through the negligence of one generation, or destroyed by the ignorant fanaticism of another.' But to that dark age we shall have to return in due season.

It was in 1420 that Poggio Bracciolini, the great Tuscan scholar, gave that often quoted account of culture and classical learning in England, whence it may, I fear, be inferred that to Florentine eyes we were simply barbarians. But better days were at hand. Apparently between 1460 and 1470—perhaps a little earlier—five adventurous Englishmen overcame 'all obstacles in order to drink at the fountain head of pure learning in Italy,' placing themselves at Ferrara under the instruction of Guarino Guarini.³

Let us pause for a moment upon this turning-point in the progress of England, petty in appearance, immense indeed in its results. Our five countrymen, our five Oxford students, as I note with lawful pride—Fleming, Grey, Gunthorpe, Free, and Tiptoft—were doubtless unconscious that their Italian journey was the first step in a movement incomparably more important than those great political crises through which England passed during that half-century—the conquest and the loss of France, the outbreak of the War of York and Lancaster. Upon the thorny questions what our higher education should now be, or what evils by inevitable sequence have sprung from the New Learning of the Renaissance, we must not here enter. All reasonable men acknowledge that to the Italian Classical Revival modern culture is fundamentally due; that we derived from it what it is not too much to call the discovery of Greece and of Rome—the masterpieces and eternal models of literature, the creators of the laws of Thought: that from this came also, in due time, the impulse towards physical science, and the yet greater science of the mind. If

³ Mr. Hallam says the younger Guarini: Mr. Lyte, the elder. But as he was born in 1370, and died at Ferrara in 1460, if himself the teacher of our students we can hardly place their visit much later than 1450. It is, perhaps, worth notice that the name Guarino (= Warren) may point to a Teutonic ancestry.

our five pioneers could not foresee these results; if, like Columbus, they rather coasted the New World than explored it; if their studies, as we shall see, bore little visible fruit; yet to the torch which Oxford then lighted at Ferrara we all owe an immeasurable gratitude: throughout the whole sphere of human knowledge, at least, the flame then kindled is still the 'master-light of all our seeing.'

We can picture to ourselves something of the scene in mediæval Ferrara. Several of the Italian churches and university buildings yet retain monuments to famous teachers now forgotten. These show how the classes were held. Long-robed students sit at their desks upon plain benches; the lecturer, perhaps discoursing with southern energetic action, is enthroned above them; and, as we see the Egyptian kings in their sepulchral bas-reliefs, towers like a giant over his pigmy audience. Guarini himself was entitled to such a distinction. Born at Verona in 1370, he taught vigorously in Ferrara from 1429 to 1460; our Oxonians must have gathered his maturest experience. Guarini had studied in youth for five years in Greece; he ranks high among the Humanist scholars of the first period. I find no notice of any writing left by him, but his special eminence seems to have been the accuracy, clearness, and method of his teaching. He and his friend Vittorino, who educated the Gonzaga family in Mantua from 1425 onward, are also signally distinguished as amongst the very few Humanists who were respected equally for learning and for high moral character. No men could be better fitted than these two to create for us, in Mr. Symonds' words, 'the system of our universities and public schools.' Hence it is not in Oxford, not in England only, that the eternal debt of gratitude is due to Guarini. Ferrara should be an honoured name from Australia to California, wherever the minds of English-speaking men are widened, strengthened, and refined by that classical culture which—thus far, at least—has found no rival as the Organon of the highest education.

A few words are now due to those five students, who also deserve our thankful recognition.

Robert Fleming when in Italy was friend to many of her scholars, and brought back a number of precious books which he gave to the library of Lincoln College. Nothing definite is known of him as a teacher, but he compiled a Græco-Latin dictionary, which seems to have perished in the ravage of the Reformation. He wrote also a heroic Latin poem, printed at Ferrara in 1477, in honour of the reigning Pope, Sixtus the Fourth. This Pope, Francesco of Savona, is himself an only too characteristic specimen of the Italian Renaissance. He was distinguished for his own learning; he founded the Vatican library; he built the famous chapel called by his papal name; he warmly encouraged scholars. Under him, says Creighton,

'there was no doubt of the triumph of Humanism at the papal court.' But Sixtus was also privy, at least, to the horrible murder of Giuliano de' Medici in the cathedral of Florence. It was under him that the moral standard of the Papacy was fatally lowered in the eyes of Europe. These points should be noticed, because they give a glimpse of the corrupt world in which our countrymen found themselves: we may justly say that it is to their credit how rarely they were infected by that Circean atmosphere and spirit from which they learned so much themselves, and became qualified to do so much for us.

William Grey, made Bishop of Ely by Pope Nicholas the Fifth in 1454, enriched the library of Balliol with many fine manuscripts from Italy. This collection, according to Mr. Mullinger, included Petrarch's letters, and works by Cicero and Quintilian, together with a new translation of the *Timæus* and *Euthyphron* of Plato; which we may look upon, perhaps, as preluding to that completer work by which the present Master has naturalised the great philosopher himself as an Englishman among us.

John Free, a student of Balliol, after studying at Ferrara took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the neighbouring University of Padua, early renowned for medical science and Aristotelian predilections. The wealth which he obtained professionally 'did not,' however, 'relax his attention to polite literature; the Italians accounted him worthy to compose an epitaph for the tomb of Petrarch' (Lyte). Free died at Rome in 1465, when just named Bishop of Bath and Wells by Paul the Second. Looking at these facts, we may reasonably conclude that his residence in Italy must have begun several years before 1460.

John Gunthorpe, fourth on our list, gave manuscripts (says Warton) to both of our Universities, wrote himself upon poetry, and reached such command over polished Latinity as to be appointed one of the Latin secretaries to Queen Anne by Edward the Fourth in 1487. He died Dean of Wells in 1498—a worthy predecessor of that distinguished Italian scholar who now holds the office. It is pleasant to note how in every case before us the flame of study, carried from Italy four centuries ago, still burns in the sanctuaries to which these first adventurers bore it.

Guarino's last pupil, unlike those hitherto named, was a layman of noble birth—John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester. From Oxford he journeyed to Jerusalem, on his return spending three years in Italy, where he was in company with Free of Balliol. Tiptoft taught at Padua, and his elegant Latin style as a speaker is said to have drawn tears from that sensitive scholar-Pope, Pius the Second (Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini), the most genuinely human of the Italian Humanists. In England, Tiptoft 'seems to have been regarded as the Mæcenas of his age;' and Caxton, who in 1481 printed

his English version of Cicero's *De Amicitia*, extols him above all his contemporaries in 'science and moral virtue.' Yet Tiptoft, like Humphrey, is too truly a child of the Italian Renaissance. It was he who, even in that cruel age, earned from his countrymen the title of Butcher, by the mercilessness with which he executed some captured enemies of Edward the Fourth; suffering the penalty in his own turn during the brief restoration of Henry the Sixth in 1470.

These five students, says Hallam, 'preceded any whom we could mention on sure grounds, either in France or Germany: we trace, however, no distinct fruits from their acquisitions.' The reigns of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth were in matter of fact years, as we might call them, of incubation; the seed was sown, but the crop not yet visible. Edward's time, in particular (1461 to 1483), may rank as one of our lowest periods in literary production. Caxton's arrival in England was, it is true, meanwhile preparing the way for the spread of genuine learning, but his books were more meant for general readers than for scholars. He did much; but the days when England was ready for an Aldus were still far distant. We may, however, note with pleasure that a Latin version of Aristotle's *Ethics* was printed at Oxford in 1479.

William Selling, Fellow of All Souls, studied in Italy some years after the earliest group; he also brought over Greek and Latin manuscripts, which he gave to the celebrated monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury. His epitaph in the cathedral describes him as *Græca atque Latine lingua perdoctus*—the first Englishman, I suppose, thus commemorated.

Our pre-Reformation scholars fall into two main sections. We have now seen the pioneers: the next answer to the Italian Humanist teachers. Grocyn, Linacre, Colet, are here conspicuous. But it was no longer necessary for our scholars to cross the sea for the New Learning: Italy now sends her missionaries to us. Cornelio Vitelli (I suppose from Città di Castello) settled in Oxford as a teacher from about 1488 to 1492; at one time inhabiting a room in Exeter, where the expenses of his fuel-cellar and chimney, duly entered in the college books, may suggest how the Italian shivered in the sunless north.⁴ Vitelli seems to have been the first Greek taught publicly in our island—England thus following Italy at more than a century's distance. From Vitelli, presumably, Grocyn, educated at Winchester and Fellow of New College (1442–c. 1519), learned the rudiments. Early in the reign of Henry the Seventh he was studying at Florence under the great Politian; and on his return hither, the first lectures on Greek given by an Englishman to Englishmen were delivered apparently in 1492), in Exeter College, to which he was doubtless attracted by Vitelli's residence. 'Erasmus,' says Mr. Lyte, 'who

⁴ See the excellent *Register of Exeter College*, by C. W. Boase (1879).

was for a while his guest, describes him as *an incomparable man*, and an accurate scholar, skilled in various branches of learning. The luxury and the prevailing scepticism of Florentine society had not corrupted the simple, earnest character of the English student. To the end of his life Grocyn continued ascetic in his habits, strictly observant of ecclesiastical regulations, and warmly attached to the study of scholastic philosophy.'

Whilst Grocyn was working at Florence he was joined, about 1484, by yet another Oxford man, the eighth who has come before us, Thomas Linacre; who, through Selling's introduction, became a pupil of the Greek Chalcondylas and of Politian. Linacre here formed acquaintance with Lorenzo and Giovanni de' Medici—afterwards Leo the Tenth. Going thence to Rome, while reading Plato's *Phaedo* in the Vatican he met the Venetian, Hermolaus Barbarus, and became his intimate friend. I name these men, because Hermolaus, with Politian, ranked as pre-eminently the two best scholars of the age in Italian estimation. This is a further proof how our countrymen seem at once to have chosen out as their teachers the very choicest masters of the Revival; how by some native instinct they separated at once the true grain from the plentiful chaff and rottenness of the Renaissance.

This Oxford movement has been so little described that I have allowed myself to dwell upon these details. Note, again, how the Englishmen grow more at home in Italy. Linacre visited also Venice and Padua: at Venice making acquaintance with the world-famous printer, Aldus Manutius; at Padua taking the degree of Doctor of Medicine. He then returned to England laden with valuable books, and with a knowledge of the Renaissance methods and learning, perhaps even more precious to us. No man of his age, so far as our evidence goes, was deeper penetrated by the best spirit of the Revival.

Linacre's further career must be noticed more briefly. At first he also taught Greek at Oxford. Thomas More and Erasmus were here his and Grocyn's pupils. He translated from Greek into Latin an astronomical work by the Neo-Platonist Proclus, which Aldus published for him at Venice in 1499; England thus fairly entering on its own soil the field of the Italian Revival. This book Linacre dedicated to Arthur, eldest son of Henry the Eighth: and it may be some indication of English progress that, before his death in 1502, the Prince, amongst other books, had studied Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Plautus, Terence, Cicero's *Orations*, Livy, Tacitus, Pliny, and Thucydides—the only Greek classic named in the list.

Linacre about 1509 took clerical orders. But his interest in medicine was unabated. He was Court physician; he published several translations from the great medical writer Galen, and founded

at Merton the lectureship which, revived in 1856 and devoted to anatomy, still bears his name, with another at St. John's, Cambridge—whilst to him also the existing Royal College of Physicians owes its origin. He was the first President. Yet he did not forsake his classical scholarship, publishing a critical work of much merit upon Latin style, which was frequently reprinted upon the continent. This, however, carries us on to 1524.

The New Learning was now moving rapidly, though with a promise destined to be long unfulfilled. And we may, perhaps, say with truth, that in the English nation, resting then and recovering from the desolation of the civil wars, the great Revival found a soil next in fertility, next in congeniality to the Italian;⁵ and this at the date when those studies were declining on their native soil, and the Humanists themselves began to be held pedants or sophists—giving place to cultivated men of the world, and the influx of the great Italian poets of the *Cinque Cento*.

The fifty years now sketched have shown us the formation of a learned class in England. To John Colet belongs the glory of creating the first public school of the Renaissance in the country. Born in 1466, about 1493 he also, like Grocyn and Linacre, made his Italian journey. Of this we have no details. But his career shows that whilst he must have gone deep into the New Learning (although, as it appears, without mastering Greek), yet that the main result of his studies was in a new direction, destined to an importance which he could not have foreseen. Colet returned from Italy with a decided preference for Origen, Cyprian, and Jerome, over Augustine, Duns Scotus, and Aquinas. This change, this Newer Learning, involved ultimately no less than the rejection of the great logically organised scholastic theology of the Middle Ages, and the first foundation of a new system, based upon the earlier Church Fathers, above all upon the books of Scripture itself, approached in their literal sense, and regarded not as a collection of separate logical data, but as living wholes—as messages to man (if this be not too epigrammatic a phrase), not as syllogisms. And in this spirit and on this method it was that Colet began lecturing in 1496 upon the epistles of S. Paul, at Oxford, where a group of congenial and influential friends soon appears to have gathered about him.

There was doubtless in the angry and contemptuous renunciation

* The Revival, in a serious sense, has hitherto only penetrated four nations. Among these, Italy holds the high place of the initiator. Germany, for about two centuries, has been supreme in research. When Italy became barren, France bore the great scholars of Europe, and has since been eminent in skilful popularisation of Latin literature. But if we take the study of the two ancient languages together, and their infusion through the educated classes, may we not fairly venture to claim for England the place nearest Italy in the golden age of her Renaissance? She has, at least, unquestionably turned the great gift to the best account.

of Scholasticism, which Colet and the more distinctly pronounced reformers after him made, no little unfairness and ingratitude toward the system by which they had themselves been trained. Yet the Scholastic method clearly had outlived its day, at least to the English mind: the time had come to prepare for a truer, a more scientific, a more fruitful Biblical exegesis. In the whole of this important province of study, however, our Renaissance parts company for good from the Italian. But this subject lies outside the present sketch, except when we have to notice how the Reformation, during its earlier progress, exercised for the time that ruinous influence over education and culture which has been too commonly obscured or ignored by the political or theological partisanship of historians.

Thus the Oxford movement now at length was penetrating the country. Latin literature, so far as 1450 the possession of a few, was becoming an open treasure, first to University students, and then to schoolboys. England in 1500 had reached, or nearly reached, the stage at which Italy by 1400 had arrived. Scholars, amongst whom several abbots and other high ecclesiastics are named, were multiplying rapidly. The accession of Henry the Eighth seemed to open a new era more favourable to learning than that of his father. Colet, now Dean of S. Paul's, took advantage of the time, and founded from his private fortune the school which till the other day stood yet within the Churchyard, in 1510. The image of Our Lord as the Holy Child over the master's chair, with the inscription *Hear ye Him*, reveals the ruling bent of the founder's mind. The master, according to the Statutes of 1518, was to be 'learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also in Greek, if such may be gotten.' Lilly, the Oxford student first placed at the head, had in fact acquired the language at Rhodes and in Rome. It should be remembered that Colet himself (who studied Chaucer, Lydgate, and other English poets in order to improve his own style) by 1516 had not yet mastered Greek, *sine cuius peritia nihil sumus*, as he pathetically remarks. Yet of the boys he says, 'I would they were taught always in good literature, both Latin and Greek.' Their Latin grammar was composed by Lilly with the aid of Erasmus, and published in 1513 with a preface by Wolsey, then Dean of York. Some opposition, indeed, arose; a bishop whom Colet sarcastically describes as reckoning 'among the wise of the day,' a *sapientioribus*, even ventured to call the school *Domum Idolatriæ*.⁶ Yet we, who know what the Paganism of the Revival was in Italy, and what were its moral effects, may recognise that the criticism had more force than Colet imagined. Despite this, however, the example of S. Paul's was soon followed, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the system which has made our public schools so great and salutary an

⁶ Warton, *History*, Sec. xxxvi.

element in forming the national character is the direct result of Colet's foundation.

But this vast future reserved for the New Learning, with all its widened horizons—the fruits to come from this Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, transplanted from Italy—were unknown to that ‘patriarch of English learning,’ Grocyn, and to Colet, alike. May I quit them with a few lines written in their honour? What they taught was, in truth,

New learning all! yet fresh from fountains old,
Hellenic inspiration, pure and deep :
Strange treasures of Byzantine hoards unroll'd,
And mouldering volumes from monastic sleep,
Reclad with life by more than magic art :
Till that old world renew'd

His youth, and in the past the present own'd its part.

O vision that ye saw, and hardly saw,
Ye who in Alfred's path at Oxford trod,
Or in our London train'd by studious law
The little-ones of Christ to Him and God,
Colet and Grocyn!—Though the world forget
The labours of your love,

In loving hearts your names live in their fragrance yet.

Yet we must be careful not to exaggerate our advance: and although Hallam does not seem to have observed his usual moderation when stating that Oxford, and England with her, ‘seems’ to have been nearly stationary in academical learning during the unpropitious reign of Henry the Seventh,¹ it is doubtless true that little or no fruits of scholarship, in the way of edited classics or vernacular literature, were thus far perceptible. But the influence of our first Humanist travellers—their reports of what was going forward in Italy, their books and manuscripts, their first lectures, had been working meanwhile like ‘secret fire’: and the Statutes framed by Bishop Fox for Corpus College, in 1517, brought the Classical Renaissance in its soundest and most useful aspect full before the eyes of Oxford.

The advance shown in these Statutes is so marked as to deserve special notice. Some acquaintance with Latin literature no less than with logic and philosophy was required from all candidates for the scholarships; and scholars were not to be paid who could not readily write Latin verse and prose. Provision was made for a three years' maintenance of a Fellow or promising student in Italy or elsewhere abroad. The duty of the lecturer or Professor of the Humanities is ‘to extirpate barbarism from our beehive.’ Natives of Greece or Italy are named as specially eligible for this office;

¹ Hallam, *Literature*, Part I. chap. iv. § 8.

one of the last testimonies to that cosmopolitanism, that liberal unrestrictedness of choice, which was possible before the unity of the Roman Church was broken up. The list of Greek and Latin books for the students is much like ours, except that we note the absence of Homer, Aeschylus, and Plato. In theology the early Fathers replace the Schoolmen.

Greek, lastly, is offered as an alternative for Latin in the ordinary language of conversation throughout the time spent within the college walls. This regulation doubtless seems archaic, perhaps (it may be feared) impracticable—to us. Yet there can be no doubt that the use of Latin had been enforced and practised throughout the colleges from their beginning. It was obviously a substitute, and in many ways, we need not question, an efficient substitute, for the almost absolute want of books, in days before printing was diffused. The oral instruction through which the rudiments of Greek must at first have been given in S. Paul's School was an analogous method of learning. Hallam has a striking remark upon this. 'The labour of acquiring knowledge strengthened, as it always does, the memory; it excited an industry which surmounted every obstacle, and yielded to no fatigue; and we may thus account for that copiousness of verbal learning which sometimes astonishes us in the scholars of the sixteenth century, and in which they seem to surpass the more exact philologers of later ages.'⁸

No small excitement was created by these new measures; and the opposition was intensified by the publication, in 1519, of the second edition of the New Testament by the great scholar Erasmus, in which he discarded the Vulgate—the authorised translation of the Church—and insisted upon an historical method of biblical study. Hence arose the brief and inglorious war between the Trujans, who supported the old system, and the Greeks. Thomas More, who was then with the king and Wolsey, perceived that this riotous attack upon Greek literature must be suppressed at once; and either he, or Henry himself, wrote a letter which threw the requisite handful of dust over the angry combatants, ensuring thus the triumph of the Bees, as Fox had named his students.

Wolsey's magnificent scheme for his 'Cardinal College,' 1527, carried instruction further, and into greater details than the rules of Corpus. Homer and Plato now appear. But it is well known how the greed of Henry, that savage varnished with culture, crushed and maimed the great design of Wolsey; whose foundation of the Greek professorship in 1520 was, thus far, the most conspicuous and lasting monument of the triumph of the Classical Revival. Cambridge, meanwhile, was quite untouched by the Renaissance at the close of the fifteenth century; she was some fifty years in arrear of

⁸ *History of Literature*, Part I. chap. iv. § 31.

Oxford. Some preparation had been made by the noble exertions of Bishop Fisher; but the true commencement was due to the example and teaching of Erasmus, who resided and taught there between 1511 and 1515, and began 'the somewhat perilous experiment of forming a class in Greek.' The grammar compiled by Chrysoloras for his pupils in Florence was that used by Erasmus; but he did not find in Cambridge anything of the Italian enthusiasm. His pupils were scanty; he was unpopular among the seniors of the University (of which his own conspicuous 'literary sensitiveness,' as Hallam terms it, may have been partly the cause); and ill-treated by the barbarians of the town. His class thus proved a failure, and he left the place in 1513. Yet he recognised afterwards that Cambridge had some men of ability, and that a sounder learning began to mark the three colleges which were under Fisher's direct guidance.

In 1519 Richard Croke was named Greek reader in Cambridge. He had been a pupil of Erasmus and of Grocyn, and, by the liberality of Archbishop Warham, had studied and taught for twelve years in the universities of Paris, Louvain, and Leipzig, thus meeting the Renaissance Revival half-way to Italy. His Latin inaugural oration is one of the most curious documents we possess in illustration of English classical study during its first days. It is a splendid, if rhetorical, eulogy of Greek literature and of the Greek intellect. 'All that has raised man from the savage to the civilised state, he owes to Greece. I agree with those who attack our studies, that religion is our paramount interest. But whence does religion itself reach us but from Greece? Was not the whole New Testament except S. Matthew written in Greek? Was not the Septuagint itself inspired?' Mixed up with this exhortation come certain ancient uncritical arguments: as that Hebrew was the oldest language in the world, and Attic Greek the second; or that Cambridge should take to Greek study, and not allow herself to be beaten (as Croke clearly felt that she then was) by what, on the authority of a long-forgotten legend, he was pleased to call her *old colony*, Oxford.

Beyond the sphere of the universities, however, we have as yet little evidence of the advance of the New Learning. Very few classical works had thus far been printed in England; and our own literature is almost a blank. Some tincture of scholarship existed about the Court, as we infer from the production of a play by Plautus at the Palace of Greenwich in 1520. Similarly in Scotland it was King James the Fourth who, in 1496, ordered that gentlemen's sons should be sent to school to learn Latin. The order displays the king's temper, even if in 'rude Scotland' it could, probably, be of little use. His son Alexander, however, was the pupil of Erasmus in Greek. But this promising boy fell at Flodden;

and after that disastrous day the shameful devastation of the Lowlands by Henry the Eighth, and the disturbed state of the country, threw Scotland backward in culture. The translation of the *Aeneid* by Douglas, though completed about 1513, was not printed before 1553.

But the bright dawning of our Early Revival—that Renaissance which, in Mr. Brodrick's words, 'may not improperly be regarded as a legacy of Catholic to Protestant England'—was soon overcast. Our reign of terror is now at hand; the murders, the robberies, the despotism carefully masked under legal forms, which have raised Henry the Eighth to that evil eminence among the 'enemies of the human race,' upon which the sophistries lavished in the vain effort to remove him by an eloquent special pleader (vitiating himself by the superstition of Hero-Worship) have left the figure of the Tyrant only the more odiously conspicuous. Even from 1520 the universities begin to pass under a period of depression; and by 1530, Mr. Lyte notes that Oxford was now much reduced in numbers, morally deteriorated, and far less free than in mediæval days. Enthusiasm died out; the Renaissance movement was arrested. As the Reformation advanced, the sky darkened; and the despot's hand made itself more distinctly felt in the royal visitation of the universities arranged under the directions of Cromwell—first Anarch of that name—in 1535. It is true that orders were given to appoint classical lectureships, to be compulsorily supported by the colleges; and that Regius professorships were founded, and paid by confiscation of Church property. That the king, as Mr. Brodrick too courteously assures us,⁹ deserves credit for these acts, we can only read with a smile. The visitation was in reality a heavy blow to culture; doing thus, by robbery and main force, what is only valuable and healthy if brought about by the natural movement of the human mind. Hence it is no wonder that the decline of the universities continued in an aggravated form. The main causes of this may be briefly stated. The destruction of the monasteries, completed by 1539, wholly depriving many towns and villages of their only means of instruction, cut off the supply of young scholars. A servile and degraded parliament is always the very best instrument of tyranny, and the legislation dictated by Henry had shaken men's confidence in every direction. Words and even thoughts were now legally declared high treason; under 'the generally hideous aspect which things had assumed,'¹⁰ how should literature and scholarship flourish? And even had these causes not existed, the Revival would have been impeded

⁹ *History of the University of Oxford* (1886).

¹⁰ I quote these words from the able and interesting *History of the Church of England*, by Canon R. W. Dixon (1885)—by far the fullest, and (on the whole) most honest account known to me of Church matters under Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth.

seriously by the religious dilemma of the period, diverting men's minds to controversy, passion, and persecution.

Yet during this dark age some brighter spots may be noted in favour of classical learning. Greek was lectured on at Cambridge in 1533 by Smith, the first Regius professor, and he and Cheke, celebrated by Milton, improved the pronunciation of the language, which was then spoken in its later degenerate form.¹¹ We have noticed the appointment of classical lecturers at Oxford. The royal family seem to have been well educated. Edward the Sixth, it is said, studied Aristotle's *Ethics* in the Greek, though with little apparent personal benefit. Elizabeth's learning is well known; indeed, if we are to call James the First such, she also cannot escape the name of pedant.

Scotland, vexed by internal miseries, and desolated, as I have noticed, by the savage border warfare of Henry the Eighth, made, meanwhile, but scanty progress. No classical book, and very few others, appeared before 1550. Greek, however, was first taught in 1534 at Montrose, where a successful school seems to have existed.

Henry's reign was followed under his son by even worse days, which in turn have been even more misrepresented by the spirit of party. Under the crew of greedy hypocrites who now ravaged the country, new visitations were inflicted upon Oxford and Cambridge in 1548-1549. Virtue and religion themselves could not proclaim higher principles than the royal commissioners; but their visit, as they knocked the colleges about, expelled members at pleasure, inflicted compulsory oaths, and violently interfered with the college funds, gave a further shock to the universities. The result may be read in a sermon publicly preached in London on behalf of Cambridge by Lever, in 1550.

The reformation of religion (said he at Paul's Cross) ought to have aided poverty and learning. It has decayed the Universities. None but private men are enriched by it. Abbeys, colleges, chantries, are all gone: but to none but private men. The late king founded a new college in Cambridge, and gave some other benefactions. But since you came to be the disposers of his liberality, out of two hundred students in divinity that were there, all are gone; house and man, young scholars and old doctors, not one is left. Of one hundred of another sort, who had benefices or rich friends, and lived in hostels or inns, none are left, save a few who are crept into colleges to take the livings of poor men. The few who remain in colleges cannot pursue their studies for lack of exhibition and help. They read and study all day long, from four in the morning; their dinner is a penny piece of beef among four, with the broth, salt, and oatmeal; their supper is little better; and having no fires, they walk up and down to warm their feet at bedtime.¹²

¹¹ Attempts have been now and again made to restore this barbarism. But common sense will cordially agree with Hallam that, to adopt the pronunciation of the modern Greeks, 'even if right, would be buying truth very dear.'

¹² Canon Dixon's *History*, vol. iii. chap. 17.

Learning and advance in culture had, one would think, received blows enough from their pretended friends. Yet days even more shameful followed. A new visitation was made by the revolutionary government in 1551; and although the list of commissioners includes Ridley, Cheke, Cecil, and others from whom better things might have been expected, yet the result was simple desolation. The treasury was broken open, and its contents were seized; many records of the University were destroyed. 'All academical dignitaries' (to quote once more from the Warden of Merton) 'found guilty of upholding the old faith' were expelled by the visitors; 'altars, images, statues, *the things called organs*, and everything else which seemed to savour of *superstition*, were defaced or swept away. . . . The amount of destruction wrought by their orders among the libraries and chapels of colleges cannot now be estimated, but it was certainly enormous, and *cartloads* of classical and scientific manuscripts were consigned to the flames, together with many an illuminated masterpiece of scholastic literature.'¹³ The reforming faction of Oxford joined with the royal visitors in the contempt with which they treated the existing system of education; the very degrees of the University, with a fanaticism worthy of Fox in the next century, were condemned as anti-Christian.

It is no wonder that the universities, for Cambridge seems to have fared no better, were now nearly deserted, and that washerwomen at Oxford dried clothes in the schools of arts. 'The non-collegiate students became fewer and fewer; the most experienced teachers gradually disappeared; the impulse of the Renaissance died away.' The disastrous and reactionary reign of Edward the Sixth marks the lowest point, the nadir of English liberal culture; Puritanism—for the thing existed before the name—displaying already its natural antagonism to intellectual freedom and culture.

No substantial improvement followed for many years; although it is to the credit of the next reign that Trinity College, Oxford, was founded by Sir Thomas Pope, upon the best lines of the Renaissance Revival, and that Cardinal Pole, who had the oversight of the Statutes, in Pope's own phrase, advised him 'to order the Greek to be more taught there than I have provided. This purpose I well like; but I fear *the times will not bear it now*.'

It was not before half of Elizabeth's reign was over that either literature or the universities recovered their lost ground. The long chancellorship of Elizabeth's infamous favourite, Robert Dudley, Lord Leicester, (1564-1588) was specially injurious to culture; 'neither learning nor education,' says Mr. Brodrick, 'flourished under Oxford Puritanism.' Leicester, it should be remembered, affected to belong to that party, or at any rate acted as its patron. But the

¹³ Brodrick's *History*, p. 81.

Revival of Letters was now too firmly established in the country to be repressed, although it now took an English, an insular character, and henceforth, except in our poetry and drama, is almost dissevered from that Southern Renaissance whence it drew its first origin and inspiration.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER'S WRONGS.

I.

AN OFFICER'S REPLY.

IN the September number of this Review appears an article by Mr. A. V. Palmer, late Sergeant 79th Highlanders, which contains remarks, or rather insinuations, which I think should not pass unchallenged.

There is very much in this article on the 'Grievances of Private Soldiers' which is perfectly true, and which all officers will endorse; but what I object to, and entirely dissent from, therein, is the insinuation which runs throughout it, more implied than directly expressed, that the officers of the army, and especially the regimental officers, are in great part to blame. Mr. Palmer commences by saying that hardly any officers know or understand the wants of their men, because they have not been through the ranks. This argument, however, cuts both ways, and Mr. Palmer must for the same reason be equally ignorant of the sentiments and knowledge of their men existing among officers, as he has never apparently attained to the commissioned ranks himself.

He then proceeds to unfold a string of the private soldier's grievances, not one of which is not already very well known to every officer of two or three years' service and upwards. When I say 'not one,' I must make one exception. I did not know, and do not now believe, that there is any very widespread suspicion among the soldiers in the ranks that the proceeds of the various funds which are maintained for their comfort or amusement are misappropriated by the officers in charge of them.

I need hardly add that such misappropriation is most rare, is always sooner or later discovered, and the delinquent severely punished. Tommy Atkins, though not always a highly educated individual, has, I believe, a shrewd conviction that the money he subscribes, either directly or indirectly, through purchases in the canteen and coffee-shop, is far safer in the keeping of the commissioned than in that of the non-commissioned ranks. An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory. Let us take the Canteen Fund, which Mr. Palmer suggests should be put under the control of a committee of non-commissioned officers and men. There happens to be a series of facts which throw

a light on the manner this fund would be administered should it pass into the hands of such a committee.

In India—I am speaking from personal experience gained some eight years ago, but I believe the system is still continued—the Government supplies the malt liquors and rum sold to the soldiers in the canteens at very low rates. The management of the canteen is in the hands of a committee of officers, and the issue of liquor, &c., is made by a sergeant called the canteen issuer, who is changed every month; each sergeant in the regiment taking his turn. Every day the stock of beer and rum is checked by gauging the amount in hand and comparing it with what remained the day before and the consumption as shown by the receipts in the till. This is done either by the orderly officer or the sergeant-major. Again and again have these canteen issuers been detected, tried by court-martial, and punished for cheating the Government and their comrades in the issue of liquor. There are several ways of effecting this, the commonest being either to froth up the issues or to water the beer and rum, the surplus thus obtained being sold by the issuer for his own profit. Scores of instances might be adduced. For instance, in 1881 the regimental sergeant-major and five other senior non-commissioned officers of a crack infantry battalion were tried, and reduced to the ranks for such frauds. This occurred in the Punjab. In this case a regular system of fraud had been established among all the sergeants and staff sergeants of the regiment, which was only accidentally discovered. The regimental sergeant-major was a particularly smart, good soldier, thoroughly reliable in every other way, and implicitly trusted by his superiors. Until detected, the delinquents appeared to have no consciousness of committing a crime. If the non-commissioned officer can hardly be trusted to handle the material, he certainly is not a fit person to whom to trust the accounts of the canteen.

A little sentence that occurs in Mr. Palmer's article betrays where the so-called grievance really lies. He says (page 334), speaking of the President of the Canteen Committee, a commissioned officer, and always where practicable a field officer: 'It is he who pays the tradesmen's bills, however small, and whatever discounts are given on the payment of the bills this gentleman is suspected of putting into his own pocket.' No officer would take a 'commission' from the contractor. It would be very difficult for him to do so without being detected by the other members of the committee, and it is most unlikely that all these would be black sheep. Any discount that may be given for cash payment of bills goes of course to the benefit of the Canteen Fund. Should the control of the fund be in the hands of such a committee as suggested by Mr. Palmer, I am afraid the 'commission' system would flourish exceedingly. Mr. Palmer's suspicion that commissions are now given tends to show

it would. The only result, as far as Tommy Atkins is concerned, would be, that he would obtain a poorer quality of article for the same money, for the contractor must recoup himself somehow; besides, a lower class of purveyor, who would consent to give high commissions, would obtain the contracts.

Much of what Mr. Palmer states about misleading recruiting posters, and the soldier's grievances in having to pay for his grocery ration and his underclothing after the first free kit, of overcrowding in troopships, &c., is quite true, but has long been recognised by officers, and there is not one, from the highest to the lowest, who would not help him to the redress of such grievances if he could. Lord Wolseley has, I think, on several occasions spoken in favour of a free grocery ration, and many officers think that it would be much to the benefit of the service if the private soldier were paid more in kind—*i.e.* in food and clothing—and less in cash. Then, whatever sum he might be supposed to receive as daily pay he would be actually paid, supposing him to be a steady and careful soldier, and Government would escape the accusation of issuing misleading circulars to induce men to enlist. The question of the issue of the meat ration and its proper distribution is not so easy as the inexperienced may think; but it should be remarked that if any cheating occurs it takes place, according to Mr. Palmer's own showing, between the cooks and quartermaster—that is, among the men's own comrades, or those who have risen from their ranks. The non-commissioned officers have far more opportunities of detecting frauds in connection with the distribution and cooking of the rations than an officer can have, if they only choose to do so. It is curious that, in this and other cases, one of the remedies suggested by Mr. Palmer is a closer supervision by a commissioned officer, on whose honour he proceeds to throw a doubt in the matter of the Canteen Fund.

The remarks made by Mr. Palmer as to the unpleasant consequences to a man who does not subscribe to the library and as to carelessness of officers in inspecting kit are, as far as my experience goes, entirely devoid of any reasonable foundation. Artifices such as he describes to enable worn-out clothing to pass at kit inspection as good are sure to be soon detected; every officer knows that they are sometimes 'tried on.'

Some, again, of the statements in Mr. Palmer's article are only partially true. For instance, the Government does grant a money allowance of 2*l.* 10*s.* per annum to every troop, battery, or company, for the support of regimental and station libraries and the supply of newspapers and periodicals for the use of the men. This allowance is certainly insufficient, and is supplemented by subscriptions from the men; but the inference that Government does nothing towards fulfilling the promise of a free library is not a true one.

Neither is it strictly true that no trades are taught in the service.

In the mounted branches the trades of farrier and saddler are extensively taught, and in the Artillery at any rate men receive instruction in those of wheeler and carriage smith, and are sent to the Woolwich Arsenal to go through regular courses there. Men are also taught telegraph clerks' work in considerable numbers, and in most regiments there are workshops in which men can, if they choose, learn something at any rate of other trades.

Again, the hospital stoppages are not made because the disease a man is suffering from is, or is supposed to be, caused by the man's own act or neglect. If he is in hospital for disease thus originating, he loses the whole of his pay for the time he is there. Whilst in hospital he does not pay for his grocery ration, and the stoppage of 7*d.* a day is to cover the cost thus incurred by the Government, and in supplying him with what are called hospital comforts—*i.e.* a more varied and expensive diet. The only occasion on which a soldier is entitled to this extra ration free is when in hospital on account of wounds received in action, or from illness contracted on service with an army in the field. It is a fair argument to urge that a soldier ought to receive the necessary diet free of charge when in hospital for a disease contracted, say, on night duty, but the manner in which Mr. Palmer states the case is misleading. Tommy Atkins has his grievances like most other people, but one-sided and unfair statements will not help his case, especially when they contain easily refuted insinuations against his officers, who are powerless to do much to redress the real grievances. At any rate, Mr. Palmer and the public may rest assured that the commissioned ranks know a great deal more about the sentiments and grievances of their men than the former gives them credit for.

T. S. BALDOCK

(*Major R.A.*)

II.

BOY-SERGEANTS.

THE British public have been very often treated of late years to paragraphs in the newspapers of many acts of insubordination in the army ; and the question naturally arises, What is the cause of the great increase of crime compared with eight or ten years ago ? The cause is not far to seek ; and no doubt lies in the boy non-commissioned officer placed in authority over the equally boyish private soldier before he has actually learned his drill, with no old and experienced sergeant to coach him in his duties, and left for guidance to comrade sergeants with no more experience or discretion than himself. When he has to consult his officers on any doubtful point connected with his duties, the young officer is, as a rule, not able to assist him, for he has no experience to guide or counsel him himself.

In the old days of recruiting, men were brought together from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland ; and the regiment was composed of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Hampshire men, and the pick of Ireland and Scotland. The men of all dialects fraternised together ; friendships were formed never to be broken ; brotherly love sprang up between the different countrymen, which made the regiment a solid square impossible to break.

The old experienced sergeant knew the temper and disposition of every man under him ; knew the men to select when called on for the different staff berths that are open to well-conducted men in a regiment. He was able to select the more promising of his men for promotion, and that were likely to make good non-commissioned officers ; he was always proud of his uniform, and his men followed suit. The old soldiers had no attraction outside the barracks, talked of nothing but soldiering and of the many times the regiment distinguished itself, and looked up with pride on their tattered colours.

Now all is changed, I am sorry to say, for the worse. *Esprit de corps* is banished from our battalions ; soldierly love for one another in barrack life is a trait of the past. Now the regiment is recruited mostly from the one district,—viz. the county or shire the regiment takes its title from. The recruits joining have been to the village school together ; they have worked on the same farm ; they have been

to the village church together from childhood. Well, in due course, a percentage of those lads become, I might say, boy sergeants over the very lads they have worked in the same field or factory with. Now, how can these young non-commissioned officers do their duty properly? I say it is impossible for them; it's against human nature. If a letter is received from home, it affects nearly all the men from the same village, it is common property, and if a young sergeant did make a prisoner of one of those young men he went to school with, a letter would be despatched home, and it would be read at the village 'inn' nightly, until it went the round of all the villagers; and, should that young sergeant go home on furlough, he would have a hot time of it for attempting to do his duty with the comrade of his village days. The non-commissioned officers enlisting from the same town stick to one another and wink at crime. The only crimes of late years brought to notice are absence without leave and drunkenness returning to barracks. These crimes can't be screened. And the soldier is far better off now than he was a few years ago. He is better paid and has a great many more privileges now. All good-conduct soldiers now have leave till midnight when off duty; the libraries and recreation rooms have greatly improved; the barrack accommodation is more roomy and comfortable; night schools have come into existence; magic-lantern entertainments are more frequent; gymnasiums are attached to each barracks for any soldier to pass an hour or two in, in hardening the muscle and developing the chest; and it is a great pity that the moral tone of the army has not improved with the many reforms that have been made for the soldier's benefit.

The old sergeant was the backbone of the army. When I joined the old 49th Regiment no soldier got a stripe on his arm before he had three years' service; before I left the good old corps I had to recommend boys with one month's service to be appointed lance-corporal, through having no choice or any experienced men to pick from; and some of them were sergeants with less than two years' service—before they actually knew their drill. I have had to recommend boys for officers' servants before they knew how to pipe-clay their own belts, let alone clean their masters' swords; and I know from long experience in all the non-commissioned officers' grades that it is impossible to make a good non-commissioned officer unless he has gone through the mill of all ranks, step by step, under more experienced men than himself; then he knows and appreciates the value of his position.

I would like to say a few words with reference to an article written by Mr. Palmer, late sergeant in the 79th Regiment, published in your widely read Review in the September issue; and am surprised how any one that held the rank of sergeant in a 'crack corps' could exaggerate and highly colour the deductions that are made from the soldier's pay, and the supposed false posters

that are placarded in every town as a bait to the simple to enlist. I have read the bills many times, and I must say I see nothing misleading in them; and I would strongly recommend any young man physically fit to accept the inducements held out to him in them, and with steadiness and attention to his duties he will never regret the step; and he will never find any employer in civil life as good as Her Majesty's Paymaster.

No master tailor of a regiment could attempt to make any charge for the annual alteration of the men's clothing, as he is allowed 44*l.* per annum for fitting and altering the year's clothing. Captains commanding companies have to parade their men at the quartermaster's stores, fit them, and mark the clothing for alterations. When the clothing comes back from the tailor's shop the men are paraded again, to see if the alterations marked are carried out; then the captain reports to the colonel his men are fit for inspection, and all alterations made; finally, the colonel inspects the clothing, and satisfies himself it fits properly before he signs the voucher for payment for the master tailor; and a board of officers assembles one day in each month to inspect the books and men's accounts, and to see that each charge is supported by a voucher, and hear any complaint from any soldier presenting himself, which, I am proud to say, rarely occurs.

Mr. Palmer is greatly in error when he states that a soldier pays for his basin and plate. The basins and plates are part of the utensils placed on inventory in each barrack-room; and a strict inspection is made monthly, and all wilful damages are charged to the troops, and all furniture, cooking utensils, game boards, &c., worn out by fair wear and tear are made good at the public expense. If soldiers were not charged for wilful breakages, I am afraid the British taxpayer would suffer very much. I will illustrate one case out of many of my own experience. One morning, while we were stationed in Anglesea Barracks, Portsmouth, I was making my morning inspection of my barrack-rooms, when I missed four blankets out of one room. I made inquiries of the sergeant in charge of the room, and he could throw no light on the matter. I went to the quartermaster's stores and drew four blankets on payment, to replace the missing ones; and it happened to be pay day, so I debited the men occupying the room with the amount; I then found out the blankets had been thrown over the barrack wall to some women living in rear of the barracks that some of the men kept company with. If I had let the matter pass over, and made no charge against the men, I would have lost a great many more; so it is absolutely necessary in the public interest to charge for neglect on the part of the troops. The regiment occupying Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth, at the same time lost through neglect over 30*l.* worth of bedding in the same way that my blankets were passed out.

It is most absurd to say the soldier pays for the blacklead, soap, &c., for cleaning barrack-rooms, for captains commanding companies have a contingent allowance to meet incidental expenses, and it covers the cost of all cleaning articles; and another very foolish statement is that the men pay to keep up the cook's clothing. The cook's clothing is bought and kept in repair out of the 'Refuse Fund;' and the surplus goes to the credit of the men's messing book, and provides puddings and dinner beer on Sundays, and a statement to that effect published in the orders of the regiment every month.

I was stationed at Gibraltar at the same time as the Camerons, and in charge of the drinking-water, and I say it is simply ridiculous to say a soldier paid for a drink of water. The allowance was limited: if we had not at least twenty-two inches of rain during the rainy season to fill the reservoirs we had to use condensed water for washing purposes, &c.; the allowance was three gallons per head, and quite sufficient with care.

Having been quartermaster-sergeant of my battalion for five years, I speak from experience, and I really think a great improvement could be made in the ration department. The present allowance of meat is insufficient for growing young soldiers, and there should be a free ration of groceries as well as bread and meat, the same as on active service. The scale on active service was as under, and I found it more than enough:

Bread	1½ lb.	Salt	½ oz.
Meat	1½ lb.	Pepper	$\frac{1}{300}$ oz.
Tea	¼ oz.	Potatoes	1 lb.
Coffee	¼ oz.	Cheese	2 oz.
Sugar	2½ oz.	Limejuice	½ oz.

And extras according to the recommendation of the senior medical officer. But the soldier's ration requires a good deal more supervision after it leaves the quartermaster's stores; for instance, after the meat is cut up into messes, and weighed out in the presence of the representative of each company, it is taken away to the cook-house, when the orderly corporal slices off a frying piece and has it cooked for his breakfast; then the company's cook has one or two favourites that he can give a tasty bit to when the regiment is on parade; and from want of care in cooking the meat is overdone, and by the time it reaches the dinner table, the men's mess of meat has lost at least 2½ lbs. There is no economy in the cooking, or sufficient care taken to prevent petty clippings from the men's messes after it is passed out of store by the officer on duty; and I must say here, during my five years' issuing rations I never found an officer once absent from the issue, for he has to certify in his report that he inspected and superintended the issue; in fact, in a well-regulated regiment an

officer on duty for the day has little chance of taking off his sword from six in the morning till tattoo sounding the same night, he has so many duties to perform. It is nonsense to say that officers don't take an interest in their men, for there is hardly a day in the week that the captain of a company is not among his men in the barrack-room, hearing complaints, advising men that are inclined to be slovenly, or advancing money to some man to send home to his sick or dying mother; he is always to be seen in his quarters at any hour of the day to give advice privately, should any soldier want it. I think the hospital stoppage absolutely necessary in the public interest, for if there was no hospital stoppage it would encourage malingering, and all lazy soldiers would fly to hospital when duty was heavy or the winter severe, and when they had a few pounds to their credit with their captain would come out of hospital and spend it, and go back again when the money was spent. I knew a man named Sillett of my old regiment that spent six years out of ten in hospital, and he was one of the strongest men in the regiment and saved a lot of money during the time. I have known him to scratch his leg and strap a penny on it, and cause the flesh to mortify, and get admitted into hospital and remain for months. I have known others to take soap pills, and just before appearing in front of the doctor in the morning get their backs up against the wall and give their elbows a sharp knock against the wall. Of course those men were admitted with palpitation of the heart. We always called those men the Queen's bad bargains. It is very rarely you find a good soldier in hospital.

I certainly must agree with Mr. Palmer as to life on board a troopship; it is the most miserable in a soldier's career. From the time you go on board until you disembark it is nothing but misery. The food is of the coarsest description, and you will hardly find a soldier on embarking, no matter how limited his means, that does not provide himself with some tinned meats or little luxuries for the trip. On board the large troopers the best part of the ship is taken up with the saloon, officers' cabins, and bath-rooms; poor Tommy must have been forgotten in the modelling of them. I have known men not to wash for a voyage and escape detection, and it is nearly impossible to keep clear of dirt during a trip, the men are so closely packed together, and the naval authorities make it their special study to make life more miserable. 'You are not allowed to sit here;' 'You are not allowed to stand there;' 'You must clear out of this,' are common expressions from the warrant officers of the ship for your first two or three days on board.

JOSEPH BYRNE

(Late Quartermaster-Sergeant H.M. 49th Regiment).

III.

LIFE IN A CAVALRY REGIMENT.

THE question of a private soldier's wrongs, once mooted, ought to be fairly faced. The late mutiny in the Guards was easily suppressed, but it has not been forgotten ; and, whilst every reasonable man knows that a Government's first duty is to maintain its own supremacy, there are not a few who still hold the old-fashioned idea that its second duty is to administer justice to all its subjects. At this moment a deep sense of dissatisfaction pervades the rank and file of the army, and it is England's duty to see that this dissatisfaction is not the result of injustice. The tendency of cultivated opinion to compare the case of the English soldier with the harder lot of the French and German, or worse still of the Turk and Egyptian private, does in fact divert attention from the point at issue. The question is not whether the English soldier is as well paid as the German conscript, who is obliged to draw money from his friends at home ; nor yet whether he may thank his stars that he sees any pay at all, since the miserable Turk would think himself in clover under similar circumstances : but is whether England, using a voluntary system, has a right, under false pretences, to trap her soldiers into a service which once entered becomes compulsory.

The article by Sergeant Palmer in the September number of this Review dealt with the case of privates in infantry regiments ; of this I know little, having only served in the cavalry, but I imagine that it will not be difficult to show that the case of the horse-soldier is in some respects worse than that of the infantryman. I may at once say that for myself I enlisted for the sake of seeing something of a rough life, and was perfectly contented with my lot. But I am aware that the few shillings which I drew from home over and above my pay made the whole difference, as I shall presently show.

Perhaps I ought to preface, without further preliminary, that the general feeling of the regiment with regard to its officers was one of loyalty. We privates all felt that the dignity of our officers was our own, and we liked to see them stroll about the 'square' as if the world belonged to them ; especially as we knew that their off-hand kindli-

ness generally tempered justice with mercy. Moreover, although it is difficult for the relations of friendliness, which are not uncommon between infantry officers and their men, to exist in the cavalry—since the incessant duty in this service prohibits the common interest in cricket and other sports which often form a tie between the foot-soldier and his superior—yet no one has any idea of the influence which officers exert, or how long their smallest remarks of kindness or contempt are remembered for good or evil. With these premisses, I will take it for granted that the discontent in the army is not to any great extent due to the officers, and shall endeavour to point out that the real fault lies at the door of the Government, and could easily be removed by the expenditure of a few pounds.

The world has so long taken the view that the army is composed of the 'rag-tag and bob-tail' of society, that it will not be easily persuaded that cavalry regiments are formed for the most part of very superior elements. The head-gardener's son of an M.F.H. of Berkshire, the son of a large horse-dealer, and a Norfolk farmer's son, were amongst the soldiers of our troop. These men had enlisted from decent homes in the hope of leading a manly and active life in a smart cavalry regiment. Each had been faithfully assured, on the Government's authority, that he would receive free kit, free rations, and one shilling and twopence a day, and expected to be in a position equivalent to that which he had left. The official document in which this offer is made is entitled 'The Advantages of the Army,' and may be seen at any recruiting centre in the Kingdom. It is worth while then to inquire how our Government fulfilled its promises.

Our first inquiry should deal with the clothing served out by Government. Each soldier received the following kit at the time that I enlisted. Full dress tunic, stable jacket, a pair of pants (*i.e.* riding breeches), a pair of overalls (*i.e.* trousers), a pair of jack-boots, of Wellingtons, of highlows, and full underclothing. It was in all a handsome outfit; but the soldier was not a little surprised to find that, immediately after the issue of kit, he was expected to provide himself with a supplementary kit, *at his own expense*—stable serge and fatigue overalls. At the same time he found that he could not possibly do his work without the further expenditure of some four or five shillings on the necessary instruments, such as burnishers, rubbers, bath-brick, soap. The fatigue clothing and burnisher might possibly be obtained cheap from a comrade, but in that case they had to be bought for ready money: if purchased from the regimental store, they were entered against his pay in the troop sergeant-major's account-book. These facts used to bewilder the unfortunate recruit who had read and believed the glowing statement in 'Advantages of the Army.' 'A soldier on joining the army is supplied with a *complete* outfit of clothing and *free* kit.' It is true that now the case is in some respects better, since the soldier receives a serge suit on en-

listing, which for awhile may be used both for stable duty and for drill, thus enabling him to dispense with the purchase of fatigue clothing for some time.

But for all this a great fallacy is still involved in the offer of a free kit. The kit served out cannot stand the wear and tear of the duty imposed by Government, and the deficiency, which falls heavily on all soldiers, falls with peculiar weight on the recruit. For, while the recruit's work is so constant that it is almost impossible for him ever to wear his uniform for his own satisfaction—that is to say, in public—his parades are so numerous that the clothes supplied cannot possibly last the allotted time. None but officers' servants and men on the staff—not even the most wily old soldiers—can make a pair of overalls last for two years: and the recruit will find that, with every care, he can hardly make them last for six months. For a while the stable jacket will retain its freshness, as its owner drills in his 'service frock,' but the real test comes when the jacket is worn every day for a month or six weeks before the squad is 'dismissed from the square,'—as efficient. The arms burst from their holdings under the strain of sword exercise, and the colonel orders the owner to be put down for a new jacket. These things are not wholly unknown to the public, for the detail of the torn jacket is correctly represented in the figure of an hussar in Lady Butler's picture of 'Balaclava.' The cost of overalls is 13s. 11d.—let us say, 14s.—that of a jacket 15s. 6d. Surely it would be possible for Government to supply an extra issue of these articles to young soldiers at a time when they are entirely on duty, and are never responsible for the wear and tear of their own clothes. No one would ask for a grant to remedy the carelessness or clumsiness which may at any time destroy a man's clothing; but it is not unreasonable for a soldier to expect a 'free kit' that will suffice for his necessary duties.

Besides these deficiencies in the equipment of the recruit, there are some expenses which occur with regularity, and are a constant source of complaint amongst the older soldiers as well as the younger. Regimental highlows will not stand the rough kidney stones of the barrack stables for more than six months; though the cobbler may skilfully repair them, and the soldier grudgingly pays his 3s. 9d. for the repair. As each pair costs 10s. 6d., the soldier finds himself another guinea out of pocket in the year. The three shirts and woollen socks of extraordinary shape which are served out will not last for seven years, especially as regimental washerwomen are not noted for the care with which they wring and mend the clothes of 'common' privates. Consequently socks and shirts also must be constantly renewed.

It will be seen that the soldier's conception of a free kit must have been undergoing considerable modification, and his pay-sheet keeps his memory alive to every variation as it occurs. He com-

menced his service on short pay to supply himself with the necessities of his duty, and he finds a penny a day rather scant allowance. On the very day that I write this, a sergeant of Engineers, whose case would be easier than that of a cavalryman, told me that for the first month of his service he received one penny a day and during the second month twopence a day. He is one whom now his country delights to honour with ribbons and medals, but whom in the days of his recruitment she defrauded with a high hand.

But to return to our cavalryman. He has hardly recovered from his first period of short pay, which extends over a month, more or less, and appeared in all the glory of his new uniform, when the renewal of his overalls and jacket at a cost of twenty-nine shillings throws him back two months at least on the minimum pay that the Government will allow a man to receive—one penny a day. A new pair of highlows at 10s. 6d. will once again see him in the same miserable plight for another fortnight. In all, during a period of seven or eight months, for no less than three or four he has been on this contemptible pay—one penny per diem.

To sum up, providing the soldier were immaculate, and added nothing through accident or carelessness (a hopeless proviso), his necessary expenditure would lower his natural pay of 4s.¹ by considerably more than 1s. a week throughout the year; but it must be remembered that the stress of debt frequently falls in successive periods, so that a man may be in the most abjectly reduced circumstances for three or four months together.

We must now pass on to the second grievance of the soldier. His free rations are as great a deception as his free kit. It is true that every day he will receive 1 lb. of bread and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat, and all this at Government expense. But the strange *grace* with which the soldier concludes his mid-day meal is expressive of his general feeling:—‘If this is dinner, bring tea.’ He is perfectly aware that a healthy young man could manage a soldier’s whole rations for breakfast, and be hungry for dinner afterwards. No amount of statistics will persuade him that he did not receive more than this before enlisting, and even the regimental authorities are so fully convinced that he is not a dog to live on bones alone, that they supply him with potatoes, tea, and (in some regiments) $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bread *at his own expense*. It would be interesting to see how the servants in a gentleman’s house would like free rations if the phrase were to mean ‘as little food as will support a girl or young lad, and liberty to pay for as much more as you will.’ Old soldiers are not a little amused to hear young Volunteers complain that they do not like camp life, because the rations are so scarce, though coffee and biscuits are served before morning drill, corned beef at breakfast, and tea.

¹ It will be shown hereafter that the highest pay which a cavalry soldier ever actually receives is 4s. a week.

cakes in the evening. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, that these Volunteers, eating as much again as poor Tommy Atkins, profess themselves hungry still.

Of course there are circumstances which add to the soldier's discomfort, for which the Government is not directly responsible. There is no doubt that many regimental cooks do make away with a considerable portion of the meat committed to their care daily, and there is no regiment in which some cook has not been sent to his duty as an ordinary private for the embezzlement of supplies. Most soldiers could name numbers of instances of this. The first case that occurs to my mind is that of an Artillery cook who was found to have concealed packets of tea, ready for sale, in the mouth of a gun. Another light-fingered disciple of Soyer was sent about his business, in my own regiment, just at the time that I enlisted; and it is a notorious fact that all regimental cooks can find money for beer quite out of proportion to their pay. In some regiments it is possible for a cook to put himself 'off mess,' and draw his rations only twice a week, as a married man would do. In this case his own rations will find their way to the married quarters, and he will live upon his comrades' supplies. The ordinary private has no redress, for joints are so hacked, exchanged, and generally altered in course of cooking that they are quite unrecognisable when the messman places them on the barrack table. I once noted carefully the mess set before me, and I am prepared to pledge myself that the meat (not counting bone and fat) was not as large as my little finger. This I must admit was the smallest mess I ever received; but it is not an extraordinary case, and such a meal is hard on those who at the best of times have not too much.

One more instance of a ration grievance, and we will pass on. It is not uncommon when a man or perhaps two men are drafted into a barrack-room for their comrades to find that they have not been entered in the mess by the sergeant-major of the troop. Rations are supplied for seventeen, whereas there are nineteen to eat them. On enlisting, I was two days dependent on the charity of a comrade, and the position was not one to be envied. I dined at one o'clock on Monday, did without tea, and breakfasted, after two hours' work, at seven o'clock next morning on a slice of my comrade's bread, which he could ill spare, and half an onion. At dinner I fared better, as a mess was made out with the rest, and at tea I purchased my own supplies from the canteen, or from some hawker on the verandah; so again the next day. These trifles do not matter to a gentleman who is probably fat and well liking, but they do matter to a poor fellow who has walked twenty miles to enlist—not unfrequently the case—and is famished: they matter also to those who supply the deficiency made through the carelessness of their superiors.

If poor Tommy Atkins fills his emptiness with beer, and some-

times forgets that he is due on parade, or stumbles during roll call, do not be too hard on him, for this is the way that he satisfies the cravings of an appetite which his country leaves unappeased, and it is as cheap to him as to buy bread.

No one will now expect to hear that the private gets 8s. 2d. a week. Indeed, on due consideration, the Horse-Guards themselves have concluded that 4s. 6d. is the maximum attainable in that period. It is true that the authorised placard entitled 'Advantages of the Army' does not suggest this; but a tiny pamphlet, which bears the same name, in a paragraph nine pages distant from the more brilliant promises of pay, mildly insinuates that, *after deducting all stoppages, a well-conducted soldier has at his own disposal about 4s. 6d. a week.* Without attempting to deal with figures in detail, I can only assert that even this modified promise is grossly exaggerated. Leaving entirely out of account such deductions as alterations of clothing, the purchase of new kit, and of additional implements necessary for a man's duty, the man is lucky indeed who obtains 4s. a week. After allowance has been made for these necessities, he will hardly have 3s. a week, and he will find numerous other deductions which will still further lower the pay, even of a 'well-conducted soldier,' if he is to live in a barrack-room. For he will find that his comrades will borrow the tools of daily use, such as brushes, hoof-picks, dusters, and button-brasses without so much as 'by your leave;' and these must be replaced out of his own pocket. However, we can hardly expect Government to take account of 'irresponsible items' like these. For myself, I intentionally avoided any deductions by paying for all additional kit and new uniform as well as for all the 'etcæteras' of my work with ready money; but even so, in no single instance did my pay exceed 4s. in any one week. And thus, even *without* 'deducting all stoppages,' I, who must state, in all humility, that I possess a regimental discharge as a 'well-conducted soldier,' did not 'receive 4s. 6d. at my own disposal.' Still, I always have the satisfaction of remembering that I was promised it by Government.

The nation then defrauds its soldiers at every turn, but keeps them by force to their side of the agreement. Can anybody wonder that the man who laughs and endures this kind of treatment sometimes looks lightly on his side of the bargain, and deserts; and this, not so much through ill-will, as from the hopelessness of the position in which he finds himself cornered?

The memory of an old comrade comes to my mind as I write. He had soldiered for some three or four months on 3d. a week, although the minimum of pay allowed by Government was 7d. For a while he struggled to hold his footing. He would groom his horse magnificently, and cheerfully do all his own allotted duty: then he would volunteer for a penny or twopence to work for any man in the

barracks ; finally, he invented a new method of saving his beer money. He constituted himself slave of the library reading-room, and fetched beer for anyone who would allow him a first sip. So moderately did he avail himself of this privilege that he found universal acceptance ; yet the pay was too little, and article after article of his kit disappeared for ready money. For a while he managed to avoid all general parades, but at last one Sunday he was ordered to turn down on church parade. A more absurd figure was never seen ; plume, chin-chain, gloves, spurs, all missing, and nothing left but the foundation of a soldier. The sergeant-major stood before him with a look of thunder.

‘ F., what are you here for ? ’

‘ Church parade, sergeant-major ! ’

‘ Where is your plume ? ’

‘ Lost, sergeant-major ! ’

‘ Where is your chin-strap ? ’

‘ Lost, sergeant-major ! ’

‘ Where are your gloves, your spurs, your sword-knot, your lines ? ’ cried the indignant sergeant-major, growing warmer as he proceeded.

‘ Lost, sergeant-major ! ’

Poor Jacob ! he was crimed (*i.e.* charged before the colonel) with ‘ filthy dirtiness and disorderliness on parade.’ But it was not Jacob F. who was to blame, but the short pay, which at last had made life simply impossible. May be the original debt was his own fault, but in any case short pay, short rations, and hard work had driven him from pillar to post till the end was ensured—cells and cropped hair.

I met only the other day a young soldier who had received no more than *one* penny a day for fifteen months. I have heard of men who received no pay at all for some weeks together.

Monotonous poverty is a sad comrade, and though I sometimes smile as I remember being called aside by the mess-sergeant’s wife to receive a penny as a tip after a hard day’s fatigue, I have never forgotten the kindness. ‘ Pennies are scarce in barracks.’

In dealing with the question of pay, it must be acknowledged that matters are made worse by the way in which the accounts are rendered. The men file in, one after another, to the sergeant-major ; who reads the accounts so rapidly that the soldiers can seldom catch a single item of the whole, and, try as they will, they have no idea whether they have been fairly dealt with or not. The schoolmaster of my regiment used to tell me that he possessed some of the sergeant-majors’ account-books, as regimental account-keeping is one of the subjects of instruction for young soldiers who are trying to obtain their second-class certificate. He assured me that it was not uncommon to find a man credited on one side of the page with eleven *shillings*, which became eleven *pence* by simply turning over

the leaf. 'Very few mistakes,' he remarked, 'are ever made to the advantage of the private.'

So far I have ventured to point out that the Government is chiefly to blame for the discontent which really does exist beneath the serene exterior of the all-enduring soldier. Government promises benefits which are the least that it can reasonably offer, and fails to fulfil its pledges. It is no excuse to say that civilians intending to enlist might cross-examine recruiting sergeants until they found out the truth—nor to assert that most men know the real state of the case. If the fraud does not deceive, why publish it? if it does deceive, it stands self-convicted. The 11th Hussars fairly expressed the opinion of the ranks when they dressed a donkey in disused regimentals, hung the placard in question round its neck, and sent it careering through the barrack square, amidst roars of laughter from the verandahs around. To the initiated, the joke meant that he must be a fool indeed who trusted such pie-crust promises as these. But we may now leave the Government, trusting that reforms in these matters may yet be seen.

An entirely new source of grievance is to be found in the internal economy of the regiment. Under strict discipline complaints are seldom heard, and there can be no doubt that the discipline of the army is both strict and effective. It must, therefore, be taken for granted that there is considerable friction before any complaint becomes audible. Now it would be very unjust to attack the general system of rule by non-commissioned officers. Often it is exercised with such discretion that none but the veriest grumbler could find fault. But at times the tyranny of an individual becomes so terrible that it would take a brave man to complain. I do not speak from any bitter personal remembrance, for I have no particular objection to anyone swearing at me to his heart's content. But it would be difficult to describe the irritation that a drill-sergeant can produce in a young soldier on parade by constant vituperation. The public must remember that it is a crime to look sulky in the ranks; they may fancy then how a soldier will rage internally as he stands placid and silent before his superior, hearing himself browbeaten and his whole personal history published (with amendments) by some brute of a sergeant, because he happens to be awkward, or to have failed to clean his buttons satisfactorily. Sometimes, too, the man whose history is published is not the one whose buttons are dirty; for months my next neighbour was called by my name because the regimental sergeant-major had pointed him out to the adjutant as being myself. I used to laugh inwardly as I heard myself reproved for his buttons, and for his want of dressing, whilst I stood, as in duty bound, silent. Moreover many of the drill-sergeant's tirades are addressed to the recruits at a moment when they are in so awkward a position that every nerve is quivering in the endeavour to stand motionless with sword extended.

It is not difficult for the sergeant under these circumstances to goad 'the squad' into giving an untidy youngster a dip in the tank (which will destroy his uniform); and the threat that he will break a recruit's heart before he leaves the square (as efficient in drill) is so terrible that it is not uncommonly followed by the desertion of the awkward lad before next day's dawn. I find that my own recollection in these matters is corroborated from more than one regiment. Of course, if the deserter is a bad soldier, or a hopeless sloven, his absence is no loss; but the slowest learners are not always the worst soldiers, nor the most faint-hearted in the end.

The same tyrannical spirit which sometimes makes drill so terrible an ordeal to the recruit makes its way also into the administration of the troop. Officers have to be very keen-sighted if they are to administer justice to their men; for it is perfectly well understood that self-defence does not find much favour, whether right or wrong, and non-commissioned officers occasionally take advantage of this to prefer the most monstrous charges. I remember one case in which a corporal brought a charge against a man, whom he had himself insulted, under the influence of drink. In another case a sergeant-major brought a man before the captain for having 'a filthy dirty saddle' (the real offence was a personal one). 'May the sergeant-major show me where my saddle was dirty, sir?' asked the man, who had worked for an hour at it. The sergeant-major turned the bit and bridoon without finding a spot or speck; he examined the stirrups, the bosses, and buckles with the same result, but at last he lighted on the hoof-pick. Turning the hook out, he showed a tiny speck of rust on the inside. A group of soldiers afterwards declared that there was not a cleaner saddle in the troop; but the man was sentenced to 'three days' drill.' It is always possible for the sergeant-major to find a speck of rust; but the men look to their officers to judge for themselves, and their only dread is that the officer may come so to trust his subordinate that he ceases to act as a check on his authority. Let me repeat here what I have already said—the public must not suppose that non-commissioned officers are a tyrannical set of men as a rule, but their power is extraordinary, and should it fall into the hands of an unscrupulous man or a savage, the life of all around becomes unbearable. At times, too, injustice is purposely meted out with the best of ends in view, but it naturally produces great irritation. In one case the sergeant-major of Z troop had determined to be rid of a corporal, a rough fellow, who could not give the smallest order without making it distasteful. I have nothing to say on his behalf, except that his manners were his worst point. On a given day, being corporal on duty, he ordered me to clean the wash-house, at about 11 o'clock, as I came from riding-school. I explained that I had no time, as it was necessary to do my share of tidying the barrack-room, change my clothes, black my boots and put up my saddle by 11.45, and that I could not possibly manage

more in three-quarters of an hour. 'You'll have to' was the only answer. I set to do my own work, which I knew would be inspected, and soon forgot the wash-house. In the middle of stable-hour the sergeant-major and corporal appeared.

Sergeant-major. 'Corporal H. didn't order you to clean out the wash-house, did he?'

Ans. 'Yes, sergeant-major, he did.'

S.-m. 'You didn't know what you had to do, did you?'

Ans. 'Yes; I had done it before.'

S.-m. 'He didn't come to see you do it?'

Ans. 'No; corporals never do.'

He had supplied me with an accusation which would throw the burden off my own shoulders, in every question which he had asked; but finding that he could not use my evidence, he simply left me, grumbling, 'Well, you have got the corporal into a pretty scrape; he will have to go before the captain.' This of course came to nothing, and the corporal was ordered to 'fall away.' He thanked me afterwards, as he said the sergeant-major only wanted evidence to 'crime' him before the colonel for constant neglect of duty. 'However,' he remarked, 'as I am sure to lose my stripe' (*i.e.* rank as a corporal), 'I may as well have my stripe's worth.' He took a week's absence without leave, and was publicly reduced a few days later. Here, as in many cases, the captain showed that he saw through the charge brought against an innocent man, and I believe that this same captain owed an immense amount of his popularity to the impartial way in which he investigated charges brought against his men. The most unpopular officer in the regiment, in like manner, owed his unpopularity to the fact that he had only one answer for all charges made by the sergeant-major, 'Aw! give him three days' drill, sergeant-major;' and his nickname was 'Aw, three days' drill.' The upshot of this matter is, that much discontent would cease if the officers of each troop could be a little less confident in the perfection of smart and effective non-commissioned officers, and would make their own judgment the final court of appeal.

We must now pass on to consider the question of military punishment. To all intents and purposes there are only two great punishments in the army, 'kit drill' and 'cells;' each of these has its serious drawbacks, the former in the case of recruits, the latter in all cases except those of the most hardened offenders. The man condemned to kit drill marches up and down the barrack square for two hours a day carrying his entire kit in his valise, including boots, his sword, carbine, and cloak. To a full-grown soldier on ordinary duty the punishment is tolerably severe, as the weight is badly proportioned, and the belts and cloak hinder the free action of the lungs. But to a recruit it is really very excessive; the growing lad has worked incessantly and without rest from 5 o'clock in the morning till 6.30

in the evening. He has not had much food, and his evening's work is still before him. The effort is in truth terrible. I have seen recruits staggering under their load, and it was more common than not to find that one term of 'kit drill' so spoiled the young soldier's work that he was condemned to further punishment, by the time the first was finished, for appearing dirty on parade, or for neglect of some duty.

It is impossible to understand the hardship of the case without some idea of the recruit's work. I will, therefore, venture so far to digress as to give the programme of the recruit's day.

5.0. Reveillé. Soldiers all turn out, dress, roll up their mattresses, and roughly fold blankets and sheets, and get ready for—

5.15. Stables. The horses' bedding is turned out and the stalls are thoroughly cleansed, the passages are swept, then the horses are watered and groomed.

6.15. Soldiers draw forage, sweep up the spaces before and behind the stable, stack the straw, lay out the bedding, and generally make the barracks ship-shape.

7.15. Return to barrack-room, and do up the beds neatly for the day.

7.30. Breakfast. This meal may be taken leisurely, twenty minutes being easily attainable. The recruit then sets to work to refurbish his saddle and arms, which are tarnished with the moisture of stable and barrack-room; to polish his jack-boots, rub over his horse, and dress for riding-school. He will not have a moment to spare if he rides at 9.30.

9.30–11.0. Riding-school.

11–11.45. Change into stable fatigues, clean and put up saddle (which in itself is supposed to take forty minutes to do well), tidy shelf and kit in barrack-room, and pipeclay sword-belts used at riding-school.

11.45–1.0. Stables. Hard work under the officer's eye.

1.0. Dinner.

Hitherto the pressure has been so constant that it has probably not even been possible to wash or shave. A gentleman private, in a cavalry regiment, assured me the other day that he minds no part of the rough life so much as the deferred cleanliness.

1.30–2.15. Very hard work to get ready for drill; sword scabbard, greasy from riding-school, to be washed and burnished, carbine to be cleaned, Wellington boots blacked, buttons brightened, pipeclay beaten out of gloves; to turn down at 2.15 dressed.

2.15–4.0. The drill-hour has only lately been prolonged by $\frac{1}{2}$ hour,

with the result that the recruits cannot keep the quickness of thought and action which is necessary.

4.0-5.0. Used to be school-hour. It is in this hour that kit drill would commence, and the recruit, after drilling for $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour, would have to add another hour, carrying all his kit.

5.0-6.0. Stables. Groom horse, bed down, and feed.

6.0. Tea.

6.30-7.30. Kit drill. In barrack-rooms in which there are many recruits, there are generally a few minutes lost in clearing away the tea-things, cleaning the table and benches, and all begin to work at about 7.0. It takes a recruit two full hours to clean his accoutrements, and thus he is never free from 5 A.M. till 9.0 P.M. Should he succeed in finding ten minutes during the day to sit down, he will be instantly ordered on fatigue duty by a non-commissioned officer.

It will be evident from this account that kit drill must be a very severe punishment, indeed, to a recruit. I can only add that it is eminently fitted to break his spirit and discourage any efforts that he may be making to qualify himself for promotion.

With regard to cells, it is obviously important to have a punishment which shall be respected and feared: but of all punishments, those which tend to degrade the man in his own eyes should be most sparingly used. Certainly any which degrades the soldier should be reserved for the most flagrant cases. A soldier's salvation lies in his self-respect; and the dignity which he feels to accrue to him as a part of his regiment. Take him to prison like a felon, cut his curling forelock, and leave his head bristling like a hog's back; clothe him in the unsightly and disgusting clothes of a convict, and you have done your worst for him. He has appeared in public as a criminal, and has learned to assume that brazen indifference to his own world's opinion which is so terrible a mark of lost status. It will be impossible now to count on his *esprit de corps* or to rouse in him the old ambition which first made him enlist. Dickens's description of Richard Doubledick truthfully depicts the deterioration which sets in with a smart man who finds himself a wreck or a guy amidst his companions. I have often remembered with pain the case of one young soldier of some two years' standing who was the regimental sergeant-major's batsman at the time I enlisted. A finer-looking young soldier could not be found in the regiment. His smartness attracted attention even amongst the men themselves; but by some means or other he got into trouble and was condemned to cells. He was never the same man again. He lost his smartness, he lost his discipline, and he lost his character. I cannot say how often he was in trouble afterwards. And this was no exceptional case.

It requires a greater experience than my own to deal with the possibilities of the punishment question, and I am safer in dealing with facts; but certainly some captains have found very efficacious punishments, without the use of kit drill or sending men on to the colonel for cells. In our own troop, the captain constantly gave extra duty as messman or extra fatigue duty to defaulters, with the happy result that the man was punished without loss of status, and that his comrades were relieved of some of their most irksome duties.

Throughout the article the question must have presented itself again and again to the reader, Why does the soldier not make formal complaint of his grievances? The reasons are complex, but they result in his believing that he is more likely than not to come out of a complaint second best. In the first place, he will be suspected of being a confirmed grumbler, and will have to make himself understood, though he feels that he is speaking at a disadvantage. He will be expected to be brief. He will be overawed, even when appearing most forward, by his officer's dignity, and he has doubts as to proving satisfactorily even the most evident case.

A second question presents itself. Whether all these grievances are not trivial? I can only say that the man is bound hand and foot, and has the sense of being hopelessly exposed to injury without power of escape. His life is utterly joyless whilst he is on short pay, as everything which makes for merriment is out of his reach: he may whistle, but even this becomes insipid. And to the man in this condition the sting of petty tyranny becomes simply maddening. I have sometimes fancied that if the five mildest and most gentle colonels of the British army were selected and formed into a drill squad under a savage sergeant, every one of them would be wearing a strait waistcoat for military crime before a fortnight was up.

Having now pointed out a few of the cavalry private's grievances, let me briefly draw a picture of the general tone of his life, which is in reality very different from the picture which the world draws.

His duty is monotonous in the extreme—the same place—the same work—the same comrades. He lives, works, moves in a perpetual groove. In the ordinary course of each week he has no holiday except a Sunday half-holiday. On Saturday his so-called half-holiday drill simply gives place to fatigue duty. And Sunday morning is the most detestable time of all. Church parade needs so much preparation that the whole barracks is in an uproar until the men march out. The services of the church vary; the only sermon that I can remember was on the subject of the 'sands of the sea,' and failed to improve me. The men assured me that they liked the parson, and could listen to him for ever.

When the men return from church, they are simply panting to get to their work, as church parade is followed by a most minute inspec-

tion of barrack-room and saddles, during the stable-hour, and it needs every effort to meet the requirements of the officers. It is not till 'dinner sounds up' that a soldier breathes freely. After dinner most men get a nap, and I verily believe that this is the greatest treat that the recruits have during their year's training. Recruits seldom go into the town in the evening, as they have too much work to do, and even many old soldiers rarely go further than the canteen, or library. Some of the men grow fond of their horses, but the sergeants often discourage this; and I have known a man taken from the horse which he delighted in, to groom some brute that he would never trouble himself about. It is needless to remark that a man never mounts a horse without orders, and that riding in the sense of taking a gallop is unknown to a cavalryman.

The 'Advantages of the Army,' then, are these:—Certainty of employment at a very monotonous duty; a smart uniform, and a fine appearance which will create an effect on furlough.

The disadvantages of the army are:—Short pay, with stoppages to supply kit; short rations; and a very serious disadvantage—the total surrender of liberty to an unknown multitude of masters.

Soldiers are good company, and their discipline makes them magnificent men; but the number of desertions prove that they are inclined to think that the disadvantages considerably outweigh the advantages of the army.

WILFRID GORE-BROWNE.

*THE LATEST
MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches, both on the Irish and the labour questions, are, in some respects, disappointing. Possibly this may arise from an over-sanguine expectation that a clearer exposition of the one and a more definite attitude towards the other, could be looked for from the latest Midlothian Campaign. On the Irish question there has been no satisfactory response to the growing anxiety of the rank and file of the Home Rule movement, as to what the next scheme of Home Rule will be. Friends and foes alike are still in the dark as to whether the next general election is to be fought upon a definite and democratic Home Rule proposal, or upon the name and fame of Mr. Gladstone alone.

Mr. Gladstone's reticence upon this vital point will be defended by the politicians who think that the political duties of the people, besides voting at elections, are, to be thankful for whatever the leaders propose for their acceptance, and not that the main outlines of a plan of reform should be submitted to them for pre-consideration. It will also be upheld that it is a tactical blunder to put your programme before the public for the information and criticism of your opponents, as well as for the satisfaction of your friends. This would be all very well if the masses, from whom Liberal statesmen and politicians now derive the only influence they possess, were as ignorant or as indifferent in the study of popular questions to-day as they were twenty years ago.

Such is no longer the case. Working men are no longer content to abide by the 'open-your-mouth-and-shut-your-eyes-and-see-what-you-will-get' attitude, which it was their wont to assume before the extension of the franchise made them the 'masters' of the political situation. They are intelligent as well as interested factors in the consideration of all questions which affect them socially or politically, and if their support is to be counted upon for a certainty by political leaders, they must be told, in plain language and without equivocation, what it is they are to be asked to vote for.

This applies especially to the question of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone has spoken clearly and unmistakably upon the subject of

the retention of the Irish members in Westminster. There can be no longer any doubt of which so-called 'Unionists' can make a peg upon which to hang objections, so far as this part of the next Home Rule Bill is concerned. Speaking at West Calder, on the Act of Union, Mr. Gladstone said :

Now, gentlemen, it is very well known that although we saw great difficulties attaching practically to any plan for the purpose, and although we knew very well that no vital one had occurred before the Act of Union, in consequence of the fact that there were no representatives of Ireland at Westminster, yet, respecting the public opinion of the country, and believing the public opinion of the country to be to this effect, that there ought to be a representation of Ireland at Westminster, we agreed to give effect to that public wish. There is no question at all before us of removing from Westminster that representation. I do not now speak of its particular forms or conditions. That is for discussion at another time.

In these words Mr. Gladstone has taken the ground completely from under the feet of those whose chief objection to the Home Rule Bill of 1886 was the 24th clause of that measure, which proposed to exclude from Westminster the Irish Members. The old Parliamentary hand will, by this definite pronouncement, win back to the Liberal fold many of his previous followers. To this extent this latest Midlothian campaign may be counted a success.

But there is a far more important element in the political community of Great Britain and Ireland, than the dissenting Liberals who look for light and leading at the present juncture. This element is friendly to both Home Rule and Mr. Gladstone. It is composed of the Radical working-men of Great Britain and Ireland, who are anxious to know whether the next scheme of Home Rule will be in line with democratic principles, or whether it will contain the reactionary proposals which made the acceptance of the Bill of 1886 a half-hearted performance.

The difficulties and dangers which surrounded the introduction of the first Home Rule scheme, and which made it incumbent upon all friends of national self-government in Ireland, to take the Bill as a measure of what it was possible for Mr. Gladstone to do, rather than of what would be required to work out the political and social salvation of Ireland—will not have to be reckoned with, when the next Bill is introduced. The peoples of the three countries have been drawn closer together since 1886. The separation bogey has all but died out in Great Britain, and the distrust of English statesmen and pledges, which was felt by Radical Irishmen in the transition period of four years ago, have all but vanished. Those who are in touch with the British masses, know that they are now far ahead of their leaders on the Home Rule question. They are anxious to more than spoon-feed the people of Ireland with self-government. English, Scottish, and Welsh working-men are not only profoundly convinced of the right and justice of conceding

Home Rule to Ireland, in order to put an end to the anarchical system of government carried on by Dublin Castle; they are directly interested in the course which a statutory parliament in Dublin will steer on these social problems common to the three countries, which Ireland has done so much to ripen for legislative action. In other words, the working classes of Great Britain want to see, as a result of their labours in the Home Rule movement, a national assembly in Dublin so constituted as to give to the labouring masses of Ireland the fullest voice possible in the domestic government of their own country. They are naturally anxious there should be no anti-climax to the movement which has brought about the practical fusion of Irish and British democratic thought and action, represented in the agitation for Home Rule. A parliament in Dublin made up of lawyers, landlords, and representatives of the middle classes, would mean two things to the British democracy. It would mean a general reactionary policy for Ireland, in the matter of local Irish legislation and domestic self-government, while it would be a menace to progressist ideas and legislation in the Imperial Parliament. For it is now clearly to be seen that the giving to Ireland of a statutory parliament, with powers limited and defined, and restrictions emphasised and detailed, would mean that the Irish delegation to the Imperial Parliament could exercise a powerful influence, through an alliance with British parties, upon the course of British imperial legislation.

It is a matter, therefore, of direct as well as of indirect importance to the British democracy what the next plan of Home Rule will be, and the extent to which it will be an improvement upon the anti-democratic and reactionary scheme of 1886. Will the dual order plan of the defeated Bill be retained in the next measure? will the franchise governing admission to the privileged order be based upon a monetary qualification? Or, is the voice of Radical opinion, which has been given strongly against this part of the Bill, to be listened to and obeyed, as the pronouncement against the exclusion of the Irish representation from Westminster was hearkened to and accepted? These are fair questions for British working-men to ask Mr. Gladstone, before they are called upon to give him the power and privilege of framing the next Home Rule constitution for Ireland.

Radical Irish working-men have also a right to be listened to in this matter. The majority of them, in at least three out of the four provinces of Ireland, have indulged in the aspiration of complete national independence for their country. The hostile and anti-Irish character of English rule in Ireland could not, naturally, have had any other effect than to antagonise the feelings of the masses of Ireland towards the Government of Dublin Castle, carried on in the name of England.

A system of rule, brutal, shortsighted, and repressive, could have had no other effect on the mind of Irish working-men than to intensify their Nationalist convictions and cause them to long and labour for liberation from such rule. Mr. Gladstone's policy in 1886 profoundly impressed the minds of the Irish people throughout the world, and caused even the extremest of Irish Nationalists to modify their feeling towards the English connection, and to calmly consider the compromise which that policy involved. Since then the growing friendliness of the masses in Great Britain towards the Home Rule movement, and the many other signs that plainly say the old feeling of race hatred is rapidly dying out of the British mind, together with the concerted action that is taking place between Irish working-men and British working-men in the Labour movement, convince Irish Radical Nationalists that such a union between Ireland and England is possible, as will secure to Ireland a measure of national liberty within the Empire, which will satisfy the reasonable wants and hopes of the Irish people. Viewed in the light of the struggles of the last seven centuries, this is an extraordinary, or rather a marvellous, change as a result of the policy which began in the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1886. Is it not, then, reasonable for Irish Radical Nationalists to demand that the statutory parliament shall have no artificial restrictions with reference to legislation upon purely domestic concerns; that the limitation of its powers, in those matters which define a nation's independence, shall be compensated for by the freest constitutional liberty in the subordinate instance of local administration? It is surely but reasonable to expect that after the expulsion of the twenty-fourth clause of the Bill of 1886 there will be no talk of including in the Bill of, say, 1892, provisions making the judiciary and the police independent of the Irish people; and it ought to go without saying that the franchise of the next Home Rule constitution should be thoroughly democratic in character.

A pronouncement upon these questions will be eagerly looked for before the next general election.

Then there is the problem of the Irish Land Question. Does the opposition now given by the Liberal party to the Land Purchase scheme of the Government, mean a repudiation of all land purchase policies, which seek to saddle the Imperial Parliament with the settlement of a purely Irish question, and the British taxpayer with the risk involved in a plan of settlement which has not the assent of the Irish people? Or, is effect to be given to the emphatically expressed conviction of British Radicals that the settlement of the Irish Land Question belongs by right, and should be conceded in expediency, to a Home Rule legislature in Dublin? If the working-men of the three countries could be satisfied on these vital issues, the triumph of Mr. Gladstone at the General Election will be the

greatest ever achieved by the Liberal party—with this important proviso, that the labour interests in Great Britain should be linked with the cause of Home Rule, as they were in the contest at Eccles a few days ago.

That part of Mr. Gladstone's speech at West Calder, which dealt with the labour question, has given more satisfaction to the classes than to the masses, if we are to judge by the language of the *Times* and the *Standard*.

The burden of the great Liberal leader's advice to working-men was, 'Trust to combination for the promotion of labour interests, and the defence of labour rights. Do not look to Parliament for an Eight Hours Bill, which would mean an interference with liberty.' It is significant that those who are now so earnest in their cautions to working-men not to appeal to Parliament for the enactment of labour laws, are chiefly belonging to those classes in the community who owe their wealth and their preponderating political influence to the use which they and their predecessors have made of Parliament for the promotion and protection of their peculiar interests. Take the landlord class; by their manipulation of Parliament they have monopolised the land of the country, which was once the nation's property, and which yielded the revenues needed for carrying on the nation's government.

It is due to Acts of Parliament, specially passed by the landed influence, that extraordinary privileges are attached to the territorial aristocracy; that their sports and pastimes have the protection of the law, and that they are enabled to levy an annual tax, in the shape of rent, of 200,000,000*l.* upon the industrial community of the realm. Then we see the effect of Parliamentary interference in the matter of safeguarding vested interests generally. Acts by the thousand have been passed for the protection of banking, railway, mercantile, and other capitalistic interests to the fullest possible extent; while even a premium has been put upon commercial dishonesty in the various Bankruptcy Acts which Parliament has placed upon the Statute Book. Is it not therefore a trifle inconsistent, to speak it mildly, for the representatives of the landlord and the vested interest classes to sermonise working-men against appealing to Parliament for the protection of labour interests? The capital of the working-man is his health, his skill, and his industry. Six hundred thousand miners jeopardise these, and life itself, every day in the year for a few shillings. Are they not entitled to that measure of protection which they believe Parliament, as representing the State, should give them in return for the risks they run in the service of society? And cannot the same be said, with more or less truth, of every other class of labour in the land? The belief is firmly fixed in the minds of the vast majority of educated working-men that the shortening of the hours of labour by means of combination alone is practically impossible;

while they are not so unreasonable as to expect that a legal eight hours' limit could be put to every industry without distinction. But they do hold that it is the duty of the State and municipalities to lead the way, in government and corporation workshops, to the adoption of the eight hours' principle; while industries like mining, chemical works, and other occupations where health and life are more exposed, should be rigorously subjected to a legal limit of eight hours' daily toil. This much—which is not only possible but practicable—accomplished, the task of reducing excessive hours of labour in other employments would be left for gradual fulfilment to the evolutionary influences which would be quickened in their action by the joint operation of partial Parliament restriction and combination.

If we are to believe the statesmen and politicians of all parties, it appears to be their desire that the working classes should take a fuller share in the government of the country. Their moral and intellectual development is also a subject of anxiety to public men. Self-culture, temperance, thrift, and all the other virtues which are so desired in behalf of the working classes, by those who pay them the mocking compliment of designating them the 'masters' of the government of the country, can only be cultivated by lessening the length of daily toil, so that there may be a fair opportunity given to the workers to qualify themselves for the new position they are expected to assume in the State.

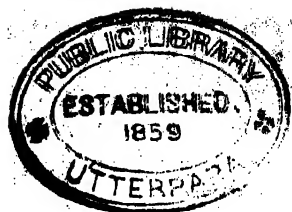
Whether immediately practicable or otherwise, the vast majority of the working-men of Great Britain and Ireland believe in the principle of a legal limit of eight hours. It has become the first article of their profession of political faith. It is a question that will have to be faced and answered in almost every political contest, as in Eccles. The difficulties which surround the framing of an Eight Hours Bill for general application are not easily overcome, and Mr. Gladstone may be fairly excused for his refusal to discuss the merits of such a measure until he sees it in black and white. But statesmanship is not worth its salt if it cannot face difficulties in order to avert dangers to the State. Mr. Gladstone has surmounted many great difficulties in his time. This one should not be above the capacity of the Liberal Party and its leader to overcome. Discuss the eight hours' question they must, whether they like it or not. It has come within the domain of actual politics. It must be dealt with by one of the two great parties, one way or the other. The extent of the sympathetic attention that will be given to the solution of this problem by Mr. Gladstone and his party, will to a large extent be the measure of the support which they will receive from the working-men advocates of the eight hours' question, at the next general election.

There is one word more to be said with respect to the advice now given by Liberal and Tory politicians alike to working-men, not to

look to Parliament for a solution of this eight hours problem. This is precisely what the Anarchists say. They are emphatically opposed to the policy of appealing to Parliament for any, the least, redress for the wrongs of labour. Statesmen and politicians who are, unconsciously, rowing in the same boat with the Anarchists on this question, had better be careful of the probable consequences.

If the masses are discouraged from placing their hope of winning more humane regulations of the hours of daily toil through the legal action of the Legislature, they may learn in desperation to look for relief in the direction of revolution.

MICHAEL DAVITT.



THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY.

No. CLXVI.—DECEMBER 1890.

*SHALL WE AMERICANISE OUR
INSTITUTIONS?*

THE problem presented by the growth of obstruction in the House of Commons is continually becoming more urgent and more important. We have already arrived at a condition of things in which it is possible for any minority absolutely to prevent the majority from passing any legislation at all. If, during last session, the Government were enabled to carry a certain number of non-party bills, this limited success was due entirely to the forbearance of their opponents, who were satisfied with the withdrawal of the chief bills in the Unionist programme and magnanimously refrained from pushing their advantages to the fullest limit. But there is no doubt that under the existing rules they had it in their power to prevent the passage of a single bill and to make the session an absolute blank so far as legislation was concerned. Is this state of things constitutional? Is it consistent with the theory of democratic government? Is it in the interest of the people at large?

The idea underlying our representative system is that, subject to certain general principles of morality, the majority of a nation has the right to determine all the details of its government. In a primitive and savage community the majority employ force to decide every difference: in civilised states the ballot-box peacefully attains the same result. Victory at the polls is substituted for victory in the field, and the minority are assumed to be willing to accept the consequences as though they had actually been defeated in a pitched

battle. The advantages of this arrangement are all on the side of the minority. They obtain opportunities of discussion in the course of which they may be able to confute and to convert the majority; and, although in the last resort they are expected to yield, their submission is accomplished without humiliation and without suffering. If, however, the minority decline to be bound by the rules of the game—if they abuse the conditions which have been made for their protection, and if they refuse to accept the verdict to which they have themselves appealed—then representative government becomes a farce, and the only alternative left to us is the old and barbarous arbitrament of brute force, unless we are satisfied to accept a policy of entire stagnation and to abandon all ideas of change which do not command unanimous support.

But in this case democracy—the power of the people—becomes an empty name. It is useless for the people to express their wishes and to return representatives charged to give effect to them, if all the efforts of their representatives can be successfully paralysed by a determined and factious opposition.

An ordinary session of Parliament affords ample time for the fair presentation of arguments for and against the leading proposals of the Government. It offers sufficient opportunities for the consideration and decision of every reasonable amendment. On the other hand, no session, however protracted, will be found sufficient for even a solitary bill if all the members of the Opposition insist on exercising their technical rights to the utmost. A single illustration will be enough to establish this proposition. Suppose that the number of amendments set down to a particular measure are 500, which is less than has on several occasions been proposed to complicated and contested bills. The divisions alone on these amendments would occupy more than twenty days; while, if we assume that the whole of the 300 members who constitute the Opposition claimed their right to speak once on each of these amendments, and did so to the extent of only five minutes in each case, they would occupy more than three hundred weeks of forty hours, or six years of continuous session. Even in this calculation no time would be allowed for speeches by supporters of the bill, or for discussion on other stages of the bill; no time for the necessary business of supply, and no time for motions on other points of Government policy or national interest, interposed by the Opposition on motions for adjournment.

From this extreme case it is evident that, without any serious exertion, a few scores of members spreading their opposition over a wider field, and applying their tactics to every part of the Government policy, could easily wreck every session in turn, as the Gladstonians did, in fact, wreck the session of 1890.

What is the remedy for a state of things which, if persisted in,

must inevitably sink parliamentary institutions into well-deserved contempt, and bring all legislation to a standstill? The question is not asked in the interest of any particular party, for the example set by the Gladstonians will certainly be followed by their opponents when they also, in course of time, with its recurrence of political change, are called upon to occupy the position of a minority. All parties in the State have equal interest in recovering for the majority its proper control of the machinery of legislation.

In these circumstances it is interesting and may be instructive to see how an analogous situation has been dealt with in another free country whose institutions have been similarly threatened.

Obstruction in Congress has been almost as serious as obstruction in the House of Commons, although it has lacked some of the opportunities given to it by our system, and especially by our mode of dealing with votes in supply, and although it has never been specially promoted in America, as in Great Britain, by those past masters in the art—the Irish politicians. But, in spite of these disadvantages, the deliberate attempt on the part of a minority to prevent a majority from making progress with its business has, under the name of *filibustering*, advanced so far as on several occasions to bring legislation almost to a deadlock.

In proceeding to consider the methods adopted by the American House of Representatives for dealing with this evil, it is necessary in the first instance to point out some cardinal differences of practice which make any close comparison with the English House of Commons altogether impossible.

We could not apply the American remedy in every particular without adopting the American system as a whole; and this system is foreign in some respects to our traditions and practice, and would upset the principles on which our legislation has hitherto been based.

The great distinction lies in the use made by the American House of Select Committees, to whom are accorded an authority and influence entirely beyond anything known on this side. All bills, as well as the estimates of revenue and expenditure, are referred to small committees of from three to sixteen members appointed by the Speaker, who is admittedly a partisan leader chosen by the majority, and who takes care that his party is able to control the decision of every committee. Bills introduced in the House are read a first and second time as a matter of course, and are then sent to the committees, where they are for the most part considered in private. Bills are also initiated in these committees in response to a reference from the House, and are then introduced into the House on the report of the committee.

In the last session of Congress more than 16,000 separate bills were introduced, and of this number less than one tenth were finally

dealt with by the House, the remainder being either rejected in committee or practically stifled by not being reported to the House.

The majority of the measures dealt with were of no great public interest, being pension bills and bills for local works, which may be considered as analogous to our private bills. The proceedings in such cases are summary. They are not discussed in committee of the whole; but, when reported to the House, the chairman of the select committee usually moves the previous question and the House proceeds to vote on them immediately, without amendment, and with very little, if any, public discussion. The system does not differ much in its practical results from that pursued by the House of Commons in similar cases, although the custom of moving the previous question almost as a matter of course must tend to prevent the discussion which arises with us occasionally on private bills of more than usual magnitude, or raising any new and important issue.

In regard to bills of national importance, dealing with questions of general policy, and also in the case of all money bills, the procedure is more elaborate. The rules require that appropriation and revenue bills must be considered in committee of the whole House, and practice secures the same result in the case of measures raising large questions of policy.

The following table will show at a glance the various stages through which such bills must pass in the House of Commons and the House of Representatives respectively:—

<i>House of Commons.</i>	<i>House of Representatives.</i>
1. First reading. Discussion possible, but unusual.	1. First reading. No discussion.
2. Second reading. Full discussion.	2. Second reading. No discussion.
3. Going into committee. Discussion may take place on instruction to extend the scope of the bill.	3. Reference to select committee. Discussion only on the question of the committee to which it is to be sent
4. Committee of the whole. Bill considered line by line. Members can speak as often as they please and on every amendment.	4. Reported from select committee and considered in committee of the whole. General debate: after which bill read paragraph by paragraph and amendments considered. The discussion on amendments is generally conducted under the five minutes rule.
5. Consideration of report. Bill discussed line by line, but members can only speak once on each amendment.	
6. Third reading and passage. Free discussion.	5. Third reading and passage. Generally with little or no discussion.

The above table shows that there may be lengthened discussion on all the six stages of an English bill, and such discussion almost

invariably takes place on four of them. Under the American system public discussion only takes place on two stages, but a private consideration by a select committee is added.

It will be evident that although, under the American plan, the opportunities for discussion are greatly curtailed, it would nevertheless be quite possible, if there were no other restrictions, for a factious minority to prevent all legislation. The committee of the whole would afford the desired opportunity, and endless amendments might be proposed and discussed and finally divided upon. A division in the House of Representatives is a much longer affair than in the House of Commons, and a whole sitting has more than once been occupied in successive votes following one another almost or entirely without debate. The present rules of the House of Representatives provide, however, against every contingency, and give to the majority absolute control over its business.

The object is attained partly by the operation of what is known as the 'five minutes rule,' but principally by the application of the 'previous question' or closure, which has been developed into an instrument of extraordinary and almost merciless stringency.

It must be premised that in committee of the whole, in the House of Representatives, it is customary to commence proceedings with a general debate, which assumes the character of our second reading discussion in the House of Commons. When this is exhausted, the clerk proceeds to read the bill paragraph, by paragraph, stopping for amendments as they are offered.

In the case of a contested measure it is usual for the member in charge of the bill to move in advance the closure of the general debate at a fixed time which he considers will allow reasonable opportunity of discussion, and the five minutes rule provides as follows:—

When general debate is closed by order of the House, any member shall be allowed five minutes to explain any amendment he may offer, after which the member who shall first obtain the floor shall be allowed to speak five minutes in opposition to it, and there shall be no further debate thereon; but the same privilege of debate shall be allowed in favour of and against any amendment that may be offered to an amendment; and neither an amendment nor an amendment to an amendment shall be withdrawn by the mover thereof unless by the unanimous consent of the committee.

The committee may, by the vote of a majority of the members present, at any time after the five minutes debate has begun, upon proposed amendments to any section or paragraph of a bill, close all debate upon such section and paragraph, or at its election upon the pending amendments only (which motion shall be decided without debate); but this shall not preclude further amendment, to be decided without debate. (Rule xxiv., §§ 5 and 6.)

It will be seen that the effect of this rule (which is of long standing) is, first, that the majority can arrange beforehand for the closure of general debate in committee on the bill, and 'ipso facto' confine

subsequent debate to ten minutes on each amendment proposed, and on each amendment to an amendment; and, secondly, that they may at any time close all debate on any one section or paragraph of the bill, or upon any pending amendment. At first sight it might be supposed that this rule was sufficiently stringent for any purpose, and that further restriction would be intolerable to a deliberative assembly of freemen. Unfortunately, the resources of obstruction, like the resources of civilisation, are almost inexhaustible. The ingenuity of the minority found its opportunity in the provision which allows amendments to an amendment. Formal amendments were moved and renewed on every occasion, each entitled to its ten minutes debate and to a division with the consequent expenditure of time. By itself, therefore, the rule is powerless to prevent deliberate obstruction, and its chief recommendation seems to be that it divides the whole time allotted into small fractions, so that it is possible for a larger number of amendments to be moved and divided on, and for a larger number of speakers to get a turn in the discussion, than if debate on each amendment were absolutely unlimited.

The death-blow to obstruction, however, has been given by the 'previous question.' This proceeding was established in the rules of the House of Representatives as long ago as the 7th of April, 1789. It has been revised and amended at various periods since then, and now stands in the following terms:—

There shall be a motion for the previous question, which being ordered by the majority of the members present, if a quorum, shall have the effect to cut off all debate and bring the House to a direct vote upon the immediate question or questions on which it has been asked and ordered.

The previous question may be asked and ordered upon a single motion, a series of motions allowable under the rules, or an amendment or amendments, or may be made to embrace all authorised motions or amendments, and include the bill to its passage or rejection. (Rule xvii., § 1.)

It appears to be the practice of the House, when the previous question is moved, to allow a debate of forty minutes, divided equally between the two sides, before the question is put from the chair. It is not competent to move the previous question in committee, although, as has already been pointed out, it is possible under the five minutes rule to close debate on any amendment or paragraph of a bill under discussion. But this proceeding would of itself be powerless to stop wilful obstruction, as the successive divisions on the previous question and on the amendments to which it might be moved would, if the latter were numerous, consume an indefinite amount of time. Accordingly, this is not, as a matter of fact, the course adopted, and the practice of the American House is much simpler and more expeditious. With them it is customary, either at the commencement of the proceedings on the measure, or during its course, to bring up to the House a resolution from the committee on

rules fixing the length of time and the conditions under which further debate can be carried on, and this resolution is passed under the action of the 'previous question' rule without discussion and amendment. The chairman of the committee on rules is the Speaker, who is thus entitled in practice to decide how long the discussion on every bill or stage of a bill shall be allowed, and when the final vote must be taken.

By this proceeding, summary and arbitrary as it may appear to us, obstruction is rendered hopeless. At a predetermined date and hour the bill or resolution under consideration must be voted on, and the minority have only themselves to thank if they waste the intervening period on irrelevancies or personalities instead of using it to bring forward their strongest objections and most important amendments.

It is clear that regulations so drastic could not be enforced if they were not supported by the general sense of the community, and there is no doubt that the democracy of the United States is not averse to strong methods when these are required to maintain the rights of the majority against the unconstitutional proceedings of a factious minority; and the assertion of this principle is regarded as of more importance even than the protection of the right of free discussion.

It will be well at this point to see how the system works in actual practice, and to appreciate the extent to which freedom of speech has been restricted in a representative body founded on Anglo-Saxon models.

For this purpose we may take the parliamentary history of the McKinley Tariff Bill—a measure which was altogether a party one, involving the largest national interests and raising many questions of the highest social and economic importance. The bill contained about 750 separate paragraphs dealing with the various dutiable articles, and with those declared on the free list, besides some fifty pages of most complicated legislation, involving many questions of policy and much administrative detail. It is absolutely certain that such a bill could not possibly have passed the House of Commons under our present rules if a score or even a dozen of members had determined seriously to resist it.

It was reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. McKinley on behalf of the Committee of Ways and Means, on the 16th of April 1890, when he moved that it be read a first and second time, and referred to the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union. The motion was carried without objection.

On the 7th of May Mr. McKinley introduced the bill in committee of the whole, and made a speech of more than an hour in explanation. At the outset he said that the committee on rules would be asked to report a rule limiting the debate on the paragraphs of the bill to

eight days, and that he hoped that the general debate, preceding the debate on amendments, would not exceed four days.

The general debate then began, and continued morning and evening until Saturday evening, the 10th of May, about thirty hours altogether having been thus occupied. On Monday morning, the 12th of May, Mr. McKinley, following the indication he had given at the commencement of the debate, moved the closure of the general debate and moved the previous question on this motion. Both motions were carried after division, the general debate closed, and thereupon the clerk proceeded to read the bill paragraph by paragraph, and amendments were proposed and voted on under the five minutes rule.

The discussion proceeded for three sittings, occupying about twenty hours under these conditions until Thursday, the 15th of May, when the committee had reached paragraph 111 of the bill, and when Mr. McKinley submitted the following resolution from the committee on rules:—

Resolved: That after the passage of this resolution the House shall assemble at 11 o'clock A.M. on each legislative day. That immediately after the reading of the Journal and the consideration of Conference Reports and House Bills with Senate amendments, the House shall resolve itself into committee of the whole House on the state of the Union to consider House Bill 9416 to reduce the revenue and equalise duties on imports, and for other purposes.¹

That said bill shall be read through, commencing with paragraph 111, and shall then from day to day be open to amendment on any part thereof following paragraph 110.

That on Wednesday, the 21st of May, at 12 o'clock M., said bill, with all amendments recommended by the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, shall be reported to the House.

On this resolution Mr. McKinley moved the previous question. After a short debate, lasting forty minutes, the previous question was carried, and the resolution was then put, and also carried.

The four days still allowed for discussion were employed in discussing and deciding on amendments moved apparently haphazard on all parts of the bill following paragraph 110, and without any consecutive arrangement. The Speaker, according to the usual practice, called by preference on the members who were in charge of or supporting the bill, and their amendments, verbal or otherwise, to their own measure had preference over all others, so that the Opposition complained that three-fourths of the short time allowed were consumed by the supporters of the measure in making alterations to their own bill. The only satisfaction offered to them was the reply from the Republican majority: 'This is a Republican bill, and the Republicans mean to pass it.'

¹ This is the full title of the bill known in Europe as the McKinley Tariff Bill.

Several motions were made by Mr. McKinley in the course of the discussion to regulate the time allowed for particular amendments and subjects. Thus $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour was allowed for lead ore, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour for tobacco, 1 hour for cotton ties, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, subsequently increased to $2\frac{3}{4}$, for sugar.

Finally, at noon on Wednesday the 21st of May, the committee rose and the chairman reported the bill as amended to the House. At this time nearly 200 amendments were on the paper which had not been considered at all. As a compensation, however, they were allowed to be printed in the *Congressional Record*.

The previous question was then moved on the final stages of the bill, which were passed practically without further discussion after several divisions, and it was then sent to the Senate.

The Senate returned it on the 15th of September, with nearly 500 amendments, some of them of the greatest importance, and notably one introduced at the suggestion of Mr. Blaine, and giving power to the President to reimpose duties on sugar and other articles against countries not exhibiting reciprocity in their dealings with the United States.

Once again in the House of Representatives, the committee on rules was invoked to prevent what might have been an interminable discussion; and on their behalf McKinley submitted the following resolution, which was passed as usual with the help of the previous question:—

That after the passage of this resolution the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union shall be discharged from the further consideration of Bill No. 9416, with Senate amendments thereto, and the same shall be considered in the House; that after two hours of general debate it shall be in order in the House to move to non-concur in the Senate amendments to said bill in gross, and agree to a committee of conference as asked for by the Senate on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses; and the House shall, without further delay or other motion, proceed to vote on said motion.

At the expiration of the two hours allowed for debate the motion to disagree was put and carried.

A conference of four Republicans and three Democrats from each House was appointed, and on the 26th of September Mr. McKinley presented their report.

Next day it was considered, on the motion of Mr. McKinley, who gave notice that at 5.30 P.M. he would move the previous question.

At the appointed time the previous question was carried, the report of the conference was adopted, and the bill passed.

In the course of the same session, other important measures, among which were the bill known as the Force Bill, dealing with the conduct of congressional elections throughout the United States, and a bill reorganising the judicial system, and providing for the appointment of eighteen additional circuit judges, were passed by the House

of Representatives under similar or even more stringent conditions, and sent to the Senate after very limited discussion.

In the same way and by the same methods the elections of several Democratic Congressmen were declared void, and their Republican opponents were seated in their places.

The House has ceased for the time to be in any true sense of the word a deliberative assembly. 'It is like a woman,' said Senator Evarts; 'if it deliberates, it is lost.' It remains only to confirm the edicts of the committee on rules and to register the laws prepared in caucus by the majorities on the select committees.

The Democrats have struggled vainly in the grasp of this iron system. They have been driven from the artistic obstruction of public business with which Englishmen are familiar, and which consists in the gradual invasion of Government time by endless discussion on every possible question, concentrated at last on the measure which is the chief object of attack, but employed also against even the most innocent and unobjectionable proposals with the sole object of occupying the minutes which might otherwise be devoted to the contested legislation. In their despair they have resorted to the coarser methods of wasting time by frequent divisions on frivolous amendments and points of order, and by refusing to help in making the quorum required by the terms of the Constitution. Every hole has been stopped, however, as soon as opened. New rules, prepared by the Speaker and carried under the operation of the previous question, have limited the power of taking divisions, and have altered the long-standing practice of the House with regard to counting a quorum. The minority have been baffled and beaten at every point. The most drastic resolution and the most complicated bill can be carried through the House in about seven hours if it is the pleasure of the majority to exercise its full powers, and it has been made evident that on the least sign of obstruction their powers will be used to the uttermost and without mercy.

It may well be asked, 'What, under such a system, becomes of the rights of the minority?' Some such question is said to have been addressed to Speaker Reed, who replied: 'The right of the minority is to draw its salaries, and its function is to make a quorum.'

This 'reductio ad absurdum' of parliamentary government in a free country must appear a phenomenon of baleful import to Englishmen nurtured in the traditions of the British House of Commons, and looking back to centuries of full and almost unrestricted discussion.

The American democracy accept the portent with the greatest apparent equanimity. The recent legislation of Congress has been opposed to the wishes of the majority of the people, and on this account the majority in the House of Representatives has just been reversed at the late election. But the methods by which this unpopular legislation has been passed do not excite any particular

indignation, and it seems to be generally conceded that the primary duty of Congress is to do the business of the nation, and that the majority have the undoubted right to shape this business as they please.

Speaker Reed, who is regarded as primarily responsible for the policy of 'thorough' which has produced these results, is now one of the recognised leaders on the Republican side, and he was re-elected the other day by his constituents with a largely increased majority.

Whatever the future may have in store for American politics, it seems certain that the death-knell of obstruction has been sounded as an established instrument of party and parliamentary tactics; and future minorities will have to earn the privilege of fair discussion by giving the clearest evidence of their determination not to abuse the concession.

The contrast with the position in this country is most striking. Here the control of business has passed out of the hands of the Government of the Queen and the majority of the representatives of the people. Legislation is only possible by the sufferance of the minority, and very often of a small minority made up of the least respectable and least intelligent members of the Opposition. Six years ago, before the situation had reached its present stage of impotence and anarchy, Mr. Gladstone described the evil in memorable words:—

I may liken (he said) the House of Commons to a figure of Hercules: strong, having a vast load to carry, and well able to carry it, were it not that the limbs are so fettered by regulations intended for a set of men of more generous minds, that the figure, strong as it is, has come to stagger along the streets, and is a subject of ridicule and almost of offence to every little urchin that passes by its side.

And again he said:—

The rate at which legislation should march ought to be determined by the deliberate choice of the representatives of the people, and ought not to be determined by a system built upon the abuse of ancient and generous rules under which the House of Commons becomes more and more, from year to year, the slave of some of the poorest and most insignificant among its members.²

The state of things thus described has been accentuated in the last few years by the action of Mr. Gladstone's own followers, and with his tacit sanction. The evil has grown until it has become an abuse at least as scandalous as the condition of affairs in the House of Representatives. Indeed, if there be no choice between the paralysis of all government caused by the factious conduct of our minority and the suppression of debate which is the result of the American system, many good citizens and friends of progress will not hesitate to choose the latter as the less of two evils. In the one case, the discussion which is absent in the House will be carried on

² Speech at the Eighty Club, 1884.

in the press and on the platform before the great tribunal of ultimate appeal, and the despotism of the majority will be tempered by the necessity of obtaining at frequent intervals the approval of their constituents. In the other case, the tribunal itself is rendered impotent and its decrees invalid, since the minority will always frustrate its intentions and prevent its decisions from having any practical effect.

It remains to be seen, however, whether we must inevitably reconcile ourselves to either of these alternatives, and if it may not be possible to devise a middle course more congenial to the sentiments which have heretofore governed the practice of the great mother of free parliaments.

In considering this important question it should be borne in mind that under any system the majority have the power to control the business if they choose to exert it. No change of rules is necessary for this purpose—only a change of practice and of the deeply-rooted feeling which has hitherto made such a change repugnant to a majority of the House of Commons, and has led them to submit to the insolence of a small minority rather than to depart from the generous traditions of many centuries of representative government. But there is nothing to-day to prevent the majority from bringing up and passing under the closure rule similar resolutions to those adopted in Congress, limiting debate on any particular measure, or even preventing debate altogether. It is not the power which is wanting, but the will; and the experience of democratic rule in the United States justifies the belief that, if a leader should hereafter arise who should, even by the most arbitrary methods, restore to the House of Commons its old authority over its members, and enable it to regain control of its business, he would be supported by public opinion and would be held to have deserved well of the country, whose Government he would have rescued from paralysis and contempt.

It would seem wiser not to wait for the advent of this deliverer, but to see at once if it be not possible to exercise the undoubted rights and power of the majority under such safeguards as may protect us from the abuses to which unlimited power is necessarily subject.

Obstruction of a serious kind has been developed chiefly in connection with two classes of public business—the votes in supply and the committee stage of bills. The former, by the enormous multiplicity of details and by the variety of subjects to which they relate, offer an unlimited field both for the amateur and the professional artist in obstruction. Nothing is easier than to start a hare in Committee of Supply. A member drops in from dinner or from the smoking-room, and inquires of his neighbour what is the subject under discussion. It may be the wages of a housemaid in a royal

palace, or the salary of an ambassador to a foreign court, the cost of a racing plate, or the charges for the Army and Navy. It may raise the whole foreign policy of the country, or it may concern some infinitesimal detail of a complicated administration. Whatever it is, and whether he knows anything of the subject or is profoundly ignorant of it, the course of the obstructionist is clear. He rises to put a few questions to the Minister. When he has primed himself sufficiently, he becomes sceptical and critical. His thirst for information has grown with what it feeds on. Some other members join in the sport—an adjournment is moved, and then a reduction of the vote—and so the game goes merrily on, and the originator of the discussion must be singularly unskilful if he is not enabled to go home to bed, when the hour for adjournment arrives, with the pleasing consciousness of having earned his rest by wasting several hours of Government time, and lessening to this extent the chances of all other legislation. This kind of obstruction is not always deliberate. The worst offender in the present House of Commons, the member who speaks oftenest during the session—who constantly ‘surveys mankind from China to Peru’ without adding one single idea or suggestion to the sum of human knowledge, does not belong to the fraternity of obstructionists, but is simply a bore of unusual dimensions. In former times the bore was extinguished by the universal reprobation of the House: now, however, when he serves the purpose of the obstructionists, he is protected and shielded by them, and is a useful, though unconscious, instrument in their tactics.

No serious purpose—no national object—is served by these discussions, which really prevent careful examination of the estimates and criticism of the policy on which they are based. The experts and economists who might bring real knowledge to the consideration of the question retire disheartened from a discussion which is being carried on for factious purposes. The House is wearied by the irrelevance of the speeches and the ignorance of speakers with no special acquaintance with their subject, and the whole debate degenerates into a physical contest of endurance between the overworked Ministers on one side and the free lances of the Opposition on the other.

There are two ways in which this abuse might be dealt with. The first is one that has often been suggested and has been more than once considered by a committee, although the conservatism of the House of Commons has always prevented its acceptance. It is that the votes should be sent to one or more committees, and that the consideration by these committees should be substituted for the committee of the whole. The advantages of such a plan are obvious. There is no reason why such committees should be partisan any more than the committee on public accounts or the grand committees have been, and they would be able to give a careful and

instructed attention to the estimates that would probably lead to many improvements and economies.

If, however, the House insists on its ancient constitutional right to deal with supply in committee of the whole, then the only remedy appears to be for the House to fix beforehand, on entering upon the consideration of supply, the number of days which shall be given to each class of the estimates, and to order the committee to report each class at the expiry of the time named. The same action must be taken on the report stage, if necessary, and the Opposition would have to arrange among themselves the questions of policy or detail which they might desire to raise in each session in order to concentrate their energies on these instead of frittering the time away in unimportant and discursive debate. If either plan were adopted, it would lead in future to the consideration of the votes while members were still fresh, and there would be no necessity to postpone them to the end of the session when the House is wearied and only anxious to hurry through the remaining business and to get to the holidays.

Coming now to the question of the committee stage of bills, it has been already pointed out that under our present system it is easy for a small minority to occupy the whole of a session of Parliament in the discussion of amendments in committee on a single bill.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that no ordinary closure, no limitation of the length of speeches, no rules against repetition or disorder, will prevent this possibility. There is one remedy, and only one, namely, that adopted by the American House of Representatives in fixing by resolution a limit of time at which the whole debate in committee shall be brought to a close. Supposing that a reasonable, and indeed an ample, time were fixed for this purpose, will any one contend that there would be any hardship to the minority, or that any public interest would suffer?

The fear undoubtedly is that the majority would abuse their power and would cut down discussion until, as in recent proceedings in Congress, deliberation becomes impossible, and the House is a mere machine for registering votes. But here we must rely on the much more ancient traditions of the House of Commons, on its ingrained habit of free speech, and on the public sentiment of the country, which would undoubtedly resent any limitation of debate which went beyond the necessities of the situation. The suggestion which seems most likely to secure the desired result, with due regard to moderation, is that a committee of rules should be appointed, similar in composition to the committee of selection, whose fairness and impartiality has never yet been questioned.

Any minister or member in charge of a bill should be permitted, at any stage in its progress, to move that it be referred to the committee on rules with instructions to report recommending a

fixed limit of time for its pending and subsequent stages; and this motion, as well as the motion for the adoption of the report of the committee, should be decided without debate.

The committee on Rules would act under general instructions to take into consideration the character of the bill, the nature of the opposition, and the time of the session, and it should be competent for them to report in any case that in their opinion it was undesirable to fix any limit.

By such an arrangement it is almost certain that in every instance full time would be allowed for all fair discussion, while debate for the sole purpose of delaying a measure supported by the majority would be powerless to effect its object, and the *raison d'être* of obstruction as now practised would absolutely cease to exist.

How is the Queen's Government to be carried on? The steady growth of deliberate obstruction makes it hopeless to expect a diminution of the evil by any process of natural decay. Are we content to leave every majority in turn at the mercy of an unscrupulous minority who can clog the wheels and bring the machinery to a standstill if their demands are not complied with? Have we not been longsuffering and patient enough? How long are we to wait, passive and inert, before we use our strength to throw off this incubus that threatens to strangle the great and noble institution of Parliamentary Government and to destroy in its unclean embrace the mighty power that has withstood successfully the arbitrary violence of kings and has survived to give expression to the well-considered decisions of a free people?

It has been shown, both by the experience of this country and by that of the United States, that the practice of unlimited discussion has become incompatible with the proper progress of business under modern conditions. The great underlying principles of representative government do not require it—the democracy have shown no eager desire to preserve it. Its limitation, with any regulations that may be devised to encourage the majority to proceed with that spirit of fairness which is consistent with English traditions, is urgently and speedily demanded if we would preserve the potent instrument of popular government from ridicule and failure, and if we would see the House of Commons once more command the confidence of the people and the respect of other nations.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

IRRESPONSIBLE WEALTH.

I.

MR. GLADSTONE has told us that this country year by year possesses some six or seven hundred millions of 'irresponsible wealth.' No man is better able than Mr. Gladstone to make such a calculation. If any other man had made this assertion he might have been thought to be a visionary. But the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer in our day is certainly the best bookkeeper; and when he speaks we may believe. He says truly that if a tithe of this amount, that is, sixty or seventy millions, were given yearly to wise private and public uses, the face of England would be changed. This needs no proof.

The phrase 'Irresponsible Wealth' is very happy for its purpose, and may be gladly accepted as a working formula. It means the wealth which no law reaches, which the owner does not spend, which is withdrawn from all public cognisance, and is laid up in secret. Therefore it is hidden and sheltered from responsibility to public law, or private scrutiny.

But is the phrase true? Absolutely no. There can be no such thing as 'Irresponsible Wealth.' For wealth cannot be responsible or irresponsible. It is dead, inorganic matter, which cannot enter into the law of morals. But the owner of wealth is responsible, absolutely and always. He may bury his talent in the earth, or in the consols, but he will have to give account to the uttermost farthing. This is the only point on which I will say a few words. And beyond all doubt neither Tyre or Sidon, Ninive or Babylon, ever held so terrible a stewardship as England in this nineteenth century. It is indeed true that we are not bound by a divine enactment to give a tithe of all we possess. That wise and expedient law was abolished by the higher law which has created the Christian world. We are free from the law of Israel, but we are not free from a more perfect, searching, constraining, and even peremptory law which is the law of liberty; that is, the law of charity, of generosity, of watchful consideration of the needs of others, of temperate content with our own lot, and self-denying efforts for the help of our neighbour. This law is older than the Decalogue. Its root is in the law of nature; its growth and training was under the old law; its ripeness, fullness,

and perfection are in the new law which we Christians profess to obey. But we will return to this hereafter. Let us first trace, at least in outline, the condition of England as it is at this day. In 1500 the population of England was about two millions. The land-owners, notwithstanding the vast extent of land held by the bishops and the monasteries, were very numerous. At this day in a population of thirty-six millions the holders of land, from the greatest to the least, are hardly a million. Of these the owners of seventy millions of acres are 180,524.¹ This concentration of land in a few hands is a modern social revolution. It began no earlier than in the reign of Henry the Eighth by the *Statute of Uses*, interpreted and manipulated by lawyers; and it was finally completed in the reign of Charles the Second by the law and practice of settlement, of which both judges and lawyers have with even a more profuse subtilty drawn out all possible applications.² Our present state is not the ancient tradition of England, but a modern innovation, insensibly, and, to a great extent, secretly superinduced, whereby the gravest social changes have been effected, such as the extinction of whole classes of the people—the smaller freeholders, the yeomen, the statesmen, and the like. The Report of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes gives abundant evidence of the disastrous consequences of this condition of the land, especially in London; and provides for the compulsory purchase of sites, and of portions of land to be attached to the dwellings of the people. It is not necessary to dwell on this point. It is enough to say that the restricted holding of the surface of the country, and the manifold evils thence accruing, is one of three chief causes of our social state which is oppressively felt by the people. The housing of the people, both in towns and sometimes even in the country, is such as to render domestic life all but impossible. But to what does a homeless people perpetually tend? There are centres even in our counties that would answer this question. But we need go no further for an answer than to the East of London. No doubt we shall be told that the housing of the people in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was as bad; not, indeed, as the East of London, but as the worst of our agricultural population.³ At the same date the houses also of the rich were deplorable. The description of the earthen floors, unglazed windows, hearths without chimneys, roofs open to the thatch, seems to us incredible. But there were true homes even in those miserable dwellings, for a religious and moral life still prevailed, as it prevails at this day in certain portions of our people, in defiance of their miserable surroundings.

Another and still more modern change has passed upon us.

¹ *Mulloch's Dictionary of Statistics*, p. 266.

² Pollock, *The Land Laws* (introduction), pp. 1, 2, and 217.

³ Denton, *England in the Fifteenth Century*, pp. 43-45.

Down to the end of the last century the wealthiest class of the people was the class of the landowners. And yet with few exceptions the inequalities of the upper class were not very great. The aristocracy of land, titled and untitled, was in itself fairly balanced. But a new class was growing up into great wealth: the commercial and manufacturing world. They would, no doubt, have gradually overshadowed the wealth derived from land by their steady rise and expansion. In 1798 Mr. Pitt imposed an Income Tax of 10 per cent. on an estimate of 100 millions: that is, taking the rent of land at 50 millions, of houses at 10 millions, and the profits of trade at 40 millions. Mr. Gladstone states the figures as follows. In 1862 the income from land was $60\frac{1}{4}$ millions: from trade 182 millions. In 1889 from trade 336 millions: from land only $58\frac{3}{4}$ millions. In 1862 it was $\frac{1}{4}$ of the aggregate: in 1889 only $\frac{1}{5}$.

This astonishing multiplication of commercial wealth is to be ascribed to two causes: the first, the extraordinary rapidity with which England outstripped all nations in applying the power of steam to the machinery of manufacture; the second, the application of steam to the transit of all products of industry by land and by sea. Both in quantity and quality we were able so far to surpass other nations that we took away from them their chief staples of manufacture, and instead of buying of them, we turned the world into a great market for the sale of our industries. The inevitable consequence of this was a rapid development of all our commerce and the piling up of enormous financial fortunes. Our merchants became princes and are called millionaires.

Another contributing but subordinate cause was the rise of the political economists; and their original scope and mission cannot be better stated than in the words of Adam Smith, whom all of us Englishmen at least consent to revere as the patriarch of political economy. Speaking of the liberty of industry, and of the relation of the Sovereign or State to the labour of individuals, he says, 'According to the system of rational liberty, the Sovereign has only three duties to attend to, three duties of great importance, indeed, but plain and intelligible to common understandings: first, the duty of protecting the society from the violence or invasion of other independent societies; second, the duty of protecting, as far as possible, every member of the society from the injustice or the oppression of every other member of it; . . . and, thirdly, the duty of erecting and maintaining certain works and certain public institutions which it can never be for the interest of any individual or small number of individuals to erect or maintain,' such as the army, police, the ports, harbours, and the like. He then says that the State is bound to provide for the national manhood and character by military training and education; 'to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which cowardice necessarily involves in it from spreading themselves through the

great body of the people.' 'The same thing may be said of the gross ignorance and stupidity, which in a civilised society seem so frequently to benumb the understandings of all the inferior ranks of the people. A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward, and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature.' Such is the political economy of Adam Smith—the wise administration of the whole commonwealth, of which book-keeping is a necessary, but a subordinate, part.

These passages are taken from an able article by Mr. John Rae in the *Contemporary Review* of August 1888. In truth our earlier political economists were fully aware that Economy is the administration of a household in all the manifold physical and moral needs of its inmates. Political economy is therefore a metaphor; but it loses nothing of its ample meaning, and minute relation to all the physical and moral needs of the commonwealth. Having said this, it may be admitted that it is to the financial and commercial branch of political economy that the immense development of commercial wealth is to be ascribed. But this immense development of commercial wealth has been purchased at the cost of equally immense evils, both physical and moral, which it is the office of the large and true political economy to heal or to prevent. The over-exertion of any subordinate faculty or function never fails to generate morbid and dangerous states in the general health of the body. There is no doubt that free trade, freedom of contract, free labour, 'buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest,' are axioms of commercial prudence. They are hardly worthy of being called a science. Nevertheless this freedom of trade has immensely multiplied all branches of commerce and developed the energies of all our industrial population. But it has created two things: the irresponsible wealth which stagnates, and the starvation wages of the labour market. This cheapest market is the market of the lacklands, penniless and helpless. Free labour means the labour of men who have to choose between food and no food. In four of our western counties wages are so low that men come to London by thousands every year, and being here crowd the dock gates and underbid the permanent workmen who have already reason not to be content with their hire. What happens to one threatens all, and men reasonably and justly unite to stand by each other. Union is self-defence, the first law of nature, and in defending themselves men are defending wives and children who live always upon the brink of want. An accident or a sickness, the caprice or the avarice of an employer, any one of these things—often they come together—and a whole home is hungry for weeks or months. We have these two worlds always and openly face to face, the world of wealth and the world of want: the world of wealth saying in its heart, 'I sit as a queen over all traders and toilers;' and the world of

want not knowing what may be on the morrow. Can this secret and stagnant wealth then be irresponsible? Was Dives irresponsible with Lazarus on his doorstep? We do not read that he refused to help him, or that he sent for police to remove him. He was only unconscious of the neighbourhood of misery, swathed and surfeited as he was in his own gross indulgence of self.

The 'irresponsibility of wealth' is vividly described in these words: 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl in your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be for a testimony against you.'⁴ This is clearly the capital that pays no taxes, and gives no charity, laid up in secret, and barren of all good to the owner or to his neighbour.

But there are possible worse things than this sterility and stagnation. There are scant hires, and starvation wages, and free contracts enforced by dstraint, and rack rents that cannot be paid. The same hand writes again upon the wall: 'Behold the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which by fraud has been kept back by you, crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.'⁵ And men ask, 'Whom have we defrauded? Were not our contracts free? and if free were they not legal?' But between irresponsible wealth and dependent poverty what freedom can there be? Is it not agree or hunger? The world is lordly and is its own authority; but I make no apologies for appealing from the world to our Divine Master. Whatsoever the world may say or think, His words are, and will ever be, our law. They are too well known to need many quotations; it is enough to repeat one saying: 'Woe unto you rich, for you have received your consolation.'⁶ Your consolation is this life, and your irresponsible wealth, which you must leave behind you. There is a parable so often quoted that it may be called the plea or Gospel of Capital, the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. Capital made free contracts at the third, sixth, and ninth hour for a penny a day. Labour took it without complaint. The same free contract was made at the eleventh hour. When evening came labour murmured, not because it was underpaid, but because somebody was overpaid. And Capital said, 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?'⁷ Capital was clearly in its rights, and the men were in the wrong. But when did any capitalist in our day give a day's wage for one hour's work? And yet, measuring by the long day of disappointed waiting, the craving of nature, and perhaps the hungry mouths at home, the Lord of the Vineyard was more than just, he was generous. He did not regard his wealth as irresponsible. The parable is, indeed, a warning against the murmuring of labour, but also against the despotic avarice of capital.

⁴ St. James v. 1-4.⁵ *Ibid.* 5.⁶ St. Luke vi. 24.⁷ St. Matthew xx. 15.

The present condition of our labouring people is one of widespread unrest. They are sore and discontented. The world of capital is alarmed and combining for its defence. The world of labour is uniting to demand a fuller and fairer share in the products of its skill and toil. Every city and town has its unemployed; millions are in poverty; agriculture languishes; land is going out of cultivation; trades are going down; mills and furnaces are working half-time; strikes run through every industry. Is there a blight upon our mountainous wealth? Why is all this?

Where is the remedy? Not in legislation, nor in modern political economy, nor in the present administration of the poor law. Where then can it be found? In the law that created the Christian world: and chiefly in the spontaneous action of individual men, not in 'committees' and 'societies,' but in personal sacrifice, in the charity of humanity and of self-denial.

Two appeals of great weight and force have been made in the last days to the possessors of wealth in America and in England: the one by a man whose public life gives unequalled authority to his words; the other by a private man whose noble fulfilment of the gospel he preaches demands of all men a considerate hearing. Mr. Carnegie tells us plainly, first, that the accumulation of stagnant wealth to be bequeathed to heirs is a vain-glory in the giver, and may be a ruin to the receiver: secondly, that the bequeathing of wealth for charities when the donor is gone out of life is an empty way of making a name for generosity: thirdly, that to distribute all, beyond the reasonable and temperate reserves due to kindred and their welfare, *inter vivos* or now in life, with his own will, judgment, and hand, to works of public and private beneficence and utility, is the highest and noblest use of wealth. This is a gospel, not according to capital, but according to the mind and life of the Founder of the Christian world. It is nothing new. It is no private opinion or exorbitant notion of a morbid prodigality, but the words of soberness and truth. If men so acted they would change the face of the world. It is the Christian Socialism, destructive of the socialism generated by despair in reaction against 'irresponsible wealth,' the true antidote to the selfishness of capital, permeating the commonwealth with an irresistible, healing, constructive influence. Every disciple of Mr. Carnegie will be a master-builder of human society, expelling its gross humours, and renewing the vigorous health of public welfare. Where this constructive socialism prevails the destructive socialism bred of the selfishness of irresponsible capital can never prevail. It is the concentration of land, and money, and power in few hands closed to the public good that generates the despairing extravagance of Socialists and Nihilists. The abnormal conditions of society are thought to be of the essence of society itself: to get rid of the morbid conditions they think that society itself must be destroyed.

But wise and just social legislation and generous social actions will heal the maladies of society and renew its vital structure.

The other appeal—which is made by Mr. Gladstone—falls within the power of almost all who are above want. It is simply to set apart a definite minimum of their annual income for the service of God and of their neighbour. The proportion may be fixed by each according to his free will. It may be more or less than a tithe, according to the condition and circumstances of the giver. Whatsoever amount it be, it is alienated from personal use for the benefit of others.

And here will come in the law of liberty, that is, the law of generosity, gratitude, self-denial, freely constraining the will to do not only what natural and Christian sympathy requires of us, but, overpassing these narrower measures, to do all we can—remembering for whom we do it, and for what free sacrifice of Himself we in return deny ourselves. This law, which binds the whole Christian world, binds this country at this day with an especial obligation. It is, with one possible exception, the richest country in the world. It has by steady progression increased in wealth with a profuseness and rapidity unequalled in history; and as it has increased in wealth the proportion given to the service of God and of our neighbour has become less and less. Let nobody be dazzled and deceived by 100,000*l.* given here, or 200,000*l.* given there, for the support of a hospital, or the restoration of a cathedral. The population by which the cathedrals were built were in number less than a fifteenth of the population of to-day. They covered the face of England, Scotland, and Wales with sacred architecture which, till lately, we selfishly suffered to decay. For a thousand years our forefathers voluntarily by the law of liberty imposed upon themselves the old law of tithes. The last two generations have been commuting and getting rid of it. Until the sixteenth century the poor of England were cared for at the doors of the palaces of bishops, of nobles, of monasteries, and at the thresholds of their pastors and their neighbours. When spoliation had made this no longer possible, and episcopal and royal appeals for alms were issued all in vain, parliament then gave us the Poor Law, a rent-charge on the wealth of the country in behalf of the younger children of the people. The law of liberty passed into an Act of Parliament. This Poor Law, in time past profusely maladministered, has in our days been amended, and for half a century has been whittled down to a minimum of relief to the poor, and a maximum relief to the ratepayer. At this day we have 3,000,000 of poor who, in the course of the year, are relieved in some way by the Poor Law: a number larger than the whole population of the time of Elizabeth. And yet at this time Mr. Gladstone estimates the capital of the country at twelve or thirteen thousand millions of money. The amount spent in the Poor Law relief is put at seven millions a year. Mr. Gladstone also states

that the annual increase of wealth beyond that which returns into the annual consumption may be put at two hundred millions. If a tithe of this were laid out year by year on public works and service of the commonwealth, there would not be a hovel in the land; the dwellings of the poor in our cities would be rebuilt; 'East London,' unfit for human habitation, would be forgotten in the darkness of history. It is precisely the want of money that perpetuates its present intolerable degradation. For years the Board of Works demolished, without building up. Wide sites lay bare, and overcrowding was aggravated on all sides, and all this chiefly for want of money. Elected Vestries were also too strong for Commissions or Boards. If, then, on any scale worthy of the wealth and of the number of our people every man would set apart a proportion for the service of the country, not a year would pass without some notable public work, which is now talked of as impossible, and therefore never attempted. We are told that the wealth of London grows by twenty millions every year, and yet our hundred hospitals are every year in debt from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* We are told also, and with a somewhat lamentable voice, that no less than 4,000,000*l.* of alms are given away every year in London. And yet we have a population degraded by poverty to a condition hardly human. The four millions of alms have perhaps done what ten righteous might have done for the Cities of the Plain. Who knows what just judgment on the luxurious hardness of heart and the reeking sinfulness of London this yearly oblation may not have averted? Great as is the desolation of our poverty and its inseparable demoralisation, nevertheless there is still an immense energy of charity in the population of England. But it is confined to a comparatively small number. The subscription lists of our manifold charities show us the same names over and over again, and show also the conspicuous absence of a multitude of names representing a fabulous amount of 'irresponsible wealth'; and, finally, an army of humble and unknown names, on whom the great burden, and the greater blessing, of charity is resting. Among such self-denying people there are many who give more than a tithe of all they possess; but no one knows it, and of the wealthy few do likewise.

What Mr. Gladstone invites us to do is to enter freely and gladly upon what may be called a Chivalry of Self-denial. He does not desire to see a society, as a city set upon a hill—but an association knit together by an inward and firm resolve. Each member will judge and fix for himself what proportion of his income he will set apart; but it must be a definite minimum. The names of the members ought to be registered in the hands of some central person; but the proportion fixed for himself by each member would be known to himself alone. There would be no receiver or treasurer, because each member will administer his own income, choosing the objects of

his distribution, the measure of his gifts, and the public or private channel through which they shall pass. It may be useful to select and recommend certain works and undertakings, and certain modes of administration; as, for instance, that those who can give large contributions should not fritter them away on many small works, but strike a heavy blow on some greater object; and that those who can only give in small sums should not sink them in great works where they become lost, but give them carefully and kindly in acts of personal and private help.

These two appeals sound in our ears with an imperious note, warning us of a great danger and of the need of energetic action. There is no doubt that the enormous wealth of England and of the United States is a grave peril both in the public and private life of men. As to public life, an American writer in a book lately published says that it is an error to suppose that the American Union is governed by a democracy. It is governed, he says, by a plutocracy,* by money and millionaires, by rings and avarice. Neither public life nor judicial integrity is safe where money reigns supreme. We also are threatened by the supremacy of irresponsible wealth. It breeds a cynical and supercilious mind, the worst danger of the governing class. The refined luxury of a rich upper class hardens the heart with impenetrable obduracy. Such hardened men are incapable of governing. They have eyes that cannot see, ears that cannot hear, and hearts that cannot understand the mind and will, the miseries and the sufferings, of the people. A plutocracy here in England would be our ruin. Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Gladstone, like the two witnesses, are prophesying in the midst of the city. What answer they will meet remains to be seen. Nothing can mitigate our social evils but a spontaneous return to the highest counsels of natural and Christian self-sacrifice; in this the people believe, but in nothing else. Neither legislation nor political economy will bring capital and labour to mutual confidence. The administration of the Poor Law is crippled and inadequate. Public opinion is paralysed by doctrinaires. The aristocracy of the poor get food in the work-house. The million outside are passed by as beyond redemption or help. The sincerity of self-sacrifice wins and changes the hearts of men, and the personal sympathy of men and of women who will go into the midst of those who hunger by day, and shiver by night on the stone benches of the Thames Embankment, is irresistible. This is no new doctrine. It was taught by the life of Him who came to sorrow and to suffer among men. When men see this truth, this Divine Vision of a blissful life of love to God and man, no wealth is irresponsible. All things are a trust, not ours but His, a stewardship with a reckoning near at hand. But fear is the lowest motive of

* Scott's *Republic as a Form of Government*, p. viii.

charity : rather it in itself is not charity. Responsible stewardship is not the highest motive. 'So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty.'⁹ That is, 'what can I do? my power measures my duty: and the motive of my duty is love, which has no limit, but the power which God gives to each in poverty or in wealth.'

HENRY EDWARD, Card. Archbishop.

⁹ St. James ii. 12.

II.

I WILLINGLY comply with the courteous request of the Editor to write some comments on the Review and Recommendation which Mr. Gladstone bases on Mr. Carnegie's *Gospel of Wealth*.

Burdened as I am with official responsibilities and filled with grave solicitude for the critical condition of my fellow religionists in Russia, my observations must necessarily be few and brief. For, being cast in a less heroic mould, I cannot emulate the achievement of the veteran statesman who, smiling at his fourscore years, is engaged well-nigh simultaneously in conducting a great political campaign, in making recondite Homeric researches, in laying bare to the multitude the granite foundations on which the truth of Holy Scripture is established, and in preaching a powerful sermon on the Responsibilities of Wealth. For a sermon Mr. Gladstone's striking article undoubtedly is. Not a discourse dealing in commonplaces and abounding in frothy declamations. But an earnest homily concluding with a sound practical proposal.

Starting from Mr. Carnegie's idea that the surplus property of the wealthy should be a great treasure administered for the common good, Mr. Gladstone suggests that, inasmuch as the wealthy members of the community do not as a rule give away an adequate or becoming portion of their incomes, those who have risen to the conception of their duty in this respect should form themselves into a kind of beneficent society, binding themselves in honour to devote, from year to year, a certain fixed proportion of their profits to the honour of God and the good of their neighbour, to the various purposes which so readily commend themselves to the philanthropist, to the endeavour manfully to grapple with the problem of pauperism, and to the establishment of Free Libraries, public baths and parks.

The plan is not a novel one. This is said not to depreciate but to affirm and to enhance its value. For it receives its sanction from the venerated pages of the Bible. The lesson is again and again inculcated in Holy Writ that every man should dedicate a tenth of his property to holy uses. It must be admitted that a somewhat similar usage existed among heathen nations, the Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians and others, but nowhere do we find the practice in such universal operation; in no other codes do we find the tithe system, on

which Selden learnedly discourses, so fully elaborated. In early Biblical history we read of Abraham presenting the tenth of the spoils of his victory to the king-priest Melchisedek.¹ Jacob, after his vision at Luz, vows a tenth of all his property to God.² The Mosaic Law declares, as a general enactment, that the tenth of all produce, as well as of flocks and cattle, is 'holy unto the Lord.'³ The various regulations on the subject may be thus briefly summed up. One-tenth of the whole produce of the soil was to be assigned for the maintenance of the Levites; out of this the Levites were to devote a tenth to the use of the Priests. There was a second tithe to be laid out in the purchase of food for festal celebrations, in which the Levites were to be, by special command, included. There was besides the tithe of the third year, concerning which it is prescribed, 'At the end of three years thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase the same year, and shalt lay it up within thy gates: and the Levite (because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee) and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow which are in thy gates shall come and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thy hand which thou doest.'⁴ This tithe of the third year, which had to be laid up 'within the gates' of the city, was evidently a reserve fund on which the needy were to draw as occasion required. Nor was this the only provision made for the needy. The divine Lawgiver, in teaching the rights of poverty, did not content himself with vague exhortations. He gave positive laws in their favour and secured to them a regular competence. The spontaneous produce of the fields, the orchards, and vineyards in every seventh year was to belong to them. In every harvest the borders of the field were to be reserved for the poor and the stranger. The proprietor was not allowed to glean the vineyard after the gathering, nor to return to fetch the forgotten sheaf, nor to go over the boughs of the olive tree when beaten. All this should be for 'the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow.'⁵ So that it was computed that the Israelite had to give up nearer a fifth than a tenth of his income for religious and charitable purposes. These laws were not, at all periods, kept with equal scrupulousness. When there was a decline of religious fervour, these precepts fell into abeyance, and when there was a religious revival, as in the time of King Hezekiah, effectual means were taken to secure their observance.⁶ The stinging rebuke of Malachi indicates strikingly that neglect of this duty was considered a heinous offence. 'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.'⁷

When Israel lost his nationality and had to quit the land of his

¹ Gen. xiv. 20.

² Gen. xxviii. 22.

³ Lev. xxvii. 30-32.

⁴ Deut. xiv. 28-29.

⁵ Ex. xxiii. 11; Lev. xix. 9, 10; Deut. xxiv. 19-21.

⁶ 2 Chron. xxxi. 5, 12, 19.

⁷ Malachi iii. 8.

fathers, he was no longer enabled to adhere to the letter of these various commands, but the teachers of the nation endeavoured, by precept and example, to preserve the spirit of these enactments. In the ritual code which regulates every detail of Jewish life, it is enjoined that a man should give in charity at least one-tenth of his income. Of this tenth no part should be devoted even to synagogal or other ritual uses. All must be given to the poor.⁸ Nor has this regulation proved a mere *pium desiderium*. I know a goodly number of co-religionists who rigorously and conscientiously carry out this practice, their charity account being as carefully posted up as their commercial ledgers. Preachers exhort to the fulfilment of this duty again and again. I have before me a powerfully worded article on the subject which was widely circulated among my community a few years ago, and which concludes with the words:— ‘Then, while you have life and health and means give—give to God the tithe which is His: for the sake of the poor, that they may live; for the sake of society, that it may endure; for your own sake, that the work of your hands may be blessed; for the sake of duty, honesty and honour! For “shall a man rob God?”’⁹

Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Gladstone have, therefore, done excellent service in enforcing this olden lesson under a new name. Never in the world’s history has there been greater need to preach the duties of wealth and the rights of poverty. In no previous age has the chasm been so deep which divides the rich and the poor; in no other city have the contrasts between luxury and misery been so appalling, seeing as we do its wealth ‘a monster gorged ’midst starving populations.’ And it is only by seeking to bridge the gulf between the Haves and the Have-nots, that there is any hope of staving off that social revolution which every year seems more and more imminent.

We may, of course, expect various arguments to be forthcoming to weaken the force of Mr. Gladstone’s appeal. It may be argued, they who have a kind and feeling heart need not join any special guild or association in order to be reminded of their obligation, whilst those who are callous, those who spend all they have on their own expensive tastes, will remain as obdurate as they have been before.

I admit that there will always remain a residuum of egoists and self-seekers ‘that put far away the evil day and cause the seat of violence to come near, that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flocks, and the calves out of the midst of the stalls . . . that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments; but they are not grieved at the affliction of Joseph.’¹⁰ Yet happily there is a large

⁸ *Tore Deah*, ch. 249, s. 1.

⁹ *Sabbath Readings issued by the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge*, Vol. XI., No. 117: ‘The Tithe,’ by Mr. N. S. Joseph.

¹⁰ Amos vi. 3–6.

class—waverers and half-hearted at the outset—who, when once their sluggish consciences have been pricked and roused, will cheerfully join the noble band of givers. And though mere giving constitutes but the first step in the solution of the problem, though the main requisite is what money cannot purchase and what is indeed beyond money's worth—heart service, willing personal aid, the ministry of holy compassionate love—may we not hope that when once the icy crust has been melted, the quick sympathy, the warm readiness to help, will soon well forth from the softened heart?

Giving, however, is an easy matter; it needs neither special training nor sustained thought. But the purpose and methods of charitable relief cannot be learned without a long and diligent apprenticeship, for which discipline in the painful school of personal experience is alone of any avail. Happily there will always be vigorous and far-sighted leaders eager to guide and direct. The great merit of General Booth's work, *In Darkest England and the Way out of it*, is that he has again given voice to the bitter cry of out-cast London, which, having been uttered some years ago, was in danger of being stifled. He has done right well in stirring the community out of its apathy, by disclosing some of the sores which fester beneath the gay covering of our civilisation. Whilst not commending all the methods of the Salvation Army, I gladly welcome this courageous endeavour to cope with the vice, criminality, and wretchedness that desolate our dear country. I trust Mr. Booth will not merely obtain the money he requires, but that he will succeed in enlisting the sound experience, the keen sagacity, the self-sacrificing spirit demanded by the gigantic task he has set himself.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, Saurin, an eminent French Protestant pulpit orator, preached a sermon on charity. It exercised so powerful an effect upon the hearers, that, at its conclusion, the men who were present placed all the money they had with them in the collection plates, and the women took off their jewellery and gold, and devoted them to the use of the poor. How had the preacher roused his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm? He had simply treated of the poor laws of the Bible, of the tender care enjoined therein for the needy, the stranger, the widow, and the fatherless. He had spoken of the rules concerning tithes, the forgotten sheaf, and the gleanings of the field, and eulogized the spirit of benevolence which these several enactments had engendered in the Jewish character. May my reference to these ancient prescriptions contribute, in some measure at least, to emphasize and to strengthen Mr. Gladstone's forcible appeal to England's men of wealth!

HERMANN ADLER.

III.

MR. GLADSTONE has rendered an immense public service by calling attention to the ethical issues involved in the accumulation and possession of wealth. He is one of the very small number of persons who have the ear of the entire English-speaking world, and he could not use that awful gift more usefully than by raising the discussion contained in the last issue of this Review. The Social Question, as the Prime Minister of Italy recently stated, is rapidly superseding every other, even the question of nationalities, which in the days of our fathers changed the face of Europe. The astonishing action of the German Emperor in convoking an International Labour Congress at Berlin indicates that we have entered upon a new era, in which the equitable distribution of wealth will determine the fate of dynasties and peoples. The way in which at this moment bishops and actors, Quakers and atheists, princes and journalists are blessing and backing General Booth is an unprecedented sign of the times. Sir William Harcourt is right: 'We are all Socialists now.' But what does that mean? It means that we are all, consciously or unconsciously, taking to heart, as never before, the social problems involved in the use and abuse of money. The portentous growth of organised and revolutionary socialism in Germany, the vast popularity of the writings of Mr. Henry George and Mr. Edward Bellamy, the sudden widespread demand for an Eight Hours Bill in this country, the marked success of Socialistic plays on the modern stage, the growing contempt for the old individualistic political economy, and the changed attitude of the Christian pulpit, as illustrated by Bishop Westcott, Bishop How, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Clifford and others, all point in one direction. The terrible struggles between labour and capital, with the appalling prospect of world-embracing organisation on both sides, are the darker aspects of an irresistible tendency. Now at the bottom of all this ferment of the public mind, which in some directions has worked calamitous bitterness, lies the question which Mr. Gladstone invites the wealthy to discuss. It is of transcendent importance. It is, for this generation, the question of questions. I greatly regret that ceaseless activity in all parts of the country, while it doubtless forces this issue on my constant attention, and in some degree enables me to speak about it, at the

same time makes it impossible for me to choose the 'picked and packed words' in which I should like to discuss it. I have no time either to look up authorities or to collect impressive illustrations. I must write, if I write at all, *currente calamo*, but the substance of the 'comment' you invite is the fruit of a quarter of a century of observation and reflection.

I am quite unable to let off Mr. Carnegie in the pleasant and approving way in which Mr. Gladstone dismisses him. I have always believed that Mr. Carnegie is personally a most estimable and generous man, who sets a splendid example to the unhappy class to which he belongs, and is entirely worthy of Mr. Gladstone's hearty praise. But when I contemplate him as the representative of a particular class of millionaires, I am forced to say, with all personal respect, and without holding him in the least responsible for his unfortunate circumstances, that he is an anti-Christian phenomenon, a social monstrosity, and a grave political peril. Mr. Gladstone tells us that Mr. Carnegie is of opinion that 'rank, as it exists among us, is a widely demoralising power.' I am bound to say that an American millionaire ironmaster, the artificial product of such measures as the McKinley Bill, is a far greater 'demoralising power.' In a really Christian country—that is to say, in a community reconstructed upon a Christian basis—a millionaire would be an economic impossibility. Jesus Christ distinctly prohibited the accumulation of wealth. I know that expositors can prove anything, and that theologians can explain away anything. But if 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth'¹ does not forbid the accumulation of wealth, the New Testament was written on Talleyrand's principle and was intended to 'conceal thought.' No one now argues that millionaires are needed to carry out great public works like the Bridgewater Canal, because modern joint-stock enterprise, and the ever-increasing activity of the State, make us entirely independent of millionaires, and, indeed, capable of enterprises which no millionaire could attempt. They have now no beneficent *raison d'être*. They are the unnatural product of artificial social regulations. They flourish portentously in the unhealthy forcing-house of Protection, but everything else fades and dies beside them. We prefer the fresh air. Millionaires at one end of the scale involve paupers at the other end, and even so excellent a man as Mr. Carnegie is too dear at that price. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Henry George's doctrines and deductions, no one can deny that his facts are indisputable, and that Mr. Carnegie's 'progress' is accompanied by the growing 'poverty' of his less fortunate fellow-countrymen. I say 'less fortunate' because I am sure Mr. Carnegie is much too sensible a man to suppose for a moment that his vast fortune represents a proportionate superiority over the rest of his

¹ St. Matt. vi. 19.

fellow citizens, or even over those who combined to create his fortune. Thanks to unrestricted competition and the tariff, he has pocketed much more than his equitable share of the joint product of Labour and Capital. If he thinks that he has made this great pile, so to speak, off his own bat, let him set up business on a solitary island, and see how much he can net annually without the co-operation of 'his twenty thousand men' and the ceaseless bounties of the vanishing Republican majority in Congress.

In no sense whatever is a Pennsylvanian millionaire ironmaster a natural, and therefore an inevitable, product. There is a total fallacy at the very foundation of Mr. Carnegie's argument. He assumes that millionaires are necessary results of modern industrial enterprise, and that consequently the only question ethical writers can discuss is the best way of enabling these unfortunate persons to get honestly and beneficently rid of their superfluous wealth. But there is a much more important prior question—how to save them from the calamity of finding themselves the possessors of a huge fortune which is full of most perilous temptation, both to themselves and to their children. I think it was in this Review that I read a characteristic and admirable article by the late Matthew Arnold, in which that great writer declared England needed nothing so much as a more widespread distribution of wealth, and traced the social comfort and refinement of France to the legislation which compelled owners of property to distribute their wealth in almost equal proportions among their children. I am greatly surprised that Mr. Gladstone quotes, without demur or protest, Mr. Carnegie's extraordinary delusion that he is a 'normal process,' 'an imperative condition,' and an 'essential condition of modern society.' Nothing of the sort. Free trade, free land, and a progressive income tax would relieve him of the greater part of his anxious financial responsibilities, and such a death-duty as he himself wisely advocates would complete the emancipation of his children. We must not for a moment forget that all the evils of excessive wealth which Mr. Carnegie laments, and from which he nobly desires to protect his children, are artificial and not necessary evils. Indeed, the number of 'necessary evils' in this world is very much smaller than is commonly supposed, and all human progress consists in practical illustrations of that fact. Mr. Gladstone reminds us that Moses was an 'adversary of the accumulation of wealth;' and even modern economists would lose nothing by a careful study of the drastic legislation by which Moses tried to prevent the manufacture of Jewish millionaires. I admit that the modern representatives of that great law-giver have not lived up to the ideal he set before them; but that is doubtless the result of Gentile corruption. No thoughtful persons from Moses and Lycurgus to Matthew Arnold and Edward Bellamy have ever constructed an ideal state without trying to provide against

that accumulation of wealth which our Saviour prohibits. Some wealthy persons who read these sentiments may feel very angry, and may imagine that they spring from envy or ill-will. But they are themselves the chief victims of the artificial social arrangements which have generated them. One of the most interesting and instructive books Mr. Herbert Spencer has written is his *Study of Sociology*, and one of the wisest passages in that book is his exposure of the sad delusion of those who imagine that their great wealth is a great blessing. His words are so striking and so pertinent that I must quote them.

The sentiments and ideas proper to the existing social organisation prevent the rich from seeing that worry and weariness and disappointment result to them indirectly from this social system apparently so conducive to their welfare. Yet, would they contemplate the past, they might find strong reasons for suspecting as much. The baron of feudal days never imagined the possibility of social arrangements that would serve him far better than the arrangements he so strenuously upheld; nor did he see in the arrangements he upheld the causes of his many sufferings and discomforts. Had he been told that a fobbe might be much happier without a moated castle, having its keep and secret passages and dungeons for prisoners—that he might be more secure without drawbridge and portcullis, men-at-arms and sentinels—that he might be in less danger having no vassals or hired mercenaries—that he might be wealthier without possessing a single serf; he would have thought the statements absurd even to the extent of insanity. It would have been useless to argue that the *régime*, seeming so advantageous to him, entailed hardships of many kinds—perpetual feuds with his neighbours, open attacks, surprises, betrayals, revenges by equals, treacheries by inferiors; the continual carrying of arms and wearing of armour; the perpetual quarrellings of servants and disputes among vassals; the coarse and unvaried food supplied by an unprosperous agriculture; a domestic discomfort such as no modern servant would tolerate; resulting in a wear and tear that brought life to a comparatively early close, if it was not violently cut short in battle or by murder. Yet what the class-bias of that time made it impossible for him to see, has become to his modern representative conspicuous enough. The peer of our day knows that he is better off without defensive appliances and retainers and serfs than his predecessor was with them. His country-house is more secure than was an embattled tower; he is safer among his unarmed domestics than a feudal lord was when surrounded by armed guards; he is in less danger going about weaponless than was the mail-clad knight with lance and sword. Though he has no vassals to fight at his command, there is no suzerain who can call on him to sacrifice his life in a quarrel not his own; though he can compel no one to labour, the labours of freemen make him immensely more wealthy than was the ancient holder of bondsmen; and along with the loss of direct control over workers there has grown up an industrial system which supplies him with multitudinous conveniences and luxuries undreamt of by him who had workers at his mercy.

May we not, then, infer that just as the dominant classes of ancient days were prevented by the feelings and ideas appropriate to the then-existing social state, from seeing how much evil it brought on them, and how much better for them might be a social state in which their power was much less; so the dominant classes of the present day are prevented from seeing how the existing forms of class-subordination redound to their own injury, and how much happier may be their future representatives having social positions less prominent? Occasionally recognising, though they do, certain indirect evils attending their supremacy, they do not see that by accumulation these indirect evils constitute a penalty which

supremacy brings on them. Though they repeat the trite reflection that riches fail to purchase content, they do not draw the inference that there must be something wrong in a system which thus deludes them. You hear it from time to time admitted that great wealth is a heavy burden: the life of a rich peer being described as made like the life of an attorney by the extent of his affairs. You observe among those whose large means and various estates enable them to multiply their appliances to gratification, that every new appliance becomes an additional something to be looked after, and adds to the possibilities of vexation. Further, if you put together the open confessions and the tacit admissions, you find that, apart from these anxieties and annoyances, the kind of life which riches and honours bring is not a satisfactory life—its inside differs immensely from its outside. In candid moments the 'social treadmill' is complained of by those who nevertheless think themselves compelled to keep up its monotonous round. As every one may see, fashionable life is passed, not in being happy, but in playing at being happy. And yet the manifest corollary is not drawn by those engaged in this life.

To an outsider it is obvious that the benefits obtained by the regulative classes of our day, through the existing forms of social organisation, are full of disguised evils; and that this undue wealth which makes possible the passing of idle lives brings dissatisfactions in place of the satisfactions expected. Just as in feudal times the appliances for safety were the accompaniments to a social state that brought a more than equivalent danger; so, now, the excess of aids to pleasure among the rich is the accompaniment of a social state that brings a counterbalancing displeasure. The gratifications reached by those who make the pursuit of gratifications a business, dwindle to a minimum; while the trouble, and weariness, and vexation, and jealousy, and disappointment, rise to a maximum.²

There is only one addition that I should like to make to the weighty argument of Mr. Herbert Spencer. I am surprised that no one seems to have noticed it, and its grave significance. We talk about our 'ancient peerage,' but that is a most misleading phrase. The public will probably be greatly surprised to hear that the majority of our peerages are not a hundred years old. A few ancient titles give an appearance of venerable age to what in the main is very modern. Unless our Prime Ministers, and especially Mr. Gladstone, were incessantly engaged in creating new peers, the question of a second chamber would soon settle itself. There is something so unnatural and therefore so unhealthy in the social regulations described by Mr. Herbert Spencer, that the families chiefly subjected to them become after a few generations incapable of perpetuating their race. Even constant intermarriage with healthy commoners has not in a majority of cases proved sufficient to overcome the physical disadvantages of boundless luxury. The more this fact is pondered in all its aspects, the more will men realise the force of Mr. Herbert Spencer's plea for a natural social condition, and the more will they rejoice that the unrestricted competition, aggravated by protective tariffs, which Mr. Carnegie regards with so much complacency, is not one of the inevitable conditions of life on this planet.

I need say no more on the previous question which Mr. Carnegie

² *The Study of Sociology*, pp. 256-259.

so strangely overlooks. Prevention here as elsewhere is better than cure, but for the present and for a long time to come 'the class bias,' against which Mr. Herbert Spencer lifts up his voice, will offer an almost immovable barrier to preventive legislation. Millionaires will continue to be manufactured, and manufactured, as Mr. Gladstone reminds us, in ever-increasing numbers. For them, when they are already in existence, Mr. Carnegie's advice is truly a 'gospel;' and all the friends of humanity will greatly rejoice that this most timely 'gospel' has now been preached by the most eloquent and persuasive of living voices. If Mr. Gladstone would only persuade the wealthy of the British Empire and the United States to act upon the principles of Mr. Carnegie's 'gospel,' his latest service to mankind would vie with the very greatest in his unparalleled career. It is to be feared that many of our wealthy and privileged classes are living in a fool's paradise, and have no conception of the gravity of the social problem. They had a great shock some time ago, when the fringe of a Trafalgar Square meeting broke into one or two West-End shops. They awoke from their apathy, and marched about for a few days strangely attired as 'special constables,' but they have apparently gone to sleep again. In London we are living on the verge of a volcano that might any day have an eruption before which even the Household Troops would be as helpless as 'special constables.' Never, since the downfall of the Roman Empire and the dissolution of the ancient world, has Europe witnessed so perilous a situation as exists in London to-day. Never has there been so vast a multitude of half-starved men, within sight of boundless wealth, and outside the control of the Christian Church.

How true it is that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives or what it thinks! The wealthy are in constant danger of listening to flatterers who prophesy smooth things, and of resenting the faithfulness of their true friends. On one occasion when some ladies of title, to gratify an idle curiosity, called on John Wesley, and told the servant that they 'wanted to speak to him;' Wesley went to them and said, 'I believe, ladies, the maid mistook; you only wanted to look at me.' And then, when their confused silence gave consent to his discernment, he added, 'I do not expect that the rich and great should want either to speak to me or to hear me; for I speak the plain truth—a thing you hear little of, and do not desire to hear.' I fear there is still too much occasion for Wesley's words, but I gladly add that there are many signs of improvement, and that nothing is more encouraging socially than the ever-increasing tendency of those who enjoy the privileges of rank and wealth, to take a real and deep interest in the disinherited and outcast. But I wish that some potent voice could bring home to all concerned the extreme gravity of the existing social condition of London. Mr. Barnett, the devoted vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, in

the little volume entitled *Practicable Socialism*, containing admirable essays by Mrs. Barnett and himself, states that 'among large classes of the poor animosity is slowly taking the place of good-will, the rich are held to be of another nature; the theft of a lady's diamonds is not always condemned as the theft of a poor man's money, and the gift of 70,000*l.* (e.g. the Mansion House Relief Fund) is looked on as ransom, and perhaps an inadequate ransom.' In this statement Mr. Barnett lays his finger on a social symptom as novel as it is significant. Hitherto the poor have accepted their poverty as inevitable, as in fact the decree of God. There was nothing for them to do except 'grin and bear it.' But of late those who mix with them have observed a portentous mental change. They no longer accept the existing situation as inevitable. The schoolmaster has been among them. The political economist has been among them. The Socialist propagandist has been among them. In their sad hearts we see for the first time Hope, but it is hope mingled with Anger. They had supposed that there was 'no seat for them at the banquet of life.' They had thought that every seat was occupied, and that they should, therefore, be humbly thankful for every crumb which fell from the crowded table of Dives. But somebody has told them that there are numerous empty seats, that some persons have many more seats than they themselves need, and the effect of that information is startling. Lazarus is no longer lying on the door-step of Dives, in the quiescence of sullen despair, licked by the dogs. He is standing upright at the corner of the street, vehemently gesticulating, and his burning words are sinking deep into the hearts of a large crowd of hungry-looking men. The Chief Commissioner of Police orders him to 'move on.' But it is no use. He continually comes back again. That is a spectacle which the parish priest, the missionary, and the Salvationist see every day. But Dives also will do well to make a note of it. What does Bishop Barry say in the introduction to the admirable *Lectures on Christianity and Socialism*, which he has just published?

There can be no doubt that these social questions, almost to the exclusion of all others, are occupying the minds of the working classes in South London and elsewhere at this present moment; and that, rightly or wrongly, they are inclined to demand that Christianity should be tried by the test of its social effectiveness—its power to secure the welfare, physical, intellectual, moral, of the great mass of men.

Dr. Barry says, 'rightly or wrongly; I say 'rightly.' These lectures were delivered at the Lambeth Baths in the spring of this year, and were ultimately attended by as many as 1,700 persons. The great majority were working men, and at the discussions which followed each of the six lectures the workmen were very outspoken. Bishop Barry says that

the discussion which followed each lecture presented some points of deep but painful interest, which it is well for all thoughtful men carefully to consider. With

but few exceptions, it dealt little in argument, either on the opinions advanced in the lecture, or on the Socialistic question generally. It was simply a vehement, and often passionate, denunciation of the whole existing condition of society, showing a deep-seated discontent.

Exactly. It is interesting to note the Bishop's further testimony that

the hostility manifested was not to Christianity as such. In fact, some few distinctly anti-Christian attacks fell very flat. It was to the existence of property, especially in land, and to social superiority of all kinds. It was loudly asserted that Capital and Labour were irreconcilable enemies; that the condition of the unskilled workman was one of slavery; that even professional men (according to Mr. William Morris) were but 'parasites' of the moneyed class; and that a country in which they had no proper stake could not claim from them loyalty or patriotism.

Divested of extravagances which time and 'sweet reasonableness' will cure, all this means that, in the judgment of the working classes on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Carnegie is not the product of a civilisation essentially Christian; and therein the working classes are right. But, in the long and arduous task of reconstructing society on a Christian basis, with due and careful regard to all legitimate existing interests, it would be an inestimable public service if everyone whom Mr. Carnegie represents would follow the example of Mr. Carnegie, in getting rid of his money as quickly as possible. Mr. Carnegie's 'gospel' is the very thing for the transition period from social heathenism to social Christianity. If a man is so unfortunate as to have enormous wealth he cannot do better than act upon Mr. Carnegie's distributive principles. It is most gratifying that our greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer, at least partially, endorses Mr. Carnegie's invaluable moral maxim, 'that to leave great fortunes to our children, is to impose upon them both burden and disadvantage.' Mr. Gladstone, indeed, argues that 'hereditary wealth and position, in conjunction with the calls of occupation and of responsibility,' are 'a good thing.' He specially rejoices 'to see it among our merchants, bankers, publishers.' The case of hereditary bankers is a very unfortunate one to quote just now, and joint-stock banks are superseding family banks everywhere. The same inevitable tendency is witnessed even among publishers. And, as to merchants, it is the rare exception for those who are born to great wealth to emulate the industry and enterprise of their fathers. I rejoice quite as much as Mr. Gladstone that 'we have in 1890 a Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly employed, to the great benefit of England, two generations ago.' But Lord Salisbury might have deserved and enjoyed Mr. Gladstone's warm support even if primogeniture and entail had never existed. In America, without any such artificial arrangements, hereditary ability and hereditary merit are quite as fully appreciated as in England. Mr. Gladstone states, with equal force and beauty, that 'we ought in this

life to foster all that makes goodness easier, and sets barriers, of whatever kind, across the flowery ways of sin.' But he will not accomplish that beneficent result, if Scripture and history do not mislead us, by securing great hereditary wealth for 'our merchants, bankers, publishers,' or even for 'a prime minister.' It was, doubtless, a great advantage that such a man as the late Lord Shaftesbury had ample leisure for his noble philanthropy; but that was not necessarily due to the fact on which Bishop Barry insists, that 'he lived on inherited property, and never had to do one stroke of labour for himself.' Even if he had to work for his bread, like John Bright or John Stuart Mill, he might still have done all his work, perhaps have done it better. In any case, his needed leisure could have been amply secured by the 'very moderate allowances' which Mr. Carnegie tolerates.

I should hope that every thoughtful person will endorse Mr. Carnegie's and Mr. Gladstone's joint condemnation of charitable bequests. Apart from those exceptional cases in which the owner of property is shut up to this method of benevolent distribution, that kind of charity has no merit. It involves no self-sacrifice on the part of the donor; it secures 'a false ascription of virtue;' and it enables a dead hand to do, in totally unforeseen circumstances, all sorts of foolish and mischievous things, of which the living owner would never have been guilty. I am very glad that Mr. Gladstone favours heavy death-duties. Those who object may, as he says, 'effectually defy a greedy Treasury' by disposing of their superfluous wealth before they die. Mr. Carnegie is unanswerable when he argues that every rich man should be his own trustee and his own executor. He is a modern exponent of Wesley's famous sermon on 'the use of money.' That sermon, like most of its day, had three heads: 1st, get all you can; 2nd, save all you can; 3rd, give all you can. I think the higher morality of to-day would not dwell so much on the first head as Wesley did, and as Mr. Carnegie does. After all, man's life 'does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,' and 'getting all you can' may end in transforming yourself into a money-getting machine, which is not 'the chief end of man.' But as to the third point, no man ever carried out Mr. Carnegie's principle more thoroughly than John Wesley. Long before his death he declared in print: 'If I leave behind me ten pounds (above my debts and my books, or what may happen to be due on account of them), you and all mankind bear witness against me that I lived a thief and a robber.' That was not an empty challenge on the part of a man who made more than 50,000*l.* by his writings. Without going to Wesley's extreme—for he had no children—it is safe to say that a little of that spirit would do more than anything else to avert disaster, in what Bishop Barry truly calls 'the present, critical condition of English society.' The president of the 'Economic Section of the British Association has well said that 'every year it is more manifest

that we need to have more knowledge, and to get it soon, in order to escape, on the one hand, from the cruelty and waste of irresponsible competition and licentious use of wealth, and, on the other, from the tyranny and the spiritual death of an iron-bound Socialism.' I believe that he is right in desiderating 'more knowledge,' for, as Mr. Gladstone observed last month, 'the gross defect of duty which prevails is probably due to a mixture of influences, in which ignorance and carelessness are the most efficient factors.'

Such a society as Mr. Gladstone proposes might do much to dispel ignorance and quicken conscience. I am in a position to correct and supplement his recollection with respect to the defunct society he mentions, for its 'chief agent' was not 'a Mr. Cather,' but the Rev. Dr. Cather, an Irish Wesleyan Methodist minister, who was permitted by the Irish Conference to devote the whole of his time to the service of the society he had created. It was not called 'The Universal Beneficent Society,' but 'The British and Foreign Systematic Beneficence Society.' It was established in 1860 to promote 'conscientious, proportionate, systematic, and cheerful giving.' Its president was the Duke of Argyll, and its vice-presidents included Lord Cairns, the Earl of Cavan, the Bishops of Peterborough, Down and Connor, and Melbourne, the Deans of Norwich, Manchester, Lichfield, and Carlisle, the Oxford Regius Professor of Divinity, Sir F. Crossley, Bart., M.P., Sir W. M'Arthur, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Sir Francis Lytett, Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P., Professor Max Müller, and others. It had a portentous array of honorary secretaries—no less than twenty-one! They included such men as the Hon. and Rev. W. Plunkett, Dr. Binney, Dr. Alex. Duff, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Dale, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Frazer, and Mr. Spurgeon. The prospectus states that 'this society has been established to promote the principle and practice amongst all professing Christians of setting apart, on the first day of the week, for God and the poor, a stated proportion of our income—in general not less than one-tenth, however much more it may be.' I think that the limitation of this society 'to the circle of Evangelical Protestantism' was accidental rather than deliberate.

At that time Protestants and Catholics did not co-operate on neutral platforms as they happily do now, thanks mainly to Cardinal Manning's philanthropy and the temperance movement. The real reason why the society died was the fact that Dr. Cather died. He was the society more truly than Louis the Fourteenth was the State, and when his inexhaustible and irrepressible spirit fell asleep, there was no one to carry on the work.' It will be noticed that Dr. Cather deliberately founded his society upon a Christian basis. Mr. Gladstone proposes to form a society with a gate 'wide enough to let in all the -isms and all the -ologies.' This raises the old question whether it is possible to run a society upon the vague and indefinite sentiment which, more or less, pervades respectable society, and which sometimes

takes the place of the authority of the Bible on the one hand, and of the Church on the other. The land is full of unconscious Christians, who really accept the authority of Christianity without admitting it, or indeed realising it. But whether that fact is enough to justify the construction of a society on so indefinite a basis remains to be seen. No doubt, if we could get a wealthy man to 'open an account with his own conscience,' even for an insignificant fraction of his wealth, something would be accomplished. Around that nucleus a higher morality might grow. But it is greatly to be feared that, if men of wealth agreed to act up even to the Jewish level and to give a tenth to good works, they would jump to the conclusion that the remaining nine-tenths were their own, and with respect to that huge proportion of their money their consciences would sleep more profoundly than ever.

Christian casuists have long argued and differed with respect to the standard which we should put at once before the unbelieving. I confess that I am always inclined to believe that, in a country where Christianity has been preached for a thousand years, the highest standard is really the easiest and the best. Let us tell all men frankly, on the authority of Jesus Christ, that they really possess nothing, that they are not owners but trustees, and that for every penny that ever passes through their hands they will have to give a minute and exact account, not to a harsh and unreasonable judge, but to One who wishes them to enjoy richly what He has lent to them; but, at the same time, will not overlook a gross neglect of their duty to their neighbour. The real question is, not how much we ought to give away, but how much we dare retain for our own personal gratification. I argue for no unnatural asceticism. That is inconsistent with the bounty of Nature, and with the sacred instinct of Beauty, which God has planted within us. But it is astonishing how little we need, after all, for the culture and development of all that is best in our complex nature; especially when the municipality and the State provide the 'free library' and the other institutions for which we have hitherto looked to such amiable and benevolent millionaires as Mr. Carnegie. The Christian pulpit has grossly neglected its duty in relation to Mammonism, or the love of money. I have never heard of a rich man being excommunicated because he was too fond of his money-bags, although that sin is as severely condemned in the New Testament as drunkenness or adultery. By all means let us all co-operate with Mr. Gladstone in starting another society. But I am disposed to think that he must look mainly to the Christian pulpit to make the best of the transition period between 'the cruelty and waste of irresponsible competition and the licentious use of wealth,' which have disgraced the nineteenth century, and the Golden Age when no man will have too little, because no man will have too much.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

THE TRADE LEAGUE AGAINST ENGLAND.

THE passage of the McKinley Tariff Act by the United States Congress, the efforts which are being made by Mr. Blaine to bring the South American States and Canada into a commercial federation with the Republic, the 'Retaliation Act,' and a variety of other circumstances, have all combined to summon the English people once more to consider the conditions under which the trade of their country is now being carried on. To criticise the principle on which our entire system of trade is based—that is to say, free imports as against hostile tariffs—is a very hazardous enterprise. The man who launches out upon it is instantly attacked by all the 'statisticians' and political economists with the biggest bludgeons they can find, and it will be a lucky thing for him if it is not soon proved that he is not only destitute of reason and common sense, but that his moral character has some ugly flaws in it, and that it is exceedingly doubtful whether he ought to be at large. Professor Marshall, who is thoroughly orthodox on the trade question, seems to have felt compelled to refer to this attitude of the British statistician and the Board of Trade philosopher in a paper which he read at the last meeting of the British Association. 'Any Englishman,' he said, 'who attempted to point out that there was some force in some of the arguments which were adduced in favour of Protection in other countries was denounced as unpatriotic. Public opinion in England acted like the savage monarch, who puts to death the messenger that comes running in haste to tell him how his foes are advancing upon him.' There could not be a more forcible or a more just illustration of the situation in which anyone will find himself who undertakes to question the expediency of allowing our colonies to drift off into commercial unions with other nations, or of declining to use any of the weapons which those nations employ against us. With officials of the Board of Trade, or with their satellites, it is answer enough to everything to say that a man is a fool or a lunatic. These epithets they are by no means chary of using, and they have the privilege of using them in places where they are pretty sure to be heard. The hapless persons

who expose themselves to this shower of missiles may possibly find some slight consolation in the reflection that, if they are mad, a very large part of the world's inhabitants are in the same plight. Germany, France, Italy, Russia, America, all the self-governing colonies of Great Britain except New South Wales and the Cape, positively refuse to have anything to do with what we are pleased to call 'Free Trade,' and have gone over to Protection. Protection is the offspring of ignorance, selfishness, class prejudice, and hatred of the poor. So we are often assured by the great men who treat of the subject. Yet every democratic country has adopted it. Protection withers the industries of the nation in which it is planted, and degrades the people. Yet the chief nations which practise it are making enormous progress with their industries—progress which in some cases throws our own completely into the shade. The stock argument against any modification of our present system is that England has made such 'giant strides' since 1846. But has all the rest of the world been standing still? Some countries have far exceeded our progress; some have outstripped us in our own special fields of industry. The United States, for instance, have distanced us in the manufacture of iron and steel. Sir James Kitson, who must be regarded as a competent authority on the subject, stated at a meeting of the British Iron and Steel Institute, held at Philadelphia on the 2nd of last October, that 'the United States are the first producers of iron in the world, and this is the first year of their exceeding the production of Great Britain, in which industry Great Britain will never be able to regain the lead.' It is undeniable that America also leads the world in the production of Bessemer steel. These are curious results to follow from a system which arrests national development, which kills invention and enterprise, and which keeps the great body of the people in a condition of serfdom. It is also strange that so many thousands of free-born Britons should go year after year to take their places as serfs in the United States, and that every Englishman who lives there, no matter what may be his condition in life, becomes converted to Protection.

Some of these circumstances must occasionally produce uneasy misgivings in the minds of men of theories and men of figures, who have undertaken to prove that, because free imports may have worked well for England in the days when she had scarcely any competitors in manufacturing industries, therefore they must necessarily be good for her in all time to come. They cannot explain away the wonderful prosperity and growth which many countries have made under the Protectionist system. Therefore they fall back on the statement that they would have flourished still more under Free Trade. This is like going to a man who has made a large fortune in business, and saying to him, 'You have done well, considering; but you would have been five times as rich as you now are if you had reversed all the principles

on which you conducted your trade.' The man might reply, 'How can you possibly tell that? How do you know what might have happened in a condition of affairs which did not arise? Anyway, I have got a safe fortune and I am satisfied. I hope yours is equally safe; but I very much doubt it. Look to yourself.'

Undoubtedly England is still prosperous; but what every man in practical business knows is that the margin of profits in the great staple industries of the country is steadily contracting, and that larger and larger quantities have to be produced every year in order to secure a remunerative return. Thus it is true enough, as the 'political economists' are so fond of repeating, that the volume of British trade shows no diminution; but profits do. That process cannot go on indefinitely without reacting upon the working people, who will gradually find their employment shrinking too, perhaps being transferred bodily to other countries, whither they will not be invited to follow it. That movement has been going on for some time. Only recently a number of English capitalists have purchased a large tract in the State of Pennsylvania, upon which they propose to build extensive cotton mills, each containing 30,000 spindles and 1,000 looms. These manufacturers 'propose to take over their factories instead of their products.' If they cannot find a free market in America in any other way, they will go there and make their goods on the spot. Unable to break down the wall of Protection, they will get inside and take advantage of it. That is all very well for the capitalists, but what about the workpeople who remain behind? The theorists will tell them that they must find some other employment, or go to the workhouse. But possibly, even a statistical philosopher might find it a little dangerous to talk that way to the operatives in Lancashire. It would, at any rate, be interesting to see one of them make the experiment.

Although Protection is a fatal blight upon the unhappy country which adopts it, yet the McKinley Tariff Act roused a certain feeling of alarm for ourselves, even in the profoundly learned and scientific circles. A measure which, among its other consequences, must inevitably have the effect of further restricting our trade with the United States, and of cutting off some classes of our exports altogether, was not to be dismissed with a snap of the fingers. Bradford and Sheffield knew what a terrible blow had been dealt at their industries. Fortunately, Sir T. H. Farrer came out promptly with the reassuring statement that the new Act was 'absurd,' and he advised those who were uneasy in their minds to read 'the History of the present tariff written by Taussig.' The people of Sheffield and Bradford do not seem to have derived much encouragement from the study of the illustrious Taussig. It is good to read books on tariffs; still better is it to see your local industries in a flourishing state. One of the partners in the firm of Messrs. Butterfield and Co., of Bradford,

delivered his opinion on the new tariff, and it did not coincide with that of Sir T. H. Farrer. The practical man of business came to the conclusion that the consumption of Bradford goods in America would diminish by from twenty to thirty-three per cent. It may be assumed that other firms in various departments of trade are looking forward to similar results, for the following despatch from the *Times* correspondent of Philadelphia was published on the 28th of October:—

The *Inquirer* of to-day announces that Mr. William Watson and Mr. Reizachs, representing Messrs. Lister and Co., of Yorkshire, makers of velvets and plushes, arrived here on Monday last to look out for a site for the erection of mills to carry on their manufactures. The gentlemen, on being interviewed, said that under the McKinley Tariff it was impossible for them to retain the American trade. America was once their chief market. Now, however, the increase of the duty on the lower grades of silks brought prices to a point at which English firms could not compete with American houses.

The ignorant British workman is apt to think that the migration of capital, accompanied by the unrestricted immigration of foreign paupers, is bad for him. He must be taught to take a more strictly scientific view of the matter, but it will take some time to teach him.

But we are told that the November elections in the United States completely disposed of the McKinley Tariff, of the Republican party, and of the policy of Protection. The whole iniquitous fabric is gone. Free Trade has come, and universal happiness is at hand. One enlightened organ of public opinion rejoiced over 'the complete overthrow of Protection,' and the 'dawn of Free Trade in America.' The *Spectator* was very confident about the 'dawn.' 'The movement for reciprocity in Canada,' it declared, 'will be squelched at once.' Inexperienced persons who have a tendency to believe in newspaper predictions should make a careful note of this brilliant specimen. The movement for reciprocity in Canada was never so strong as it is to-day. The *Spectator* further informed the public that 'Mr. Blaine's South American policy, which aimed at securing the whole trade of the Southern Continent by the differential duties authorised in the Tariff Act, has gone to the winds.' So wedded are some writers to their own opinions that they cannot even see the facts. The *Spectator* had scarcely swept Mr. Blaine and his scheme into outer darkness, before it was announced in the newspapers that Brazil had concluded a treaty with the United States 'for reciprocal commercial relations.' Numerous expounders of American politics and ideas are always in the field, but they have the fatal trick of looking at everything through British spectacles. Not for a moment can they lay their prejudices aside. 'The dawn of Free Trade in America,' was distinctly perceived by Sir Robert Peel over forty years ago. Since that time the tendency has always been in one direction—to

increase the duties on foreign goods, and to adopt every measure that ingenuity can devise for the purpose of hampering English trade. Sometimes this tendency has been allowed to run into the most dangerous extremes, as in the McKinley Tariff Act, and then there has come about a temporary reaction. But whenever an extensive reduction of the tariff has been proposed, the party which has brought it forward has invariably been soundly beaten. To talk of a Free Trade party in the United States is the most ridiculous of delusions. No such party exists. It was my lot to live in that country for nearly ten years, during which I occupied a position which brought me continually into close and confidential communication with the leading men of all parties. I never saw a free-trader throughout the whole of that period. I never heard of one, except in connection with Barnum's Museum. And I recently noticed that one of the ablest and best-informed Americans now in England—Colonel New, the Consul-General of the United States—had been explaining to a newspaper correspondent that precisely the same state of things exists to-day. 'There is no political party,' he said, 'in the United States in favour of Free Trade. I will go further than that. I do not believe that, outside of a lunatic asylum, and not considering a few theatrical college professors, you can find a citizen of the United States who is a free-trader.' It is obvious, however, that Consul-General New cannot possibly know so much of the United States as an English *doctrinaire* or the Cobden Club. The truth remains for rational men, who desire to fix their attention on facts and not upon crazy theories, that all parties on the other side of the Atlantic are agreed as to the policy of raising the greater part of the money required for the government of the country by duties on foreign goods. No party has ever proposed to abolish these duties and to adopt the English system of free imports and direct taxation. Any party which did propose it would be annihilated. Mr. Cleveland lost the last presidential election chiefly because he advocated tariff reform, which some people in England call Free Trade. But they would not call it Free Trade if its introduction were recommended here. They would then describe it, and not unjustly, as an organised and drastic system of Protection. It is astonishing that this fiction of a large Free Trade party in the United States should still have the power to deceive any section of the English public. A reward might be offered in every State in the Union for a genuine free-trader, and not a single man who was not a 'crank' would come forward to claim it.

The McKinley Tariff Act was not only an outrageous abuse of the principle on which the Americans base their commercial policy, but the manner in which it was brought into operation was eminently adapted to cause the utmost amount of mischief. It was put into force before any section of business men had time to prepare for it. Everybody was caught with short supplies of the foreign commodities

in which he dealt. Orders already accepted could not be carried out. The tradesman in these days does not lay in large stocks, because he knows that the next steamer will enable him to supply himself with all that he requires. But this Act was sprung upon him while the goods he had ordered were still upon the seas. No wonder that in every part of the country irritation and bitter feelings were aroused. But those who assume that the principle of the Act stands condemned, and that it will be relinquished by the American people, are wandering in a fool's Paradise. All Americans are in favour of the principle, though they may be opposed to a scandalous abuse of it. They will not give it up to please England. But what they cannot fail to observe is that their Government raises a good deal more money at the Custom House than it knows what to do with. That is an evil in itself, and it gives rise to other evils, to endless jobbery and corruption in connection with the pension system, and to the demoralisation of Congress, to say nothing of the State legislatures. Therefore the demand naturally arises for a tariff 'for revenue only,' which is the position taken up by the Democratic party. This would not mean anything resembling the free entry into the United States of British or any other foreign goods. It is scarcely too much to say that any attempt to force such a policy as that upon the country would provoke a revolution. Once for all, the United States, in common with all other great nations except England, have decided to raise the money they want, as they express it, 'from the foreigner.' We might as well expect to see the sun going round the earth as to look for the reversal of this system.

Mr. Gladstone has had far too much experience of public life to be subject to any delusions so far as trade is concerned, and therefore he has not held out any foolish hopes of Free Trade being adopted by the United States. But in his speech at Dundee he contended that 'it is not true that any tariff in any country on earth can interfere seriously with the prosperity of Great Britain or the United Kingdom.' Would he, then, refuse to acknowledge that if we had free access to the other markets of the world, our prosperity would not be greater than it is now—that, for instance, if there were no duties on our cotton goods in the United States, we should not sell more there than we do to-day? To limit the growth of the commerce of any nation, in any part of the world, is surely an injury to the nation. No, it is not, Mr. Gladstone appears to argue, because if we are driven out of one market it will merely serve to develop our trade with others. If, he says, 'there are twenty great markets in the world and a stringent Protection law is passed in one of them, we are injured in that one, perhaps, but we are benefited in the other nineteen.' This might be true if the other nineteen were not all bent upon the same policy as the twentieth. But they are. That is our position in the face of the world at this moment. Give us the command of nineteen markets, and then take away the twentieth if you

like. At present, the only absolutely free market we have is India, and although that country is proving a formidable rival to us in cotton manufacturing, still the growth of our trade with it affords the most striking example that could be found of the progress we can make when we are unfettered by hostile tariffs. Suppose we had been able to deal on the same terms with all the other nations of the world. Can anybody doubt that it would have been an enormous benefit to this country? To contend, therefore, that foreign tariffs cannot seriously interfere with our prosperity is as great a fallacy as it is to contend that great industries cannot grow under a Protective system.

But one hostile tariff the more is not the only difficulty which threatens us. The United States are making persistent efforts to form a new commercial federation in their own favour, to embrace the whole of the continent on which their destinies have been cast. We laugh at this, and say that it will come to nothing. That is our self-confident way in most things. The Americans like to see us indulge in it, because they know that while we laugh they can push steadily on. They have it within their power to offer very great advantages to the South American republics and to Canada to induce them to enter into an arrangement by which the productions of the United States shall be taken upon exceptional terms, and England, among other powers, be further handicapped in the race. The South American republics will in due season enter into this arrangement, and we shall find our trade with Brazil, Peru, Honduras, the Argentine Republic, and other countries greatly reduced. The 'other nineteen' parts of the world, to which we are to look for compensation for losses sustained in the United States, will not be found in South America. Then how does the matter stand as regards Canada? No doubt the present Premier, Sir John Macdonald, is opposed to entering into more intimate relations with the United States than those which at present exist; but, on the other hand, the Liberal party is strongly in favour of accepting the overtures once more made to them. It is idle to deny that the United States can offer immense inducements to the Canadians to join them in a commercial federation. Mr. Erastus Wiman, one of the greatest of Canadian manufacturers, in entertaining the members of the British Iron and Steel Institute at Niagara Falls, on the 24th of last October, expressed the sentiments of tens of thousands of his fellow-citizens when he declared that Canada needed 'only the magic touch of freedom and appreciation of the American people to enormously enrich them.' Evidently he and his friends have ceased to look to England for help or for advice. No doubt his warnings will be disregarded by too many leaders of public opinion in this country, but it is earnestly to be hoped that they will sink deeply into the minds of the business men and the working classes, whose interests are in such grievous jeopardy. Let us at least listen to what Mr. Wiman has to say, and remember that he

is representative of the Opposition party in Canada, the party which may come into power on this very 'platform': 'If the Congress of the United States,' he said, 'should express a willingness to extend to the north an invitation to reciprocal arrangements similar to that which, in their new tariff, they have extended to southern nationalities, the people of Great Britain must not blame Canada if she accepts this first omen of better relations hereafter to exist between the English-speaking nations that hold this vast continent in common.' And again, the Hon. W. Laurier, leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons, speaking on the 8th of October, emphatically asserted his opinion that the 'only salvation of Canada was in unrestricted reciprocity with the United States in natural products and manufactured goods.' Sir Richard Cartwright, another Liberal member, declared, on the 21st of October, that 'the United States was their natural market,' and he ridiculed the idea of seeking markets three thousand miles away. Even the *Quebec Telegraph*, which usually supports Sir J. Macdonald, throws him over on this question, and falls back on 'manifest destiny.' 'Trade is what we want,' it remarked in October, 'not twaddle about loyalty to the Crown. If those who believe in annexation only have the courage of their convictions, and speak out as we do, they will hasten the welcome day when we call ourselves citizens of the mighty Republic.' What is the reply of England to such remonstrances and warnings as these? She replies that 'Free Trade is the source of wealth and property, and that the nation which refuses to adopt it is lost. Moreover, wrong or right, we never intend to depart from our present attitude on the question.' With that, Canada, and any other of our colonies who wish to draw into closer union with us on commercial affairs, will have to be contented.

Unfortunately, the United States are able to bring to bear upon Canada pressure of a more practical kind than can be exerted merely by argument. The Fishery question, in one form or another, is always arising. It is approaching the acute stage as regards Behring Sea. Lord Salisbury has acted with great wisdom and prudence in all the negotiations that have hitherto taken place, but he cannot settle a dispute which one party involved does not wish to have settled. That was the obstacle which stood in the way of Mr. Chamberlain's success some little time ago, as he probably sees much more clearly now than he did then. Here is a weapon which may always be used against Canada, and we are powerless to prevent it. Sir George Baden-Powell told the citizens of Montreal, on the 20th of October, 'that if danger threatened Canada, the last drop of British blood and the last of Great Britain's treasure would be expended in the defence of the Dominion.' Assuredly no responsible public man would go about Canada vapouring in this manner, and it is not clear who authorised Sir George Baden-Powell to enter into the contract

which he was pleased to announce. It is to be hoped that before any English minister takes it up he will seriously count the cost. The United States are well aware that they are not called upon to indulge in any theatrical clap-trap on the subject. They leave that sort of stuff to members of the House of Commons. But a despatch appeared in the London newspapers a few weeks ago which may have its significance. We are told that the annual report of Mr. Windom, Secretary to the Treasury, 'will contain a recommendation that the privileges which the Canadian railways enjoy in transporting freight for the United States shall be materially abridged.' It was added that Canada would be brought to terms 'by striking at the system of her railways, especially the trans-continental route.' We have also to consider that one of the most extraordinary laws ever enacted by any legislature was passed by the United States Congress in August last. This enactment places it absolutely within the power of one man, the President of the United States, to prohibit the importation of any goods into that country from any nation he may think proper to name. He need give no reasons, no explanation. It is only necessary for him to issue an order some morning that no more cotton goods, no more iron or steel, shall be admitted into any United States ports from England, and no produce of any kind from Canada, and every Federal officer would immediately obey him. As is our way, we make light of this. We decide at once that this is a law which was never intended to be used. Then why was it passed by the most practical people on the face of the earth? Circumstances are conceivable, in connection with the Irish vote and the near approach of a presidential election, or with the fishery dispute as affecting Canada, under which that retaliation law would not long remain a dead letter.

English merchants who are largely engaged in the export trade to the United States have been made to feel the effects of another piece of legislation in the last session of Congress. The Customs Legislation Act has not attracted such widespread attention as the McKinley Tariff, but it throws new and serious obstacles round the attempts of our manufacturers and traders to get their goods into the United States. It subjects them to heavy penalties for breaches of regulations such as no other nation puts into operation against us. All invoices are required to be made out in the currency of the place from which the importations are made, and these invoices are to be accompanied by an affidavit or declaration from the exporter, made before a United States consul or agent, setting forth that the particulars given are 'in all respects correct and true.' Where *ad valorem* duties are levied, the value of every crate, box, or other covering is to be included in the value upon which duty is assessed, so that not even a packing-case shall pass into the United States duty free. The invoice is also to explain 'if the merchandise was obtained by

purchase,' and to contain 'a true and full statement of the time when, the place where, the person from whom the same was purchased, and the actual cost thereof and of all charges thereon.' A trader whose agent has bought goods in France, or anywhere else, must go before the United States Consul and be prepared to state the name of the person from whom he purchased them, the day of the week—'a true and full statement of the time'—how much he paid for them, and what discount he received on the transaction. Any one failing to fill up these forms correctly is made punishable by a fine of \$5,000 (1,000*l.*), or, if within the jurisdiction of the United States, he may be imprisoned for two years. It is not too much to say that in very many instances the particulars thus exacted could not possibly be obtained by the exporting merchant. And let it be remembered that these ironclad restrictions are imposed upon us by a nation from whom we receive everything they choose to send us—apart, of course, from tobacco and spirits—without impediment of any kind. We bought of the United States last year merchandise to the value of 95,461,475*l.*, most of which came in unfettered by a penny of duty or by obstacles of any kind. At the same time, all the ingenuity of the Americans is devoted to the work of keeping our goods out of their markets. This is what we call 'Free Trade.' Is it any wonder that our merchants and the working classes have the very strongest suspicions that we have not got hold of the real thing after all? If, however, they find themselves harassed by the continual attacks of the United States, they may console themselves with the reflection that 'we all speak the same language,' and that the 'same blood runs in our veins.'

What is the use, however, of blaming the American people? Their main object is to build up the biggest trade in the world, and they will do it, and do it moreover by that very Protection which, as our philosophers tell us, saps the foundations of every industry to which it is applied. Their duty is, not to consider the harm they can inflict upon us, but the good they can do themselves. If, incidentally, a severe blow is inflicted upon England, the vast masses of the people in the United States would sincerely rejoice, although that is a fact which is usually kept out of sight at festive gatherings. It has, however, a significance of its own, which we shall probably understand and appreciate better some day than we do now. Meanwhile, the Americans have beaten us at the iron and steel trades, in which thirty years ago they did next to nothing, and eventually they will pass us in the cotton trade. They are now turning their attention to shipping, in which we are at present supreme. Hitherto they have been prevented from buying ships from other nations, and shipbuilding in their own country has not been a profitable business. The high rate of wages has made the cost of building a ship from 20 to 25 per cent. more than in England. But two measures have been

submitted to Congress making provision for subsidies to the American builders, and these bills have already passed the Senate, and there can be scarcely any doubt that they will become law during the next session of Congress. Preparations are already being made on the Delaware river, and in other parts of the country, for the revival of shipbuilding. 'The country,' wrote the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* recently, 'is filled with the idea of placing the American flag again upon all parts of the ocean, and sending its ships throughout the world.' That ambition will be realised all the sooner on account of the deadly blows at our own shipping trade which strikes and agitation are continually delivering. We are opening the gates to the enemy. And already we feel the injurious influences of the McKinley Tariff Act. Shipping agents all report a diminution in the quantity of goods sent to the United States. One agent has stated that 'the difference between this year and last year is at least 50 per cent. The volume of the reduction is chiefly in cotton and woollen goods and upholstery materials.' Too many of our own workpeople propose to meet this crisis with renewed strikes and an eight hours law. No wonder the shrewd Americans believe that their chance has come of stepping into the first place, and putting England into the second.

From their own point of view they are quite right. They say to us, 'Why do you not bestir yourselves to meet the altered conditions which meet you on every side? You are slow, and you think you are infallible. Whatever you do must be right. You took up with what you absurdly call Free Trade when you had everything your own way, and you swear you will never give it up. But you will be driven to do so. At present you think you are all right because the "volume" of your trade does not fall off. Go into Lancashire and Yorkshire and see whether the manufacturers there are not obliged to strain every nerve to keep up this "volume." The concerns that pay best are the limited liability companies, which can easily make a call upon the shareholders when things are going wrong, and which can borrow money at a low rate. It is easy enough to pay interest on those loans, but the same rate of interest will not enable private firms to keep on replacing machinery with new, and to sustain the inevitable losses of trade. Under an appearance of great prosperity, many of your great industries are crumbling beneath your feet. You are always quoting your big figures showing increase in quantities. But what about profits? Your manufacturers could unfold a tale on that point. We shall cut you out in all directions in time. We do not adhere to any theory when the facts are manifestly against it. We shall give up Protection when we are ready, but we shall never give up import duties. You are a heavy and patient set of people, and you seem to like the income-tax collector coming to your doors, and demanding to know how much you earned last year, and all

about your private affairs. We would not stand it. We prefer to raise the money we want out of your silks and your velvets and your cotton goods, even if our own people who require such things have to pay a little more for them. They can afford it. As for our working men, if they are so badly off as you pretend, how is it that so many of your people are always flocking to us? How is it that they get on so much better in the United States than they do in England?

‘Moreover, John Bull, you are running your head against another stone wall in thinking that you will be able to raise all the money you require for your national defences—of which, by the bye, you are making a pretty mess, as we shall show you when our new nickel-steel armoured cruisers and monitors are ready—by your present fiscal appliances. Either you must find new sources of taxation, or there will be a desperate raid made upon capital and other forms of property. To import duties, or to socialism, you will inevitably be driven. Look at your Chancellor of the Exchequer and his wild attempts to raise money by new taxes—his van-tax, his horse-tax, his wheel-tax, his claret-tax, and other failures of the kind which strew his path. Has he not warned you that when once the revenue from any tax falls off there are no reserves to which he can turn to make good the deficiency? You have been obliged within the last few years to draw upon the Sinking Fund to meet the sum you require for current expenses, and now you are compelled to distribute the expenses you are incurring over a series of years. Remark that at the same time we are paying off our debt hand over hand. You are mortgaging the future; we are laying by immense reserves to meet it. You are losing your opportunities; we are carefully husbanding ours. You are mumbling congratulations to yourself over your progress since 1846—look at ours. Moreover, we live in 1890, and are working for the future.

‘What you ought to have done long ago was to have brought all your colonies and dependencies into a great alliance with you, for trade purposes first, for anything else afterwards upon which you might happen to agree. You would then have been able to defy the world. Your colonies are capable of supplying you with everything that you require, but they wanted time and opportunity to develop their resources. You should have given them an advantage in your markets by means of differential duties. They could not have taken your goods duty free, for they will raise their money chiefly at the custom-houses, as all sensible nations do; but they could have offered you more favourable terms than they allowed to your competitors. The bond between you would have become closer and closer as the years went by. They looked to you with hope and confidence; now they begin to look to us. Newfoundland is crying aloud to us to take her over. When we get Canada you will see what we shall do for it. It will no longer present the strange contrast with us which

it now does, and which astounds every traveller who passes through both countries for the first time. You still have the command of enormous capital, and your people are endowed with marvellous energy and pluck. But you cannot fight the world with the antiquated weapons of half a century ago. Why do you not go back to Brown Bess at once? It would be all of a piece with your commercial policy. Do you not see that even during the last four years tariffs everywhere have been increased against you? And yet you maunder on about the world being converted to Free Trade! What a surprise is in store for you one of these days! Meanwhile, do not rail at others who profit by the chances which you have neglected.'

That is what Americans say. The day will come when the English people will decide that they were right. Perhaps it is almost too late to establish a customs union with our colonies. Five or ten years hence the last hope of doing it will have to be surrendered. It must be sacrificed because 'Free Trade' stands all across the path. At present the great body of the nation do not realise or understand the position into which they are being forced. They will comprehend it only too well before they are much older. Canada, as we have seen, is in a cruel strait. She does not wish to show any sign of disloyalty to England, and yet her interests marshal her across the border line which now separates her from the United States. Even now, however, at the eleventh hour it is possible to approach her with a view to the establishment of a tariff, which might afterwards be applied to all our colonies alike. If the moderate duties which we were in consequence obliged to levy upon the imports of nations outside that Union brought in a considerable revenue to this country, would that be a disadvantage to us, considering the growth of national expenditure and the 'inelasticity' of our present revenue? These are questions which the working classes are considering with deep attention. They pay no heed whatever to the statisticians and philosophers. They are beginning to think the thing out for themselves, and when the process is completed the results will astound the world. But the governing men of the country are indisposed or afraid to move, and the golden moments are rapidly passing, never to return.

L. J. JENNINGS.

BIRDS.

THERE are something under four hundred species of birds resident in or visitants, more or less regular, to the British Isles, and this number is less likely to increase than to diminish as the population becomes more dense. The wealth of woodland and uncultivated demesne which surround many of the homes of our landed gentry offers a convenient object of invective to the land reformer and of unkindly comment to the socialist, but the naturalist delights in it, for it gives a shelter to many an interesting tribe that would otherwise long since have been killed out, and tempts others to linger that might hurry on to other lands. Yet these sylvan shades screen many a senseless act of bloodshed, whereby numbers of rare and beautiful creatures pay the penalty of their resemblance to others really hurtful to game, or fall victims to naturalists of that class which pursues a bird to the death with bloodthirstiness proportioned to its scarcity. It is a common complaint that gamekeepers include in their list of vermin many birds that are absolutely guiltless of injury to game; no doubt that is true, 'and pity 'tis 'tis true;' but who is the real culprit? Not the gamekeeper; he is but a servant, and holds his place only so long as he does his master's pleasure. He is possessed of traditions as to the injurious habits of certain animals; they are a matter of faith with him, and so long as he believes them he will feel it to be his duty to protect his master's property. He does it quite openly, and takes a pride in the grisly display of corpses hanging on the back wall of the kennel. The true barbarian is the master who permits the massacre; the root of the evil is his unpardonable ignorance. Not indifference, mark you, for very few country gentlemen are indifferent to things concerning the kingdom of field sports—it will be a bad day for their class (*pace* Mr. Wordsworth) should they ever become so—it is sheer ignorance. Ask each of the first twenty squires you meet to name to you, out of the four hundred British birds, one hundred that he knows by sight. Very likely not one of them will be able to do so, still less tell you anything about their habits. Gamekeepers the culprits! Often and often has my blood boiled to see a poor owl, disturbed by the line of beaters and dazzled by the daylight, float noiselessly towards the forward guns

to be knocked over by a cigarette-smoking biped who perhaps never has done so much good to his fellow-creatures as his victim has in many a night's mouse-hunting.

Now what is the story revealed by impartial inquiry into the charge made against the owl's character? It happens that it is as simple a matter to analyse his diet as if the various articles composing it were set forth in a printed *menu*; for the owl, like other birds of prey, has the power of disgorging the indigestible parts of his food in what are called pelts or pellets. A writer in the *Saturday Review* lately explained how Dr. Altum, a German naturalist, has been at praiseworthy pains in examining these pelts, and the facts revealed by him should once and for all remove all doubts as to, not only the harmless, but the useful habits of the owl. The Tawny Owl (*Strix striolula*) is the species that bears the worst character for poaching; in 210 pelts of this bird Dr. Altum found the remains of 1 stoat (mark that, keeper!), 6 rats, 371 mice, 48 moles, 18 small birds, and many beetles and cockchafers. Again, 706 pelts of the Barn Owl produced 16 bats, 3 rats, 2,520 mice, 1 mole, and 22 small birds.

Very creditable to the owls, it may be said; but at what time of year was this analysis made? Unless it was in June, when the young pheasants and partridges were about, it is worthless; because the owl who will take a sparrow will not disdain a young pheasant. Probably not, if he gets the chance; but the owl feeds only by night, when every young game-bird is safe under his mother's feathers.

I venture to commend this simple experiment to the attention of those who can hardly be numbered among the disciples of the Goddess of Intellect so long as they senselessly persecute her chosen bird.

Surely it is not too much to expect that the day may come when the true sportsman will not be estimated *only* by the percentage of rockets he can 'tear from the skies' or the number of driven grouse he can pile around his box; when woodcraft shall be required to consist of more than the art of destruction and to include some knowledge of the wild animals met with in a day's shooting. The mere pleasure derived from sport must be infinitely enhanced to one like the late Charles St. John, to whom every passing bird was an object of interest, quite apart from its quality on the table or its value at the poulterer's. People are sometimes deterred from natural history by the polysyllabic names in scientific works; it is not the least necessary to begin with them, though the delight in classification is sure to follow open-air study.

When that day comes, the gamekeeper will take his cue from his master; the destruction of innocent birds will be forbidden, and Velvetens will then take as much pride in showing rare creatures on the wing as he now does in showing them rotting on a board. He will be as anxious to chronicle the nesting of rare visitors as the bailiff whose master, a former Earl of Lonsdale, imported some emus, and, having

to go up to London, left strict injunctions that he was to be informed when they began to lay. Not long after he is said to have received the following letter from the bailiff:

My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship that one of the emus has begun to lay. In the absence of your lordship, I have put the eggs under the biggest goose we have.

Does such a state of things seem Utopian? Then let me illustrate its possibility by an actual incident. Few birds have been subjected to more persecution or more strictly confined to the wildest parts of our country than the golden eagle. Last season I was stalking in the forest of —. We had sighted a large herd of deer on the opposite side of a wide corrie. To approach them it was necessary to descend a steep glen, with scattered birch and rowan offering a welcome cover. About halfway down the stalker suddenly stopped and pointed out to me a fine eagle sitting on a bare branch within five-and-twenty yards of us. The bird saw us almost as quickly, and left his perch, soaring off in majestic curves across the gulf. Of course it was an anxious moment, for it was very likely the deer would take the alarm; nevertheless, the stalker betrayed the feeling uppermost in his mind by ejaculating, 'Noble bird, mistress eagle!' Strict orders have been maintained for years in this forest (all honour to its owner!) against the destruction of eagles, and the men now take pride in being able to show this king of 'vermin.' The incident gave me so much pleasure that, rather than have missed it, I would willingly have given up the issue of the stalk (which turned out successfully).

But of course the golden eagle is a gentleman requiring elbow-room. His taste for tender lamb makes him obnoxious except in the great deer forests of the north; yet his visits to the low country are so rare that it is scarcely too much to ask that he might be more hospitably received there than is generally the case. Mr. Ruskin says somewhere that if an angel from heaven were to alight upon British soil the first idea occurring to anyone in sight would be to get a gun, in order, I presume, to add him to some local collection. This is exactly what happens when an eagle is seen. But if the golden eagle deserves persecution by his marauding habits, the same cannot be said, at least in the same degree, of other birds, scarcely inferior in beauty, which meet with similar treatment. Of these the kite is one—the *common* kite it is called in ornithological works; but alas! it is common no longer. There were plenty of them about the great woods of the English midlands within the memory of people still living, but it is now reckoned among the rarest of our birds. It was deplorable to read in the columns of the *Field* (the leading journal of sport, forsooth!) that during the summer of 1889 five of these splendid birds were destroyed in a certain district of Wales. It cannot be claimed for them that they are harmless; they have a

hankering for chickens about a farmyard, and, if kites were about, a careful eye would have to be kept over young pheasants at the coops, but they are not nearly so hurtful as their formidable size and appearance would lead one to suppose. Clausius states that in his day they were plentiful in the streets of London and quite tame, being protected by the municipality on account of their usefulness as scavengers.

Polygamy among wild birds, though rare, is not unknown, witness our own blackgame and pheasants; but it is said to be among kites alone that polyandry is practised. The female bird permits the addresses of several males; and this leads to an exception to the adage, 'Hawks dinna pyke out hawks' e'en,' for the males, fired by jealousy, engage in fierce conflicts at the nesting season.

Another bird of noble aspect that is now seldom seen is the buzzard. Though reckoned a woodland bird, he used to be not unfrequent a few years ago in the bare southern uplands of Scotland. A pair of these circling about the crags of some mountain solitude, uttering shrill cries, add almost as wild a charm to the landscape as the eagle. In such districts he may be acquitted of injury to game, his favourite food being 'braxy,' *i.e.* dead sheep. Yet he has paid a heavy penalty for his warlike mien and has been ruthlessly killed down. On many a height that he used to adorn he is seen no more. In his search for carrion he is specially liable to fall into that most horrible of all snares—a pole trap. Perhaps the reader is in happy ignorance of that fiendish invention. Let me enlighten—even at the risk of sickening him; for unless these things are known, how can they be condemned? A pole is erected in some waste likely to be frequented by hawks; on the summit of it is fixed a strong steel trap, baited with a lump of meat. The trap is secured to the pole by a chain, so that when some soaring bird of prey descends to seize the lure he is caught by the leg, the trap falls off the pole, and the wretched animal dangles head downwards till the keeper comes to put him out of his misery. But the worst remains to be told. Owing to the fact that these traps are generally set in some lonely place—the summit of a hill or the middle of a peat moss—they cannot be regularly visited; the trapped bird sometimes swings for days till a lingering death ensues. No one who has once met the fierce, full eye of a falcon caught in one of these hideous contrivances, who has seen the strong, bold wings, that once bore him so gallantly on the gale, now flapping helplessly against the pole, and the limb crushed in the cruel steel, can ever, one would think, forget the feeling of deep shame that burned in his heart. Yet this is part of the regular business of game-preserving on many moors in the north. Nothing need be said against the greedy black-backed gull, the carrion crow, even the rook, when he takes to robbing nests, paying the thief's penalty; one would even judge leniently the man who, giving a

high rent for a grouse moor, objects to sharing the stock on it with the lordly peregrine and the nimble merlin; but, in the name of all that is merciful, let them be done to death cleanly and fairly by powder and shot, and let no one with the remotest claim to rank as a sportsman sanction these infernal pole traps, which are just as likely to catch and torture an innocent kestrel that never struck at anything heavier than a field-mouse.

Mr. Robert Gray describes another inhuman method of destroying the hen-harrier:

Keepers, on finding a nest, usually wait until the eggs are hatched, and are in the habit of killing all the young birds except one, which they fasten by the leg to a stake, and thus oblige to remain there, even after being fully fledged, until an opportunity occurs for shooting the old birds. This is sometimes but too easily accomplished, as they continue bringing prey to the tethered captive long after it should have been hunting the moors on its own account.

Not only 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;' enacted among the fairest scenes of nature, cruelty seems to take a deeper shade by contrast.

I think I hear the snort of contempt with which the term 'innocent kestrel' may be received by some. Nevertheless no epithet was ever more strictly accurate; this bird is as harmless to game as a water-hen. Apply the same test to the pelts of the kestrel or wind-hover as Dr. Altum did to those of the owl, and no feathers will be detected in them. He feeds on mice, frogs, and coleopterous insects. A true falcon, as shown by the second pen-feather of the wing being longest; one of the five British species of falcon, still the commonest, but fast dwindling in numbers, a very Ariel among fowls, he loves

to ride

On the curl'd clouds.

His graceful flight—now cleaving the air with strong, rapid wing-strokes, now poised against the breeze almost motionless but for a tremulous movement of the pinions, and then veering away in wide curves to hover again over some likely mouse-ground—is a sight of which the eye never wearies. Some few landowners, more enlightened than their fellows, have forbidden his destruction, otherwise he would by this time have become as scarce as his near relative, the hobby; but this does not protect him when he roves into less friendly territory.

Would that such birds could know the lands of their friends from those of their foes. It is only a few years since the last pair of eagles (the white-tailed kind, *Haliaeetus albicilla*) known to breed in the south of Scotland disappeared. Year after year these splendid birds had their eyrie on the flanks of Cardorcan in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, till one unlucky day they were found transgressing on the territory of a neighbouring lord, and paid the penalty of

death. There is a tantalising passage in a description of these Stewartry hills among the Macfarlane MSS. in the Edinburgh Advocates' Library, showing that four animals, at least, have disappeared from the fauna of the district since the beginning of last century.

In the remote parts of this great mountain are very large Red-deer; and about the top thereof that fine bird called the Mountain Partridge, or, by the commonalty, the Tarmachan, about the size of a Red-cock . . . makes its protection in the chinks and hollow places of thick stones from the insults of the eagles, which are in plenty, both the large gray and the black, in that mountain.

One peak of the hill referred to (the Merrick, 2,700 feet) still bears the name of Benyellary, that is, *beann iolair*, the eagle's hill; and ptarmigan are said to have been last seen there in the dry summer of 1826—the 'year of the short corn,' as the country people call it.

There is one beautiful bird upon whom the perversity of nomenclature has been peculiarly oppressive. 'Give a bird a bad name and shoot him' is the verdict of Jeddart justice upon more than one guiltless creature, so it is not surprising that a bird styled variously the fern-owl, night-hawk or goat-sucker should be hardly dealt with. All these are misleading titles, for it is neither an owl nor a hawk, but a member of the beneficent family of *Chelidon* or Swallows, and it can neither suck goats nor anything else. The only good popular name for it is the night-jar, as those can testify who have learned to associate its vibrating cry with the cockchafer's hum, the nightingale's song, the scent of hawthorn and other accompaniments of a warm evening in early summer. In a list of so-called vermin destroyed between 1850 and 1854 by the same keepers who killed the last eagles of Cardorcan, there occurs the item—33 fern-owls. If you ask why they are destroyed, you will probably be told they suck the milk of cows; if you press for an instance when they have been seen to do so you will be told that old people *say* they do it, and, anyhow, they suck eggs. Suck eggs! it would be as reasonable to accuse a Chelsea pensioner of tickling trout or stealing deer. It is physically impossible for this bird to suck anything, for his gape is wide and shallow, plentifully fringed and specially formed for catching moths. Besides, he feeds by night, like the owls, when the eggs in all well-regulated nests, except his own and the owl's, are covered. This is one of the birds which exhibit the touching practice of feigning to be crippled, in order to lure intruders from their young. The female night-jar is a most accomplished actress in this respect; I once followed one for more than a hundred yards, pretending to be deceived by her flopping and scrambling over the ground; now and then she would let me come close to her, as she sat up with drooping wings and gaping beak, hissing like a snake; indeed I began to think she really was winged, when suddenly she rose and skimmed away over the bracken.

In spite of the unthinking mischief wrought or permitted by sportsmen, it must not be supposed that their influence has been altogether adverse to the preservation of wild birds. Far otherwise; but for the shelter of quiet woodlands and wastes reserved for game many native species would long before this have been numbered with the past; game birds would first have been hunted to extinction, then lesser fowls would have become the objects of pursuit, till, as it is in many parts of the continent of Europe, the song of the thrush would have been as seldom heard as the hooping of the wild swan. Wordsworth failed to persuade his fellow-countrymen with leisure or means

Never to blend their pleasure or their pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels;

and it is lucky that he did so, for had he succeeded, our *fera natura* would have fallen into less discriminate and less merciful hands. Despite his jealousy of any species supposed to interfere with his beloved grouse and pheasants, the sportsman has a kindly regard for most living creatures. All that is required is that this regard should be made a little more intelligent and catholic. A great deal of squeamish nonsense is talked, and more is written, about the cruelty of field sports; the best answer is, that if there were no battues there would be no pheasants. It is a matter of feeling, not easily to be decided by arithmetic, where legitimate sport ceases and slaughter begins; there *is* a line somewhere, which every owner of coverts must draw according to his judgment; but whether the bag consist of scores or of hundreds, the pheasants or the grouse, could they be consulted, would affirm with one voice, 'Tis better to be hatched and shot than never to be hatched at all; and unless they are preserved for shooting they never would come into existence, that is all.

It is, therefore, to sportsmen we must look for aid in preventing the extinction of some of our fast failing species. Once let them know something about the mischief that is being done, and, depend upon it, the much-abused gamekeeper will find it to be his interest to change his practice. There is one bird which may freely be made over to his tender mercies. As the rat is among mammals, so among birds is the carrion crow; whether attired in the black uniform of the native species or in the grey and sable motley of the migratory hooded crow (there seems to be no specific distinction between them), he has and deserves no friends. Mr. Robert Mudie sums up the indictment against him truthfully enough:

They prowl about even to the doors of the houses, and into poultry yards, and are voracious devourers of eggs, young poultry, young rabbits and young game, even more so than the regular birds of prey. They punch out the eyes of weak animals, hawk at birds on the wing, open shelled mollusca on the sea-shore.

Against this heavy charge there is not a single amiable trait to be

recorded; nor does he serve any useful purpose, so far as can be seen, in this country, where we are able to dispose of our own carrion. Neither is there the slightest fear of his being lost to our fauna, for he exists in numbers, in different disguises of plumage, throughout the northern hemisphere.

Probably it is better not to spoil a good case by asking too much otherwise great is the temptation to put in a word for the magpie, now never to be seen in some counties and nowhere abundant, in England or Scotland. He is a gay and handsome rascal, but a rascal he is—past praying for. Scarce as he has become in this island, he is still a common object in an Irish landscape. Some years ago I was staying at a village in the north on a fishing excursion; magpies roosted in numbers in a wood hard by. My companion, coveting some tail-feathers for cleaning his pipe, stationed himself one evening at a place on the high road where they used to cross in flying home. He shot seventeen, and I must confess to some uncharitable feelings towards him at the sight.

There is so much character, even though it be of a sinister cast, about the birds classed as Omnivoræ that it is difficult to part from them without mentioning them all. The raven (now happily the object of careful protection in some of his northern breeding-places), the rook, the jackdaw, the jay (would that keepers would be blinder to his faults and kinder to his virtues!), each is a bird of wits, whose merits and demerits cannot be weighed in a paragraph. Passing over these, it is a pleasure to find one of the group of absolutely blameless character, whose increasing scarcity cannot be laid at the game-keeper's door, but is due to the ardour of the collector (of whom more presently) and the high price which is paid for young birds to rear as pets.

The chough (writes Mudie, no less accurately than picturesquely) is as much a bird of the breeze as the jay is of the shade and shelter of the woods. The loose and comparatively downy plumage of the jay enables it to glide between trees, and softens its collision with branches, while the firm plumage of the chough enables it to bear the storm when beating on the rocks in which it takes up its abode.

A charming bird it is, with its jetty plumage with beetle-blue reflections and carmine bill and feet, but it is only in a few parts of our rocky western coasts that it may still be admired. Even there it falls a frequent victim to that senseless destroyer, the shore-loafer.

The destruction of birds of prey, much as it is to be deplored in the extent to which it has been carried, has favoured the increase of many species whose interests were not considered when it was undertaken. None has derived more benefit from it than a species of that very group, Omnivoræ, last under consideration. Many people must have noticed the great increase of late years in the numbers of starlings. It is not long since in certain parts of the country its pretty

pale blue egg, of a hue more watery than the turquoise of the thrush, was prized by boys as somewhat of a rarity; now it is among the commonest of birds. Though afflicted with disreputable relatives, the fair fame of the starling has never been smirched even by peccadilloes. He earns an honest living, for which he has to travel far and work hard. Being mainly an animal feeder, the number of grubs and insects which a flock of four or five hundred starlings pick up in the course of a day must be stupendous.

They are fond of roosting in reeds, and it is pretty to watch them collecting in an autumn evening and going through aerial drill. Parties of from five to fifty who have been out foraging during the day begin to arrive towards sunset: the numbers soon mount up to hundreds, even thousands, and the whole flock, constantly increasing in numbers as twilight begins, wheels and spreads, veers and deploys over the surface of the water with admirable precision. Then what a whistling and chattering as they settle to rest upon the bending reeds; if a man shouts or claps his hands, what instant silence; and next what a rush of wings as the flock rises and begins its evolutions over again.

Gregarious though he is, the starling never loses his individuality; some seem to prefer solitude or the company of two or three of their kind. It is worth listening to one of these as he sits on a winter morning on the house-top. He is an excellent mimic, and may be heard repeating to himself in a low tone snatches of the songs of summer birds, just as people returning from the opera hum over (not always with due appreciation from their companions) bars of the most taking airs. Then he breaks off into the sharp chuck-chuck of the waterhen, the coot's croak or the plover's pipe. Altogether he is a most fascinating bird (though he has never got the poets fairly on his side yet) if it is only for the memories of dead summers that his chatter awakes.

Association is nearly as readily stirred by sounds as by scents. Often and often the laughing cry of the gulls in St. James's Park transports me to the shores of a certain Highland loch, dark-bosomed, barred with streaks of intense light, and fringed with masses of golden tangle. The sombre pile in Downing Street seems to transform itself into the towering bulk of Bennaveoch, rising with fold upon fold of brown heather and velvety fern into cool tones of grey crag and shadowy cleft, to where his riven brow cuts dark and sharp against the morning clouds. I seem to hear the lap of the tide against the stones, and the path transforms itself into the white road winding along the shore, not between black iron hurdles, but banks of green turf and hazel copse.

Another rural sound there is which of late years has gratified the ears of Londoners. Seven or eight years ago a pair of woodpigeons built their nest in St. James's Park. It is said they were part of an importation from Belgium, escaped from confinement, but whether

that is so, or whether they had wandered in from the country, they were the true English ringdove. How they have fared may be judged from the fact that one Sunday in August 1889 I counted no fewer than seventy-three cropping the young clover in the turf behind the Row in Hyde Park. All their native wariness has been laid aside; you can watch them running over the sward so near sometimes that you could almost touch them with a walking-stick, preening their somewhat sooty plumage and actually lying on their sides like a spaniel in the sun: and all this in the presence of hundreds of passers-by. Never was there a more welcome addition to the London fauna. 'Take two cows, Taffy!' sounds dreamily from amid the foliage of the plane-trees, till you can almost swear you scent the odour of the larch woods or hear the breeze sighing in the pines.

As flowers gain the affection of man chiefly by pleasing his eye, so it is through his ear that wild birds endear themselves. They are too shy in their habits, too quick in motion, their flight transcends too far his sluggish gait for him to make near acquaintance with them, unless with elaborate precaution. But how lavishly they fill the air with sound! Let alone song-birds, how oppressive would be the silence of the country if there were no cawing rooks or crowing cocks, no wail of curlew or clamour of wildfowl. Even in the depth of our winters there is no silence. The wildfowler, astir before dawn, knows this. The land is deep with snow, every pool is hard bound in ice, only the springs and the muddy shore flats are green and soft. As he stations himself at the chosen spot and the east begins to pale he hears many sounds familiar to his ear—the clangour of a string of wild geese passing to the shore, the whistle of ducks' wings overhead, with an occasional quack from the leader of the flock, the pipe of the plover and the screech of the heron out on the shore. Where birds are there is never silence.

MacGillivray, the ornithologist, thorough scientist as he was, could not always confine himself to the dry details of his favourite subject. Every now and then he was carried away into a modest rhapsody, and the thrush's song seemed to him like the unknown tongues of the prophets, capable of interpretation if one had but the key. He tried to transpose it into literature; it looks awkward enough so, but no one is likely to succeed better than he did

Dear, dear, dear,
In the rocky glen,
Far away, far away, far away
The haunts of men;
There shall we dwell in love
With the lark and the dove,
Cuckoo and corn rail,
Feast on the bearded snail,

Worm and gilded fly,
 Drink of the crystal rill
 Winding adown the hill
 Never to dry. ●
 With glee, with glee, with glee
 Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up here ;
 Nothing to harm us, then sing merrily.
 Sing to the loved one, whose nest is near.
 Qui, qui, queen quip ;
 Tiurru, tiurru, chipiwi,
 Too-tee, too-tee, chin-choo,
 Chirri, chirri, chooe, ●
 Quin, qui, qui.

Perhaps the best part of this is the five lines of gibberish at the end, which really recall the original. What a wonderful melody it is ! One is apt to underrate it when every grove has been resounding with song for months. To feel its full influence go into the woods some still evening in mild February weather, when the grey cloud canopy opens towards the west, and pale rays of sunshine steal level across the landscape. The dead leaves under foot, too damp to rustle, light up into clear tones of russet and ochre ; the moss, spangled with hanging moisture, is touched into sheets of malachite green, the stems of the oak copse gleam like frosted silver against the dark sky. Hark ! there it is at last—the voice that has been silent through all the sullen months, clear and faultless as ever, in all those well-remembered trills and runs. As your ear drinks it in you seem to feel the warmth of summer suns and bathe in the brightness of far-off days ; then, as you take your way home through the deepening dusk, perhaps it occurs to you that although these be days when every properly instructed person mentions a flower as a phanerogamous inflorescence, and sees, as the primary object of its loveliness, neither the glory of God nor the pleasure of man, but the attraction of insects to secure cross-fertilisation ; when to say that the ‘morning stars sang together’ when the corner-stone of the earth was laid is to use a poetic but highly unscientific metaphor, and to allude to the way of a bird in the air as one of the things ‘past finding out’ is felt to be a slight upon our powers of research—in spite of all this you feel there are still some souls which respond gratefully to the Song of the Three Children : ‘Oh, all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.’

An appeal has been made to sportsmen in the earlier pages of this paper, and perhaps it is not being over-sanguine to expect that it will meet with some response, for there is the example of not a few of their own number to encourage that hope. There remains an appeal, less hopeful but not less urgent, to be made to another class—the collectors. Alas ! here we have a totally different set of considerations to be dealt with. The high price given by taxidermists for the skins of rare species combines with the enthusiasm of managers of

local museums to reduce to a minimum the safety of occasional and coveted visitors. With the first influence it is impossible to grapple: so long as certain birds command a good price in the market, collectors will carry on their work, and to ask a taxidermist to stop buying good specimens would be very much like proposing to a miller that he should stop grinding corn, or to a publican that he should stop selling beer. But with the other kind, the local naturalist, surely he may learn the better way. It is a good thing, the growing love of natural science and archæology in our provincial towns, but it requires guidance. Those who come under its influence should have the spirit of these words of Lord Lilford rubbed into them:—

This beautiful species (the Golden Oriole) is one of the many summer visitors to the continent of Europe, which, as I am firmly persuaded, only requires protection and encouragement to become tolerably common with us. At present it is an annual visitor, in small numbers, to our eastern and southern counties, and has been known to breed in England on several occasions: but most of the records of its appearance in our islands are accompanied by the statement that the specimen is in the hands of some local taxidermist, these artists being, with few exceptions, always ready to give a good price, and demand a much better one, for an Oriole, or, indeed, any unfortunate and uncommon straggler to our shores.

It is sadly true. No Wild Birds or Small Birds Protection Acts prevail against this stupid practice; and what can be more dismal than a collection of stuffed birds? Glossy and shapely though they may be when they are first set up, they soon begin to get dim and unsightly. Even in that princely collection in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, all the loving care of an enthusiastic professor and a practised staff cannot protect them from the tarnishing touch of time. Now, Lord Lilford is engaged at the present time in a work which ought to supersede every stuffed collection except the national one. He is publishing in parts his *Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Isles*, a work of exquisite beauty and permanent worth. Setting aside Gould's figures in elephant folio, which, though splendid works of art, are unmanageable from their size, and Dresser's noble work, which, however, includes all European birds, no series illustrating British birds has ever been undertaken equal to this, which is in the convenient size of large octavo. Of infinitely more beauty than stuffed specimens, these figures would be more attractive and equally useful to the students in our towns. Turn, for example, to the three plates in Part ix., illustrating the three phases of the ptarmigan's plumage. Fidelity to nature could hardly be carried further. The figure of the bittern in Part vii., taken from live specimens in his lordship's aviary, show the very action and expression of the bird. Some of the plates, besides their scientific accuracy, are perfect little pictures—such as that of the bullfinch in Part viii., worthy in itself of a costly frame—and all of them include pleasant scraps of landscape or studies of flowers and

foliage characteristic of the life-history of the animal. These, then, are things of beauty and use, practically imperishable, and illustrating British ornithology with far more accuracy and far more vividly than a crowd of dusty, distorted, stuffed skins. Lord Lilford's work (now in progress) only requires to be known to have as many admirers as there are lovers of birds, and as many subscribers as can afford it.

A last word, and on a painful subject. It is strange that bird-lovers should so often develop into bird-gaolers. One would think that the most ingenious punishment that could be devised for a bird is to deprive it of that faculty which has been the envy of man in all ages—the power of flight. To take a consummate piece of mechanism specially and exquisitely adapted for certain work, so to maim it or so to place it that that work can never be performed, seems a clumsy way of showing affection: yet that is just what is done by well-disposed people in many an English home. It is told of the stern ascetic and relentless moralist, William Law, whose nerve never flinched from contemplating the most realistic doctrine of eternal punishment, that he could never see a caged bird without feeling an almost irresistible impulse to release it.

Walking one hot May morning down that grimmest of all thoroughfares, Victoria Street, bewailing, as I saw the dry white clouds floating across the strip of blue overhead, the unkind fate that kept me from green fields and pleasant river-banks, I chanced to look down an area. There, in a little low cage, on a withered piece of turf, was a wretched, restless prisoner—a lark, ceaselessly fluttering up and down the few inches the height of his cage allowed him, and thrusting his breast hopelessly against the wires. How I longed to let him out, to bid him obey the irresistible impulse to rise and pour out the marvellous volume of sound pent in his little body, to seek a mate before the happy season of love was over, and on breezy down or springing cornfield forget the torments to which stupid, senseless man had condemned him! It is a threadbare theme—the sorrows of a caged bird, yet perhaps no one has ever thoroughly realised what suffering is involved in being able to fly and being forbidden to do so. All children and most grown persons have, in different ways, a kindly feeling for birds; would that they would show it in less ogreish fashion, and spend pains on developing rather than warping and destroying their special faculties!

HERBERT MAXWELL.

CONSTANTINOPLE REVISITED.

I HAD last visited Constantinople and the Bosphorus in the year 1857. Going by rail *viâ* Vienna to Belgrade, I journeyed thence by road in a very rough way to Sofia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople, seeing in this way something of the then Turkish provinces of Bulgaria and Roumelia. I returned by Athens and Rome.

I spent the month of September on the Bosphorus at Therapia, going most days to Constantinople by steamers, then recently established—a voyage of which one never wearies, so great is the beauty and interest of the Bosphorus and its banks.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe then reigned supreme at Constantinople; his mode of dealing with the Porte was most imperious, and rather that of a master than of an agent of a friendly Power. He treated the Turkish Ministers with the utmost *hauteur*; with some of them, whose hands were supposed to be stained with blood, he declined to communicate personally. If his demands were refused he went direct to Sultan Abdul Medjid, and fairly bullied that weak but gentle and well-intentioned sovereign into acquiescence.

While at Therapia, I saw much of the staff of the British Embassy, and something of their chief, who occasionally asked me to join him in his rides in the forest of Belgrade. The relations between the Ambassador and his staff, at the time I refer to, were very strained, and many were the stories current at the Embassy of conflicts between them. The description of the great Elchi, under the name of Sir Hector Stubble, in the *Roving Englishman*, by the late Mr. Granville Murray, who had served under him, though overdrawn, cannot be wholly disregarded in an estimate of his character, and of the personal part which he had in bringing about the most useless of all wars, one which entailed misgovernment and bankruptcy on Turkey.

Lord Stratford spoke freely in conversation of his policy, of the condition of Turkey and its prospects, and of the character of its statesmen. He was under no illusion as to the misgovernment of the country; he knew that if left to themselves the Turks would do nothing, and that all the reforms promised by the Hatti Humayun, which he had

obtained with such labour and difficulty at the conclusion of the Crimean war, would remain unexecuted and be a dead letter. He considered that England had been betrayed at the Congress of Paris, that the clause in the treaty which embodied the Hatti Humayun was nullified by the provision that its recognition did not entitle the Great Powers, either collectively or separately, to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey. He held that this was fatal to the enforcement of the new reforms. He maintained that the only way to induce the Turks to act in accordance with them was through threats and fear, and that some external Power should bring such pressure to bear on them. This might be done by England alone, or by England in alliance with France, or by the Great Powers collectively. He preferred the first of these; he had little hopes of the last; but the treaty had extinguished all methods equally.

In spite of this much might have been done in the years succeeding the Crimean war, when the influence of England was still great, by the vigorous action of the ambassadors. Lord Stratford, however, was succeeded by Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Dalling, who, although a man of great diplomatic skill, was of very different character and calibre, and who appears to have cared little for reforms in Turkey. He allowed himself to be placed under personal obligations to the Sultan, which destroyed his influence in this direction. He was succeeded by other ambassadors, and during nearly twenty years no effective pressure was exercised on behalf of England for the enforcement of reforms and good government as solemnly promised. The Treaty of Paris in this respect remained unexecuted. The influence gained by England, as the mainspring of the alliance against Russia, which cost us so much blood and treasure, was allowed to lapse. No effort was made by the Great Powers, singly or collectively, to compel or induce the enforcement of the treaty. They fell back on the old intrigues, rivalries, and jealousies which formed the main work of the ambassadorial clique at Constantinople. Finally, misgovernment in Bosnia and Bulgaria culminated in fresh outbreaks and in another war with Russia, in which Turkey was without an ally, and from which she emerged only by surrendering provinces to every one of the Great Powers.

In the autumn of this year I again visited Constantinople, passing again through Vienna, Belgrade, and Sofia, this time by rail the whole way, and returning again through Athens and Italy. It was most interesting to recall the many changes which had occurred in the interval, and to compare the Turkish Empire and the condition of its capital with what I had recollected. What more remarkable series of events in disintegration of a great empire have ever been crowded into so short a period? The only comparison is with its predecessor, the Byzantine Empire. There is, indeed, a striking parallel between the stages of accretion and conquest by which the

Ottoman Empire was founded and those by which it has of late years been rent and reduced.¹

Looking broadly at the result of these changes, it cannot be denied that in substance the Great Powers have, during the last fifteen years, divided between them the spoils of a great part of the Turkish Empire, under whatever phrases and so-called temporary arrangements they may please to conceal the operation.

Austria has possessed itself of Bosnia and Herzegovina; England is in practical occupation of Egypt, and has acquired Cyprus; France has taken political control of Tunis; Greece has annexed parts of Thessaly and Epirus; Russia has had a comparatively small share of the plunder, unless we hold Bulgaria to be a mere dependent province to it, ready to do its behests at any moment, and prepared to become a part of the Russian Empire—a proposition which is absolutely disclaimed by its leading men. Apart from this, Russia's share has been inconsiderable—namely, Kars and Batoum, and a small part of Roumania—though its position, from which it may demand more, is greatly strengthened.

There can be no doubt that the sum of human happiness has been enormously increased in all these *dissecta membra* of the Turkish Empire; and nowhere more so than in Bulgaria and the provinces added to Greece, which have had the benefit of self-government. It would be very instructive to make a full and detailed comparison of these provinces with those which still remain under the rule of Turkey.

In the short time I spent in Turkey, Greece, and Bulgaria I

¹ It may be interesting to compare the dates of the several accretions and shrinkages of the Ottoman Empire.

<i>Accretion.</i>		<i>Shrinkage.</i>	
Ottoman Empire founded in			
Asia Minor	A.D. 1290	Bessarabia	A.D. 1770
The Morea	conquered 1316	Crimea	1784
Thrace and Adrianople	1361	Oczacow	1791
Bulgaria	1396	Moldavia (part of)	1812
Macedonia	1430	Wallachia and Moldavia	1830
Constantinople	1453	Union of do.	1861
Moldavia	1458	Servia	1862
Servia	1459	Belgrade	1867
Northern Greece	1460	Bulgaria	
Wallachia	1463	Bosnia	
Bessarabia	1471	Herzegovina	1878
Crimea	1475	Kars and Batoum	
Syria	1515	Cyprus	
Egypt	1516	Tunis	1880
Arabia	1518-30	Thessaly	1881
Belgrade	1521	Egypt	1882
Cyprus	1571	East Roumelia	1886
Tunis	1575		
Bagdad	1638		

could not attempt to do more than arrive at certain general impressions in comparison with those formed in the previous visit, at the distant date I have referred to.

The general outward appearance of Constantinople and its suburbs as seen from the Bosphorus is the same as ever. There is the same splendid array of mosques with their domes, so well set off by minarets, and forming so great a feature in the view of the city when approaching from the Sea of Marmora; the same picturesque variety of many-coloured houses on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn; the same Genoese-looking suburbs of Pera and Galata, surmounted by the ponderous palaces, from whence the ambassadors of the Great Powers have watched the decay of the Turkish Empire, in jealous hope of sharing in the spoil or of preventing others from doing so; the same line of marble palaces on the Bosphorus, and clusters of kiosks and villas the whole distance to the Black Sea; the same mixture of nature and art, of gardens and buildings, mantling the hills on either side, which give to the Bosphorus the charm of variety and beauty.

There is also the same ever-flowing rush of water from the Black Sea, dividing Asia from Europe, often resplendent with colour of an intense blue, and courting the rays of an almost tropical sun, sometimes dark, solemn, and mysterious under the influence of gusts and storms from the Euxine. It is the constant changes between these two extremes, with a thousand subtle influences of clouds and wind, of reflected hills, and of varying currents, which constitute the charm of the Bosphorus; while the deep historic interests with which it is connected can never be absent from the mind. This swift and deep stream divides not merely two continents, but two civilisations, that of the East and of the West. From the beginning of history these two civilisations have contended across the Bosphorus for the mastery, each in turn attempting to invade the domain of the other, but without either being able to effect more than a temporary lodgment on the other side. In spite also of this long-maintained struggle, each has practically remained without permanent influence on the other, either in respect of race, or ideas, or morals, or any of the main elements of civilisation. It was the stand made by Constantinople under the Byzantine Empire which for generations and centuries resisted the power of the Ottomans and broke the wave of their advance on Europe. When at last the city fell, the wave rolled on into Europe, but with much diminished force. The action has since been reversed, and Constantinople has become the same kind of bulwark against a counter-advance from Europe on Asia, a movement of which we are now the witnesses.

Landing at the bridge of Constantinople, the changes on either side of the Golden Horn were far less than I expected—less, probably, than in any capital of Europe—certainly less than in Vienna or Rome. In Stamboul many of the streets have been widened. Fire rather

than design has been the cause of improvement. From time to time great fires have occurred, which burnt down quarters of the town, enabling the widening of the streets before rebuilding. It has followed, also, that the picturesque wooden houses have in many parts disappeared and have been replaced by buildings of stone, of a third-rate French type. Enough, however, remains of the old town, of its bazaars and mosques, its fountains and khans, to supply endless pictures of picturesque interest.

Above all, there remains unchanged the Mosque of St. Sofia, which internally surpasses all other churches in the world as much by its great impression of space, its beauty of proportion and richness of materials, as it does by its age; there remain also the triple walls of the Byzantine city with their high flanking towers, stretching for seven miles from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn, intact in every respect, save where the breach was effected in that fatal year when the city fell to the Moslem invaders—the most perfect and most successful fortifications which man has ever erected, for they withstood for centuries and through twenty sieges the attacks of invaders. It is needless, however, to advert to the many points of deep historical interest.

With respect to the appearance of the people, I was struck with the fact that Constantinople is much more cosmopolitan than it used to be. It is no longer easy to distinguish the Turks from Greeks or Armenians. They all wear the same fez, and are otherwise dressed in European style; with the exception of the Mollahs, a very numerous class, and a few hadgis, no Turks are seen in the Eastern garb. The women also have given up their slippers, and have adopted French shoes with their high heels. The yasmak is also greatly reduced, and no longer really hides the face when there is anything to attract. So far as I could judge, the labouring classes seem to be well clothed and well fed; there are very few beggars as compared with olden times, and little appearance of abject poverty—nothing, in fact, to compare with the slums of our great Western cities. There is evident change in the relations of the Turks to the Christian population. In 1857 it was common to see Turks pushing their way through crowds with haughty disdain; they now jostle with the common herd like others; one seldom sees black eunuchs about, once a common feature of Constantinople.

In Stamboul itself, which in the earlier years was almost confined to Moslems, there now appears to be a large proportion of Greeks and Armenians. The principal streets are held by them. There are practically few Turkish merchants or tradesmen. One is struck by the great increase in the number of soldiers, due to the concentration of troops at the capital. Vast barracks crown the heights in all directions, and form an unsightly feature in the otherwise beautiful views.

There has been a great increase of buildings on the Asian side

of the Bosphorus, and this seems to justify the current statement that the Turks build there in preference to the European side, under the belief that the day is at hand when they will be driven from Europe. There is much less appearance of wealth than there used to be. The trade of Constantinople is greatly reduced. It is no longer an emporium. Steamers pass through the straits to the Danube and Sea of Azof, and do not stop for trans-shipment. There are very few wealthy Turks, other than those in official positions, with the means of levying backshish. The number living on independent means not in the employ of the Government is very small. There is no hereditary class of men of high birth or wealth. Few Turks die possessed of high means. The bulk of them leave their affairs in an embarrassed state.

The great Ministers of past times, the contemporaries of Lord Stratford—Reschid, A'li, Fuad Pashas—have left no descendants whose names are known either for their wealth, status, or capacities. The Ministers of the day have risen from the lower ranks; many of them have little or no Turkish blood about them. The present Prime Minister, Kiamil Pasha, was a native of Cyprus, and, though a Moslem by religion, is believed to be a Jew by descent. He began life as an employé of the Government in a very humble position. The present Finance Minister, Hagop Pasha, an Armenian, was a clerk at a low salary in the Ottoman Bank; from thence he was recommended to the Sultan to look after the Civil List, and was soon after promoted to the post of Finance Minister, retaining also control of the Civil List. He is a man of great financial capacity. He is said to have enormously increased the income of the Sultan derived from the Crown property, partly by reviving many rights which had gone into abeyance; partly by calling upon private owners to produce their titles; partly by judicious investments. It is said that the Sultan has of late made great savings in spite of his large expenditure, and has invested them in foreign securities.

The Sultan, by reason of his great wealth and unlimited power, and by his religious status, completely overshadows all his countrymen; he is a personality, however, not only by reason of his exalted position as the ruler of what is still a great empire, and the religious head of a hundred millions of Moslems throughout the world, but also of his own capacities, which within a certain range are unquestionably great. Brought up in the strict seclusion which, in consequence of the law of succession to the throne, is the fate of all its heirs, and not allowed to mix in affairs of state till he came to the throne, it is extraordinary that he has acquired such skill as he has, and should be so completely master of his people. He must be a man of great natural capacity and intelligence; very skilful in playing off one set of people against another, whether they be ambassadors or his own Ministers; a very hard worker in the details of his Government. By

dint of these qualities he has achieved a power over everyone and everything in his empire such as very few of his predecessors in modern times have enjoyed. Most hospitable and courteous to foreigners—whether royal persons, whom he entertains with lavish splendour, ambassadors, or passing strangers—and frequently receiving ladies at dinner, he has broken down the old barriers between his court and the outward world more than any sultan before him. He appears to be simple and unostentatious in his personal habits, without religious fanaticism, and anxious to be held in esteem in Western Europe.

These qualities, however, must not deter one from recognising other defects, which, it is to be feared, nullify many of his good intentions and preclude the successful administration of the Empire. It is universally imputed to him that he has one of the gravest defects which an arbitrary ruler can have, namely, that of trusting no one, of being suspicious and showing his suspicion of all who come near him, whether his Ministers, or the people about the palace, or the representatives of foreign Powers; that he is in constant fear of plots against his life and government; and that he allows these fears to be played upon by designing persons. It is said of him that if two people advise him in the same direction he begins to suspect a combination and to fear a plot; that he hears with alarm of even a meeting and conversation between two of his Ministers, and demands an explanation; that he discourages or forbids any large gathering of Turks, even to celebrate such family events as marriages.

Another main defect of his administration, arising largely out of that already alluded to, is that he insists upon doing everything himself, and will trust no one of his Ministers with responsibility and power. There is no detail of administration of his Government so small or trivial that it does not come before him personally for his approval and signature. The British Ambassador, as an illustration of this, told me that he could not get his steam-launch repaired in the Turkish dockyard, at his own expense, without the matter going before the Sultan for his approval. Another ex-ambassador said that in an interview at the palace the Sultan complained of over-work, and pointed to a great heap of papers on his table on which his decision was required. The ambassador, glancing his eye at the papers, observed that the first of them consisted of proposed regulations for a *café chantant* in Pera. It naturally follows that, the Sultan being overwhelmed with such petty details, important questions get shelved and interminable delays occur, fatal to the administration and to the improvement of the country. The Ministers are reduced to the position of mere clerks, without responsibility or sense of power, feeling that they are not trusted, and the more anxious therefore to shirk any difficulty. The Sultan may fancy that he decides on every question that comes before him free from influence; but influences are neces-

sarily brought to bear upon him in a hundred indirect ways. He must be dependent for his facts upon some one, however much he may distrust every one. The *entourage* of the palace, the favourite aide-de-camp for the time being, the chief of the eunuchs (always an important person in the Sultan's Court), the ladies of the harem, the astrologers, some fanatics who have obtained access to him, may all have their turn in influencing the supreme head of the State.

The Sultan is also said to employ an army of spies, who make known to him everything that takes place in Constantinople, and much more, probably, that does not take place. His Ministers abroad are sometimes watched by spies. These people have access to his person, and are believed to supply him with pretended or got-up plots against his person at critical moments when decisions on important points are requisite, and when it is desired to deter him from some course he appears bent on. It is certain, then, that chance must have more to do with the decisions arrived at than any other factor.

The Sultan is known to keep an attentive eye to everything that appears in print about himself in any part of Europe; there is an officer whose special duty it is to collect these notices and to bring them before him. He often attributes to obscure prints an importance far beyond their desert, and cannot believe, when attacks are made on him, that the Government of the country in which they appear is not responsible for them. He was greatly annoyed by a recent article in this Review on the death of his uncle, Abdul Assiz, written by Sir Henry Elliot, formerly ambassador at his Court, in which it was sought to prove that Abdul Assiz really committed suicide, and that the subsequent judicial proceedings were for the purpose of making away with Midhat and other pashas. The Sultan communicated with the present British Ambassador on the subject of this article, and asked whether he had read it; when the Ambassador replied in the negative, the Sultan again sent word, specially desiring him to read the article and to say what he thought of it. Later he again reverted to the subject: he said that he had known several British ambassadors during his reign; that there had been two of them with whom he had had exceptionally friendly relations, and whom he believed to be his personal friends; that one of them, Sir Henry Layard, on his recall, had written a despatch reflecting, in the severest terms, on his—the Sultan's—conduct, and the other, Sir Henry Elliot, had now written an article containing a most serious accusation against him. He desired to be informed 'whether these are the ways of British ambassadors.' It will be admitted the question was one which could be answered with difficulty.

The Sultan is equally well informed of the political views of all foreigners who come to see him. He is said to have drawn out an

eminent British statesman, once a leader of the Radical party, as to what he considered the danger of Home Rule for the Irish, and on the reply that it would not stop there, and would lead to the independence of Ireland, fatal to the empire, the Sultan said that was precisely the reason why he could not give autonomy to Macedonia. When asked why he was so civil to some foreigner of distinction, he replied that there was a line in the Koran which said, 'Be charitable to your friends, and be friendly to your enemies.'

The Sultan very rarely or never leaves the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk, except to go once a week to a mosque just outside, when the very striking ceremony known as the Selamluck takes place; once a year, also, he pays a visit to Stamboul, but the route there and returning is never known in advance. He is in constant fear of assassination. Some grand duchess whom he received at his Court, on his complaining that his health was indifferent, advised him to take more exercise and change of air, and to drive about the country. On her departure he is reported to have said, 'What harm have I done that this woman should desire my death? Why does she advise me to run into such dangers?'

It has already been said that the Sultan's income is enormous; besides half a million of English pounds from the State taxes he is said to draw two or three times as much from the Crown property. He owns a very large number of palaces on the Bosphorus, and a great proportion of the best kiosks and villas on its northern banks, which he grants during his pleasure to Ministers and favourites, or to persons who have married members of his family. He is, in fact, the sole fountain of honour, wealth, and distinction in his country; every Turk depends on him for position and fortune; his expenditure is enormous; his charities are said to be very great; his gifts and benevolences are equally so; he complains that no one ever comes near him who does not want something; it is said that 3,000 persons are fed daily in his palace, and that he sends out dinners to a vast number of others by way of charity. Of his private life in the harem little is known. His official life is one of incessant labour. He is the first ruler of Turkey who has shown interest in art. For the first time the interesting contents of his treasury have been arranged, and, under special permits, are open to inspection. He has also established a museum of antiquities, under the care of Hamdi Bey, a very competent antiquarian, a Moslem by religion, but the son of a Greek who was stolen as a boy from Scio. There has been a recent find of three splendid sarcophagi at Sidon, one of which is believed to have contained the remains either of Alexander or one of his generals; it has bas-reliefs of the very best period of Grecian art—equal in merit, in the opinion of many, to the Elgin marbles, and far more perfect in preservation. This alone makes the fortune of the museum, and must attract every sculptor in Europe. He has formed a school of art, at which are stu-

dents both Moslem and Greek. A technical college and several industrial schools have recently been established at the capital and elsewhere.

It is also greatly to the credit of the Sultan that he has established and maintained several girls' schools at Constantinople and other towns—an innovation of the utmost importance. Apart from this there is improvement in the status of women at the capital. The number of cases of polygamy are comparatively rare. Monogamy is the rule, partly, it is said, because there are very few Turks rich enough to afford the separate establishments they are obliged by law to keep for several wives, and partly because the women will not submit to the old system. They have become acquainted with the condition of women in Western Europe, largely, it is said, through French novels; and if the morality of these books is of a low order, at least it is based on equality of the two sexes. Probably the best hope for Turkey is that the rising generation of men may be brought up by educated mothers and not under the debasing influences which in the past have too often surrounded them.

The Sultan is said to be most strict in fulfilling the obligations of his Civil List. It is also due to him that eight years ago the Porte came to terms with its external creditors and hypothecated to an International Commission revenues amounting to two millions of pounds a year for payment of a greatly reduced interest, and for a gradual redemption of the debt. The Commission has worked well and smoothly. It collects the revenues assigned to it, mainly through Turkish officials, with regularity, and for eight years faith has been kept. As a result confidence is being restored, and in recent transactions conversions have been effected on comparatively easy terms; fresh revenues have been assigned to the Commission in trust for them; and the money market shows that, subject to this hypothecation of revenues to an International Commission, the Turkish Government can borrow money at little over five per cent. The Commission has also proved that if Turkish officials are well and punctually paid they can be relied on for efficient and honest service. It would seem that this Commission may be the germ of something in the nature of an international administration, and may point the way to a solution of the Egyptian difficulty.

It is also generally admitted that the condition of the Army, or of such part of it as is concentrated at Constantinople, is greatly improved. German officers have been employed for the drill of these men, and invariably give a good report of the *personnel* of the troops and of the younger officers. To what extent this improvement extends to the provinces is unknown. But it is certain that the Turks will not finally cross the Bosphorus without a good fight for Constantinople. It has been said of them that they first crossed it 500 in number, and they will not leave again till reduced to that number. The Navy, on the other hand, has been completely neglected

—it is believed by many that the Sultan has a prejudice against it, arising from the fact that it took an active part in the deposition of Abdul Assiz. The ironclads were then moored in front of the palace, and were ready to fire into it if there had been need. Whether this be the cause, or whether it be from want of means only, the Navy has been neglected to a point where it can scarcely be said to exist. The ironclads, most of which are now completely obsolete, have not left the Golden Horn for twelve years. When the Greeks receive from the contractors in France the three ironclads nearly completed, they will be masters of the *Ægean* Sea; the Turks will have nothing fit to cope with them—the Greek Government, if left to itself, will be able to prohibit the landing of troops in Crete. It will depend on England and the Great Powers whether another Turkish army will land there.

It has already been pointed out that the Sultan has shown great skill in playing off one foreign Power against another. In the last instance it is the Power which threatens, the one who is most feared at the time, which wins in the diplomatic game with the Porte, and obtains acquiescence to its demands. There is no doubt that Russia is at the moment the most powerful, for it is better able to threaten, and can also press its claims for payment of the indemnity which was imposed as a condition of peace in 1877. In ordinary times the Germans, supported by Austria, have the most influence; and it can scarcely be denied that the influence of England has for years past—since, in fact, the cession of Cyprus—been very small in spite of a succession of able ambassadors.

The Sultan affects to be more concerned about the occupation of Egypt by English troops than any other losses of his. Shrewd men, however, who have had means of sounding him, say that his concern is rather of a theoretical kind, and that he finds it a convenient stick to beat England with, and the means of stirring up mischief against her whenever he desires to do so, and that in this view he would regret the evacuation. Looking back at the conduct of our Government of late years to Turkey, one can scarcely wonder if he fails to take our professions at our own value, or to believe in our disinterestedness. We failed to support him in the last war with Russia. The indignation meetings in England on the Bulgarian atrocities had much to do with the ultimate liberation of this province. It was not the fear of offending England, but the promises made to Austria before the war, which induced the Czar to refrain from ordering his troops to enter Constantinople. The stand made by England at Berlin for the separation of Roumelia from Bulgaria, the boast of Lord Beaconsfield, has proved to be of no value. On the other hand, we took advantage of his weakness to compel him to surrender Cyprus; and we are in practical occupation of Egypt. What more could his worst enemy have done?

It is reported that on some occasion the Sultan said that 'he disliked the English more than any other people, for they never seemed to be interested in his dynasty. Their ambassador was always addressing him on the subject of the condition of his people, and never had anything to say about his dynasty. It was different with other Powers. Even Russia, though very much to be feared in time of war, was at other times most friendly to his rule, and supported him against his internal foes, and never troubled him about his people.' The saying has the true ring of personal government, and gives the clue perhaps to much of the Sultan's policy. If I have written so much about him, it is because at the present there is no other personality at Constantinople. He dismissed and abolished the representative assembly which in the first year of his reign had been created by Midhat Pasha, the moment it began to make inquiries about the Civil List and to question his policy. Since then he has aimed at preventing anyone acquiring influence or reputation, with the result that he fulfils the ideal of an absolute monarch, and has reduced every other aspirer to influence to the level of the common herd. Even the ambassadors hold a totally different position to that which they held under Abdul Medjid.

The main test, however, of the success of such a ruler is whether the people of his country have progressed under him, and whether their material condition is better. There have been twelve years of profound peace since the last Russian war, and it was to be hoped that in this time signs of improvement in the material condition of the people would be observable. The test of such improvement is not to be taken at Constantinople, for which the whole Empire is drained of its resources, but in the interior of the country, among the peasantry, who constitute nine-tenths of the population, and especially among the Turkish peasantry. All accounts of independent witnesses from every quarter of the Empire concur that the condition of the peasantry is not only no better but is worse than it was: that they are poorer, and are more heavily taxed; that life and property are no safer than formerly in rural districts; that brigandage, a sure sign of poverty and misgovernment, is increasing in many districts. I select a few out of many testimonies to this effect.

The Commissioners of the Public Debt are probably in a better position to report on the condition of the people than any others. They have agents in every part of the country for the collection of the revenue. In their report of last year, written by Mr. Vincent Caillard, the English Commissioner, there is this passage:—

The peasant, in the interior, has reduced his wants to their simplest expression, and signs are to hand which show him to be less and less able to purchase the few necessaries he requires. For instance, a few years ago in any decent peasant household copper cooking utensils were to be seen. Now they are scarcely to be

found, and they have been sold to meet the pressing needs of the moment. Their place has been taken by clay utensils, and, in the case of the more affluent, by iron. The peasant's chief expenses lie in his women-folk, who require print stuffs for their dresses and linen for their underclothing; but of these he gets as little as possible, since, as often as not, he cannot pay for them. This smallness of margin is one of the reasons why the amount of importation increases so slowly. The peasant hardly ever pays for his purchases in cash; what little he has goes in taxes. He effects his purchases by barter. Another significant sign is the increase of brigandage which has taken place. New bands of brigands are continually springing up; reports from the interior are ever bringing to our knowledge some fresh acts of violent robbery. This simply means that men desperately poor, and refusing to starve, take to brigandage as a means of living.

A director of the Ottoman railway from Smyrna to Aidin, which now extends a long distance into the interior—a man strongly impressed with the expediency of keeping Constantinople in the hands of the Turks—gave me the same account. The country districts not immediately in contact with the railway have gone backwards, the people are poorer, there is more brigandage. The same report was given by a competent authority from Salonika. An American gentleman, with no interest in politics, employed by a society of antiquaries in the United States to make researches for them, and who had spent two years in the provinces of Bagdad and Syria, gave the same account of the general condition of the people. He said that nothing could exceed the hatred of the people for the Turks. The people are Mussulmans by creed, but not of the Turkish race. The true Turks there are merely the governing classes, and are very few in number; they have made themselves execrated by their exactions. He confirmed the statement as to the extension lately of the Sultan's property. More than half of the landed property of the province of Bagdad, he said, has passed into his hand; and he has possessed himself of the whole of the valley of the Jordan. One effect of this was, that the province no longer paid its way in the sense of returning a surplus income to the Treasury, as the Sultan's lands and those cultivating it were not subject to taxation.

Another American gentleman, employed for two years at a college established at Karpuz, in the centre of Asia Minor, for the education of Armenian teachers, who took no interest in political questions, gave much the same account of the condition of the peasantry in that district. A large majority of the population there is purely Turk, but there are here and there Armenian villages. Extreme poverty prevails among both. The Turks are more to be pitied than the Armenians in this district, as they are subject to conscription, and every year a large proportion of their young men are taken for the army, to be returned, if at all, after five years, greatly deteriorated and worn out by disease and insufficient food. My informant said that in these districts the Turks and the Armenians in ordinary

times get on fairly well together, and there are seldom outbreaks of fanaticism on the part of the former, though there is often brigandage. He had recently been in the districts of Van and Erzeroum and had seen much of the condition of the Armenian villages there. In these districts the Armenians are far more numerous, but still not in the majority of the population of any well-defined district or province. Their villages are mixed up with those of Turks, and there is no active hostility to them on the part of the indigenous Turks. The Kurds, however, from the mountains come down and make continual raids on the Armenian villages, pillaging their houses, robbing their cattle, often committing murders and violating the women. These Kurds are predatory tribes and traditional robbers, not actuated so much by fanaticism as by desire for plunder, often extending their operations to the Turkish peasantry, but giving their preference to the Armenians, for the reason that they know that they will in such case find immunity from the valis and other Turkish authorities. The beys of these Kurdish tribes, he said, are often men of large means, and are able to bribe the Turkish authorities. My informant reckoned the murders of Armenians in the Van district as averaging one per diem. The Armenians, he added, also complained that no improvements of any kind were made or allowed to be made, and no roads or railways—that they were not even allowed to establish a line of small steamers on Lake Van. On crossing the Russian frontier into the province annexed by Russia after the last war, the contrast, he said, was most striking. The Armenians enjoyed there security for life and property. Improvements were being effected by the Government in the way of roads, and generally there was every indication of an improving peasantry.

The Armenians in Turkey, this gentleman said, were looking with anxious hope for the intervention on their behalf of England. They have no desire to be subject to Russians, but sooner than endure the present state of things they would welcome their advance. This view was confirmed by a statement made to me in another quarter by an American gentleman who has the means of communicating confidentially with the leading Armenians in the east of Asia Minor. He told me that he was requested a few years ago by an eminent English statesman to inquire confidentially from the Armenians of that district whether they would prefer remaining under Turkish rule or being annexed to Russia. My friend made the inquiry in an influential quarter, and the reply was that 'the Armenians would prefer to remain under the Turks if England would hold a big stick over the Sultan, but if England would not do this they would prefer Russia, or the Devil himself, to the Turk.'

It is by no means certain that Russia in any future advance into Asia Minor would find itself strongly opposed even by the Turkish peasantry, who have only too many reasons to complain of their

present condition. I have been informed that the Russians, with very good policy, made a very favourable impression upon the vast body of prisoners they made in the war of 1877, exceeding 200,000 in number. They treated them with great kindness, fed them far better than they were accustomed to in the Turkish Army, and released them eventually warmly clad and well shod. A friend told me in illustration of this that his servant, a Turk, who had been in the war, told him that at its close he was discharged from the Army penniless and half-starved, with scarcely a rag to cover him, and with no shoes. 'I was not so fortunate as my brother,' he said; 'he had the good luck to be taken prisoner, and the Russians gave him a good suit of clothing and a spare pair of boots, and he returned home in good health. If I am ever drawn for the army again, I shall take good care to be taken prisoner as soon as possible.' Two hundred thousand men returning to their homes in Asia Minor have spread, it is believed, something of the same opinion among the Turkish peasantry.

The danger to Turkey in this quarter, as also in what remains to it of its European provinces in Macedonia and Epirus, is the comparison between the condition of those who were freed in 1877 from the Sultan's rule, and who have become self-governing, as in the case of the Bulgarians, or have gone under the rule of Austria, Russia, or Greece, with those who still remain the subjects of Turkish rule. When on one side of mere geographical lines, without any physical differences, the people are flourishing and content, improvements of all kinds in roads, railways, harbours, schools, &c., are going on, brigandage at an end, and the cultivation of the land extending, justice is equally administered, and security to life and property afforded by the authorities, and all these improvements date from the time when they ceased to be under Turkish rule; or when, on the other side of these lines, the conditions are the same as formerly, or even worse, and no improvement of any kind has taken place, the contrast must inevitably be such as to lead to fresh aspirations of the peasantry, to renewed political difficulties, to threats of intervention and further schemes for disintegrating the Empire at no distant date.

The real defects of the Turkish Government appear to be the same as ever, namely, not so much the laws themselves as the administration of them, or the want of administration, the excessive centralisation, the want of honest and capable governors, the corruption which infects all official classes, the want of money to supply the wants of the Central Government and the Sultan, the consequent excessive taxation, the need of security for life and property.

The governors of provinces, as in past times, still obtain their appointments by means of heavy backshish to officials at the Palace. They hold them for no certain period, and are removable at

any moment by intrigues in the same quarter as that where they obtained them. They must necessarily make hay while the sun shines, and they can do so only by exactions and backshish similar in kind to that to which they have themselves been subjected. They are left at their posts so short a time that, as a rule, they have no opportunity to effect improvements, if that be their desire; but in fact no initiative for good is allowed them; everything has to be referred to the capital, and nothing is done which can be put off or avoided. It is alleged that there are capable and honest and patriotic men among the class from whom the governors are chosen, but they have a less chance of appointment than the worst, because they can less afford to bribe. If the Sultan were to direct a part of his energies to breaking down this system of corruption and to selecting honest and capable men as governors in the provinces, some of the evils of his country might be cured and many dangers in the future avoided.

Let us not, however, underrate the difficulties which the Sultan labours under. Surrounded by men who have been brought up under and who live in this corrupt system; embarrassed by the rivalries of the Great Powers; limited in a hundred ways by foreign jurisdiction under the capitulations, and the concessions to the Greek and Armenian patriarchs in derogation of his sovereign rights, his position must be one more full of difficulties and pitfalls than that of any other arbitrary ruler. That he has shown skill of a certain kind in threading his way through these perils and difficulties cannot be denied.

He showed political sagacity in assenting to the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and in refusing to act on the advice of Russia to occupy the latter province for the purpose of preventing this union. He has followed up this policy by showing a friendly feeling to Bulgaria and by granting *berats*, or *exequaturs*, carrying with them important civil jurisdiction, to the Bulgarian bishops in parts of Macedonia. On the other hand, the last concession, which has been at the expense of the Greek bishops, has caused the greatest jealousy on the part of Greece, and the Sultan has greatly increased this by taking the same opportunity of curtailing the privileges enjoyed from time immemorial by the Greek bishops in other parts of the Turkish Empire. Generally, the policy of the Porte to Greece seems to be unnecessarily hostile. The late Prime Minister of Greece, M. Tricoupis, complained to me that, with every desire to keep on good terms with Turkey, his Government found it impossible to do so, as no concession of the smallest kind was ever made to them. Nothing but fear, he said, would induce the Sultan to do or to settle anything.

Looking at the present map of Turkey, it is obvious that the area in which Christian races now predominate is not large. Macedonia,

Epirus, Crete, and the islands of the *Ægean* Sea, constitute the main points of difficulty. There are also the provinces of Van and Erzeroum, where the condition of the Armenians presents a most serious difficulty, all the greater because they are a minority of the population.

The jealousies of Greece and Bulgaria are such that it would not seem to be a very difficult task for the Porte to play off one against the other, and to postpone awhile the claims of either to the inheritance of Macedonia. Nor does it appear that the Russian Government is at present anxious to precipitate events in the east of Asia Minor, or to use the Armenian Question as a pretext for a further advance in this direction. If only decent government could be secured for these provinces in the direction of ordinary protection for life and property, the putting down of brigandage, and the lightening of the burthens of taxation, there might yet be a further period of rest and respite for Turkey before the Eastern Question is reopened in an acute form.

In the absence, however, of these conditions, and for want of capable and honest governors and officials, the condition of these provinces, and the contrast between them and those freed from Turkey in 1877, are such that neither the skill of diplomacy nor the jealousies of rival claimants will long be effective to keep the people from rising or to prevent a further disintegration of the Empire.

Whether this will necessarily involve the question of the destination of Constantinople we cannot say; the precedent of the Byzantine Empire shows that the Turks themselves held Adrianople for ninety years before they succeeded in capturing the capital itself. It may well be that the Turks will long retain the Bosphorus and Stamboul after they have lost substantial hold on their European provinces. As they fall back on those provinces where a great majority of the population are Moslems, they become politically stronger, in the sense that they raise fewer controversies founded on race and religion.

It is obvious to anyone who visits Constantinople that the material and commercial interests of Austria and Germany are extending greatly in the Balkan Peninsula and in Asia Minor, and that those of England are rather on the decline. Immense efforts are made by German firms to obtain hold of the trade in Bulgaria and Servia, also in Asia Minor. Their agents thoroughly acquaint themselves with the languages and inform themselves as to the wants of the people—a course which does not appear to be taken by English merchants. German capitalists have constructed the railways to Constantinople and Salonika, and have recently obtained a concession of great importance for a line from Ismid to Angora, which will tap the centre of Asia Minor. The granting of this concession was connected with what seems very like a confiscation of the interests of a British company in a line from Scutari to Ismid. German influences with the Porte for such purposes appear to be all-powerful.

It is obvious, then, that the destiny of Constantinople, both from a commercial and political point of view, is becoming more and more a matter which primarily affects Austria and Germany. It is said to be a political axiom in Russia that the way to Constantinople is through Vienna.

As regards England, it is certain that its hands are free; not the slightest approach has been made towards complying with the conditions of the Treaty of Berlin or the Cyprus Convention with respect to general reforms and to the special treatment of the Armenians, and we are as far as ever from the realisation of the object of Lord Stratford's policy, namely, 'the constitution of a new Turkey—a state worthy to be defended on moral as well as material grounds as a barrier against the encroachments of its enemies.'

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

IDEALISM AND THE MASSES.

It is not always the fault of the post if the blind man does not see it. It is not, therefore, always the fault of the masses if the bourgeois, trained to one particular vein of thought, does not readily perceive that the masses have any ideals at all. For all that, although I am not certain it is altogether wise to assume that because a man has heard of the Tractarian movement, because the nicely turned sentences of Mr. Pater leave him without enthusiasm, or because exigencies of his daily life compel him to take his tea out of a tin can, and thus allow him to remain in ignorance of the comparative merits of Frankenthal or Pâte Tendre, that of necessity his ideal must be beer at a penny a gallon, and a ceaseless round of dog-fights, the dogs and beer provided at the national expense.

Not unnaturally *Lux Mundi* (their whole life being passed in darkness), *Robert Elsmere*, and polemical and speculative pseudo-philosophy and word-spinning about a faith which has never revealed itself except in the aspect of a moral police to them, do not much excite the attention of the working classes. But, then, why should they? After all, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Freethinker, the worker finds that if he is late at the factory-gate he is sure to be fined, no matter if he and his employer happen to be of the same religious opinion. We of the idle classes do not, I fancy, clearly realise how greatly religious faith or doubt is a mere matter of leisure and good feeding. To instance the superstitions of the savage in no way destroys my argument. The savage is almost always a man of leisure. In the same manner the working classes of the South of Europe are perhaps more occupied with religious faiths, superstitions, and observances than those of the North, simply because the struggle for existence is not so keen amongst them, and they have more idle time. The well-educated artisan of Belfast, with his 28s. a week, and his inhuman life of ceaseless toil, year in year out, till death relieves him, has but little time to think of matters supernatural. The Connemara peasant, who has never worked hard, and wisely never intends to, as long as he can live without it, always has leisure to add a stone or two to the wayside cairn in passing, or to attend the Patten.

If one sets to thinking who it was that thought about religions

in the past, and systems of philosophy, it is clear it never was the masses. It mattered little to the slave in Athens what Plato and his friends were occupied in thinking. If the Athenian masses thought at all about them, it is most probable their most constant preoccupation was how was it Plato, Socrates, and all the rest lived without doing any work, and still were rich whilst they themselves worked hard and still were poor. So in the Middle Ages to the Castilian goatherd, in his rough *zamarra*, it mattered little if Spain turned Protestant or stayed Catholic. If the Reform (so called) had spread to Spain, would the aforesaid *zamarra* probably have been a whit less lousy, for the Castilian of to-day? If proof were wanted for my assertion, what better than the example of the Salvation Army? As long as it confined itself to tambourines, howling hideous hymns and spinning Bibles in the air, walking backwards before a band, what did it do? Simply attracted to it those of no account, the corner men of the Christian community, the people always ready at the instigation of excitement to come to Jesus at 10.30. Once it began to try and save the body, to do slum rescue work, to admit that before heaven there is a life to pass below, and that it recognised that life (in England) clearly did away with all necessity for hell, it was successful.

In all ages the ideal of the poor has been good works. Faith has been the luxury of the rich.

The conquering march of Christianity under the Roman Empire was because the Christian preacher preached fraternity, the brotherhood of man, and showed that he meant it by providing for the necessities of his brother's belly. Even Islam prevailed because, by adopting it, the poor man saw his material condition rise. Now is this low or vulgar? Does it show lack of idealism in the masses to lay great stress on what is called (falsely) materialism? Only the rich have leisure. Leisure is the first desideratum of the poor. Only the rich (having leisure) can cultivate their minds. Thus, without perhaps having clearly defined it in his own mind, the poor man always sees, and hence his wish, first and above all things, to improve his present state of poverty. High are the walls of poverty, and he feels them so; he knows beyond them lie all sorts of things he has heard of, but can scarcely realise. What wonder, therefore, that he seeks to clamber over and take possession of his mental and physical kingdom. Then comes the man of culture, says to him, 'My friend, you seem to me to lack Idealism.' 'Lack what?' returns the poor man. 'It is because I have Idealism well developed that I am acting as you see me do. I hear there exists a feeling known as Patriotism. To me all countries are alike. In all of them my lot is toil and hunger. They tell me men of your class, in looking at a painted picture, discover some hidden thing in it apart from the colours and the frame. I, too, would like to see it. They say, in your class, men

find consolation in thinking. My thoughts run always on the probability of my being able to make two ends meet, and feed my children. I too would like to think, if I had time.' Rightly understood, it seems to me that this Idealism is as noble a quality as can be imagined in a man.

It is plain, therefore, why it is no longer the first question, if the popular leader goes to church, or to which church he goes. The masses understand that Bright, and Cobden, and Forster, and the rest, though they were church-goers, never let their church-going come between them and their love of profit. They comprehend at last that a man's faith has little enough to do with his daily life, and that your so-called Christian often is a sweater.

I deny in former days that Englishmen, whatever their political opinions, and religious faith, always maintained, beyond domestic wants, a high ideal. Their ideal seems to me to have been (with some few notable exceptions) a mean and sordid one enough. Who were the Englishmen of the past whose names and actions history has preserved to us? Who were the historians who in their bourgeois adulation of their heroes, served them in aspic for us? Almost every one of them, hero and historian, alike, were men of wealth, or at least easy circumstances.

That the aristocracy of the past took noble care of individual liberty and national fame; that the middle classes who succeeded them found themselves animated with Christian teaching (in the sense in which I understand the best of the Christians understood it) is a mere chimera. The aristocracy of Britain indeed fought with the aristocracy of other lands, for power—power to do what? To oppress the natives of the lands they strove about. National honour meant to them the honour of their class. Can stronger proof be wanted than the instance of the Bruce and the knight he punished for thieving (Sir David de Strathbogie, if I remember rightly) who straight renounced his allegiance and became an Englishman because of the indignity done to his class. Manwood's *Forest Law*, for instance, does not give a very cheerful picture of how the aristocracy treated the poor in times gone by. Liberty there was plenty for themselves, but for the masses none.

Then came the middle classes and their Christian teaching, the piping times (for sweaters) of the Reform Bill. What was their ideal? Simply cent. per cent., free trade, cheap labour, children working in the mines like ponies, and these Christian Idealists protesting that it was necessary to the welfare of their business. Children in factories, kept awake by the application of the Christian strap to their shoulders, and the Idealists in parliament swearing by all their Gods the children liked it, and voting, with a regularity that might have shamed an apostle, to keep them working, in order that our commerce might not suffer by their freedom. Naturally, after

treatment such as this, after having been denied all participation in the national life, after gaining nothing but misery from the spread of British commerce, after seeing Christian Idealism leave them in the mire of poverty and want, their ideals of to-day are all outside religion and patriotism. Not the less noble though on that account.

I question whether there ever has been a really true ideal in this country till to-day. I question greatly if before the present time an Englishman has ever had an ideal at all except of class advancement. What is England? Here to-day, with all our wealth, the rich to the poor are but as trees in hedges. Therefore the poor are England. Their ideal is not as was that of the men of the Commonwealth, the followers of him who gave us Sunday and Jamaica. Their ideals were for an England in which all men should go to church, keep shops; in which the poor should still be poor, as is proved by their treatment of Lilburne and the Levellers. They hated foreigners worse than they said they hated hell, though, as it was their own invention, one wonders that they did not love rather than hate it.

If the idealism of the knights and barons and the hypothetical idealists of the Great Rebellion was fostered as the general standard of living was gradually raised, and with it greater leisure, that should tend to prove that the poor who wish to raise the material standard of their class (their class being England) are working for a higher and more generous object than those who pass their time in talking of the beautiful, the great, the noble, the æsthetic, and at the same time think it base materialism in those who wish to rise to the appreciation of the things by the only way they can—material advancement. Talk to a poor man who has turned his thoughts to the solution of the social question, what do you find? Carnegie's prattle of the extension of the English race leaves him unmoved. The talk of a man who, on the surplus value of the workers of Ohio gives a free library to Dunfermline, seems a mockery to him. Brotherhood of man from such a man makes his very gorge rise, because he feels instinctively there can be no true fellowship betwixt the rich and the poor.

Talk to a working man and you will find his ideas of human brotherhood are not limited to the federation of the English-speaking race. The emancipation of the workers—white, black, yellow, French, English, Dutch—is what he wishes for. And the emancipation of all those who live by wages. As England is the workers', so is the world the workers'. Therefore what can be grander, or more noble, or more far-reaching in itself than to emancipate them from their poverty? The other day I had a letter from a man telling me that though his wages were sufficient, yet that many times he could not sleep for thinking of the enslavement of his class throughout the world. This feeling in my experience permeates the masses of all

countries; this I believe to be a common feeling in the masses. Do the rich lose much of their sleep about it?

Read the rules of most trades-unions, and generally you will find it is stated that the object of the union is the emancipation of the workers, not of their own trade. Is there anything very ignoble in this? Is it not perhaps as noble as raving of flags and national greatness, and the narrow ideas of Morley, Gladstone, and Lord Beaconsfield, of party triumphs?

The working classes neither desire nor look for leaders, as it seems to me. If there is a great heroic leader somewhere, he is not wanted; better far that he stay comfortably at home with tea and shrimps. Hero-worship has been the destruction of the masses in the past. In your hero there is almost always a not impossible tyrant, and this they feel. The advance of the masses must be in the mass, and, rightly as it seems to me, in the future they will look with little liking upon anyone who dwarfs them. The union, not the man, is evidently the future unit of progression, and rightly too, because the advance in union is more stable than man by man. The motive power is ready, the desire for the enfranchisement of labour clearly shown by the international assistance in recent strikes in several countries. Surely it is abstract justice enough to enlarge those whom the pressure of their poverty and overwork has kept enslaved for ages, whilst talk of noble aims, joined to base and most material actions, has always filled the world. The sacrifice that thousands of the masses in all lands are making now is the only thing they have to sacrifice, and that is their scanty leisure. If they give this freely for the cause of labour, and I think they do, even though they do not care much for dogma, make little of national feeling, and prate but seldom of the great and true, their aim is a right noble one. The deepest motive that can stir mankind, fraternity, is stirred already; this being so, perhaps it is unwise of the blind man to rail too loudly at the post if he fail to see it, having fixed his blind eyes upon vacancy.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

WOMEN AS PUBLIC SERVANTS.

THE operation of the Poor Law affects a large proportion of the people of England, either as payers or receivers of rates, the untaxed poor, living in lodgings, being those only who are exempted from its influence. We might thus naturally expect to find a considerable amount of interest in the matter of the expenditure of the vast sums that are annually collected as poor-rates, especially when we know that our methods are different from those of any other country in this respect.

But instead of interest and intelligent inquiry, we find apathy and ignorance prevailing in all classes, who appear in these matters silently to acquiesce in the inevitable; and to this cause we must attribute the many grave evils and shortcomings which have of late years been revealed by the few who have taken the trouble of investigation. The excitement and opposition created by the new Poor-law Act of 1834 has long since died away, and been followed by a reaction of comparative stupor and indifference; matters being left in the hands of our so-called representatives, the Guardians of the Poor.

Yet it must be known by most people, whether they interest themselves much or little in these questions, that the Poor-law administration of this country is controlled by a central body, created at the time of the new Act as the 'Poor-law Board,' but lately known as the 'Local Government Board;' to this, partly permanent, and partly changing, council, are all matters referred, and a staff of inspectors is employed to see that the local management is carried out in a satisfactory manner throughout the country. Each union is entrusted to local boards of guardians, elected by the ratepayers for periods of one or three years, in 647 districts or parishes in England and Wales; the small parish workhouses and parish boards, or overseers, having given place in 1834 to the larger centres of areas of management, known as unions. These facts and information may appear to many to be unnecessary, and already well known, but they are important as bearing upon the considerations that will follow.

The number of elected guardians is over 20,000, in addition to

which there are numerous others who are *ex-officio*, as being magistrates in their respective neighbourhoods, while some are 'nominated' by the Central Board. The main body of these officers, however, being chosen by the ratepayers, it is evident that we must trace back the conditions of management to this source, for on them devolves the duty and responsibility of selecting and electing the right persons for the post. All being resident in the same union or parish, there would appear to be little difficulty in doing so, for even if not personally known to all in their respective neighbourhoods, there could be no difficulty in ascertaining the qualifications of candidates. But there is hardly a more lamentable proof of the apathy and neglect of citizens in performing their duties, than in this matter of elections, the effort of inquiry and recording a vote being apparently above the consideration, or perhaps beneath the notice, of the majority of those who are invested with the power. It is somewhat strange to witness the earnest agitation that is now being carried on to extend the area of electoral responsibility, while what is already possessed is so little valued or exercised. And this remark applies equally to all branches of municipal voting, alike for members of vestries, school boards, and guardians. A surprising indifference prevails with regard to these duties, and many who ought to vote, disregard them altogether, appearing to deem it quite outside their province to concern themselves about those to whom their responsibilities are delegated. In some places the election of guardians is overlooked altogether, residents of many years never having even heard of the fact that it was, or should be, an annual duty; the same members, suitable or unsuitable as the case may be, go on from year to year, no voting papers being issued (a needless expense this is considered to be), and the ratepayers having no information on the subject. Whether such proceedings are legal or not, we are unable to say, but that they are carried on we can confidently affirm. That there should be no residents with sufficient energy to inquire into these matters and suggest an alteration, appears to be surprising, if not incredible; but when some are even ignorant of the fact that they possess a vote, we can hardly wonder at any result which may ensue.

Here, then, we seem to have arrived at one conclusion which may be assigned as a cause of much of the mismanagement that is continually being brought to light, viz. the apathy and indifference of ratepayers as to their duties and responsibilities; another cause being the mystery and seclusion that surrounds workhouses, and the consequent exclusion of public opinion and insight with regard to their management.

But the list of causes is not complete, and some important ones have yet to be considered.

We have said that there are over 20,000 elected guardians in the

country. Now, it may seem to be a truism to say that where domestic and household management is concerned, there women should have a place and a power of control. Yet, what do we find to be the facts in the hundreds of large households which are none the less such because they are public institutions and not private families? We have always supposed that the 'feminine element,' the motherly and sisterly influence, was essential to the due order and development of communities, whether small or large, and that where this law of nature is ignored, there must confusion and evil be expected to follow. Yet what is the case in these gigantic institutions, and let us remember the larger their size the more difficult must be the management of the numerous and various classes of inmates which they contain? We have said that the local management is vested solely in the board of guardians subject to a certain control of the Central Board; the domestic management of the household, as well as all matters concerning the welfare of the women and children (who constitute by far the larger proportion of the inmates), is, therefore, in the hands of men, under whom a matron, elected by them, carries out their orders. We give this as a *general* view of the situation, because we wish to press the fact that of the 20,687 elected guardians, only 100 are, as yet, of that sex which is generally considered essential to the well-being of a household. We may well ask, what is the cause of this wonderful minority, and what can these few women be able to accomplish in so vast a field of work? They have, at least, done this—they have worked a revolution in public opinion which is slowly perhaps, but surely, leavening the whole range of thought on such matters, and not the less surely because it is already fifteen years since the first breach in the wall of prejudice was made, and the first board of guardians had the courage to admit a woman to their councils and to a share in their responsibilities. And comparatively limited as is the area from which women can be chosen for these posts, on account of legal restrictions and qualifications, we may confidently affirm that their chief and essential characteristic has been an earnest and intelligent interest in the work they have undertaken, and a determination to perform it in a serious spirit. Some, indeed, have felt well-nigh overwhelmed by the manifold and responsible considerations that devolve upon them, demanding careful thought and study, combined, we may add, with surprise, that so many essentially womanly duties should hitherto have been performed by men alone—duties which we have no hesitation in saying would be scorned by them were they asked even to give an opinion upon them in their own households.¹

¹ We have no desire to minimise the importance of guardians' duties, but we can hardly think that the outside public are aware of the numerous purely domestic or household matters on which they have to decide. The following are some of the *important* questions that have come before a body of twelve or fourteen male guardians:

Not the least of all the difficulties which beset the efficient performance of a guardian's work is the unpreparedness of the average candidate for its duties. It has been asked, what qualification is demanded or considered necessary for these posts? but we fear an answer cannot be given. What would be said to the suggestion that some kind of competitive examination should be deemed essential for these offices, according to the spirit of the time which is demanding competency for official work? For the male candidates at least some knowledge of the Poor Law in past and present times should be demanded, as well as a practical acquaintance with the condition of the poor, and their needs and circumstances. For the women this knowledge (dare we call it of political economy?) would be as essential, but with the all-important addition of household management, domestic economy, and, above all, of common sense, discretion, tact, and sympathy. Surely these qualities are not rarely to be found, but without, at least, the possession of some of them it would be better for both men and women to refrain from offering themselves as candidates for these posts. In the larger unions, especially in the metropolis, the difficulties are greatly enhanced of late years by the fact that the management includes not only workhouses (from which the children of school age have long since been eliminated), but infirmaries also of vast size, containing many hundreds of patients, larger, indeed, than some of our voluntary hospitals, and with a staff of nurses and servants in proportion to these numbers. It is evident that such a control and management demands knowledge of a special kind, and of the conditions of sickness and nursing certainly not possessed by the average Englishman or woman. Yet we find everywhere boards of guardians performing these duties with apparently no sense of deficiency or ignorance, for qualifications are not demanded, and why should they be expected to be found in these bodies? Yet, we venture to affirm that the average woman is more likely to possess a knowledge of the conditions of sickness and nursing than the average man, and that where a staff of female nurses is employed, there can be no question as to the importance of her presence and control. It would be impossible to enter here into the details of what is involved in the visitation of these large institutions, a duty which devolves on all guardians in turn; but we can truly say, in general terms, that there are but few of these duties which cannot be more fitly carried out by women, whose keen perceptions, trained in and accustomed to similar work at home, are ready to detect and observe much that must escape the eyes of men, who sometimes confess they have to consult the authorities at home!

But we are far from wishing to imply that it is only in the visitation

the selection of a dress material for the nurses, the choice of marking-ink (with an inspection of articles of linen marked), the respective merits of crockery *versus* metal pie-dishes; besides an examination of various garments from the laundry, &c.

of institutions that women guardians can be usefully employed. There is a large and important sphere open to them in other departments of poor-law work, and especially in the distribution and regulation of out-door relief. Women have more leisure at their disposal than men, and a far wider knowledge of the poor in their own homes, as district visitors and as working in many ways for the clergy, and this is of inestimable value and importance in dealing with the applicants for relief. On all subjects where economy and the consideration of details is concerned, we have no hesitation in saying that women should be consulted. We have no desire to map out the different and varying qualities of men and women and assigning them to separate departments of work; rather we would urge their united action, believing that each can supplement the other thus in a communion of labour.

If we have succeeded in convincing our readers that there is an important and suitable sphere of work for women as guardians, it seems to follow, as a matter of course, that their influence would be desirable as inspectors also for the same reasons. And we are the more anxious to press this point, because, as yet, it is a novel suggestion, and has only hitherto been carried out in two instances in connection with the Poor Law, in both with regard to the condition of children in schools, and when boarded out in cottage homes, since 1874 and 1886. But the extension of a plan so happily begun many years ago is earnestly desired by many who are intimately acquainted with the interiors of our large institutions, and who feel most strongly that the experience of women is necessary to detect and improve much that goes on in them. It is many years since we had the privilege of accompanying an able and experienced inspector in his visitation of some metropolitan workhouses, and the conviction was then formed that it does not and cannot enter into the minds of men to perceive and inquire into much that sorely needs to be noted and corrected. Some discoveries then made cannot be described here or in any other pages, and were it attempted the facts would hardly be believed; yet there is no doubt that such practices still exist here and there undiscovered and unthought of by the able and excellent men who endeavour so conscientiously to perform these womanly duties. If they do not succeed in penetrating to all the secrets of household management, especially those concerning the women, the children, the infants, and, above all, the sick, why should we be surprised at their failure to do that which it was never intended they should undertake in the economy of social life? For lack of this supervision far too much power is left in the hands of matrons, of whose competency men cannot be expected to judge as they might do in the case of their own sex.²

² We cannot forbear asking how it is that the many grievances which reach us from reliable and trustworthy sources, never seem to come to the knowledge of the

But there is another class of institutions of which we earnestly desire to speak, and which call as loudly—nay, even more so—for this inspection by women, viz. our public Lunatic Asylums. When we consider alike the utterly helpless condition of their thousands of inmates, shut out from all knowledge of the outer world, a large proportion being women (for whom surely the visitation by men can hardly be considered advisable), we venture to believe that few, if any, will be found to denounce our suggestion as impracticable or uncalled for. When women are acting as guardians they are able to take part in the visitation and inspection of those afflicted ones who are sent as paupers to the various asylums, and valuable and important indeed this visitation is found to be. But to what a limited extent is it done? We cannot refrain from alluding here, in connection with this subject, to the need which is felt for a higher class of officials, especially of women, in all these public institutions, and such would be the first to welcome the advice and co-operation of women inspectors; but as things are at present, there is even a still greater need for them; and in order to enforce our conviction, we are glad to be able to give the opinion and testimony of a lady who has long been connected with this branch of work and has a wide experience of its difficulties; most gladly therefore do we quote this expression of the needs and perplexities of a sad region of life, hidden as it is and must be from the gaze and knowledge of the outside world.

She begins by saying (what we believe must be evident to all who have thought of the subject), ‘there is no question that the work is very demoralising, and requires a much larger amount of supervision over the attendants, who soon pick up bad language from, and use it to, the patients. All the upper attendants should be *ladies*,

official inspectors? We believe the reason to be because the large majority of the officers are *women*, and they shrink from making their wants or complaints known to men, strangers to them, and of a class and position far above them, with the added difficulty that they are accompanied by the master in their rounds. We could fill pages with evidence of these facts. Some of the grievances have been called trifles, but are such matters as the food, and its methods of supply and cooking (sometimes *in the sick ward*) matters of trifling import to the health and efficiency of hard-worked nurses? One who has striven hard in the work of reforming a Country Union Infirmary writes thus of the management, and the nurses with whom she has to deal: ‘This is rolling a stone up a hill, and having it back every night; all I do helps to make a detestable (pauper) system of nursing possible. If the old plans had remained these places *must* have been swept away, and then Central Union Hospitals would have been formed to receive the sick of many unions, with a staff of doctors and nurses like a real hospital. If such places as these are kept up no acute cases should be received.’ Meantime, we ask that women inspectors should be employed to discover and reveal these hidden facts which concern the welfare of thousands of our helpless poor, and that those employed for infirmaries, and more especially sick wards in country unions, should be themselves *trained nurses*, in order that they may be fit judges, as women alone can be, of the due performance and condition of work done in them. As there are only two *medical* inspectors for London and all England we cannot think we are making an unreasonable request.

but *they* ought certainly to have had some training themselves, to be able to judge fairly between patient and attendant.

'I am quite sure that there ought to be *lady inspectors* also, visiting like the magistrates, with full powers to question and examine. They ought to have been superintendents themselves, and so have a thorough knowledge of the work, or they would be taken in and deceived by the patients. I have known some very clever and reliable attendants, but I consider a great many are very common, coarse women. Some of the best asylums have now lady companions as well as matrons. The work with the insane is most difficult. What is wanted is closer supervision over the attendants, with some one to take an interest in them after duty hours, to raise the tone, and take their minds off their patients; and young, inexperienced women should not be put on night duty, or in refractory wards, till they have had some experience.'

Here we cannot help remarking on the strange fact and anomaly that in this country no system of training is given, or considered necessary, for this most difficult and important work of caring for the insane. Indeed, may this not be said to be *the* want which strikes all who are connected with women's work, with the exception, till recently, of nursing? In America this missing link has been long supplied, and throughout Europe we find the admirable organisations of sisterhoods brought to bear upon this difficult branch of work. The same remarks apply to our prisons also; sad and distasteful duties are involved in both, and unless undertaken with careful training and a high sense of duty and devotion, how can we expect them to be properly performed? Surely the practical good sense of English people, now devoting so much energy to philanthropic effort, cannot much longer remain deaf and blind to these urgent needs and claims on all sides, in official as well as private work. Liberal salaries alone will not suffice to bring the most suitable and devoted persons to a service which calls for self-sacrifice and high principle for its due performance, and till some endeavour is made to secure this adequate training and preparation for a profession that demands the utmost skill and tact and knowledge, we cannot be surprised if it is entered upon in a great measure by those who are wholly unfit and incompetent, merely for the sake of the salary, and who, as such, may do incalculable mischief.

Women of education and high character will not come forward for service in any of these public institutions till some such system is authorised and adopted. Those who are willing to do so from a sense of duty and responsibility, find themselves involved in an almost impossible task, fighting with difficulties which, single-handed, they are unable to overcome, while for work under the Poor Law, for which such women are as sorely needed, and for which no systematic training has yet been provided, we find an invariable preference given to those who have served in some lower posts, and thus continue to move in the same groove, with little chance of

improvement or change. The supposed necessity of electing married couples for the superintendence of workhouses, is another obstacle to the reform we desire to see carried out, but as this plan has been set aside in the separate infirmaries, we are unable to see why it should be deemed essential in other departments. The sick, the afflicted, the orphans, the aged, as well as the degraded, the vicious and the fallen classes, are in all lands considered to be fit objects for the care and sympathy of refined and cultured women who devote their lives to this service, and in England they would equally find their reward in doing so, were the doors of our public institutions once open to them. We would, in connection with this part of our subject, refer to a memoir recently published, as proving what sad and irreparable mischief may be done when the care of the suffering and the degraded classes is committed to those who are themselves hardly less degraded and vulgar.³

There can be no doubt that the motive which prompted women to desire to share in the work of the County Councils was the conviction that it was a sphere in which they could give efficient and valuable help—socially, rather than politically.

It is strange that it should have been repeatedly stated that their presence was uncalled for, because there were no duties that could not be as well performed by men. But if what we have already said with regard to their influence in the Poor Law, and in lunatic asylums, is true, then surely it is so also in this new department and sphere of social work. The condition of their helpless sisters in public lunatic asylums would then have been legally submitted to their inspection, and who can say that such supervision is not required? Girls and boys in industrial and reformatory schools it would also have been their duty to visit, as well as to advise upon the various questions which constantly arise concerning their management; and here again, domestic matters are of the highest importance from a moral and sanitary point of view. In all these departments of social work, as well as in the large and pressing measures to be considered for the dwellings of the poor, who can say that there is no place for the counsel and advice of women?

It has been said that the office of guardians of the poor will some day, and it may be ere long, be made over to these newly created councils. As the work and duties attending these offices absorb a large amount of the time of those who conscientiously endeavour to perform them, it may well be questioned how far they can be added to those bodies who already find themselves well-nigh overpowered by their present labours. But whatever may be the plans for the future in this important department, it cannot be denied that there is abundant room for improvement in the present methods of administration.

³ *Memoir of Dr. Joseph Rogers: Reminiscences of a Workhouse Medical Officer.* Fisher Unwin, 1889.

We have already alluded to the absence of any guarantee of fitness or qualification in candidates, added to the apathy of voters and the unwillingness of many to fill these posts, few persons having taken the trouble to understand or study the difficult and complicated questions they are called to legislate upon. The short term of office (generally for one year) is another great impediment to efficient work, as from no fault of their own they may fail to be re-elected at the end of this time, when, as it has been said by many, they were only just beginning to understand their duties. Unworthy motives of various kinds too often influence the elections, jobbery and party spirit succeeding in gaining some members to the exclusion of more worthy and valuable candidates. Few concern themselves with perusing the proceedings of boards of guardians as reported by the press, but in a majority of cases it would be neither pleasant nor edifying to do so. The details of some boards which we could name would indeed call forth no small amount of indignation with regard to our representatives, which would not be lessened were the facts and additions which do not appear in public to be known as well. Even in the best of such assemblies there are a lack of knowledge, a waste of time, and a wearisome amount of discussion over the smallest as well as the greatest matters, that are trying and vexatious to those who have to take part in them. In some respects, no doubt, this is owing to the large number of members who share in the business and render a speedy despatch of it impossible.⁴ What the remedy may be for all these difficulties, we do not attempt or venture now to suggest. We are ready to admit the need of great changes and reforms in the many imperfections that exist, and we should thankfully hail the advent of any methods by which they might be brought about.⁵

Our object has been to show that, imperfect as our present administration is, it has been greatly modified by the admission of women to a share in its duties, and to state our conviction, that in the future, whatever changes may be brought about, none will be successful unless the necessity for their still more extended work and action is insisted upon, and the 'communion of labour' between men and women yet further developed, till at least a due proportion of the latter will be found on every board of guardians in the kingdom, as well as on the committees of management of hospitals, lunatic asylums, prisons, and penitentiaries.

LOUISA TWINING.

⁴ The presence of ex-officio guardians at Board meetings, who do not take part in the special committees, though in some respects advantageous, has many disadvantages also.

⁵ One means to this end, as we have frequently suggested, would be if the various metropolitan boards of guardians would meet and confer together upon methods of administration, which, at present, vary in almost every union, involving grave difficulties.

LIFE IN THE HAREM.

EVERY country has some customs and traits of character which belong essentially to itself, and nowhere, I think, does this exist more than in Turkey. Of course as the Musulman turns for every law, social as well as religious, to the Koran, which to him is the sole arbiter of right and wrong, he cannot but differ essentially from other nations; and the silence kept by Christians about us has always seemed surprising to me, for nowhere could be found better tools for any author in search of novelty.

The different traits, habits, and customs existing in a harem; the strange superstition, the childlike faith, the barbarous credulity of the black; the deep religious sentiment, the intriguing habit, and the sad spectacle of a noble character perverted by want of education, which the Circassian usually exhibits; the haughty superiority, innate selfishness, and proud scepticism of the Turkish girl, would, it seems to me, become the pen of the greatest author living. But, however that may be, none have written about us, and we are as little known with thousands of Europeans visiting us daily as we were when no Christian could pass the sacred threshold of a harem.

We are now little by little changing, and the reforms operating in the harem are slowly but surely mining our social position. The Turkish girl of the period has been for a long time looking with deep disaffection on customs which leave her powerless and make her, so to speak, an alien in her father's house. Till very lately, however, she was in a too great minority to act; in nearly every great harem there are at the most three Turkish girls to perhaps a hundred Circassians, among whom are frequently included the ladies of the house, and in fact the mothers of those Turkish girls, their father's mother and their grandfather's mother, were all Circassians also. Such being the case, the Turkish girl ought to count herself as more than half Circassian, but against this she has a very comfortable theory (taken from no less a person than the prophet himself), which, in a country where woman is counted as a slave, explains that children belong essentially to their father and can only count their descent from him; so, armed with this, she will look on the Circassians with a hardly dis-

guised contempt, rather amusing to witness, as in reality the Circassians are the mistresses of the harem, where they reign supreme. In sober truth we count for very little in our homes, where we are, however, treated with more respect than any other of its inmates; but though our father's wives themselves will rise when we enter a room, will give us the pre-eminence everywhere and will never name us without adding the title *hanem* (lady), we know well that we have less influence in our father's house than the lowest slave.

A European lady would be surprised if this was stated to her, as no Christian has understood the real social position of a Circassian in a harem. To a European lady a slave is a servant, a creature who works, and who from the fact of being bought is to be pitied, but who ranks even lower in her estimation than her cook or her chambermaid. I would not for worlds state this to a Circassian slave, because by the fact of being a Mahomedan a slave holds herself superior to any Christian lady in existence, and will look down on her with as much contempt as the other would show towards her servant. A slave will work, but she will never consider herself abased by it; to her the period during which she works being considered as a sort of probation which must inevitably end one day in her marriage. An English lady once asked me if she should shake hands with a slave. I told her it would be a mere act of courtesy which depended on her own wishes, but I did not tell her that if she had not done it the slave would have been seriously offended. A slave coming into a room, in an old-fashioned harem, will mix in the conversation held there without any surprise being testified, nor will any be felt. This girl may become a lady any day, and in treating her as one beforehand we take off very much of the awkwardness which would else ensue. To this rapid change of position to which all Circassians are liable, and which fill our harems with Circassian ladies as well as slaves, may be traced the real cause of the want of power felt by the Turkish girls. Formerly a Turk rarely married his country-woman; on the principle, I suppose, that 'exchange is no robbery,' he would marry a Circassian woman slave, and give his sister to a Circassian man slave or to some penniless Circassian subaltern in the Turkish army. This was caused by the innate love of power existing in both sexes. A Turkish girl wedded to her equal would by the laws of religion feel herself obliged to treat her husband with nearly servile respect, whilst when wedded to one so decidedly her inferior she would be mistress in her own house and, reigning supreme over her husband and slaves, would never fear a rival. However, as I stated in another paper, this ended when our brothers went to Paris and Oxford, and we became civilised and learnt to wish for better things. Now Turkish ladies are always married to Turkish gentlemen and the Circassian harems are becoming scarcer, though our fathers are still married to Circassians and in our first homes slaves are still more powerful

and will probably continue so till a new generation formed of our children will arise.

Slaves are rarely jealous of each other when one rises to be a lady, nor will the fortunate one treat the other with anything like pride. I have seen a lady, the wife of a rich pacha, rise from her seat in a saloon and kiss the hand of a slave standing near without any surprise being testified by the bystanders. When a slave, the other had been the superior of this lady, and now that chance had raised her to a high eminence she could not act otherwise. This continued friendship between slaves, which will survive the most separate fortunes, is I think, one of their most beautiful traits of character. I never saw a slave who was jealous of the higher fortunes of a comrade or unwilling to render her homage if the other had accepted it; they view such chances as a matter of course, and will kiss the hem of the dress of an ancient inferior who has been suddenly raised to a high position, as joyfully as that of a Turkish girl. This kind feeling will, however, instantly disappear if by an unfortunate hazard both are elevated to the same position in a harem; and it would be unnatural were it not so, for it would be impossible for five or six wives with only one husband between them to exist without experiencing any sentiment of jealousy.

I must explain here the real position of those wives, as this is also another subject of which Europeans are very ignorant. First of all, then, there is a great difference between the legitimate wife and the odalisques. A few years ago, when a man was twenty his father would go to the slave-market, and send home a few slaves from which his son would be expected to choose a wife; this once over, and the contract of the fortunate one written, the father would consider his duty done, and leave the rest to the bridegroom himself, who would in his turn buy a couple or two of slaves, ostensibly for his wife but really for himself. During the life of the father these would still be considered as slaves—that is, supposing the son lives with him in the same house; for the father, considering himself bound to protect the wife he had procured, would never permit them to attain another rank. But at the father's death his own wives would retire to their children's homes, and the son's wife would then be installed as lady of the house, whilst the others would receive the title of odalisques and each possess her own suite of apartments, her own slaves, her own table, and when her children are older, perhaps her own carriage; the harem would thus be divided into lodgings, where each lady would lead as separate a life as if she lived in a different home, but over which the chief lady would still possess the privilege of reigning supreme. The real position of those odalisques is difficult to explain clearly; they rank much lower than their children but much higher than their slaves; in fact, if being at perfect liberty to act as they choose, if doing no more menial work than we ourselves when married

are obliged to do for our husbands, if commanding others, constitute a lady, then they rank as high as ourselves ; but still, however that may be, they know that their position is essentially insecure, for, if their children were to die, they would instantly fall from their high position, or, if retaining it, would still be assured that on the day of their husband's death they could not count in any way on their rivals' children for mercy or protection. They would then be married out to some ancient servant or else perhaps pensioned, and they might even be sold, for they would then rank with the slaves ; but in justice I must add that this is done so rarely that not one instance of it has ever come under my notice.

Life in a harem is much the same as that led by a community of nuns, with the difference that a Circassian lady has not even the solace of reading, as they rarely receive an education and are nearly always profoundly ignorant. The first work of a Circassian lady will be when rising to repair to her husband's room and dress him ; this done satisfactorily, she will then, in company with her rivals, sweep his room, make his bed, and dust his clothes : where ends her menial service for the day ; each will then retire to her own room and sew for the rest of the afternoon surrounded by her slaves, their task being only enlivened by the visit of some Turkish girl of the house, or better still one of those old women—sometimes former slaves, but oftener poor Turks—who go from harem to harem gaining their livelihood by telling long and wonderful tales, saying prayers for the dead, repeating scandal or scraps of poetry, and who, in a place where, as I said before, none can read, are the only and much prized newspapers.

These women are as unscrupulous as they are amusing, and to them is traced every love affair which occurs in a harem. They have an astounding genius for intrigue and never have been known to miss an occasion for using it ; no master of a house can bear them, but he cannot refuse them a free entrance to his harem, as he fears their bitter tongue, which would make sad havoc with his family reputation.

These women will they enter every harem and enliven the long hours with their tales. I could never, however, induce one of them to tell one in the daytime—they seem to think it unlucky and will consecrate the day to scandal—but in the evening when ladies and slaves are all assembled in the garden by moonlight, the lute being hushed, the dance having ended, and tric-trac having palled at last, every one will surround her as she tells one of those wonderful tales of love and battle, or a more weird story of a midnight ghost which she will not scruple in asseverating has been witnessed by herself. I have often gazed with admiration on the graceful scene which the slaves form when thus listening to her. They will lie about in the moonlight dressed in their long intaras (a loose flowing robe tied at the waist with a sash or belt, the usual dress of a harem), guitar,

mandoline, and violin lying discarded at their feet; the ladies will recline on cushions placed for them on the grass, whilst here and there will perhaps be some young man leaning over a slave and murmuring in mockery of a tale which his superior education teaches him to regard as mere nonsense. Of course, however, he must be of the household, for none enter the sacred threshold of a harem but the brothers, cousins, nephews, or uncles of the head of the family; even doctors are here received under protest and only when the invalid has been covered with a large black sheet so that he may only see her hands and mouth. I must state that I am, as a matter of course, speaking of the old-fashioned harems, where decency and religious feelings abound to a great degree, and from which fanaticism has not wholly vanished; of the harem of these days, governed by Turkish civilised girls, the least that is said is the better, for if in a few of them modesty still exists, it is in those only where the lady of the house is not so imbued with the idea of progress as to forget that she is a woman and a Mahomedan.

In a harem, of Circassians on the other hand, whatever bad principles may exist (and I will not deny that some may be found there) they are at least redeemed by the many elements of beauty and virtue existing by their side, though these, to our shame be it said, belong more often to the Circassian than the Turks. One virtue is, however, general, and that is the fidelity with which, slave and mistress, we will all cling to each other under the most adverse circumstances. In a house where I once lived there was an aged and half-blind slave who had come there with her mistress to beg a daily pittance. Their story was a sad one; the lady had once been the odalisque of a rich pacha, but, her child having died during his father's life, at the pacha's death she was married out to a rich merchant of Smyrna, where she went to live. Her husband, however, died soon after and she was left a widow with an only son, whom she sent to Paris to receive there a European education; there he learnt to gamble and soon squandered away the whole of his father's fortune, and, ruined in health and mind, in debt and broken down, he came back, to die soon after and leave his mother utterly reduced. Wishing, however, to pay the debts of honour her son had made, the poor woman sold her jewels and all her slaves and decided to return to Constantinople and beg the master of the house where I met her, and who was a relation of her late master, to accord her a shelter under his roof till her death.

This project was unfolded by her to the old slave of whom I spoke before and who had served her whilst she was an odalisque, and followed her to Smyrna, where, having obtained her liberty, she had married a dragoman, with whom she was then living. As soon as she knew her mistress's wishes, this good woman decided to follow her, and, flying at night from her husband's home, she rejoined her

and both left together for Constantinople. 'I could not leave her,' the slave explained to me; 'she has never served herself and none will serve her here. I have lived for forty years on her money and cannot be ungrateful now.' She did not add that whatever had been spent on her had been well repaid by forty years' service, and though her mistress was often harsh and unkind, she never repented her sacrifice, not even when her husband, after a long and painful search, found her out and threatened to divorce her if she did not return to him. Neither threats nor prayers could move her, and he at last discarded her, leaving her as destitute as her mistress; but not even then did she think her action meritorious, and, strangely enough, every slave in the house accorded with her view of the action. 'She has eaten her bread and salt,' they would say, 'and bread and salt has a right.'

This is in fact the mysterious bond which unites us all, for in a harem bread and salt has a sacred power which commands our utmost reverence; none who saw a piece of bread on the ground would lift it without first pressing to it the lips and forehead. A Turk who says in a moment of anger to his household, 'May my bread and salt rise against you!' has pronounced the worst anathema he could possibly utter, and there is not one inmate of the harem who will not tremble before its awful signification.

In a home where I once resided, the lady of the house lost a valuable ring; as no stranger had entered, the slaves were naturally accused, and the lady, holding a piece of bread in her hand, ordered them to come in one by one and swear to their innocence; all obeyed till it came to the turn of the culprit, who as she advanced turned pale and throwing herself at the feet of her mistress owned to the deed. She had stolen, but she could not violate the right of bread and salt. This ordeal, however, like the one of swearing on the Koran, is scarcely used, as it is believed, oddly enough, that, though the culprit will certainly be punished, some harm must inevitably fall on the master of the house.

I only assisted once at a swearing on the Koran. A lady had been taken suddenly ill, and papers of her length had been found in her bed scribbled over with strange characters; this pointed to witchcraft, and the slaves, highly indignant that such an accusation should fall on them, proposed themselves to swear to their innocence; this was accorded to them and they were all assembled in the courtyard, for swearing in the house is considered highly dangerous. An old woman was then seated on a carpet with an open Koran on her lap, whilst, at a small stream close by, each slave performed her ablutions and having uttered a short prayer would advance and placing her hand on the Koran would solemnly swear to her innocence. All were trembling and hushed by the fearful solemnity of the action, but this time the culprit was possessed of a stouter heart, as none

shirked it ; but when, some weeks after, one of them fell through the window and was killed on the spot she was instantly accused of the crime and her death attributed to perjury ; and though no other proof of her guilt was discovered every one in the harem still believes it.

Another quality essentially belonging to slaves is the sacred regard they will show to the ties of kindred. A slave who has the happiness to discover in the same household a sister, aunt, or even only a cousin, will from that day devote her whole existence to her newly discovered relation ; and when I see the kindness, the patience, the loving care which each will lavish on the other, I blush with shame at the jealousies, the rivalry, and the indifference which, with all the advantages of a superior education, we still nurse against each other.

I think I have said enough in this slight sketch to give some idea of our life, and I must be excused if I think the picture is not a repulsive one. As I said before, some bad conduct does exist in our Circassian harems, and, unhappily, to the example given by it the first cause of the recklessness now pervading the Turkish harems can be traced ; but still in these days of folly and scepticism they are the only places in our country where a woman may be pure without being considered old-fashioned, and religious feelings may be entertained without their owner being stigmatised as a fanatic. In fact no contrast can be greater than the one presented by a harem of Circassians and one governed by a Turkish girl, for whilst in the first, religion being the first principle, every action naturally is judged by its standard, the other has utterly abolished religion as being old-fashioned, and only receives its laws from the statutes of European civilisation. This difference is now even felt in the slaves, for those of the new harems have not been long in following the example of their masters and are losing fast all those qualities described in another page. As an instance of this I may here say some words of the efforts which I am told the English Government has made in Egypt for the abolishment of slavery. I think I need not state that I am a sincere admirer of the principles which occasioned them, but I must frankly own that though the arrangements made may be very good for the negroes, they cannot profit the Circassians, as any one who has read this paper attentively will see that no Circassian would ever condescend to go to the slave home or work as a servant. What has then been the result ? Hundreds of white slaves have gone to the police-court for their freedom and from there have gone to bad. In fact they only took their papers with that intention, as no Circassian ever thought that slavery was a shame or that it was irksome in any way ; freedom to them means nothing unless the freedom given is accompanied by a husband and home, and they know very well that they cannot expect these from the police-court, as no

marriage can be valid with the paper taken from there. They then only go there to be free to act as they like, and as what they like is not what is good for them they have given a bad repute to the police-court and now no slave who respects herself will go there.

I think that in drawing the attention of the English to such a state of affairs I am doing the best I can to get it remedied, but I frankly own that I think that in the case of the Circassians no efforts made for the abolishment of slavery will be successful when coming from the outside. It is we, we alone, who can by enfranchising and marrying out little by little those we possess and buying no more, end a custom as bad to ourselves as to them. Every scheme in which we do not participate will end by doing the slaves more harm than they will ever suffer in a harem.

ADALET.

THE KEEPERS OF THE HERD OF SWINE.

I HAD fondly hoped that Mr. Gladstone and I had come to an end of disputation, and that the hatchet of war was finally superseded by the calumet, which, as Mr. Gladstone, I believe, objects to tobacco, I was quite willing to smoke for both. But I have had, once again, to discover that the adage that whoso seeks peace will ensue it, is a somewhat hasty generalisation. The renowned warrior with whom it is my misfortune to be opposed in most things has dug up the axe and is on the war-path once more. The weapon has been wielded with all the dexterity which long practice has conferred on a past master in craft, whether of wood or state. And I have reason to believe that the simpler sort of the great tribe which he heads imagine that my scalp is already on its way to adorn their big chief's wigwam. I am glad therefore to be able to relieve any anxieties which my friends may entertain without delay. I assure them that my skull retains its normal covering, and that though, naturally, I may have felt alarmed, nothing serious has happened. My doughty adversary has merely performed a war dance, and his blows have for the most part cut the air. I regret to add, however, that by misadventure, and I am afraid I must say carelessness, he has inflicted one or two severe contusions on himself.

When the noise of approaching battle roused me from the dreams of peace which occupy my retirement, I was glad to observe (since I must fight) that the campaign was to be opened upon a new field. When the contest raged over the Pentateuchal myth of the creation, Mr. Gladstone's manifest want of acquaintance with the facts and principles involved in the discussion, no less than with the best literature on his own side of the subject, gave me the uncomfortable feeling that I had my adversary at a disadvantage. The sun of science, at my back, was in his eyes. But, on the present occasion, we are happily on an equality. History and Biblical criticism are, as much, or as little, my vocation as they are that of Mr. Gladstone; the blinding from too much light, or the blindness from too little, may be presumed to be equally shared by both of us.

Mr. Gladstone takes up his new position in the country of the Gadarenes. His strategic sense justly leads him to see that the

authority of the teachings of the synoptic gospels, touching the nature of the spiritual world, turns upon the acceptance or the rejection of the Gadarene and other like stories. As we accept or repudiate such histories as that of the possessed pigs, so shall we accept or reject the witness of the synoptics to such miraculous interventions.

It is exactly because these stories constitute the key-stone of the orthodox arch, that I originally drew attention to them; and, in spite of my longing for peace, I am truly obliged to Mr. Gladstone for compelling me to place my case before the public once more. It may be thought that this is a work of supererogation by those who are aware that my essay is the subject of attack in a work so largely circulated as the *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*; and and who may possibly, in their simplicity, assume that it must be truthfully set forth in that work. But the warmest admirers of Mr. Gladstone will hardly be prepared to maintain that mathematical accuracy in stating the opinions of an opponent is the most prominent feature of his controversial method. And what follows will show that, in the present case, the desire to be fair and accurate, the existence of which I am bound to assume, has not borne as much fruit as might have been expected.

In referring to the statement of the narrators that the herd of swine perished in consequence of the entrance into them of the demons by the permission, or order, of Jesus of Nazareth, I said:

‘Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people’s property is a misdemeanour of evil example.’ (*Nineteenth Century*, February 1889, p. 172.)

Mr. Gladstone has not found it convenient to cite this passage; and, in view of various considerations, I dare not assume that he would assent to it, without various subtle modifications which, for me, might possibly rob it of its argumentative value. But, until the proposition is seriously controverted, I shall assume it to be true, and content myself with warning the reader that neither he nor I have any grounds for assuming Mr. Gladstone’s concurrence. With this caution, I proceed to remark that I think it may be granted that the people whose herd of 2,000 swine (more or fewer) was suddenly destroyed suffered great loss and damage. And it is quite certain that the narrators of the Gadarene story do not, in any way, refer to the point of morality and legality thus raised; as I said, they show no inkling of the moral and legal difficulties which arise.

* Such being the facts of the case, I submit that for those who admit the principle laid down, the conclusion which I have drawn necessarily follows; though I repeat that, since Mr. Gladstone does not explicitly admit the principle, I am far from suggesting that he is bound by its logical consequences. However, I distinctly repeat the opinion that any one who acted in the way described in the story

would, in my judgment, be guilty of 'a misdemeanour of evil example.' About that point I desire to leave no ambiguity whatever; and it follows that, if I believed the story, I should have no hesitation in applying this judgment to the chief actor in it.

But if any one will do me the favour to turn to the paper in which these passages occur, he will find that a considerable part of it is devoted to the exposure of the familiar trick of the 'counsel for creeds,' who, when they wish to profit by the easily stirred *odium theologicum*, are careful to confuse disbelief in a narrative of a man's acts, or disapproval of the acts as narrated, with disbelieving and vilipending the man himself. If I say that 'according to paragraphs in several newspapers, my valued Separatist friend A. B. has houghed a lot of cattle which he considered to be unlawfully in the possession of an Irish land-grabber; that in my opinion any such act is a misdemeanour of evil example; but that I utterly disbelieve the whole story and have no doubt that it is a mere fabrication:' it really appears to me that if any one charges me with calling A. B. an immoral misdemeanant, I should be justified in using very strong language respecting either his sanity or his veracity. And, if an analogous charge has been brought in reference to the Gadarene story, there is certainly no excuse producible on account of any lack of plain speech on my part. Surely no language can be more explicit than that which follows:

'I can discern no escape from this dilemma; either Jesus said what he is reported to have said, or he did not. In the former case, it is inevitable that his authority on matters connected with the "unseen world" should be roughly shaken; in the latter, the blow falls upon the authority of the synoptic gospels' (p. 173). 'The choice then lies between discrediting those who compiled the gospel biographies and disbelieving the Master, whom they, simple souls, thought to honour by preserving such traditions of the exercise of his authority over Satan's invisible world' (p. 174). And I leave no shadow of doubt as to my own choice: 'After what has been said, I do not think that any sensible man, unless he happen to be angry, will accuse me of "contradicting the Lord and his Apostles" if I reiterate my total disbelief in the whole Gadarene story' (p. 178).

I am afraid, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone must have been exceedingly angry when he committed himself to such a statement as follows:

So, then, after eighteen centuries of worship offered to our Lord by the most cultivated, the most developed, and the most progressive portion of the human race, it has been reserved to a scientific inquirer to discover that He was no better than a law-breaker and an evil-doer . . . how, in such a matter, came the honours of originality to be reserved to our time and to Professor Huxley? (Pp. 269, 270.)

Truly, the hatchet is hardly a weapon of precision, but would seem to have rather more the character of the boomerang, which returns to damage the reckless thrower. Doubtless such incidents are some-

what ludicrous. But they have a very serious side; and, if I rated the opinion of those who blindly follow Mr. Gladstone leading, but not light, in these matters, much higher than the great Duke of Wellington's famous standard of minimum value, I think I might fairly beg them to reflect upon the general bearings of this particular example of his controversial method. I imagine it can hardly commend itself to their cool judgment.

After this tragi-comical ending to what an old historian calls a 'robustious and rough coming on;' and after some praises of the provisions of the Mosaic law in the matter of not eating pork—in which, as pork disagrees with me and for some other reasons, I am much disposed to concur, though I do not see what they have to do with the matter in hand—comes the serious onslaught.

Mr. Huxley, exercising his rapid judgment on the text, does not appear to have encumbered himself with the labour of inquiring what anybody else had known or said about it. He has thus missed a point which might have been set up in support of his accusation against our Lord (p. 273).

Unhappily for my comfort, I have been much exercised in controversy during the past thirty years; and the only compensation for the loss of time and the trials of temper which it has inflicted upon me, is that I have come to regard it as a branch of the fine arts, and to take an impartial and æsthetic interest in the way it is conducted, even by those whose efforts are directed against myself. Now, from the purely artistic point of view (which, as we are all being told, has nothing to do with morals), I consider it an axiom that one should never appear to doubt that the other side has performed the elementary duty of acquiring proper information, unless there is demonstrative evidence to the contrary. And I think, though I admit that 'this may be a purely subjective appreciation, that (unless you are quite certain) there is a 'want of finish,' as a great master of disputation once put it, about the suggestion that your opponent has missed a point on his own side. Because it may happen that he has not missed it at all, but only thought it unworthy of serious notice. And if he proves that, the suggestion looks foolish.

Merely noting the careful repetition of a charge, the absurdity of which has been sufficiently exposed above, I now ask my readers to accompany me on a little voyage of discovery in search of the side on which the rapid judgment and the ignorance of the literature of the subject lie. I think I may promise them very little trouble, and a good deal of entertainment.

Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that the Gadarene swinefolk were 'Hebrews bound by the Mosaic Law' (p. 274), and he conceives that it has not occurred to me to learn what may be said in favour of and against this view. He tells us that

Some commentators have alleged the authority of Josephus for stating that Gadara was a city of Greeks rather than of Jews, from whence it might be inferred that to keep swine was innocent and lawful. (P. 273.)

Mr. Gladstone then goes on to inform his readers that in his painstaking search after truth he has submitted to the labour of personally examining the writings of Josephus. Moreover, in a note, he positively exhibits an acquaintance, in addition, with the works of Bishop Wordsworth and of Archbishop Trench; and even shows that he has read Hudson's commentary on Josephus. And yet people say that our biblical critics do not equal the Germans in research! But Mr. Gladstone's citation of Cuvier and Sir John Herschel about the Creation myth, and his ignorance of all the best modern writings on his own side, produced a great impression on my mind. I have had the audacity to suspect that his acquaintance with what has been done in biblical history might stand at no higher level than his information about the natural sciences. However unwillingly, I have felt bound to consider the possibility that Mr. Gladstone's labours in this matter may have carried him no further than Josephus and the worthy, but somewhat antique episcopal and other authorities to whom he refers; that even his reading of Josephus may have been of the most cursory nature, directed not to the understanding of his author, but to the discovery of useful controversial matter; and that, in view of the not inconsiderable misrepresentation of my statements to which I have drawn attention, it might be that Mr. Gladstone's exposition of the evidence of Josephus was not more trustworthy. I proceed to show that my previsions have been fully justified. I doubt if controversial literature contains anything more *piquant* than the story I have to unfold.

That I should be reproved for rapidity of judgment is very just: however quaint the situation of Mr. Gladstone, as the reprover, may seem to people blessed with a sense of humour. But it is a quality, the defects of which have been painfully obvious to me all my life; and I try to keep my Pegasus—at best a poor Shetland variety of that species of quadruped—at a respectable jog-trot by loading him heavily with bales of reading. Those who took the trouble to study my paper in good faith, and not for mere controversial purposes, have a right to know, that something more than a hasty glimpse of two or three passages of Josephus (even with as many episcopal works thrown in) lay at the back of the few paragraphs I devoted to the Gadarene story. I proceed to set forth, as briefly as I can, some results of that preparatory work. My artistic principles do not permit me, at present, to express a doubt that Mr. Gladstone was acquainted with the facts I am about to mention when he undertook to write. But, if he did know them, then both what he has said and what he has not said, his assertions and his omissions alike, will require a paragraph to themselves.

The common consent of the synoptic gospels affirms that the miraculous transference of devils from a man, or men, to sundry pigs took place somewhere on the eastern shore of the Lake of Tiberias; 'on the other side of the sea over against Galilee,' the western shore being, without doubt, included in the latter province. But there is no such concord when we come to the name of the part of the eastern shore on which, according to the story, Jesus and his disciples landed. In the revised version Matthew calls it the 'country of the Gadarenes;' Luke and Mark have 'Gerasenes.' In sundry very ancient manuscripts 'Gergesenes' occurs.

The existence of any place called Gergesa, however, is declared by the weightiest authorities whom I have consulted to be very questionable; and no such town is mentioned in the list of the cities of the Decapolis, in the territory of which (as it would seem from Mark v. 20) the transaction was supposed to take place. About Gerasa, on the other hand, there hangs no such doubt. It was a large and important member of the group of the Decapoltan cities. But Gerasa is more than thirty miles distant from the nearest part of the Lake of Tiberias, while the city mentioned in the narrative could not have been very far off the scene of the event. However, as Gerasa was a very important Hellenic city, not much more than a score of miles from Gadara, it is easily imaginable that a locality which was part of Decapoltan territory may have been spoken of as belonging to one of the two cities, when it really appertained to the other. After weighing all the arguments, no doubt remains on my mind that 'Gadarene' is the proper reading. At the period under consideration, Gadara appears to have been a good-sized fortified town, about two miles in circumference. It was a place of considerable strategic importance, inasmuch as it lay on a high ridge at the point of intersection of the roads from Tiberias, Scythopolis, Damascus, and Gerasa. Three miles north from it, where the Tiberias road descended into the valley of the Hieromices, lay the famous hot springs and the fashionable baths of Amatha. On the north-east side, the remains of the extensive necropolis of Gadara are still to be seen. Innumerable sepulchral chambers are excavated in the limestone cliffs, and many of them still contain sarcophaguses of basalt; while not a few are converted into dwellings by the inhabitants of the present village of Um Keis. The distance of Gadara from the south-eastern shore of the Lake of Tiberias is less than seven miles. The nearest of the other cities of the Decapolis, to the north, is Hippos, which also lay some seven miles off on the south-eastern corner of the shore of the lake. In accordance with the ancient Hellenic practice that each city should be surrounded by a certain amount of territory amenable to its jurisdiction,¹ and on other grounds, it may be taken for certain

¹ Thus Josephus (lib. ix.) says that his rival, Justus, persuaded the citizens of Tiberias to 'set the villages that belonged to Gadara and Hippos on fire; which villages were situated on the borders of Tiberias and of the region of Scythopolis.'

that the intermediate country was divided between Gadara and Hippos, and that the citizens of Gadara had free access to a port on the lake. Hence the title of 'country of the Gadarenes' applied to the locality of the porcine catastrophe becomes easily intelligible. The swine may well be imagined to have been feeding (as they do now in the adjacent region) on the hillsides, which slope somewhat steeply down to the lake from the northern boundary wall of the valley of the Hieromices (*Nahr Yarmuk*), about half-way between the city and the shore, and doubtless lay well within the territory of the *polis* of Gadara.*

The proof that Gadara was, to all intents and purposes, a Gentile and not a Jewish city is complete. The date and the occasion of its foundation are unknown; but it certainly existed in the third century B.C. Antiochus the Great annexed it to his dominions in B.C. 198. After this, during the brief revival of Jewish autonomy, Alexander Jannæus took it; and for the first time so far as the records go, it fell under Jewish rule.² From this it was rescued by Pompey (B.C. 63), who rebuilt the city and incorporated it with the province of Syria. In gratitude to the Romans for the dissolution of a hated union, the Gadarenes adopted the Pompeian era on their coinage. Gadara was a commercial centre of some importance, and therefore, it may be assumed, Jews settled in it as they settled in almost all considerable Gentile cities. But a wholly mistaken estimate of the magnitude of the Jewish colony has been based upon the notion that Gabinius, proconsul of Syria in 57-55 B.C., seated one of the five sanhedrims in Gadara. Schürer has pointed out that what he really did was to lodge one of them in Gazara, far away on the other side of the Jordan. This is one of the many errors which have arisen out of the confusion of the names Gadara, Gazara, and Gabara.

Augustus made a present of Gadara to Herod the Great as an appanage personal to himself; and, upon Herod's death, recognising it to be a 'Grecian city like Hippos and Gaza,'³ he transferred it back to its former place in the province of Syria. That Herod made no effort to judaise his temporary possession,* but rather the contrary, is obvious from the fact that the coins of Gadara, while under his rule, bear the image of Augustus with the superscription Σεβαστός—a flying in the face of Jewish prejudices which even he did not dare to venture upon in Judæa. And I may remark that, if my co-trustee of the British Museum had taken the trouble to visit the splendid numismatic collection under our charge, he might have seen two coins of Gadara, one of the time of Tiberius and the other of that of Titus, each bearing the effigies of the emperor on the obverse;

* It is said to have been destroyed by its captors.

* But as to the Grecian cities Gaza and Gadara and Hippos, he cut them off from the kingdom and added them to Syria.—Josephus, *Wars*, II. vi. 3. See also *Antiquities*, XVII. xi. 4.

while the personified genius of the city is on the reverse of the former. Further, the well-known works of De Saulcy and of Ekhel would have supplied the information that, from the time of Augustus to that of Gordian, the Gadarene coinage had the same thoroughly gentile character. Curious that a city of 'Hebrews bound by the Mosaic law' should tolerate such a mint!

Whatever increase in population the Ghetto of Gadara may have undergone between B.C. 4 and A.D. 66, it nowise affected the Gentile and anti-judaic character of the city at the outbreak of the great war, for Josephus tells us that immediately after the great massacre at Cæsarea, the revolted Jews 'laid waste the villages of the Syrians and their neighbouring cities, Philadelphia and Sebonitis and Gerasa and Pella and Scythopolis, and after them Gadara and Hippos' (*Wars*, II. xviii. 1). I submit that if Gadara had been a city of 'Hebrews bound by the Mosaic law,' the ravaging of their territory by their brother Jews in revenge for the massacre of the Cæsarean Jews by the Gentile population of that place, would surely have been a somewhat unaccountable proceeding. But when we proceed a little further, to the fifth section of the chapter in which this statement occurs, the whole affair becomes intelligible enough.

Besides this murder at Scythopolis, the other cities rose up against the Jews that were among them: those of Askelon slew two thousand five hundred, and those of Ptolemais two thousand, and put not a few into bonds; those of Tyre also put a great number to death, but kept a greater number in prison; moreover, those of Hippos and those of Gadara did the like, while they put to death the boldest of the Jews, but kept those of whom they were most afraid in custody; as did the rest of the cities of Syria according as they every one either hated them or were afraid of them.

Josephus is not always trustworthy, but he has no conceivable motive for altering facts here; he speaks of contemporary events, in which he himself took an active part, and he characterises the cities in the way familiar to him. For Josephus, Gadara is just as much a Gentile city as Ptolemais; it was reserved for his latest commentator, either ignoring, or ignorant of, all this, to tell us that Gadara had a Hebrew population bound by the Mosaic law.

In the face of all this evidence, most of which has been put before serious students, with full reference to the needful authorities and in a thoroughly judicial manner, by Schürer in his classical work,⁴ one reads with stupefaction the statement which Mr. Gladstone has thought fit to put before the uninstructed public:

Some commentators have alleged the authority of Josephus for stating that Gadara was a city of Greeks rather than of Jews, from whence it might be inferred that to keep swine was innocent and lawful. This is not quite the place for a critical examination of the matter; but I have examined it, and have satisfied myself that Josephus gives no reason whatever to suppose that the population of

Gadara, and still less (if less may be) the population of the neighbourhood, and least of all the swine-herding or lower portion of that population, were other than Hebrews bound by the Mosaic law. (P. 373-4.)

Even 'rapid judgment' cannot be pleaded in excuse for this surprising statement, because a 'Note on the Gadarene miracle' is added (in a special appendix) in which the references are given to the passages of Josephus, by the improved interpretation of which Mr. Gladstone has thus contrived to satisfy himself of the thing which is not. One of these is *Antiquities*, XVII. xiii. 4, in which section I regret to say I can find no mention of Gadara. In *Antiquities* XVII. xi. 4 however there is a passage which would appear to be that which Mr. Gladstone means, and I will give it in full, although I have already cited part of it:

There were also certain of the cities which paid tribute to Archelaus; Strato's tower, and Sebaste, with Joppa and Jerusalem; for, as to Gaza, Gadara, and Hippos, they were Grecian cities, which Cæsar separated from his government, and added them to the province of Syria.

That is to say Augustus simply restored the state of things which existed before he gave Gadara, then certainly a gentile city, lying outside Judæa, to Herod as a mark of great personal favour. Yet Mr. Gladstone can gravely tell those who are not in a position to check his statements:

The sense seems to be not that these cities were inhabited by a Greek population, but that they had politically been taken out of Judæa and added to Syria, which I presume was classified as simply Hellenic, a portion of the great Greek empire erected by Alexander. (P. 295-6.)

Mr. Gladstone's next reference is to the *Wars*, III. vii. 1:

So Vespasian marched to the city Gadara, and took it upon the first onset, because he found it destitute of a considerable number of men grown up fit for war. He came then into it, and slew all the youth, the Romans having no mercy on any age whatsoever; and this was done out of the hatred they bore the nation, and because of the iniquity they had been guilty of in the affair of Cestius.

Obviously then Gadara was an ultra-Jewish city. Q.E.D. But a student trained in the use of weapons of precision, rather than in that of rhetorical tomahawks, has had many and painful warnings to look well about him before trusting an argument to the mercies of a passage the context of which he has not carefully considered. If Mr. Gladstone had not been too much in a hurry to turn his imaginary prize to account—if he had paused just to look at the preceding chapter of Josephus—he would have discovered that his much haste meant very little speed. He would have found (*Wars*, III. vi. 2) that Vespasian marched from his base, the port of Ptolemais (Acre) on the shores of the Mediterranean, into Galilee; and, having dealt with the so-called 'Gadara,' was minded to finish with Jotapata, a strong place about fourteen miles south-east of Ptolemais, into

which Josephus, who at first had fled to Tiberias, eventually threw himself—Vespasian arriving before Jotapata ‘the very next day.’ Now, if any one will take a decent map of Ancient Palestine in hand, he will see that Jotapata, as I have said, lies about fourteen miles in a straight line east-south-east of Ptolemais, while a certain town ‘Gabara’ (which was also held by the Jews) is situated about the same distance to the east of that port. Nothing can be more obvious than that Vespasian, wishing to advance from Ptolemais into Galilee, could not afford to leave these strongholds in the possession of the enemy; and, as Gabara would lie on his left flank when he moved to Jotapata, he took that city, whence his communications with his base could easily be threatened, first. It might really have been fair evidence of demoniac possession, if the best general of Rome had marched forty odd miles, as the crow flies, through hostile Galilee, to take a city (which, moreover, had just tried to abolish its Jewish population) on the other side of the Jordan; and then marched back again to a place fourteen miles off his starting-point.⁵ One would think that the most careless of readers must be startled by this incongruity into inquiring whether there might not be something wrong with the text; and if he had done so he would have easily discovered that since the time of Reland, a century and a half ago, careful scholars have read Gabara for Gadara.⁶

Once more, I venture to point out that training in the use of the weapons of precision of science may have its value in historical studies, if only in preventing the occurrence of droll blunders in geography.

In the third citation (*Wars*, IV. vii.) Josephus tells us that Vespasian marched against ‘Gadara,’ which he calls the metropolis of Peræa (it was possibly the seat of a common festival of the Decapolitan cities), and entered it without opposition, the wealthy and powerful citizens having entered into negotiations with him without the knowledge of an opposite party, who ‘as being inferior in number to their enemies who were “within the city, and seeing the Romans very near the city,” resolved to fly. Before doing so, however, they, after a fashion unfortunately too common among the Zealots, murdered and shockingly mutilated Dolesus, a man of the first rank, who had promoted the embassy to Vespasian, and then ‘ran out of the city.’ Hereupon ‘the people of Gadara’ (surely not this time ‘Hebrews bound by the Mosaic law’) received Vespasian with joyful acclamations, voluntarily pulled down their wall, so that the city

⁵ If William the Conqueror after fighting the battle of Hastings had marched to capture Chichester and then returned to assault Rye, being all the while anxious to reach London, his proceedings would not have been more eccentric than Mr. Gladstone must imagine those of Vespasian were.

⁶ See Relandi, *Palestina* (1714), t. ii. p. 771. Also Robinson, *Later Biblical Researches* (1856), p. 87 note.

could not in future be used as a fortress by the Jews, and accepted a Roman garrison for their future protection. Granting that this Gadara really is the city of the Gadarenes, the reference, without citation, to the passage in support of Mr. Gladstone's contention seems rather remarkable. Taken in conjunction with the shortly antecedent ravaging of the Gadarene territory by the Jews, in fact, better proof could hardly be expected of the real state of the case; namely, that the population of Gadara (and notably the wealthy and respectable part of it) was thoroughly Hellenic; though, as in Cæsarea and elsewhere among the Palestinian cities, the rabble contained a considerable body of fanatical Jews, whose reckless ferocity made them, even though a mere minority of the population, a standing danger to the city.

Thus Mr. Gladstone's conclusion from his study of Josephus that the population of Gadara were 'Hebrews bound by the Mosaic law' turns out to depend upon nothing better than a marvellously complete misinterpretation of what that author says, combined with equally marvellous geographical misunderstandings, long since exposed and rectified; while the positive evidence that Gadara, like other cities of the Decapolis, was thoroughly Hellenic in organisation and essentially gentile in population is overwhelming.

And, that being the fact of the matter, patent to all who will take the trouble to inquire about what has been said about it, however obscure to those who merely talk of so doing, the thesis that the Gadarene swineherds, or owners, were Jews violating the Mosaic law shows itself to be an empty and most unfortunate guess. But really, whether they that kept the swine were Jews, or whether they were Gentiles, is a consideration which has no relevance whatever to my case. The legal provisions which alone had authority over an inhabitant of the country of the Gadarenes were the gentile laws sanctioned by the Roman suzerain of the province of Syria, just as the only law which has authority in England is that recognised by the sovereign Legislature. Jewish communities in England may have their private code, as they doubtless had in Gadara. But an English magistrate, if called upon to enforce their peculiar laws, would dismiss the complainants from the judgment seat, let us hope with more politeness than Gallio did in a like case, but quite as firmly. Moreover, in the matter of keeping pigs we may be quite certain that Gadarene law left everybody free to do as he pleased, indeed encouraged the practice rather than otherwise. Not only was pork one of the commonest and one of the most favourite articles of Roman diet; but, to both Greeks and Romans, the pig was a sacrificial animal of high importance. Sucking pigs played an important part in Hellenic purificatory rites; and everybody knows the significance of the Roman *suovetaurilia*, depicted on so many bas-reliefs.

Under these circumstances only the extreme need of a despairing

'reconciler' drowning in a sea of adverse facts, can explain the catching at such a poor straw as the reckless guess that the swineherds of the 'country of the Gadarenes' were erring Jews doing a little clandestine business on their own account. The endeavour to justify the asserted destruction of the swine by the analogy of breaking open a cask of smuggled spirits and wasting their contents on the ground is curiously unfortunate. Does Mr. Gladstone mean to suggest that a Frenchman landing at Dover and coming upon a cask of smuggled brandy in the course of a stroll along the cliffs, has the right to break it open and waste its contents on the ground? Yet the party of Galileans who, according to the narrative, landed and took a walk on the Gadarene territory, were as much foreigners in the Decapolis as Frenchmen would be at Dover. Herod Antipas, their sovereign, had no jurisdiction in the Decapolis—they were strangers and aliens, with no more right to interfere with a pig-keeping Hebrew, than I have a right to interfere with an English member of the Israelitic faith, if I see a slice of ham on his plate.. According to the law of the country in which these Galilean foreigners found themselves, men might keep pigs if they pleased. If the men who kept them were Jews, it might be permissible for the strangers to inform the religious authority acknowledged by the Jews of Gadara, but to interfere themselves, in such a matter, was a step devoid of either moral or legal justification.

Suppose a modern English Sabbatarian fanatic, who believes, on the strength of his interpretation of the fourth commandment, that it is a deadly sin to work on the 'Lord's Day,' sees a fellow Puritan yielding to the temptation of getting in his harvest on a fine Sunday morning—is the former justified in setting fire to the latter's corn? Would not an English court of justice speedily teach him better?

In truth, the government which permits private persons, on any pretext (especially pious and patriotic pretexts), to take the law into their own hands, fails in the performance of the primary duties of all governments; while those who set the example of such acts, or who approve them, or who fail to disapprove them, are doing their best to dissolve civil society—they are compassers of illegality and fautors of immorality.

I fully understand that Mr. Gladstone may not see the matter in this light. He may possibly consider that the union of Gadara with the Decapolis by Augustus was a 'blackguard' transaction, which deprived Hellenic Gadarene law of all moral force; and that it was quite proper for a Jewish Galilean, going back to the time when the land of the Gergashites was given to his ancestor, some 1,500 years before, to act as if the state of things which ought to obtain in territory which traditionally, at any rate, belonged to his forefathers did really exist. And, that being so, I can only say I do not agree with him, but leave the matter to the appreciation of those of our

countrymen, happily not yet the minority, who believe that the first condition of enduring liberty is obedience to the law of the land.

The end of the month drawing nigh, I thought it well to send away the manuscript of the foregoing pages yesterday—leaving open, in my own mind, the possibility of adding a succinct characterisation of Mr. Gladstone's controversial methods as illustrated therein. This morning, however, I had the pleasure of reading a speech which I think must satisfy the requirements of the most fastidious of controversial artists; and there occurs in it so concise yet so complete a delineation of Mr. Gladstone's way of dealing with disputed questions of another kind, that no poor effort of mine could better it as a description of the aspect which his treatment of scientific, historical, and critical questions presents to me.

The smallest examination would have told a man of his capacity and of his experience that he was uttering the grossest exaggerations, that he was basing arguments upon the slightest hypotheses, and that his discussions only had to be critically examined by the most careless critic in order to show their intrinsic hollowness.

Those who have followed me through this paper will hardly dispute the justice of this judgment, severe as it is. But the Chief Secretary for Ireland has science in the blood; and has the advantage of a natural, as well as a highly cultivated, aptitude for the use of methods of precision in investigation and for the exact enunciation of the results thereby obtained.

T. H. HUXLEY.

Nov. 20, 1890.

GIVE BACK THE ELGIN MARBLES.

It is surely high time for us to think how and when the Elgin Marbles are to be restored to the Acropolis. There they will have ultimately to rest: and the sooner, and the more gracefully it is done, the better. The ninety years which have passed since they left Athens have entirely changed the conditions and the facts. The reasons which were held to justify Lord Elgin in removing them, and the British Government in receiving them, have one and all vanished. All those reasons now tell in favour of their being restored to their national and natural home. The protection of these unique monuments, the interests of students of art, pride in a national possession, and the *vis inertia* of leaving things alone all call aloud to us to replace on that immortal steep the sacred fragments where Pericles and Pheidias placed them more than two thousand years ago.

It is usual to say, that in the British Museum these priceless works are safe, whilst they would be exposed to danger in Athens: that in London the art students of the world can study them, whilst at Athens they would be buried out of sight: that the Elgin Marbles are now become a 'British interest' as completely as Domesday Book: that as they have belonged to the nation for seventy-four years, it is too late to talk about disturbing them now.

Every one of these assertions is a sophism, and the precise contrary is in every case true. They would be much more safe from the hand of man on the Acropolis than they possibly could be in London; and whilst the climate and soot of Bloomsbury are slowly affecting their crumbling surface, the pure air of the Acropolis would preserve them longer by centuries. Athens is now a far more central archæological school than London; and the art students of the world would gain immensely if the ornaments of the Parthenon could be seen again together and beneath the shadow of the Parthenon itself. The Parthenon Marbles are to the Greek nation a thousand times more dear and more important than they ever can be to the English nation, which simply bought them. And what are the seventy-four years that these dismembered fragments have been in Bloomsbury when compared with the 2,240 years wherein they stood on the Acropolis?

The stock argument for retaining the marbles in London is that they are safe here, and nobody knows what might happen at Athens. In one sense, we trust they are safe in London; but they stand in the heart of a great city, and no man can absolutely say that the Museum might not be destroyed in some great fire in Bloomsbury. As to political or riotous commotions, they are no more to be dreaded in Athens than they are in London. Whilst Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome have been the scenes of fearful street battles within fifty years, there has been nothing of the kind at Athens since the establishment of the kingdom. And, even if there were, it is inconceivable that either a street fight or a fire could touch the Acropolis. One might as well say that a row in the Canongate at Edinburgh might destroy the colonnade on Calton Hill. Even a bombardment of the city of Athens would not touch the Acropolis, except with direct malice aforethought. It may be taken for certain that the Museum now standing on the summit of the Acropolis is a spot ideally protected by nature from any conceivable risk of fire, accidental injury, civil or foreign war. One can only wish that the contents of the Louvre, the National Gallery, and the Vatican were anything like as safe. And it so happens that this ideally safe spot for preserving priceless relics is the very spot where a glorious genius and a wonderful people placed them two thousand years ago.

Admit that the Elgin Marbles are (humanly speaking) safe in Bloomsbury from any conceivable risk of fire or riot—which is to admit a good deal—still it is certain that the climate of Bloomsbury is far more injurious to them than the climate of the Acropolis. The climate of the Acropolis is certainly the very best for their preservation that Europe could afford; and the climate of Bloomsbury is certainly one of the worst. Everyone knows that the marvellous Pentelic marble resists in the Attic air the effect of exposure for very long periods whilst its surface is intact. When the surface is gone and the cracks begin to pass deep into the substance, the deterioration of the marble goes on rapidly. Go to our Museum and observe the cruel scars that have eaten in parallel lines the breast and ribs of the River God (Ilissus). Night and day those scars are being subtly filled with London soot. It is no doubt true that the antique marbles are occasionally washed and cleaned. But at what a cost, and at what a risk!

Of course the man in Pall Mall or in the club armchair has his sneer ready—‘Are you going to send all statues back to the spot where they were found?’ That is all nonsense. The Elgin Marbles stand upon a footing entirely different from all other statues. They are not statues: they are architectural parts of a unique building, the most famous in the world; a building still standing, though in a ruined state, which is the national symbol and pædium of a gallant people, and which is a place of pilgrimage to civilised

mankind. When civilised man makes his pilgrimage to the Acropolis and passes through the Propylæa, he notes the exquisite shrine of *Nike Apteros*, with part of its frieze intact and the rest of the frieze filled up in plaster, *because the original is in London*. He goes on to the *Erechtheion*, and there he sees that one of the lovely Caryatides who support the cornice is a composition cast, *because the original is in London*. He goes on to the Parthenon, and there he marks the pediments which Lord Elgin wrecked and left a wreck stripped of their figures; he sees long bare slices of torn marble, whence the frieze was gutted out, and the sixteen holes where the two ambassadors wrenched out the Metopes. We English have wrung off and hold essential parts of a great national building, which bears wreckage on its mangled brow, and which, like *Œdipus at Colonus*, holds up to view the hollow orbs out of which we tore the very eyes of Pheidias.

When Lord Elgin committed this dreadful havoc, he may have honestly thought that he was preserving for mankind these precious relics. The Turks took no heed of them, and the few Greeks could only mutter their feeble groan in silence. But everything is now changed. To the Greek nation now the ruins on the Acropolis are far more important and sacred than are any other national monuments to any other people. They form the outward and visible sign of the national existence and re-birth. But for the glorious traditions of Athens, of which these pathetic ruins are the everlasting embodiment, Greece would never have attracted the sympathy of the civilised world and would not have been assisted to assert herself as a free State. At the foundation of it, Corinth, astride on both seas on her isthmus, had many superior claims as a capital. The existence of the Acropolis made any capital but Athens impossible, as it makes Greece herself incorporated on the base of her ancient glory.

Thus to free Greece the Acropolis is the great national symbol: more than the Forum and the Palatine are to Rome, more than the Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio are to Florence, more than Notre Dame and the Louvre are to Paris, more than the Abbey, Westminster Hall, and the Tower are to London. Rome, Florence, Paris, London, have scores of historic monuments and national memorials; and they all have many other centuries of ancient history and many other phases of national achievement. Athens has only one: Greece is centred round Athens: and ancient Athens means the Acropolis and its surroundings.

We profess to be proud of our Tower and Abbey and our national monuments. To the patriotic Athenian of to-day the Acropolis represents Tower, Abbey, St. Stephen's, Westminster Hall, Domesday Book, Magna Carta, and all our historic memorials together. He has nothing else; and the sight day and night of that vast, lonely, towering mass of ruin, with its weird but silent message from the past,

produces on the subtle imagination of a sensitive people an effect infinitely deeper than even our Abbey produces on a Londoner. And every morning and evening that the Athenian raises his eyes to his Abbey he sees the scars where, in a time of national humiliation, a rich Englishman wrenched off slices of the building to place in his collection at home. What would be the feelings of an Englishman if he saw the Abbey gutted within this century, and knew that the shrine of the Confessor, the tombs of the Kings, the altar screen, the chair and sword, and the Purbeck columns from the transepts and the Chapter House, had been carried off, during the occupation of the country by a foreign enemy, by an amateur with a fine taste for antiques, and a good nose for a bargain; to put into his 'collection'? The case is far stronger than this: for the Elgin Marbles are not statues, or tombs; they form indispensable parts of the most symmetrical building ever raised by man.

Naturally, the antiques found in Greece form a far more important interest to the whole nation than they can to a nation which has simply purchased or 'conveyed' them. No people in the world are so intensely jealous of their national memorials as the Greeks of to-day. They form their claims to sympathy as a people, the symbol of their traditional past, their peculiar claim to a unique interest, and no doubt much of what Demetrius the silversmith and Alexander the coppersmith told their fellow citizens was the practical value of Diana of the Ephesians. At a moderate computation the ruins and the museums are worth 100,000*l.* a year to the Greek people. They have made stringent laws not only to keep every fragment of antiquity in the country, but to keep every fresh discovery in the very district and spot where it is found. We need not discuss the policy of this. A very strong government recently found it impossible to move the *Hermes* of Praxiteles from Olympia to Athens. And no doubt the ruins of Olympia are now worth a new railway to the modern inhabitants of Elis.

Greece is now quite full of museums. In Athens alone there are seven or eight, of which three are principal and distinct national collections. These, at any rate, are as suitable, as well kept, and as accessible as are the museums of any capital in the world. They are year by year, and almost month by month, increasing in value and importance. With excellent judgment the Greeks have resolved to form a special Museum on the rock of the Acropolis, conveniently sunk in the south-eastern angle, in which is placed every fragment recovered, not *in situ*, from any building raised on the Acropolis itself. This Museum, small as it is, is already to the art-student one of the most indispensable in existence. Here are the exquisite reliefs of *Nike*: here are all the detached fragments which have been recovered from the Parthenon, from pediments, metopes, and frieze; here too are the archaic figures from the temples destroyed by Xerxes.

before Salamis. This last feature alone places this little Museum in the front rank of the collections of the world for purposes of studying the history of art. For the history of glyptic art, the Acropolis has within the last twenty years become the natural rendezvous of the student. The Greeks, Germans, English and French have founded special schools of archæology, and other nations have formed less formal centres of study. The result is that Athens is now become a school of archæology, far more important in itself, and far more international in character, than London is or ever can be.

By what right, except that of possession, do we continue to withhold from the students and pilgrims who flock to the Acropolis from all parts of the civilised world substantive portions of the unique building which they come to study, those decorations of it which lose half their artistic interest and their historic meaning when separated from it by 4,000 miles of sea? The most casual amateur, as well as the mere tiro in art, can at once perceive how greatly the Pheidian sculptures gain when they can be seen in the Attic sunlight, alongside of the architectural frame for which they were made, and at least under the shadow of the building of which they form part. The ruined colonnades are necessary to explain the carvings; and the carvings give life and voice to the ruined colonnades. These demigods seem to pine and mope in the London murk: in their native sunlight the fragments seem to breathe again. On the Acropolis itself every fragment from Pheidias's brain seems as sacred and as venerable as if it were the very bones of a hero. In a London Museum they are objects of curious interest, like the Dodo or the Rosetta stone—most instructive and of intense interest—but they are not relics, such as make the spot whereon we stand sacred in our eyes, as do the tombs of the Edwards or the graves of the poets in our Abbey. In the British Museum the excellent directors, feeling how much the *genius loci* affects these Elgin Marbles, have placed models, casts, and various devices to explain to the visitor the form of the Acropolis and the place of these carvings in the Parthenon. They try to bring the Acropolis into our Elgin Room at Bloomsbury, instead of sending the contents of the Elgin Room to the Acropolis! One might as well imagine that the tombs of the kings in our Abbey had been carried off to put in a museum in St. Petersburg, and that the Russian keeper of the antiquities had set up a model of the Abbey beside them, in order to give the Muscovite public a faint sense of the *genius loci*.

It is enough to make the cheek of an honest Englishman burn when he first sees the ghastly rents which British (North British) taste tore out of this temple, and then passes into the humble museum below where the remnants are preserved. They are not so important as our Elgin trophies, but they are very important—beautiful, unique, and quite priceless. And then come long ranges

of casts—the *originals in London*—and so the whole series is maimed and disfigured. In the case of at least one metope the Acropolis Museum possesses one half, the other half of which is in London. So that of a single group, the invention of a consummate genius, and the whole of which is extant, London shows half in marble and half in plaster cast, and the Acropolis shows the other half in marble and the rest in plaster. Surely it were but decent, if we honestly respect great art, that the original should be set up as a whole. But it seems that in the nineteenth century we show our profound veneration for a mighty genius by splitting one of his works into two and exhibiting the fragments severed at opposite corners of Europe, as mediæval monks thought their country's honour consisted in exhibiting here a leg and here an arm of some mythical patron saint.

No one in his senses would talk about *restoring* the Parthenon, and no one dreams of replacing the marbles in the Pediments. What might be done is to replace the Northern Frieze of *Nike Apteros*, and restore the Caryatid to her sisters beneath the cornice of *Erechtheion*. The difference between the effect of the Pheidian fragments as seen in Bloomsbury and that of the Pheidian fragments as seen on the Acropolis is one that only ignorance and vulgarity could mistake. Who would care for the Virgins, Saints, and 'Last Judgments' from the portals of Amiens, Reims, or Chartres if they were stuck on pedestals and catalogued at Bloomsbury, with or without cork models of the cathedral?

The notion that the interests of art demand the retention of parts of a great building in a foreign country is a mere bit of British Philistinism and art gabble. . The true interests of art demand that the fragments which time and man have spared of the most interesting building in the world should be seen together, seen in their native sky and under all the complex associations of that most hallowed spot. One might as well argue that the interests of art would be served if Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' were stripped off the Sistine wall, cut up into square blocks, and hung in gold frames in Trafalgar Square.

It is idle now to reopen the story of the original plunder. British self-complacency has long been content with the old maxim—*fieri non debuit, factum valet*. Happily the English name and our national literature has cleared itself of offence by a noble protest which will outlive the names both of Elgin and of Herostratus. Byron said not one word too much. But since the days of Byron and Lord Elgin everything has changed. Athens is now a city as regularly governed, as much frequented, and nearly as large as Florence or Venice. The Greek nation, small as it is, is as much entitled to honourable consideration as Holland, Belgium, Denmark, or Switzerland. The familiar sneers of Pall Mall and Fleet Street about Greek democracy and the Hellenic blood have nothing to do with

the matter. Greece is now a friendly nation with a regular government. It has also within twenty years become a settled country, open to all men, and one of the great centres of art study for the civilised world. To Greece the Acropolis is more important than are Malta and Gibraltar to England. The question is how long this country, in an ignorant assumption of 'the interests of art,' will continue to inflict a wholly disproportionate humiliation on a small but sensitive and otherwise friendly people.

How the restoration could be managed it is not worth discussing here. Obviously by some kind of international treaty. The bulk of the Parthenon, of course, is now on the Acropolis. But London holds the most precious remnants from both Pediments. Paris, it seems, has one of the South Metopes, some fragments from the West Pediment, and a small section of the East Frieze. London has fifteen Metopes, out of the original ninety-two. What remains of the rest are still *in situ*, or in the Acropolis Museum. London has the larger part of the South, North, and East Frieze: the remainder is on the Acropolis, except a section at Paris. Happily the noble West Frieze remains nearly perfect *in situ*. Thus the Acropolis now contains:—

- (1) All that remains of the Building itself.
- (2) Some grand fragments from both Pediments.
- (3) All that remains of ninety-two Metopes, except sixteen.
- (4) About one-third of what exists of the Frieze.¹

The question is, how can all these sections be reunited on the Acropolis? Obviously by an international treaty, in which France, for reasons that need not be stated, would willingly join. She would be proud to lay down her petty fragments on the altar of Athene, for the pleasure of seeing Albion disgorge. The Greeks would accept any terms:—

Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.

It would not consist with our honour to make a paltry bargain. Let the 35,000 pieces of silver (or was it gold?) that we paid to Milord perish with him. We shall restore the Parthenon Marbles much as we restored the Ionian Islands and Heligoland to their national owners, because we value the good name of England more than unjust plunder. If the barkers of Pall Mall and the opposition rags have to be quieted, let us give them to munch a commercial treaty. A little Free Trade with England would satisfy the growlers, and would do the Greeks permanent good. But let us have no higgling. Let us do the right thing with a free hand.

Is it too much to hope that such a treaty may be made by the

¹ These proportions are stated roughly, for the general argument, and not with archaeological pretensions. I know that the archæologists bark and growl at a lay interloper, like the street dogs of Constantinople at a strange cur.

Englishman whom the world knows as the lover of Homer, and whom the Hellenes of to-day always associate with their country and their hopes? He earned the gratitude of Greeks, the thanks of England, and the respect of honest men everywhere when he restored the Western islands to their own countrymen. Let him earn a more enduring and touching gratitude by replacing on the sublime rock wherein centre so many of the memories of mankind those inimitable marbles which Pericles and Pheidias set up there in a supreme moment of the world's history. It is a cruel mockery, in the name of 'high art,' to leave them scattered about the galleries of Europe.

• FREDERIC HARRISON.

NOTICEABLE BOOKS.

1.

MR. FROUDE'S 'LORD BEACONSFIELD.'¹

THE interest of Mr. Froude's volume lies as much in the author as in the subject. Not that Lord Beaconsfield can ever cease to be one of the most interesting characters in English History; but simply because to what the world already knows, both of his public and private life, there is now little to be added, unless it be from sources which are not yet available for biography. All the old stories of his early eccentricities, his fantastic costume, his long ringlets, his affected manners, and last but not least his maiden speech, are now worn threadbare. Mr. Froude was of course obliged to include these in a life of Lord Beaconsfield, together with any fresh details which diligent inquiry among surviving friends and relatives, and such documents as were open to his inspection, might enable him to discover. But the result has been small; he has some anecdotes to tell us of Disraeli's early pecuniary embarrassments, and how he was eventually relieved from them, and he has given us a full account of his relations with Mrs. Bridges Willyams, the lady who bequeathed him her fortune, which has never before seen the light. But we do not know that there is very much else in the social side of the picture here presented to us which has not found its way to the public eye through one or other of the innumerable notices of Lord Beaconsfield which at various periods of his life, as well as after his death, have ministered to the curiosity of the world. It is the judgment of a man like Mr. Froude on materials common to us all which constitutes the great value of his book for all political thinkers and students. He has spent his life in weighing the actions and the motives of sovereigns and ministers of state: in considering by what standard we are to judge their conduct under the pressure of great responsibilities, and face to face with great national emergencies. He, if anyone, should be able to give a good account of one who was

¹ *The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria.* Edited by Stuart J. Reid. *Lord Beaconsfield.* By J. A. Froude. (London: Sampson Low & Co., Limited, 1890.)

after all perhaps better fitted for the age of Queen Elizabeth than for the age of Queen Victoria. There are defects in the work as a biography. But as a study of character it seems to myself nearly perfect. The warmest admirers of Lord Beaconsfield know well enough that he was not free from faults. But I know not how they could have been touched with a gentler hand than they have been by Mr. Froude: while to the genius and capacity, the elevation of mind and the generosity of temper which distinguished the great Tory leader, he renders strict and willing justice.

On his claims to greatness of the highest rank, Mr. Froude makes the three following observations: first of all, that he has left behind him nothing of permanent or enduring value to mankind; secondly, that he never forgot himself in his work; and thirdly, that much as we may admire his character, it was not quite 'an English character,' and that this may have prevented his great intellectual and moral qualities from having fair play, and from making him all which if a genuine Englishman he might have been. To the first of these statements we should say that the test laid down is not only a severe, but a somewhat perplexing one in the case of statesmen, whose business it is as often to defend as to create; and who might point perhaps to empires or institutions which they have helped to save or to maintain as *their* certificates of greatness. Whether Lord Beaconsfield did anything either to strengthen the British Empire or prolong the life of the British constitution may be a moot point. But it is too soon as yet to determine it in the negative.

That he never forgot himself in his work is another rather hard saying. How many statesmen ever do? There are, no doubt, a certain number of men who "by common consent are adjudged to have acted all through their lives from a pure sense of duty, regardless of their own advancement or their own fate. But with few exceptions it is exceedingly difficult to unravel the tangled skein of motives by which most public men are actuated, or to say where patriotism ends and self begins. The politician who is moved by the sincerest desire to be of service to his country must place himself in a position in which he can give effect to his principles. To attain that position he must struggle for place and power, objects inseparably connected with great personal advantages; and the greater the difficulties he has to contend with in securing these objects, the more numerous the temptations to which he will be exposed, and the opportunities for intrigue that will present themselves. With Mr. Froude's main position, however, that the kind of greatness which we associate with the names of such men as Pitt, Wellington, or Nelson, was not Mr. Disraeli's, we must of course agree, nor can we imagine anyone disputing it. If it is said that men have confessedly achieved the highest greatness without exhibiting the self-forgetfulness characteristic of the true hero, they have at least, says Mr.

Froude, represented some great principle or idea like Cromwell or Napoleon; and this he thinks Disraeli never did. Yet he had the seeds of such greatness in him. 'If the young generation to whom he appealed would have gone with him, he might have led a nobler crusade than Cœur de Lion.'

In all that he says of his temperament and character as affected by his Hebrew origin, I entirely concur. But Mr. Froude might have added that in this same Hebrew temperament we have the best possible guarantee for his political sincerity. The Jews, he tells us in *Coningsby*, are essentially monarchical, essentially Tories. The cardinal principles of Toryism were borrowed from the Hebrew monarchy.

At page 97 he goes to the root of the matter, in answer to the foolish cackle about his being a charlatan or a humbug.

If this was the true account of him, one has to ask one's self in wonder what kind of place the House of Commons must be, when such a man can be selected by it as its foremost statesman. There he had sat for thirty years, session after session, ever foremost in the fight, face to face with antagonists who were reputed the ablest speakers, the most powerful thinkers whom the country could produce. Had his enemies' account of him been true, why had they not exposed and made an end of him?

Yes, that is the true answer to his calumniators. No man of whom one tithe of the abuse showered on Disraeli was true could have done that. No charlatan, mercenary gladiator, or impostor could have done that. Disraeli had his infirmities. He was daringly ambitious, and ready to play double or quits on every occasion, without, perhaps, due regard to the consequences. But underneath it all was the fibre of a great man, and the pride of a great genius conscious of its own powers and its own insight into problems which those around him only comprehended very dimly. I have often thought how applicable to Mr. Disraeli are the following words of Mr. Thackeray:

Mind that there is always a certain *cachet* about great men. They may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air; they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do; they regard the world with a masliier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare look up at life through blinkers, or have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it.

Mr. Froude has not failed to notice the connection between the ecclesiastical revival at Oxford in 1833 and the rise of the Young England party which took place a few years afterwards; a connection on which I dwelt at some length in this Review just eleven years ago.² Mr. Froude says it was 'a dream;' 'no such regeneration, spiritual or social, was really possible.' It is a question, I think, whether the two movements have not produced more real and lasting effects than Mr. Froude recognises. The High Church party have

² *Nineteenth Century*. September, 1879.

not succeeded in establishing the Anglicanism of the Caroline age. The Tory party have not succeeded in reviving the Toryism of the Augustan age. But it cannot be said that either the Church of England or the Conservative party has not been powerfully and permanently affected by these movements. Mr. Froude would say affected, if at all, for the worse. If we trace the 'shooting Niagara' to the ideas of popular Toryism propagated by Young England, that, in his opinion, would be sufficient condemnation of it. Yet he admits, at the same time, that in many respects the views of the Young England party were deserving of our sympathy and respect, distinguishing perhaps between the evils which they recognised, and the remedy which they proposed to apply to them.

Of Parliamentary reform he says that Tories of the old school would have resisted it, and dared the consequences. On this view of the case there were only two courses open to the Tory aristocracy. Either they must have tried conclusions with the Reformers or they must have submitted under protest, recording their emphatic disapproval of a policy which they were unable to defeat, and in which they had neither part nor parcel. The first plan would have been useless unless the aristocracy had been prepared for civil war, in which case had they been defeated their last state would have been worse than the first, and had they been victorious, representative institutions must have perished: a revolution of which the magnitude is too great to allow of its discussion here. The second alternative is the one to which men like Mr. Froude and Mr. Goldwin Smith incline. Had the Conservatives stood out, the moral effect of their honest opposition to Reform would have been a greater source of strength to them hereafter than the popularity which they gained by the adoption of it; and had they never tampered with the unclean thing they would have been in a better position to lead the forces of social order whenever the tug of war should come in real earnest than they are now.

That is the argument—that is Mr. Froude's argument. It depends on what is at present an unknown quantity—the real amount of latent Conservatism which still exists in Great Britain. It seems to us that had the Conservatives adopted an attitude of irreconcilable antagonism to all popular demands, they would have run considerable risk of dwindling into an impotent faction, of losing all authority with the country, and of utterly disabling themselves from ever heading an anti-revolutionary movement with any prospect of success. This was Mr. Disraeli's view; it was his belief that by showing they were not afraid to make large popular concessions, they would secure for themselves a stronger instead of a weaker position when the time came for setting down their foot and maintaining the existing order against further innovations. They would have shown that their resistance did not proceed from either prejudice or bigotry.

Mr. Froude, indeed, seems to answer himself a little lower down the page, when he says:—

If the Conservatives were to regard themselves as condemned to be in a perpetual minority, with no inducement to offer to tempt ability or ambition into their ranks, they would inevitably become disheartened and indifferent. The Parliamentary constitution depended on the continuance of two parties, and if one of these disappeared the constitution would itself cease to exist.

Well, this is a pretty good excuse for any Parliamentary tactics which are necessary 'to keep parties together.' Mr. Disraeli often told the House of Commons that party government was essential to Parliamentary government, and Sir Robert Peel said the same thing before him. In my own *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, published two years ago, I have discussed the question at some length. I cannot reproduce the whole argument within the space allotted to me here, but I have never seen it answered, and Mr. Froude himself seems in the passage above quoted to adopt it. Nothing can excel Mr. Froude's description of the party system in itself at p. 151. But he does what so many others do who see the evils of the system as clearly as he does—refuse, that is, to take the next step, and make the necessary allowances for statesmen who are controlled and fettered by it.

It is perhaps almost unnecessary to add that Mr. Froude is an ardent opponent of 'Jingoism,' and thinks that Disraeli made the great mistake of his life in plunging into the Eastern Question, instead of settling Ireland and the Colonies.

In Mr. Froude's disquisition on the religious side of Mr. Disraeli's character, and his attitude towards the Church of England, embracing, of course, the well-known story of the angels, the reader will find much that is deeply interesting, and peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Froude. Mr. Disraeli 'believed in the religious principle as against the philosophic.' He too, like Plato, may have his uncertainties 'about Zeus and Here,' yet have been absolutely convinced of the paramount necessity of supporting the national religion. Of the general truth of the teaching of the Church of England he had no doubt. Both as a Conservative statesman and a sincere believer in revelation, he was bound to resist every attempt to injure or despoil the Church. In conclusion, he is of opinion that Disraeli will be remembered as the '*strongest* member of Parliament of his own day,' and that had he been more truly an Englishman than he was, his intellectual and moral faculties would have placed him 'high on the roll of English worthies.'

T. E. KEBBEL.

2.

THE LIFE OF LORD HOUGHTON.¹

To the present generation the name of Lord Houghton represents, in the apt terms of his biographer, a social moderator and leisured literary expert. But the original Monckton Milnes was known as something more than this, as a serious and effective writer and a busy and apparently dissatisfied politician. Mr. Wemyss Reid renders full justice to him in his earlier character. Lingerer survivors will prefer the anticipated judgment of posterity, and will be inclined to think less of his real success in literature or his supposed disappointment in politics, than of those qualities which made him the centre of a vast circle of friends and gave him a singular and brilliant position at the point where letters, politics, and society meet.

He was the son of a country gentleman, who, having refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-five, lived to decline the offer of a peerage forty-seven years later. The remainder of his career does not maintain the level of his lofty abnegation. In early youth he convinced both friends and rivals that he was equal to the best of his contemporaries; but he never afterwards cared to live up to that reputation. A remark of Lord Palmerston on his second speech in the House of Commons, a remark of his own, after following the army from Brussels to Paris, to the effect that the Prussians were of no use at all at Waterloo, make it doubtful whether his early fame or his later obscurity was better earned. He became a man of pleasure, seldom losing a thousand at a sitting, but thinking five hundred pounds a reasonable price for the waistcoats of the year. Mr. Wemyss Reid, who produces the father as a foil to the son, says, in allusion to this item of account, that Pemberton Milnes was 'not altogether free from the spirit of dandyism.' This felicity of under-statement and sobriety of colour is one of his merits as a biographer. He used to be a guest at Fryston, and writes as a personal friend. His best act of friendship is the lucid good sense with which he assigns the just proportions to his hero, marking the limit and the drawback, and indulging in no word of praise that will not be amply confirmed by all who remember him.

The elder Milnes, who died in 1858, did not transmit his parliamentary talent to his son, and was disposed to look down on him for spoiling his political position with desultory literature. But there was a wayward instability and fastidiousness which seems to

¹ *The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton.* By T. Wemyss Reid. London: Cassell & Co., 1890.

have run in the blood. The son never threw away such a chance, or deceived the expectations of others, as his father did. The family history, perhaps, influenced him at another point. They were Unitarians who, not long before his time, exchanged the meeting-house for at least an occasional conformity. In religion, as in other things, he showed not the zeal of a convert, but an impartial eclecticism, a vivid and inconstant curiosity, a semi-detached adhesiveness, which tended towards isolation.

His university life was active and useful to his mental development, if not positively studious; but before Thirlwall and Niebuhr shaped him he began to display one quality which had much to do with the enmities and the friendships of later times. He treated his disreputable uncle like a schoolfellow, and his aunts as if they were his sisters; and he told his respected father that he thought he must be insane. Before settling down to Pall Mall and Parliament, he was so long abroad that he was a pretty good linguist, and could detect the English accent in our best French scholars. He always continued his connection with France, and many of his best friends and best stories were French. He went to Italy and Germany for curiosity and amusement; but for the society of Paris he had a real preference. His Orleanist intimacies were one of the chief factors in his career. They were not interrupted by his acquaintance with his London comrade Napoleon, and neither of them suffered by his attachment to Lamartine, for whom, in despite of Lord Aberdeen, he raised a sum of money. There was no exaggeration in Disraeli's joke about his entertaining royalties and revolutionists. Once, walking away with one of his guests, I was stopped by a friend asking me who the small boy was. The small boy was Louis Blanc, who was explaining his belief in the survival of Lewis the Seventeenth. For a man who loved varieties of character and cultivated the art of conversation, there could be no doubt of the pre-eminence of France.

When he was eighteen, Spurzheim drew his horoscope in terms which amounted to saying that he would never do much harm or much good. Aubrey de Vere, who remembers him in 1831, fills in the outline as follows: 'He had not, as it seemed to me, much of solid ambition, nor did he value social distinction as much as intellectual excitement and ceaseless novelty.' Houghton said of himself, with much point and candour: 'Having no duties to perform, I am obliged to put up with pleasures.' When he appeared in London, the worldly sage of the day, Sam Rogers, seeing that he was a fine gentleman, but also a scholar and a wit, drew a shaft from his ancient experience which did not fall wide: 'Get on by pleasing the women, the men will hate ye.'

M. Taine, when he said that the English are dull talkers—'*ils ne savent pas s'amuser avec la parole*'—can have known very little

of Milnes. Others of his set talked as well or better, and had more of their own to say; but there was no other man who made the pleasure of conversation the business of life. His philosophy of society was not fanciful or frivolous, as, in the outer circle, men supposed. He took a warm and intelligent interest in many things, in which conversation was the common denominator. He conceived that one who, having the power to surround himself constantly with the best, to spend his time with Macaulay and Carlyle, Tocqueville and Guizot, even with Sherman and Moltke, prefers the casuals of common life, is mean and incompetent.

He once propounded a sublime and self-denying definition of a good dinner, as civility without consumption. As to company, he was less exacting. The severe orthodoxy which requires that a man shall prefer the topics and initiative of others to his own; that he shall neither insist, nor repeat, nor contradict; that he shall speak of things, not of persons, and never of himself; that he shall restrain the use of witticism and anecdote, would have been tiresome and ruinous in his eyes. He knew how to draw out of each guest what was in him, to make the talk general, and discourage the eddies and hole-and-corner whisperings which are the grave of good company. He sought not only talent, but diversity; and not only diversity, but contrast. He loved the flavour of antagonism, and held that a gentleman is one who can live with adversaries. Vambéry once related at his table things since made public—his journey in disguise to the Mahometan centre of Asia, and the inscription of the Christian captive which nearly betrayed him. Another Eastern traveller chafed visibly under these revelations of the deceitful dervish, uttering gutturals which could be nothing else than Turkish imprecations. When a certain suave prelate, putting on to perfection the Bishop in *Little Dorrit*, asked the Hungarian by which road he meant to take his next journey, and was answered, 'That, my lord, is my secret,' everybody felt that Milnes had not lost a day.

He had known what it is to be over-sensitive, to have tender spaces and antipathies, and he knew that these are things to be overcome. Therefore, when you wrote a book, you went to him prepared to meet your reviewer; and if you were the reviewer, you found your victim. The man who shrank from facing a critic or a rival, the lion afraid of a louder roar, was a thing below par, and only fit to be improved away. At the risk of some annoyance, at the price of some mistakes, he very deliberately strove to raise and humanise the social tone, and his house was not only a school of colloquial art, but of proper self-control. He had the opportunities, the large acquaintance with men, the versatile interest in ideas, the international position. Above all, he had the purpose and the energy. In this sense, it is not an exaggeration to say that the object he sought was influence.

The rare and subtle essence which constituted so much of the

enjoyment of his life was evanescent. If Houghton was distinguished as a brilliant conversational centre and extractor of men's thoughts, it was a gift which has left no permanent trace behind. Sir George Trevelyan, in the life of the best English talker of his time, has little to record, and Mr. Wemyss Reid has no description of a symposium, nothing as interesting as Hawthorne's breakfast on the 11th of July, 1856, where he met Ticknor and the Brownings, Lord Lansdowne and Macaulay. Unfortunately, Milnes, who heard so much, wrote down very little. He stays at Val Richer, but only tells us that Guizot's grandchild preferred jelly to hare. He pays a visit to Tocqueville and has nothing to report. His memory was better furnished than his correspondence. He used to relate that at Tocqueville somebody incautiously spoke of people who marry beneath their rank. There was a moment of chill silence until the host, taking his wife's hand, said, 'Moi aussi, j'ai fait une mésalliance; et Dieu! que cela m'a réussi.' Milnes has written elsewhere what he remembered of the man whom he complacently called his French double. The papers to which his biographer has had access leave all this to perish, and it is hard to believe that there were no notebooks left and forgotten under lock and key. For it is to the life of Houghton that Englishmen would look for something that they could compare to the dialogues of the dead preserved by Roederer and Villemain and Falloux.

His biographer knew him well in later life, and was drawn to the sturdy Yorkshire Liberal who was not always apparent behind the self-caricaturist of Brook Street. He thinks of him as a politician, of his want of success and happiness in politics, and affirms that he was a disappointed man. Milnes was at different times a candidate for public employment. As he spoke French and was a familiar friend of the House of Orleans and its chief adherents, he would have liked to be First Secretary at Paris. He was even more persuaded of his claim to represent the Foreign Office in the House of Commons, and there is no doubt that he was wounded when the place was given to a man who must be described as his personal enemy. Ten years later he got up Irish questions, expecting to be sent to Ireland, but Palmerston only offered him a junior lordship. Afterwards he thought that a blunder was committed when he was not made an *Alabama* Commissioner. Although he had neither the craving for office which comes from pride and greed, nor the legitimate ambition to carry measures and impress opinions, he thought it stupid of Peel to imagine that a poet is unfitted for politics. When Palmerston had few personal adherents Milnes was one of them, but by October 1860 his liking for him 'has very much gone off.' He consoled himself for his American disappointment by administering much private advice to those who did not send him, and his Liberal feelings became tinged with Imperialism. On the day when Lord Derby, by taking his seat below the gangway, proclaimed his resignation, and there was

the smell of gunpowder in the air, he could scarcely contain his exuberant delight. He was firmer in resisting the later developments of Liberalism than his letters show, and his nightmare took the shape of Mr. Gladstone pursuing him in a hansom. His dread of Socialism and his contempt for the Greeks are recorded here; but there was also a growing coolness towards the Poles which German sympathies may explain, but which was unexpected in a member of the Polish Committee. For a man whose views were influenced by foreign thought, he was a steady politician, and the wish to be an under-secretary was a modest aspiration in a life so rich and varied that, by common consent, two large volumes can hardly do justice to it.

In that life the main interest was not political loss and gain. Milnes was not easily irritated by opposition or satire, but he was extremely susceptible about anything like a want of regard or reciprocity, and above all suspicious of a disposition to take him as a mere ornament. He had deserved well of all men. He had made it a point of honour to be generous and helpful with very many, to be patient and good-humoured with everybody. As time passed and shadows lengthened, he found that there were some who repelled his advances and depreciated his merits. These were the failures which he felt, which he resented, in private life quite as much as in public. There was more wounded good-nature than wounded ambition in his regrets. There were some, too, in a farther circle, of whom he thought or experimentally found that he could make nothing, and who thought themselves just as good, or as bad, as his miscellaneous society. Certain feuds, such as those with George Smythe and Panizzi, are mentioned by Mr. Wemyss Reid. Those who shared his confidence could no doubt show a longer and more characteristic list of men who were not in harmony, who sneered at or obstructed him, and on whom he avenged himself by the perfect perspicacity of his spoken or written judgments. He speaks of Thackeray's occasional perversity, and thinks that Sidney Herbert ought to have prospered, because he had both wealth, grace, tact, and not too much principle. One of his gravest and probably most sincere utterances is this: 'As one gets on in life, one of the most annoying reflections is the little good one has done by what people call benevolence; in fact, how little man can be benefited by others.'

It would be absurd to accept with Philistine gravity the extravagant sayings in which Houghton vented his dislike of the social enemy, of prejudices and idols, of impostors and bores, or to confound riotous paradox with explosions of genuine conviction. We often remember Lord Tennyson's warning: 'Every fool will think he meant it.' It occurs to us where he speaks of the mendacity of Orleanist ministers, as well as in the passages where he says, probably, more than he thought of Cardinal Newman and the late Lord-Derby. The most characteristic story is that of his saying to Lord Stanhope in the severe

dueness of the Lords : ' You and I are the only men in this place who can read and write.' To which Lord Stanhope replied : ' Pardon me : you forget Lord Lytton.' There is an inevitable perplexity in determining his real thoughts ; and this very perplexity is the triumph of his many devices to startle and to bewilder. The concealment of lofty ideas and deep emotion beneath hyperbole and affected cynicism has made it a difficult task to lift the veil from his inner spiritual life.

Mr. Wemyss Reid insists much upon Lord Houghton's feeling towards Rome ; and even heard him say that he might have been a Catholic but for the Oxford Movement. It must have gratified him to think that he went the contrary way to other men, and that the XC. Tracts which led so many away from the Church of England were to the author of *One Tract More* the motive of his remaining in it. From early Bonn days he had many Catholic friends, here and abroad, and during the hottest No-Popery agitation he attended the Cardinal's receptions as if he had been in Italy, and bent over his ring with every mark of ceremonious respect. He was quite in his element at Rome during the Council, discussing policy and doctrine with the Princess Wittgenstein and the Archbishop of Tuam. He told his best friend that he had no right to find fault with Lord Ripon for adopting the faith held by nineteen-twentieths of the Christian world. Carlyle, who was not generally tolerant of such things, says that he talked *dilettante* Catholicism. When he had Catholic guests on Friday, he was scrupulous about the fish, and did not like his care to be vain. Perhaps irony sometimes mingled with his solicitude. Mérimée was settling down to a plate of turtle when Milnes exclaimed : ' No, no ! give him the other ! M. Mérimée, il y a une soupe maigre pour vous ! ' The académicien answered : ' Merci ; j'aime autant celle que j'ai.'

With his large power of sympathy and inclusion he had neither head nor heart for strict denominational studies. Not to be in living touch with the immense phenomena of Catholicity, with the teaching of Wiseman, as with that of Guizot or Heine, would have seemed to him a lapse into ancestral sectarianism or national insulation. At Paris he would visit the veteran Chouan Rio, who was affectionately attached to him, and then go straight to another Breton, Renan. He was as intimate with Montalembert as with any foreigner ; but he resented his attitude towards the *coup d'état*, and repeated the malicious stories spread from the Elysée. Neither Thirlwall nor Aubrey de Vere took his theological demonstrations very seriously ; and he himself, when he was asked, used to say that he was a professed crypto-Catholic.

Without being a recluse, or even a strict economist of time, he had read widely, and possessed a very unusual knowledge of unusual things in literature and history. His studious curiosity and zeal in

collecting rare books blossomed into a society of literary Epicureans called the Philobiblon Club, which was an enlarged edition of Monckton Milnes. He wished it to be looked upon as a society of idle men—of men so indifferent to the shortness of time that they would go out breakfasting, not only at each other's town houses, but, by preference, at Twickenham or Wimbledon, at Highgate or at least at St. Dunstan's. They were the owners of unique copies, of bindings bright with the arms of Mazarin, and title-pages defaced by priceless signatures. Though reputed enemies of profitable knowledge, in a luxurious way they issued volumes of recondite and exquisite matter; but when one of them published a mere life of Shakespeare, stiff with the solidity of facts and dates, others felt like an epicure invited to dine on condensed egg. The unwritten law forbids profane intrusion into the life of clubs; but the Philobiblon exists no more, and Mr. Wemyss Reid was justified in pleasantly describing an association peculiarly characteristic of Lord Houghton's tastes, in which he spent many of his happiest hours, and where those who had the privilege of meeting him found him at his best. He also follows him to Grillion's, which was the occasion of some of his literary work, and he says with truth that no place suited him better. For it was originally a parliamentary club, founded on the practice of pairing for dinner; so that men who had spoken at each other from five to eight might drink wine with each other between eight and ten. It was enriched by a very choice flavour of unparliamentary intellect. Lord Houghton was also a member of the club, but he was elected late in life—so late that he was insensible to the compliment, and it contributed little to his pleasure.

Most of his early associates died before him, and he had not the faculty of attaching himself to new people. Sir Charles MacCarthy, his most trusted confidant and correspondent of his prime, died in 1864. At that time Lord Houghton had already become acquainted with a Liverpool merchant of whom he writes, 'I look on him as the last of my friends of mature life.' Henry Bright was a man whose refined charm of manner and excellent attainments made him an invaluable companion, after the death of Sir William Stirling Maxwell, whom Houghton was with difficulty dissuaded from pronouncing, in the lifetime of Carlyle, the first of literary Scotsmen. He wrote to Bright: 'He, I, and you were the only real men of letters in Great Britain.' In spite of the habitual exaggeration, all those who knew the man to whom these words were addressed will recognise the truth that was in them. He was a more careful scholar than his friend, but he loved literature for its own sake, without profit or display, and not in quest of hard-working truths. He had not health for sustained effort, and he spent on reviews of the books of the day, and in running to ground topics cast up in familiar table-talk, knowledge sufficient for a considerable reputation. Four weeks before his death he

dictated a letter informing Houghton that he was very seriously ill, and he added with his dying hand this postscript: 'Should we not meet, let me here thank you for a friendship of nearly twenty-five years, which has added so greatly to the brightness and happiness of my life.' This was the simple farewell which closed an intimacy that had done much to cheer and comfort Houghton when the loss of his wife, the marriage of his daughters, the burning of Fryston, had turned his happy life to gloom.

At this time his own health was breaking; and he had received a warning which he perfectly understood. He had always felt deeply; he was *ἀντίδρακτος*, and was as easily moved by things great and good as by sorrow. But in regard to himself, he was tranquil. Neither increasing infirmities, nor the certainty of impending death, subdued his spirit. He insisted on writing my name on a book that he borrowed, and explained that he might, at any moment, be carried off in a fit. He became anxious not to be left alone, clinging to his friends, and especially to his sister, Lady Galway, who devoted herself to watching over him in the declining years. Mr. Wemyss Reid found him very ill one day, and asked what was the matter. 'Death,' he answered gravely; 'that is what is the matter with me. I am going to die.' And then his face was illumined by a smile of serene resignation. The end for which he had been preparing came, as he expected, swiftly, in August 1885.

He was accustomed to describe his career as an unsuccessful one, and loved to be thought a failure. But as a poet he attained his full stature very early, and turned away satisfied with his work.² He lived long enough to know that the one thing for which his many faculties and virtues unfitted him was power. He had cultivated too attentively the art of being misunderstood, and it was not easy to defend effectively a man so easy to misrepresent. Drudgery, pretentious commonplace, dense prejudice, invincible dulness, which make up the larger half of average politics, were things which no middle-age training could ever render tolerable to a mind fed daily on every refinement and every exotic. If he wished for that which was denied him, he desired it as material for that which his life richly afforded, a position of almost unique social usefulness and enjoyment. He leaves a memory nobler and more enduring than that of the ordinary successful politician, as one who, having gifts and opportunities above almost all other men, employed them throughout a long life in personal service, striving far less for his own ends than for the happiness of others.

ACTON.

² I was once dining at a party with him and Tennyson, when, turning to me and pointing to the poet, he said, 'Ah! a great deal of him will live for ever, and so will some of me.'—ED. *Nineteenth Century*.

3.

MR. HARE'S 'FRANCE.'¹

AT this time of the year the very mention of a guide-book may seem a mockery. The winter lies before us; for the working world the holiday season is over, and months must elapse before it recommences. But Mr. Hare's *France* is not merely an invaluable companion on the spot which it describes; it is a book to be studied at home. Two-thirds of the charm of foreign travel consists in anticipation or in retrospect. Those who only know the beaten tracks of France, as well as those who have discovered some of its out-of-the-way corners for themselves, can take Mr. Hare's volumes in their hands, and, without leaving their own firesides, indulge in one or both of these pleasures. The one class may build *châteaux en Espagne* of imaginary sight-seeing, which, in the future, they hope to convert into the 'compact, well-built tenement' of accomplished fact. The other class will not only anticipate the conquest of the new worlds, which Mr. Hare traces and illustrates in such variety and such detail, but will also enjoy those added delights of retrospect with which they traverse familiar ground.

It may be mid-winter, and mid-winter in England. But anticipation or retrospect can conquer adverse surroundings. Read Mr. Hare's pages, and the wintry gloom vanishes before the gaiety of a French sky, so bright that its summer brilliance seems almost metallic. The scene shifts; the London streets are transformed into some sequestered nook of rural France, which is only accessible to those who rebel against the exclusive domination of our invaluable servant but atrocious master—the railway. The journey that ends at the Hôtel de l'Image of our provincial French town must of necessity free itself from the rigidity and uniformity of the *chemin de fer*. The final stage is reached by a road which has climbed and descended more than one hill, and which has alternately widened into a *route nationale* or narrowed into a *chemin vicinal*. The town enjoys one of those sonorous names which *gourmets* in sound roll under and over their tongues in order to appreciate the fulness of its flavour. In itself, or its immediate neighbourhood, is epitomised the history of the nation. On the hill above stands a *menhir*, a *peulven*, or an *allée couverte*, a Celtic monument which popular superstition regards as the guardian of buried treasures, and attributes to the handiwork of the Devil or the fairies. Close by runs a Roman road, marching straight to its goal like an arrow from

¹ *North Eastern France; South Eastern France; South Western France.* By Augustus J. C. Hare. 3 vols. With maps and 500 illustrations. London: George Allen. 1890.

a bow—a fit symbol of the indomitable purpose of the imperial race. The summit of the hill is covered by the ruins of a feudal fortress; the solid masonry of its keep has alone defied the powder of Mazarin. Between the hill, crowned by its dismantled castle, and the river, fringed by its curtain of poplars, nestles the town. It is vain of its position as *chef-lieu* of the canton. It has also been the scene of stirring events; close your eyes, and you may hear the clank of men-at-arms, and all the *va-et-vient* of a mediæval court or hunting-lodge. In the centre of the town stands the church, whose western front is a floral burst and laughter of stone from base to summit, whose sepulchral monuments were defaced by the Protestants, and whose cloister, half destroyed at the Revolution, is now used as a granary. The houses belong to every age and every style. Here is one built upon pillars, with high-pointed roof, its three stories hanging one over the other, and grotesque creatures carved at the gable ends. Another, decorated with the broken escutcheon of some noble family, fascinates the passer-by with the quaint figures into which the ends of the joists are hewn. A third possesses a door in the huge nails of which are traced mysterious hieroglyphs—some Protestant's confession of faith, some Leaguer's curse on Henri the Fourth. A fourth, of less ambitious type, bears upon its walls the symbols of the burgher's *noblesse de la cloche*. The little *place*, with its dusty lilacs and fir-trees, and its benches occupied by a retired *bourgeois* or a *vieux soldat*, stands round an exquisite fountain in the Renaissance style, bearing some quaint Latin distich. Behind the town a steep path, deeply worn in the rock, winds upwards over the hill past the feudal fortress. Here flows a bustling stream of life, for the market is over, and only vendors of brown earthenware utensils with green-glazed rims remain in the street. A wrinkled sibyl, distaff in hand, herds her solitary goat on the scanty herbage by its side, while crowds of bustling peasant-women, in every variety of dress, come and go, chattering faster than their legs can carry them. A priest, his thumb in the leaves of his half-closed breviary, slowly climbs the hill, and repeats his mid-day prayers as he courts the sharp line of shade which the plane-trees throw upon the path. All round the air is resonant with the hum of insects, and the chirrup of grasshoppers. From below rises the ceaseless rataplan of the bats of the washerwomen. Under the shadow of the poplars by the river sits a fisherman, his feet dangling over the water, watching intently his motionless red float.

Such are the scenes to which Mr. Hare invites his readers by his own descriptive letterpress, by his judiciously selected extracts from other writers, and by the attractive woodcuts which have been executed from his own water-colour drawings. To reach these scenes travellers must, as has been said, desert beaten tracks. But Mr. Hare does not leave them to find their own way unaided. He is careful to indicate the best centres, the objects of interest, the

nature and cost of the excursions that should be made, the character of the hotels and of their deficiencies. He has produced a thoroughly useful book, for which intending travellers in France owe him a debt of gratitude. Yet it is doubtful whether Mr. Hare will induce his compatriots to follow his wanderings in any numbers. Many reasons for the neglect of France by British tourists suggest themselves. But one stands out pre-eminent. * To appreciate the peculiar flavour of rural France, English travellers must leave themselves behind. This is precisely what they will not or cannot do. They can compel circumstances better than they can adapt themselves to strange surroundings. They are first-rate explorers, but fifth-rate travellers. They must endeavour to live in France, not as the English would live, but as the French actually do live. If they attempt to impose themselves upon the natives, the natives will certainly impose upon them. Frenchmen do not regard the English as prophets because they are out of their own country. They do not consider England as a model of social perfection, or as a pattern of civilisation, any more than they regard her as an example of domestic virtues. To provincial hotel-keepers tourists are less important than *commis voyageurs* in their shiny black suits, who arrive with shapeless lumps of luggage. If, then, English travellers desire comfort, they must recognise the situation, forget their self-importance, change their national, or rather their travelling, manners, conform to the habits of the country instead of seeking to mould them to their own idiosyncrasies. They must understand French as spoken by natives, grow courteous, and even expansive, never be in a hurry, never fuss over trifles, and always wait the time of those who are serving them. They must express themselves pleased when they are so, instead of restricting their expressions of emotion to displays of ill-temper. If they can thus expatriate themselves mentally, morally, and physically, there is scarcely an hotel-keeper in France who will not advance two-thirds of the way to meet them with every sort of attention.

Travellers of this type, who can thus expatriate themselves, and who can adopt *au gagne-petit* as their motto of pleasure-seeking, can make no better preparation for a future holiday than the immediate study of Mr. Hare's volumes. When the time comes to start, let them remember to leave at home, not Mr. Hare's book, but themselves. On the other hand, all who derive no pleasure from pursuits that are unaccompanied by danger or competition; all whose main object in travel is to combat obesity by athletic mortification; all who seek in the comparative *abandon* of foreign *tables-d'hôte* the stepping-stone to London society; all, finally, who refuse to divest themselves of national prejudices or national habits, can learn more from Mr. Hare of the scenery, architecture, and history of France than they can from any other similar work. But they will be wise to read Mr. Hare's volumes only at home.

R. E. PROTHERO.

4.

'ON RIGHT AND WRONG.'

MR. LILLY'S book is a very powerful and eloquent vindication of ethical law as something primary and original in human nature, and as defying all those attempts to resolve it into something totally different, like the laws of matter, or the principles of pleasurable association, or the accumulated experience of mankind transmitted by hereditary descent, of which we have had so many specimens. Mr. Lilly is evidently a hearty believer in the process of evolution, but he is not a believer in that alleged conjuring by which evolution is supposed to extract higher and more complex forms of organisation out of lower and simpler forms, as their only cause and all-sufficient reason. In short, Mr. Lilly is a transcendentalist who thinks that when the effect is found to be much greater than the cause assigned, the cause cannot have been adequately assigned; that you cannot get mind out of matter, that you cannot get obligation out of desire, that you cannot get freedom and responsibility out of fate, except indeed by a mental sleight of hand which is not true philosophy at all. Nothing can be much more effective than his replies to Mr. Herbert Spencer in the chapter on 'Evolutionary Ethics,' and to Professor Huxley in the chapter on 'Materialistic Ethics,' and in the appendix in which he gives his rejoinder to Professor Huxley's reply.

Mr. Lilly has been charged with a very unfair representation of his opponents' case. I see no trace of this except in the use of a single word which Mr. Lilly, as a Catholic, probably uses in a Catholic sense, but which his opponents have probably interpreted in the more unpleasant sense usually put upon it by Protestants. For example, he speaks as follows (p. 70) concerning Mr. Spencer's theory in *The Data of Ethics* :—

To experience and expediency he comes at last, be the process ever so complicated. That fact all his dexterity in evolving laws of conduct from tribal selfishness cannot conceal and will not abolish. It matters nothing whether his point of departure is the race or the individual. Morality so conceived, I contend, whether in the race or the individual, is not morality, at all, but something else; the principle on which Mr. Spencer builds when stripped of its disguises, is not conscience but concupiscence.

I think that in a work addressed to a general English public, the word 'concupiscence' was unfortunate. It would not be misunderstood by most Roman Catholic readers, but it will be misunderstood

by no Protestant readers. I turn to the Catholic dictionary and find that the reformers

taught that concupiscence, even if the will did not consent to harbour or encourage it, had the nature of sin. Catholic doctors, on the other hand, following the principle of St. Thomas, that no action can be moral or immoral except so far as it depends on the free will of the agent, deny that concupiscence which remains in spite of the efforts made by the will to subdue it, is to be considered sin.

It is clear that Mr. Lilly uses the word in the Catholic sense, in the sense of desire, not of evil desire, but desire which may be either good or evil under different conditions; in the sense of 'the fuel of sin' (*fomes peccati*), not of unlawful yearnings themselves. But Protestant readers of his book will misunderstand this somewhat rhetorical use of a technical word, and suppose that he intends to charge Mr. Spencer with basing his ethical principles not on that which (as we quite agree with Mr. Lilly) is wholly devoid of ethical significance, but on what is replete with a significance of evil odour. But this I am sure that Mr. Lilly never intended. He proves Mr. Spencer's system to be utterly destitute of any principle of moral obligation, but he does not attempt to show, and has certainly no wish to show, that it substitutes for moral obligation that which directly defies and undermines moral obligation. Mr. Lilly's strong point is his powerful exposition of the absolute distinction between persons and things. He shows that morality with its double assumption of an 'ought' and a 'can' is wholly inapplicable to *things*, and emerges only as personality emerges. He demonstrates that it is impossible to trace its laws back to the laws of things, without evaporating its very essence in the process. He is emphatically right in saying, and I think it is a principle to which he would have done well to devote a long chapter instead of a single sentence, 'What I discern as my duty is binding on me, *hic et nunc*, whether my mental vision be true or false' (p. 108), for it is of the greatest possible importance to insist that the sense of duty is not less real, or less imperious, or less obligatory, because it is not always an enlightened sense of duty, and does not always, even under the same external conditions, either prompt the same actions, or select the same principle on which to act, in one man which it prompts or selects in another. All we can say with certainty is that the sense of duty *tends in the same direction* whether it urges the barbarian to endure torture without flinching, or whether it urges the civilised man to 'consume his own smoke' and not burden his friends and neighbours with his personal griefs, or whether it urges the Christian to accept patiently and willingly the cross which God lays upon him. These are all very different states of mind, and express very different stages in the development of the principle of duty; but what is common to them all is that each, if it come from a genuine sense of duty, tends to

alter and mould the character in the direction of the same ultimate type. If Mr. Lilly had dwelt more on this point, he could not have fallen into what I think the mistake of saying (p. 197) that 'nothing is fals^{er} than the saying that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own.' That is not true indeed, but a great many things might be said which would be much more false; for example, that 'a man has no right to do what he likes with his own,' for if there is to be any free development of the sense of duty at all in a community, a great deal of play must be left to human nature in the very different stages of development in which it is found in different classes and individuals, and it is most dangerous to say that, with regard to every individual in every stage of his development, there is no action which he may do simply because he likes it, and because, as far as he knows, there is no 'ought' or 'ought not' in the matter. When Mr. Lilly says (p. 197), 'A man has not a right to do what he likes with his own. He has only a right to do what he ought with his own,' he suggests surely one of those Puritanic systems in which there is an 'ought' and an 'ought not' in everything, and no free play of life at all. I will not go so far as to deny that there may be a few saints of whose inner laws of conscience this may be true; but I am sure that no healthy development of the social conscience could take place in any commonwealth in which it was not only *legally* possible for numbers of wrong actions—actions clearly recognised as wrong even by those who commit them—to be done, but also in which there should not be the freest possible play allowed to the different developments of conscience as exemplified in different classes, and in different individuals of the same class. If it be once admitted, as I think Mr. Lilly really admits, that the absolutely right conduct in any circumstances differs for every individual, though such conduct always tends to raise the agent nearer to a single fixed moral ideal, it will follow that a State in which there was not a very great range of moral liberty for each man to do what higher-minded and wiser men would see to be (for themselves) wrong, could not be a State in which an effective moral discipline would be possible.

Mr. Lilly says (pp. 117–118), 'The idea of "right" or "ethical good" is a simple aboriginal idea, not decomposable into any other, but strictly *sui generis*.' That is no doubt, in the main, perfectly true, but it is not true in this sense that it is impossible to explain in what all right actions resemble each other. I believe that Dr. Martineau, in his *Types of Ethical Theory*, has shown that rightness consists in the practical preference of a higher to a lower spring of action when more than one spring of action competes for the control of the will. In other words right conduct is the conduct which strengthens relatively the influence of a higher principle over the will, and weakens relatively the influence of a lower principle, that is to say, which lifts the level of the mind a shade nearer to the perfect

standard, however far removed, or, comparatively speaking, *not* far removed, that standard may be from the actual type of the character under trial. Surely this gets a little nearer to the heart of ethics than to speak of ethics as merely based on reason, i.e. 'the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense and having their evidence in themselves.' Reason in that sense would adequately describe mathematical or logical intuitions, but very inadequately ethical. There is this specific difference between all other rational intuitions and ethical intuitions, that the former aid in discriminating the true from the false, the latter, the right from the wrong. An ethical truth, namely, that 'I ought to do this or that,' does not necessarily enlarge one's knowledge of the real world, for though I ought to do it, I may refuse to do it. But reason, pure and simple, in every other department does enlarge one's knowledge of the real world, helping to show us nature and fact as they really are, how things are actually related to each other, how men are actually constituted. Hence though I think Mr. Lilly right in speaking of ethics as a department of the pure reason in the larger sense, I cannot think it wise not to discriminate it from the other departments of the pure reason by indicating expressly that it does not teach us necessarily what *is*, but oftener merely what *should* be and is *not*, while in all other directions the reason is the clue to the discovery of actual existence.

The earlier part of Mr. Lilly's book, the answer to the materialistic and so-called evolutionary ethics, is, it seems to me, much the most powerful. When Mr. Lilly comes to his study of rational ethics and to building up the ethics of punishment, the ethics of property, the ethics of journalism, the ethics of marriage, the ethics of art, on his general ideal conception, his reasoning is often loose though he is always eloquent and impressive. His ethical ideal is high without being very definite or exact. Mr. Lilly is, too, I think, much too pessimist as to the practical ethics of the present day. It is a day of confusion and bewilderment, no doubt, but not, I think, of general debasement, rather, I think, of helpless and feeble aspiration. Surely more allowance should be made than is made for the necessarily diminished influence of high minds over the immense populations of our modern world. It is not that the high minds are proportionately fewer than formerly, but that the masses to be leavened by them are so much denser and less easily permeable. I must add that Mr. Lilly's style is always admirable, that his reading is large, his quotations singularly apt, and his style of exposition always forcible and lucid. This book is certainly one that deserves to be widely read, and that will be sincerely admired by almost all by whom it is carefully studied.

R. H. HUTTON.

5.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

On the same day that your 164th number was laid on my table, Mr. Editor, there came with it the twenty-fourth volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Month by month, as regularly as clock-work, appears your great Review, and just as regularly quarter by quarter appears the volume of the great Dictionary—the Dictionary which I hold to be the greatest literary undertaking that has ever been carried out in England. I am surprised that a work of this magnitude should have hitherto received a measure of support hardly as generous and widespread as—I will not say *it deserves*, for that would be saying a great deal—but as might have been expected. Large as the sale is, and it is steadily increasing, it ought to be much larger if only for this, that the book is, and must continue to be, quite as essential to literary men, politicians, and historians as Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon is to classical scholars.

I have called it the greatest *literary* undertaking that has yet been carried out among us. I do not forget the *Encyclopædia Britannica* nor the various dictionaries edited by Dr. William Smith. As for the former it is far less a literary than a scientific book of reference, and for the latter it is no disparagement to characterise them as works which are meant for specialists rather than for the use of the general reader; and valuable as they are, they are eminently treasure-houses of professional learning. But the *Dictionary of National Biography* may be said to be a cyclopædia of English history and English literature built upon the framework of an exhaustive presentment of the lives of all those men and women who from the earliest times have been the makers of our history and our literature.

The first attempt to compile a national biography was made during the last century by the projectors of the *Biographia Britannica*. That work was begun on a large scale; and there are portions of it which still possess a certain value; but the task was then an impossible one. The actual materials for writing the lives of many of our greatest were wanting; the sources of trustworthy information on a thousand questions of fact were packed away in obscure hiding-places; heavy fees had to be paid for liberty of search in archives public and private; there was nothing answering to our Public Record Office; the great libraries in the country might have been counted on a man's fingers. Societies for printing original

¹ *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vols. I.-XXIV. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1885-1890.

documents were unknown; the time for writing English history had not yet come, still less had the time come for investigating the minute facts of personal biography.

It took a good half-century of systematised research to bring us to the point at which the compiling of this Dictionary was practicable. What need to remind you of the work of the Record Commission and the learned societies, the printing of the Chronicles and the Calendars, and the rest? By a huge expenditure of money and learned labour, we found ourselves at last with an enormous accumulation of printed materials, heretofore existing only in manuscript, and at last made accessible to all who had the wit to turn it to account. Who was the better for it except the learned few? People began to grumble and to say that the time had come when the *plain man* who paid taxes had a right to claim the benefit of all this prodigious mass of new information. He did not like being told that he was ignorant of what had been going on. If the privileged few gave him to understand that he was deplorably ignorant, he grew testy and asked whose fault that was. He could not be expected to be familiar with all the new names and celebrities that were hurled at him by pedants, if there was no book of reference to which he might refer in his hour of need.

When a thing has to be done, it is sure to be done somehow; what often happens, however, is that the early attempts to supply a demand prove failures. In this case there was no false start.

Almost before people had heard anything about it, it was announced that a Dictionary of National Biography was about to be issued in quarterly volumes, that the publishers would be Messrs. Smith & Elder, the editor Mr. Leslie Stephen, the contributors some of the most eminent scholars, historians, and literary men of the day. Who first originated the enterprise is, I believe, doubtful—the capitalist Mr. Smith, or the editor Mr. Stephen. Let the critics of the coming time discuss the matter; it will keep them amused, I suspect, for many a day to come. The truth seems to be that ‘two fixed ideas met.’ On one side was an ambitious and extremely intelligent capitalist, an enthusiast, who desired to find a great object which needed money to float it; on the other was a man of genius with a rare combination of learning, literary versatility, social gifts, and powers of organisation, who saw the great thing to be done and knew how to do it. Circumstances had brought these two men into intimate relations, and the genesis of the great dictionary was the result. Never was an enterprise of this magnitude launched with so little noise. There has been no flourish of trumpets, no puffing, and less advertising than is often given to a shilling novel.

The editor has been left with a free hand, money has not been stinted, and rarely has a literary autocrat gathered such a staff around him. They are all picked men who have won their spurs and count

it an honour to co-operate in the work that is going on. Among them are specialists in every department and in every period of English history. Celtic experts who are at home in Scotch and Irish antiquities; mediævalists who are on familiar terms with every notable who cut any figure in the days of the early Williams and Henrys; polemics on this side or on that, who can tell you what their several heroes were doing, and where they were living, every year of their lives; worshippers of art who have been amassing for years all sorts of odd facts about painters or musicians and rescuing them from an undeserved oblivion; scientists who count it a matter of duty to trace the progress of discovery in past times and give each his due; students of politics or war, jurists and travellers, Indian civilians and fanatics who live in and for the eighteenth century, Shakespearians and Chaucerites, Elizabethans and Victorians, bibliographers and hero-worshippers, of all sorts and kinds, have come in with their stores of recondite lore and laid them as offerings on the desk of the great editor who has utilised them and wasted nothing. Even supereminent swindlers, charlatans, and criminals have not been passed over. Why should they be? Scoundrelism has been known to approach the sublime.

A remarkable characteristic of these volumes is that the authorities on which the biographies are based and references to these authorities are in all cases given at the end of the articles. Mere criticism and mere opinion, and everything approaching to fine writing, are mercilessly suppressed. I myself was severely censured on one occasion because I in my ornate way said that 'the end had come' for Queen Mary when all that had happened was she had died. But if you want facts and dates and chapter and verse, there they are for you ready at hand. Taking into account the number of contributors—they count by hundreds—and the enormous mass of details conveyed in a precise form and very liable to error, it is wonderful how few have been the omissions and blunders discovered by outsiders.

Unhappily the immense strain put upon Mr. Stephen has told upon his health, as his friends feared it would, but even so the work goes on as before. They say that there is no better test of a man's being fitted for command than his faculty of choosing his subordinates. In this respect it has been observed that Mr. Stephen never made a mistake. He made choice of Mr. S. L. Lee as his sub-editor in the first instance, and now that gentleman's name appears on the title-page of the last volume as joint editor with his old chief. The younger man has exhibited extraordinary powers of work, has been absorbing knowledge at every pore as we may say, and has proved himself in all respects loyal and capable. Keeping to the lines which Mr. Stephen laid down, he is always on the watch for any improvements that may be suggested in the *modus operandi*, and there is no fear that the standard of excellence attained in the earlier volumes will be lost in

the later ones. On the contrary, the volumes get better as the work progresses.

How long will it take to complete this great national work? It will take seven years more. That is the calculation which was made when the prospectus was originally issued, and I believe that calculation will prove correct. Then we shall have a *Dictionary of National Biography* such as no other nation in Europe can boast of, and such as can never be wholly superseded, though it will need to be supplemented for the requirements of our posterity.

I suppose abridgers and compilers, the pirates and filibusters of literature, will draw from this rich mine, but no man living will see the day when Englishmen will regard this noble book of reference as obsolete and antiquated.

I am told that the outlay involved in bringing out these fifty volumes will exceed a hundred thousand pounds. If it be so, it seems to me well for us all that a wealthy publisher is content to face such an expense. He is not likely to be a loser, in the long run, and, even though he should be, he secures to himself a niche in the temple of fame side by side with others who have made more noise and yet done very much less for their own and succeeding generations. Let him have a place, say I, in those cloisters of Westminster Abbey where the great ones of the future shall rest and be remembered.

And now, Mr. Editor, I am going to reproach you. I do verily believe you have not yet bought the *Dictionary of National Biography*. I have searched for it in your library and found it not, and blushed for you as I went away ashamed. I entreat you roll away this reproach from your house! Take example from the poor country parson who in this matter not only preaches but has practised what he recommends and finds himself the richer and the better for his act. For five years and more have I bought each volume of this great book as it appeared, and I have paid for it exactly one shilling a week, so much and no more!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

IN PERIL FROM PARLIAMENT.

II.

IN continuation of an article I contributed to the last number of this Review, I propose now to call public attention to the dangers to which, as I believe, the country is exposed by the present constitution of the House of Commons. I had already in an earlier number (that of March 1884) endeavoured to show that, after the passing of what is called the Reform Act of 1867, the House of Commons had become far less capable than it was previously of performing successfully its important duties in the government of the country, and I venture to assert that the evidence I brought forward in proof of this conclusion is too strong to be controverted. Since that article was written the Acts passed at the close of 1884 and the beginning of 1885 for extending the Franchise, and making a new distribution of the right of returning members to Parliament, have increased the faults which, after 1867, had rendered the working of the House of Commons so much less satisfactory than it had been before. The waste of its time, the needless tediousness of its proceedings, and the difficulty of carrying through it measures to meet even the most pressing wants of the State, have been growing greater in each succeeding session. The House since 1885 has shown that it has now still smaller claims than it had before the last change in its constitution to the character of a really deliberative assembly, able to exercise a sound judgment on the important subjects brought before it. Its decisions on these matters, often most deeply affecting the welfare of the nation, are even less guided than they were by experience and judgment, but are too commonly arrived at under the influence of the passions and prejudices of the least instructed of the population, excited by demagogues and expressed in the resolutions of public meetings where there has not been even a semblance of sober discussion. Popular agitation exercises much power even over Conservative members, who are often found unwilling to support measures of which they approve when a cry has been raised against them, or to oppose others they know to be unwise because the tide of popular sentiment is running in their favour. As the Ministers of the Crown must do what they can to help their supporters to keep well with their constituents in deciding on the

course they are to take, they are thus practically compelled to give as much consideration to what is likely to be popular as to what is most for the public good. Some good measures they would be glad to carry are on this account not brought forward, and some bad but popular ones are not firmly opposed. The unscrupulous endeavours made by the leaders of the Opposition to misrepresent the measures of the Government, and to excite against them the ignorant multitude who have now a predominant influence in elections, have added to the effect of other causes in producing that want of wisdom in the exercise of its legislative power which has been displayed by the House of Commons under its present constitution.

Nor is it only with respect to legislation that the altered character of the House of Commons has proved injurious to the nation; the Executive Government has also been rendered by the same cause less efficient in the performance of its duties. This is more especially to be remarked in the failure of the Government to maintain with the requisite firmness the authority of the law, and to put down with a strong hand from the first moment of their showing themselves all attempts to form organised combinations for the purpose of resisting it, or preventing the free exercise by all men of their legal rights. In proof that there has been such a failure on the part of Her Majesty's Ministers, I need only mention two of the cases in which it has been most conspicuous, and most mischievous in its results. The first is their neglect to afford proper protection to the men ready to do the work in the London docks, which the labourers on strike had refused to continue to perform for the wages their employers were willing to pay. No one questioned the right of these labourers to strike if they thought fit for higher wages, but the others, to whom the opprobrious name of 'blacklegs' has been given, had an equally clear right to undertake the work the strikers had rejected without being molested for doing so. This right it is well known was outrageously violated, and the 'blacklegs' were subject to the grossest intimidations and ill-treatment without their receiving that efficient protection it is the very first duty of the Ministers entrusted with the powers of the Crown to afford to all peaceable subjects of the Queen. In spite of official assertions to the contrary, it is very certain that such protection was much needed and was not given. It would be idle to excuse this neglect by saying that the Government had no means of putting down intimidation and violence on the part of the strikers; the powers given by the law are ample for the purpose, and the physical force available was far more than sufficient to make resistance to the exercise of these powers impossible. The victory given to violence and intimidation by the conduct of the Government on that occasion has given manifest encouragement to the new spirit of lawlessness which has of late been manifested by some classes of the population, and which lately led to the lamentable

scenes of disorder at Southampton. The other case I have referred to, of the neglect of the Government to take effectual measures for putting down combinations to resist the law, is that of their having allowed combinations of a manifestly illegal character to prevent the payment of tithes in Wales to be carried on without an attempt to interfere with proceedings so well calculated to shake the sense of security as to all property, and to encourage unprincipled men to seek to enrich themselves by the spoliation of those who were too weak to resist them.¹ To permit the Welsh farmers to withhold with impunity the payment of their just debts was to encourage the

¹ In the papers of Lord Melbourne that have been published, there are two of his letters on the resistance to the collection of tithes in Ireland in 1832 and 1835, which are so exactly applicable to the present state of things in Wales, and at the same time so truly wise, that I cannot refrain from calling attention to them: It must be recollected that when these letters were written the law relating to tithes was exceedingly oppressive to Irish tenants, and that Lord Melbourne was very anxious to relieve them from what he considered a real grievance; but it is shown by the following extracts from these letters that until the law was altered he considered it to be the duty of the Government to enforce it, and that to do so was also its wisest policy. On the 20th of June 1832, as Home Secretary, he wrote to Lord Anglesey, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: 'I am sorry you think the measures which have been taken respecting tithe ill-advised. I own that I, on the other hand, cannot help being of opinion that we have been rather slack and inactive in this matter, and that steps of a more decisive character ought to have been adopted long ago. Depend upon it, if the abolition of this payment is effected by force, the violence which has been so successful will be extended further. It is according to human nature and common sense that it should be so. Rents, taxes, &c., may be very well paid now—probably the better because the country is relieved from the tithe; but the Irish, who are the most conspiring people on the face of the earth, have sagacity enough to tight one point at a time, and to collect and combine all their strength for the purpose of carrying off sensible object. But this being attained, arguments not so strong, or perhaps you will say so sound, as in the case of tithe, but sufficiently plausible to combine and justify resistance to other demands, will easily be found by the perverse ingenuity of the popular leaders.'

On the 28th of May 1835, Lord Melbourne being then Prime Minister, wrote to Lord Mulgrave, who had recently been appointed Lord Lieutenant: 'If a subject is about to enforce a legal claim and apprehends a breach of the peace, or in the act of enforcing it is interrupted by violence, it does not appear to me that the Government performs its duty if it refuses him effectual protection and assistance.'

Such was the wise and statesmanlike opinion expressed by Lord Melbourne and Pitt as to the duty of the Ministers of the Crown to maintain the authority of the law; it does not seem, however, to command the assent of the present Home Secretary. The newspapers report the continuance of violent resistance to the collection of tithes in Wales, yet nothing is done to enforce obedience to the law. So lately as the 4th of October there is an account of gross violence having been used against a person who attempted in vain to execute legal process for distress against a farmer who refused to pay what he owed for tithe rent charge at Caldicot, Monmouthshire. No notice appears to have been taken of this open defiance of legal authority.

I find in a letter from Pitt to the Duke of Rutland respecting tithes in Ireland, in their recently published correspondence, an expression of opinion exactly in accordance with that of Lord Melbourne. In this letter, dated the 7th of November 1786, he tells the Duke: 'On the whole, being persuaded that Government ought not to be afraid of incurring the imputation of weakness by yielding on reasonable points, and can never make its stand effectually till it gets upon right ground, I think the object ought to be to ascertain fairly the true causes of complaint, to hold out a

beginning in this country of practices which, in the last twenty years, have demoralised a large proportion of the population of the people of Ireland, and have caused that unhappy country to lose more in civilisation and prosperity than could probably be recovered even by half a century of just and firm government.

I have called attention to the faults I have just described as having been committed by Her Majesty's Ministers because I believe them to have been partly, at least, occasioned by the present character of the House of Commons. The want of firmness in the exercise of the authority of the Crown which I have imputed to the Government may it seems to me be explained, though it cannot be excused, by the dread of its members of provoking further attacks of the same kind as those which it has frequently had to meet. Various modes of making these attacks on the Government for perfectly justifiable acts have been resorted to, one of the worst having been an abuse of the right of members of the House of Commons to address questions to Ministers as to alleged abuses of power. Questions have been put in terms involving the assumption (generally altogether unfounded) of gross abuses of power and acts of oppression having been committed by persons in the public service, and particularly by the Irish police. Ex-Ministers have not only encouraged others, but have themselves joined in making attacks of this kind on men employed by the State, to whom, when they were themselves entrusted with authority, they had been deeply indebted for faithful and zealous service. Perhaps it may be said that members of the House of Commons are only exercising an undoubted right, or rather performing an acknowledged duty, when they question the servants of the Crown as to abuses supposed to have been committed either by themselves or by those acting under their authority. The right claimed for them clearly belongs to all members of the House of Commons, and it is their duty to make use of it on fitting occasions; but it is equally clear that it is a right which ought to be exercised with caution, and for the purpose of promoting, not of impeding, the efficient performance of their duties by all who are employed in the service of the State. More especially it is the bounden duty of members of the House of Commons to abstain from putting questions in a form which implies grave imputations on those who have difficult duties to perform, without having taken proper pains to ascertain whether there are sufficient grounds for such imputations. I need hardly observe that very many—I believe most—of the questions addressed to members of the Government in the House of Commons show no sense of this duty, but seem on the contrary to have been

sincere disposition to give redress, and a firm determination to do no more, taking care in the interval to hold up vigorously the execution of the law *as it stands* (till altered by Parliament) and to punish severely (if the means can be found) any tumultuous attempt to violate it.

ingeniously so framed as to convey damaging imputations on men who have been honestly striving to do their duty, without exposing the questioners to the responsibility of having made false accusations, and at the same time rendering it difficult within the limits of a reply to refute charges which have only been insinuated. Much evil has been done in this way by encouraging a spirit of lawlessness and a disposition to resist authority. In an opposite direction mischief has also been done by an abuse of the right of addressing questions to members of the Government. The obvious purpose of several of these questions has been to put pressure on the Ministers charged with the management of some departments of the State in order to compel them to make, to certain classes of those who serve under them, concessions they have thought it their duty in justice to the public to refuse. The imprudent language used in the House of Commons by some members, both in putting questions to the Government and on other occasions, has been calculated to encourage discontent and disobedience among some of the holders of subordinate positions in the public service; but for this we might perhaps never have heard of strikes being threatened by police and postmen.

The influence the altered character of the House of Commons has exercised on the manner of conducting the Executive Government has probably been more injurious in what relates to the home than to the other interests of the nation, but it has also done much harm in the management of Colonial affairs and of our relations with foreign Powers. The events of past years but too plainly demonstrate what evils have resulted from not having these branches of our Government administered with a steady adherence to a well considered policy. Alike in Egypt and in South Africa (not to mention what has occurred elsewhere) the vacillation and want of foresight displayed by successive Governments have led to the waste of much British blood and treasure, and to the throwing away of highly important advantages which might easily have been secured for the nation, while instead disgrace has been brought upon it, and its old reputation for a good faith to be safely relied upon by all who trusted it has been impaired at least, if not altogether lost. To the large native population affected by it the policy of the British Government in Africa (or rather the absence of any settled and intelligible policy to be found in its acts) proved far more disastrous. It led to the death in battle, by disease, or by want, of many thousands of these unhappy people, and to an amount of suffering it is painful to think of, and which has left a heavy responsibility on those who caused it by their want of judgment or by their indifference to the welfare or misery of their fellow creatures.

The facts showing these to have been the results of our misguided Foreign and Colonial policy in two parts of Africa are too well known to require that I should state them. I will therefore only observe that

if the history of the transactions I refer to is carefully considered, strong confirmation will be found in it of the truth of what I have already said as to the large share which the altered constitution of the House of Commons, and the increased virulence of party spirit, have had in causing the mistakes committed by the Ministers of the Crown in the exercise of the powers entrusted to them.

There is another effect of the latest changes in our system of representation which ought not to be left without notice. Since these changes have made the possession of power by one or other of the political parties in the State to depend mainly on the favour of the class of electors who, under the present law, form the large majority of all constituencies, every party has had a strong interest in doing its utmost to win the favour of these voters, and it has been found that for this purpose nothing appears to have so much effect as speeches made, at public meetings, by men holding high positions in the political world. These meetings are generally very numerous, and composed of persons of the same party as those by whom they are to be addressed, and, in fact, it would be scarcely possible to prevent such meetings from becoming mere scenes of tumult and disorder if means were not taken to prevent the proceedings from being interrupted by persons who differed from the opinions of the majority. Hence it appears that when men of eminence are to address meetings of their party in various places, it is usual to appoint persons under the name of 'chuckers out' to eject any of those present who presume to object to anything said by the speakers whom the audience have been assembled to hear. In addressing partisan meetings of this kind, men who are themselves actively engaged in the war of parties, and deeply interested in its results, are under a strong temptation to use all possible means to raise themselves and to damage their opponents in the opinion of their hearers. Accordingly, in most of the speeches delivered on these occasions, whether by Conservatives, Liberal Unionists, or Home Rulers, there is seldom to be found much of fairness to opponents, or of calm reasoning on the political questions of the day, but a great deal of skilful misrepresentation, and of telling appeals to men's feelings and passions for or against measures which the speakers desire to recommend or to disparage. Public meetings thus conducted can hardly fail to exercise a bad moral influence over both the speakers and the hearers. When the policy of the Government and of Parliament is as much, or perhaps more, influenced by meetings of this kind than by the deliberate judgment of men of experience and political knowledge, acting as Ministers of the Crown or members of the Legislature, it cannot be expected that it should be directed as wisely as the welfare of the nation requires. These meetings make it the more unlikely that it should be so directed, because they cause no small addition to the pressure of their work on the Ministers of the Crown, which renders it scarcely possible for

them to devote to their measures, legislative and executive, the time and careful consideration they need. The demands on the health and strength of the leading Ministers, in the House of Commons especially, are such as few men can stand for long, and their labours are seriously increased by its being impossible for them, in the intense competition of rival parties, to escape the necessity of often addressing popular meetings in order to defend the administration against the constant and bitter attacks it is exposed to.

The above is an exceedingly imperfect account of the evils I believe the country to be now suffering from the present constitution of the House of Commons, and from the effect the changes made in that constitution seem to have had in increasing the violence of party spirit both within and without its walls. Serious as I consider these evils to be, I do not mean to assert that they are as novel in their character; they ought rather to be regarded as the consequence of an exaggeration of faults in the House of Commons, from which it has never been altogether free since Parliamentary Government has been established among us. From the first the men by whom this system of government has been carried on have too often allowed themselves to be led into conduct that cannot be defended, by the same party spirit and the same disposition to court popularity by unworthy means which we have now to lament in those who take an active part in public affairs. This country has never been exempt from that spirit of faction which has generally been the bane, and has often led to the fall, of States enjoying free institutions, but it suffered far less from the evils caused by this spirit before the changes made in its constitution in 1867, and again in 1884-85, than it has done since. To be convinced of this we have only to observe the difference there is in the manner in which the business was carried on in the Parliaments elected under the Reform Act of 1832 and what we now see. Measures were passed by those earlier Parliaments which have proved of the highest value for the welfare of the people, but would have had no chance of being carried if the character of the House of Commons had been the same in those days as at present, and if the members who then sat on the Opposition benches had acted in the spirit of those who now hold a similar position. In order fully to understand the difference of character between the present House of Commons and that which was first elected under the Reform Act of 1832, it will be useful to look back to the history of the passing by the latter of its greatest measure, the Act of 1834 for reforming the Poor Laws. Never was a reform more required, but though its necessity had long been apparent, no administration in the days of unreformed Parliaments had ventured to grapple seriously with the difficulties of the subject. These difficulties were in truth so formidable that reluctance to deal with them might naturally be felt, and perhaps they could hardly have been successfully encountered by a

Parliament which could not feel that it possessed the strength derived from being a real representation of the nation. But the Ministers who had accomplished the reform of Parliament did not shrink from undertaking to follow it up by another reform scarcely less difficult and even more indispensable for the welfare of the people. In 1834 they laid before Parliament a Bill founded upon an admirable report by a commission² presided over by the then Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, on the existing mode of administering relief to the poor, and on the amendments required in the law on that subject. The Bill was one dealing very thoroughly with the abuses then prevailing, and laying down exceedingly strict rules as the conditions under which relief should in future be granted to the poor; yet it passed through both Houses with comparatively little difficulty. There are two important lessons to be drawn from the passing of this Bill, and from the existence of the state of things which made it necessary. That state of things was truly terrible. In most of the purely agricultural counties the labouring population had been reduced to a condition² of wretchedness and demoralisation of which the present generation seem to have but a very imperfect idea, though it ought not to be forgotten, as it affords a striking proof that the evil effects of a public policy not guided by sound judgment and a sufficient knowledge of the principles on which human society rests, are not averted by its having been adopted with the very best intentions. The abuses which the Poor Law Act of 1834 was passed to correct, and of which some effects are still to be observed in the South of England, were the inevitable result of the practice of making allowances out of the poor rates to labourers in aid of their wages, according to their supposed wants; yet there can be no doubt of the earnest desire to improve the condition of the working class of those who took the chief part in establishing this most mischievous practice.

Another most important lesson to be drawn from the passing of the Poor Law Act of 1834 is, that it is of vital importance to the nation that in deciding on those questions which most deeply affect its welfare the House of Commons should be guided by reason and experience, and not by the spirit of faction within its walls, or by cries raised outside them by ignorance and passion. Few of those who take pains to make themselves acquainted with what was the

² This condition was well described in the reports of the Assistant Commissioners appointed to collect information for the Bishop of London's Commission as to the state of the poor in various parts of the country, and the effect of the usual modes of administering the law for their relief. Extracts from these reports, made by Sir E. Chadwick, were printed, and the volume containing them was largely circulated by order of the Government before the introduction of the Bill of 1834, and contributed much to its success. It is still well worth the study of all who desire to understand the evils that may be caused by unwise measures intended to increase the welfare of the people.

condition of the population of England in 1834, will doubt that if the Act of that year for the amendment of the Poor Law, or some measure of the same character had not been passed, a terrible social disturbance, or rather convulsion, could not have been long delayed. It was, therefore, to the manner in which the House of Commons and its leaders on both sides then acted that the country owed its escape from a great calamity. •

This is a fact which cannot be too carefully considered, in order to understand how much has been lost by the change I have described as having taken place in the character of the House of Commons, and in the conduct of many of its members. If in 1834 we had had a Parliament such as we now have, directly acted upon by very large constituencies absolutely under the dominion of the most ignorant of the population, and if the leaders of the Opposition in those days had thought it consistent with their public duty to abstain from supporting the Government in accomplishing a necessary and difficult reform, it is obvious that the Bill which, as I have said, saved the country from a great calamity could not have been carried. There were not wanting either highly plausible objections to be urged against it, or ignorant declaimers doing their best to excite opposition to it; but the 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ householders in the boroughs, and the county electors under the Act of 1832, were not so easily led to take up an unreasoning cry as our present constituencies; and the leaders of the Opposition, acting in a very different spirit from that displayed by those of the present day, contributed powerfully to the success of the measure, instead of availing themselves of the opportunities they might have found in it of embarrassing the Government by encouraging popular clamour against what might easily have been represented as its cruelty. If we compare what took place at that time with the proceedings of the House of Commons in the last session, which ended in the loss of the clauses relating to the buying up of public-house licenses which the Government had introduced into its Local Taxation Bill, evidence will be found of a manifest falling-off in the judgment and advantage to the country with which the high powers of the House of Commons are now exercised, and in the sense of public duty shown by many of its members.

Such a change affords strong reasons for alarm as to its probable effects on the welfare of the nation, especially in the circumstances of the present time. Social questions of a difficult character must soon have to be considered by Parliament, owing to the strong desire that prevails to improve the condition of the labouring classes. The existence of this desire is not to be regretted; on the contrary, it is quite right that it should be felt, though I am convinced that neither in any other country, nor at any former time, have those who earn their daily bread by the labour of their hands enjoyed so much real

welfare, or had so large a command of the necessities and comforts of life, as in our own country and in our own times. In all that constitutes the true happiness of life, sober and industrious men, who compose, as I believe, the great majority of our working population, are on the whole better off here than in any other part of the world. Still, however, it is certain that (whether by their own fault or otherwise) considerable numbers of our people have to endure very severe distress, and that there is room for improvement in the condition even of the prosperous. Nor do I see any reason to doubt that although the desired improvement must be mainly the work of those it would directly affect, it is in the power of Parliament and of the Government to assist in bringing it about, and that the attention of both ought therefore to be directed to that object. But what ought to be done for this purpose requires most careful consideration, since the consequences of well intended but unwise measures might again prove as disastrous as they did a century ago. The present state of the country renders caution in this matter peculiarly necessary; its population is now so dense, and its wants have so outgrown what its own soil can produce, that providing the means of subsistence for its inhabitants from day to day depends on the undisturbed working of a system of commerce and of industry of a very complicated character, and resting entirely on the maintenance of commercial credit and a general sense of security. Mistaken legislation might, more easily than seems to be generally understood, shake this credit and sense of security, and might thus very speedily bring to ruin the whole fabric of our national prosperity. Nor is this the worst that might happen; if commercial credit were to fail, the doors of many factories and places of business would have to be closed, and multitudes would be deprived of the means of earning their daily bread. Distress would probably lead to disturbance which would increase it, since the alarm they would create would check the supply of food and other necessities to London and our great hives of industry, by exciting fears for the safety of their property in the minds both of the smaller dealers, who retail these things to the poor, and of the producers and larger dealers from whom the others obtain what they sell. The Government would be powerless to meet difficulties like these; it could not, by any exertions it could make, furnish relief to the enormous number of persons reduced to absolute want, nor could it hope to restrain such a multitude of sufferers from disorder and violence. A catastrophe of this sort is, I trust, very unlikely to occur; still it seems to me to be clearly within the range of the possible results of unwise legislation on questions relating to the condition of the labouring classes. Indeed, if there should be any general and serious interruption in the regular working of the complicated system of commerce and industry by which our population is now maintained, I am at a loss to see how it could be again brought into order,

or how the terrible consequences of the breaking down could be averted. And without being sufficient to bring the machinery of production to a standstill, it is not impossible, perhaps not even improbable, that mistaken legislation might so diminish the present confidence in the security of property as seriously to check the further investment of capital in industrial enterprise at home, and drive it more largely to seek employment abroad. No argument is necessary to show how greatly the whole nation, and more especially the working classes, would suffer if the progress it has been making in wealth and prosperity were to be in this manner arrested or retarded. For the reasons I have now endeavoured to explain I believe it to be indispensable, not merely for the welfare of the nation, but for its security from calamity, that legislation for improving the condition of the labouring classes should not be directed by blind sentiment, nor by passion or prejudice, but should be guided by the judgment of men who understand the economic principles which experience and the labour of statesmen and political philosophers have brought to light, as requiring to be observed in every well regulated human society. Can we reasonably expect that the legislation of the House of Commons as now constituted would be thus guided?

This is a question of supreme importance, to which it seems difficult to return a satisfactory answer, whether we consider the general tone of the speeches which have been made in recent contested elections, the views which have been avowed by many of the leaders who have established their influence over many unions of labourers, or the character of the changes which have been made in the system of representation established by the Reform Act of 1832, and of the proceedings in Parliament by which these changes have been accomplished. The history of these proceedings is instructive, and may be said to begin from 1851, when Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli), by refusing with most of the Tory members to support Lord J. Russell in his opposition to a motion of Mr. Locke King for an extension of the county franchise, made it practically impossible that the settlement of the representation effected in 1832 should be long maintained unaltered. The Tory party could not support Mr. L. King's motion, but by not voting at all they insured its being carried against the Government, and thus rendered it inevitable that an amendment of the Reform Act should be attempted. Had this result been brought about in a different manner there would have been no reason to lament it, for although the Reform Act of 1832 had on the whole worked exceedingly well, it cannot be denied that in nearly twenty years which had gone by since it was passed some amendment of it had become desirable to meet the new circumstances and new wants that had arisen in the progress of the nation. But though there was sufficient reason in 1851 for seeking to improve

the system of representation, there was no such need for a great change in the distribution of political power as had existed twenty years before, and had justified the bringing forward of the first Reform Bill, notwithstanding the evils and the dangers of the struggle required for its success, which were understood and deplored by its authors. In 1851 there was neither any need for another great constitutional change, nor any real desire for one in the country, and there would have been no difficulty in avoiding any injurious contest, and effecting by amicable arrangement whatever amendments of the Act of 1832 were really wanted, if party leaders would have abstained from using the question of Parliamentary Reform as an engine of party warfare. Unfortunately it was so used. The first instance of its being so was that which I have just mentioned, of Mr. Disraeli's having at the head of most of his party declined voting with Lord J. Russell against Mr. L. King's motion. By doing so he inflicted upon the Government the mortification of a defeat, but this turned out to have been as bad as a mere party move as it was injurious to the country. The speech of Lord John Russell, in which, while opposing the motion before the House, he declared his readiness to consider the question of a further reform of Parliament, afforded an opportunity which, if it had been well used by the leader of the Opposition, might have led to an amicable and judicious settlement of the question, to the great advantage both of the nation and of the Conservative party. But for the sake of a barren triumph to that party the opportunity was thrown away, and the question was left unsettled, which was a great misfortune to the country, while for several years it proved to be an insuperable obstacle to power being held, except for one or two short intervals, by a Conservative administration.

This first vote of the House of Commons in favour of making a large change in a democratic direction in the system of representation as settled in 1832, which the Radicals obtained by the virtual aid of the Conservative party, was followed by a series of proceedings on the subject of Parliamentary Reform which reflect great and nearly equal discredit on both of the principal political parties in the State. During sixteen years it led to much unscrupulous party manœuvring for the possession of power, to changes of administration, to much idle talking in Parliament, chiefly remarkable for its obvious insincerity, and to the inevitable neglect, while these miserable party squabbles were going on, of any steady and judicious efforts to accomplish various much wanted improvements in our law. In the course of these proceedings almost all the leading politicians on both sides in vying with each other for popularity became so committed to some great change that, though there was no real desire for it either among themselves or in the nation, a state of things was produced which in 1867 brought about the passing of a new Reform Act. This measure not only

greatly lowered the franchise both in counties and boroughs, thus largely increasing the number of voters, but at the same time, by other changes it introduced, it made it more difficult to obtain admittance into the House of Commons for men who had only ability and political knowledge to recommend them, and possessing neither skill in the arts of popularity hunting nor willingness to condescend to their use. As I have already shown, a great change for the worse in the character of the House became evident under the new system of representation, and in addition to other faults the Act of 1867 had the very serious one that instead of correcting it aggravated whatever anomalies had been allowed to continue by the original Reform Act, and added to their number. • Thus the measure was by its very nature only a temporary one, affording no prospect that it could effect a permanent settlement on a subject as to which frequent changes are especially inconvenient and dangerous. It was therefore only what was to be expected that in 1884 and 1885 a further alteration of the constitution of the House of Commons should have been proposed and agreed to, but it is deeply to be regretted that neither in the provisions of the two Bills then passed, nor in the proceedings upon them in either House of Parliament, are signs to be found of any serious attention having been given to what ought to have been the main question to be considered, whether it was likely that by the proposed changes the House of Commons would be rendered more capable of performing its duties with success. The evident failure of the Act of 1867 to answer this purpose, and its having had precisely the opposite effect, ought to have served as a warning against taking another 'leap in the dark,' but it did not, and the mistake then made was repeated. Again, without even an attempt to ascertain what were the faults in the actual constitution of the House of Commons which had interfered with its efficiency as an instrument for securing the good government of the country, or how these faults might be corrected, another Act was passed, making a further and a very large advance in the same direction as the former one. If the extreme importance for the welfare of the nation of having the functions of the House of Commons honestly and wisely performed had been understood, and even if moderate pains had been taken to inquire how this end might be attained, such a change as that which was made in 1884-85 could never have been agreed to. For my own part I do not believe that it was wise to carry further the great extension of the franchise which had been granted in 1867, and thus to increase the large share of political power already enjoyed by those classes which are necessarily, from their position, most wanting in the political knowledge required to make the exercise of this power beneficial to themselves or to the nation.

Perhaps it may be said that in 1884 a further extension of the franchise beyond that which had been made in 1867 was unavoidable.

I am not aware of any sufficient reason for supposing it to have been so, but even if it was, it would not have been impossible to make arrangements to mitigate, if they could not avert, the evils to be apprehended from so hazardous an experiment. The arrangements actually made seem instead to have been ingeniously contrived to aggravate these evils, and without attempting to point out the many faults of the scheme that was adopted, I must mention two of those which I regard as the most glaring. The first to which I desire to call attention is the increase that was made in the number of members of the House of Commons. Experience of the working of deliberative assemblies in various countries has led a majority of careful observers to the conclusion that among the faults that tend most to render such assemblies unfit for the effective transaction of business, that of being too numerous is one of the worst. This view was so strongly held by the Ministers who carried the Reform Act of 1832, that in their first Bill of the previous year they introduced clauses providing for a considerable reduction of the number of members in the House of Commons. The second Bill, which was ultimately passed, contained no similar clauses, because the proposed reduction of the number of members in the House of Commons had obtained little support from public opinion, while the determined resistance offered by the powerful Tory party to the policy of Reform made it absolutely necessary for the Government, in framing their second Bill, to give as little handle as possible for plausible and popular objections; accordingly this, which had been considered by no means one of the least important parts of the original scheme, was very reluctantly abandoned.³ I think that of those who, like myself, sat in the earlier reformed Parliaments, there can have been few who would not have agreed with me in thinking that it is much to be regretted that this part of the original plan of reform had to be given up.—One effect of the Reform Act was, that it greatly increased the proportion of members who habitually attended the sittings of the House, and thus caused the inconvenience of its being too numerous to be more felt

* I remember that my father, at the time, in expressing to me his great regret at its being necessary to give up this part of the original plan, told me that, from his experience of the House of Commons, both before and after the Union with Ireland, he could not doubt that the addition then made to it of one hundred members had produced a great change for the worse in its character as a deliberative assembly. It had done so not because the Irish members in those days were inferior to their English and Scotch colleagues in fitness for their position, but because the House was rendered by this increase of its numbers too large and unwieldy a body for the convenient and effective transaction of its business. He also told me that while the Act of Union was still in progress he was so convinced it would have this effect that he suggested to Pitt that he should make room for the hundred Irish members by taking a similar course in England to that he had adopted as to Ireland, and buying up a hundred of the seats for close boroughs. I remember he said that Pitt had declined to accept this suggestion, but I cannot remember how he said that he had made it. I suppose it must have been given privately, for I am not aware that there is any record of its having been offered in Parliament.

than it had been previously in the unreformed Parliament. The addition made to the number of members of the House of Commons in 1885 was a change in exactly the opposite direction to that which it would have been desirable to follow, and was especially injudicious at a time when serious inconvenience from the slowness with which the House gets through its business was already a matter of just complaint. Its being too numerous both affords facilities for wilful obstruction to the progress of business in the House, and also tends to make it slower even when no such obstruction is attempted. An equal want of judgment seems to me to have been shown in providing that most of the members of the House of Commons should be elected by large constituencies, each returning a single member. Under the present extended franchise the working classes can seldom fail to have a majority of votes in these constituencies. By the arrangement therefore that only a single member should be elected by each of them, these classes have conferred upon them, if not a monopoly, at all events an unfair share of political power. The Radicals of former days, and especially Mr. Mill when insisting upon the claims of the working classes to an increase of their political power, habitually recognised the importance of giving a fair share of such power to other classes of society also, and of facilitating the entrance into the House of Commons of men of high education and of political knowledge. If the advantage of enabling the House to have the assistance of men of that description in its deliberations had not been lost sight of in settling the provisions of the Acts of 1884-85, it would have been no insoluble problem to discover some means for facilitating their entrance into Parliament, even with a franchise so nearly approaching to universal suffrage as that which was adopted. But instead of this the arrangement that was made has rendered it still more difficult than it had already become for any man to obtain a seat who will not accept it as the nominee of a party he is ready to follow, whether right or wrong, or who ventures to oppose any prevailing cry of the day, however obviously unwise it may be.

It may probably be asked by any person who has taken the trouble of reading the preceding pages, for what purpose it can be that I have endeavoured to show that the House of Commons, under its altered constitution, has proved itself to be incapable of properly performing its high duties: that its being so is a cause of great danger to the nation, and has already produced much evil; and that this unfortunate state of things has been brought about by the mistakes committed by the leaders of the different political parties. It may be remarked that, even if all that I have said were admitted to be true, there can be no use in dwelling on the fact, since it is too late to undo what may have been unwisely done. Though the change which has been made in our constitution may be as bad as I have represented it to be, it is impossible to go back, and we cannot

escape the consequences of the national error. I do not deny that these remarks may naturally be made on what I have written, and I am well aware that nothing can at present be done to avert the evils I apprehend as likely to arise from the faults of our present system of government; but it by no means follows that it is useless to inquire what these faults are, and in what manner it has come to pass that they should have been committed, in spite of all the warnings against such errors that might have been drawn from the experience of this and of other countries in early as well as in recent times. These questions are not of mere speculative interest, since, perhaps, the time may not be distant when they will become of practical importance in the consideration of measures for meeting national difficulties that seem to be approaching.

In 1884 I expressed in this Review my opinion that the system of Parliamentary Government carried on under its present conditions was showing signs of failing. These signs have since become more conspicuous, and there is too much reason to fear that unless something can be done to make this system of government work better than it has done of late, it will be found difficult long to resist Professor Goldwin Smith's conclusion, that it is unsound in principle, and ought, therefore, to be abandoned. I trust it may never become necessary to make such an admission, for I am convinced that whatever faults there may be in the manner in which it has been applied, the principle of Parliamentary Government is sound, and under it this country has in two centuries risen to so much greatness and prosperity that it would be a great misfortune to be compelled to abandon it with all the traditions attached to it. The fundamental principle on which this system of government may be considered to rest is that it requires the executive authority to be placed in the hands of Ministers who possess the confidence of the Legislature. By this arrangement complete concert is secured in the exercise of executive and legislative authority, and this concert is absolutely necessary in order that a nation may be governed with the vigour which is always needed for its welfare, and in times of difficulty and danger is often indispensable for its safety. But I am not aware that any means of insuring this concert have been suggested except the practical union of both kinds of authority in the same hands which is provided for by Parliamentary Government. Under this system of government the Ministers entrusted with executive power are assured of having the measures, and especially the expenditure they consider to be necessary for the safety or the welfare of the State, sanctioned by the Legislature, because they hold their position in consequence of their possessing its confidence; but under other forms of representative institutions the Executive Government has no such assurance. In the United States the President and his Ministers cannot calculate upon their advice being followed by Congress

as to measures or expenditure they consider to be required for the public good. The history of that great Republic shows that serious inconvenience has sometimes been occasioned by this division of authority created by its constitution, while it certainly has not prevented party spirit from producing in it even greater evils than among ourselves. Even if this were the only reason for preferring Parliamentary Government to other forms of representative institutions, it would, I think, be a sufficient one, provided that the Legislature, and especially its representative branch, which has to play so important a part in such a Government, is well qualified for its duties. Unless this condition is fulfilled Parliamentary Government may prove a curse instead of a blessing to the nation in which it is established. In order that in our own country the House of Commons should exercise its great powers with the highest possible advantage to the public, it ought to be capable of transacting its business with reasonable expedition; its debates ought to be calculated to enlighten both its members and the public as to the true interests of the nation; its members ought in respect of political knowledge and understanding to stand higher, or at any rate not to fall below the average of educated men, and among them there ought to be found a large proportion of men distinguished for high ability and judgment; its decisions on the questions submitted to it ought to be habitually guided by good sense and not by passion and prejudice, its members holding a position of sufficient independence to enable them to act according to their honest judgment; and its influence over the Executive Government should be so used as to favour a steady and consistent adherence to a national policy, as nearly in accordance with the dictates of wisdom as the actual state of knowledge and opinions in the country might permit.

The British House of Commons never has come up to this idea of what is to be desired for it, nor can we expect that it ever will do so; but the nation ought not to rest satisfied while it not only falls so far short as it now does of that idea, but also shows a marked inferiority to what it was when elected under the provisions of the Reform Act of 1832, and even in some important respects to the unreformed House in its best days.

I have said that the nation ought not to rest satisfied with such a state of things. I am, therefore, glad to observe that there seems to be some reason for believing that the events of the last few years are beginning to force on the public an uneasy feeling of its affairs being ill managed, and of the necessity of a constitutional change of some sort. This feeling is as yet far from being sufficiently strong to afford ground for expecting that an early attempt will be made to improve the existing system of our government, but I am convinced that sooner or later (and possibly much sooner than is now looked for)

the necessity for effecting such an improvement will become too urgent to be overlooked. Whenever that necessity is recognised, there will be no reason to despair of its being found practicable (if proper means are adopted for the purpose) to effect such an improvement in the constitution of the Legislature as would enable the system of Parliamentary Government to work with advantage. I speak of an improvement of the Legislature because I am convinced (though it would not be opportune here to state my reasons for that opinion) that, if a well considered attempt should be made to render the House of Commons more capable than it now is of properly performing its duties, it would be right at the same time to endeavour to improve the House of Lords. Abstaining, however, from entering into the question whether any measures of reform which may be proposed ought to apply to both Houses of Parliament or only to the House of Commons, I have to remark that in either case two things seem to be indispensable for the success of what may be done. In the first place it is of the highest importance that in dealing with this subject the influence of party feeling and of party interests should as far as possible be excluded. No doubt this is an object that it would be difficult to attain, but it is impossible that the question of constitutional reform can be rightly dealt with unless it is accomplished, and it would be so if the great body of those who take an earnest and intelligent interest in the welfare of the nation, and regard it as of infinitely greater importance than the advantage of any party, would join in showing a determination not to permit that great question to be any longer treated as one of mere party concern.

Secondly, I hold it to be necessary that, before any further constitutional change is attempted, there should be in some way or other a formal recognition of the fact that the only legitimate object of all such changes is to secure for the nation the advantage of having both the work of legislation and the general management of public affairs well and wisely conducted. If asked the question whether this is not the end that ought to be aimed at in any attempt that may hereafter be made to improve our Parliamentary constitution, scarcely a single person would probably be found who would be bold enough to deny it to be so; yet it is certain, as I have already observed, that not the slightest attention was given either in 1867 or again in 1884-85 to the question as to what effect the large changes then made were likely to have on the character of the House of Commons, and therefore on legislation and on the general administration of public affairs. A formal recognition of the proper object of Parliamentary Reform would tend to avert the risk of another 'leap in the dark' being taken, and might possibly lead to what I have long thought to be most desirable—the institution of a careful inquiry, by a few competent and impartial men, for the purpose of ascertaining what are the real faults

of our existing system of representation, and by what means these faults could be best corrected.⁴

I should have been glad, before bringing this article to an end, to offer some remarks as to the questions which would demand most attention if the subject of Parliamentary Reform should again come under consideration, and especially to show that what has been done of late years has involved a complete abandonment in one or two instances of what used to be considered fundamental principles of our old Parliamentary constitution, which it was the earnest desire of the Reformers of 1832 to maintain in its integrity, while they corrected those faults in it which had been made manifest by experience. I have abstained from doing so because it is clear that at present any discussion upon this matter, if not altogether useless, would at all events be premature. I will therefore, in conclusion, only express my firm conviction that unless a strenuous and well-directed effort is made to ward off the threatening danger, the want of wisdom in the management of the affairs of the nation (caused mainly by the unfitness of the House of Commons for the position it holds), which is becoming daily more conspicuous, will not fail sooner or later to produce its natural fruit of national calamity. In what manner calamity may come it would be idle to attempt to guess, but it would be presumptuous to suppose that if it should prove itself unworthy of the exalted position to which it has been raised by the favour of Divine Providence, the British Empire will be safe from the doom of the mighty Roman Empire, and of other States which have been brought down from the height of power and prosperity to utter ruin by the faults and follies of their people and of their rulers.

⁴ In an essay on Parliamentary Government which I wrote in 1857, and again in a second and enlarged edition of that essay published in 1864, I endeavoured to show the importance of initiating such an inquiry, and I suggested a mode of doing so which I still believe might have been adopted with great advantage, and would probably have averted much of the evil that has followed from what has since been done on the question of Reform.

GREY.

INDEX TO VOL. XXVIII.

The titles of articles are printed in italics.

ABD

- A**BDUL Hamid the Second (Sultan), 932-938
 Acton (Lord), *Noticeable Book*: Wemyss Reid's 'Life of Lord Houghton,' 993-1000
 Adalet, *A Voice from a Harem*, 186-190
 — *Life in the Harem*, 959-966
 Adler (Dr. Hermann), *Irresponsible Wealth*, 886-889
 Admiralty, abuses of the, 648-659
Africa, the Value of, 169-175
 — *Central, is it worth Having*, 478-500
African Bubble, the, 1-4
 — — *Reply to*, 169-175
 Aidé (Hamilton), *Manners and Customs of Sicily in 1890*, 575-587
 Aissé (Mlle.), 41-42
American Railways and British Farmers, 392-409
American Silver Bubble, the, 309-324
Americanise, shall we, our Institutions? 861-875
Animals, Mutual Aid among, 337-354, 699-719
 Ants, habits of, 343-345
Armenia, an Armenian's Cry for, 640-647
 Armenians in Turkey, condition of the, 939-940
 Army, treatment of private soldiers in the, 325-336, 831-853
 Aroui, the, an Arabian wild sheep, 218, 223-224
 Art-critics in ancient Greece, 127-134

BOY

- Aryan Question, the, and Pre-historic Man*, 750-777
 Australia and our African policy, 4, 171-174
Australian Saharas, Water in, 425-434
 Autobiography, 123-124

- BAKEWELL** (R. H.), *The Loyalty of the Colonies*, 191-200
 Baldock (Major T. S.), *The Private Soldier's Wrongs: an Officer's Reply*, 831-834
 Barracks, construction of, 200-268
 — life in, 325-336
 Barry (Bishop), *The Loyalty of the Colonies*, 812-830
 Beaconsfield (Lord), Mr. Fraude's biography of, noticed, 989
 Bees, habits of, 345-347
Bees and Darwinism, 588-600
 Behrend (Dr. Henry), *Tuberculous Meat and its Consequences*, 545-562
 Benson (Miss), *In Defence of Domestic Service*, 616-626
 Requests, testamentary, 684-686
 Berri (Duc de), assassination of, 51
 Bible, natural history in the, 304-308
Bion of Smyrna, 410-424
Birds, 914-926
 Birds, mutual aid amongst, 347-354
 Blake (Sir Henry A.), *The Awakening of Jamaica*, 534-544
Books, Noticeable, 236-251, 988-1011
Boycotting, French, and its Cure, 778-785

BOY

- Boy-Sergeants*, 835-889
 Boxon (Nicholas), moral stories of, 474-477
 Braid (Dr. James), his study of hypnotism, 253-254
 Brassey (Hon. T. A.), *Water in Australian Saharas*, 425-434
 Brett (Hon. Reginald B.), *What are the Ideals of the Masses?* 526-533
 Browning (Robert), 120-127
 Bunbury (Lady Sarah) and the Duc de Lauzun, 49-50
 Bury (Mlle. Blaze de), *The French Opera*, 39-53
 Buxton (E. N.), *On the Rim of the Desert*, 218-235
 Buzzard, rarity of the, 917
 Byrne (Joseph), *Boy-Sergeants*, 835-839

CAMARGO (Mlle.), 43-44

- Campbell (Lieutenant J. A.) replied to. See Palmer.
 Canada, relations of, with the United States, 907-909
 Cancer, *Increase of: its Probable Cause*, 80-88
 Cape Colony, politics of, 176-177, 184
 Carlisle (Bishop of). See Goodwin
 Carnegie's (Mr.) '*Gospel of Wealth*,' 677-693. See also *Wealth*
Cavalry Regiment, Life in a, 840-853
 Chamberlain (Joseph), *Shall we Americanise our Institutions?* 861-875
 Champion (H. H.), *A Multitude of Counsellors*, 501-516
 Charles the First as a Picture Collector, 201-217
 Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, 59-79
 China, *Official Polytheism in*, 89-107
 Church, *the Lights of the, and the Light of Science*, 5-22
Civil Service, Ruin of the, 460-470
 Clark (John Willis), his '*Life of Professor Sedgwick*,' noticed, 238-241
 Colet (John), 822-823
 Colonies, *the Loyalty of the*, 191-200
 — — Reply to, 801-811
Compensation or—Confiscation, 23-38
Congregationalism, the Weaknesses of, 627-639
Constantinople Revisited, 927-944
 Cranes, habits of, 352
 Creation, the story of the, a fiction, 21

FEE

- Criticism, on*, 123-147, 435-459
 Crouch (Archer P.), *Dahomey and the French*, 601-615

DAHOMEX and the French, 601-615

- Darlow (Rev. Herbert), *The Weaknesses of Congregationalism*, 635-639
 Darwin* (Mrs. Francis), *Domestic Service*, 286-296
 Darwinism, 337-338
Darwinism, Bees and, 588-600
 Daudet (Alphonse), his '*Trente Ans de Paris*,' noticed, 248-251
 Davitt (Michael), *The Latest Midlothian Campaign*, 854-860
Desert, on the Rim of the, 218-235
 Dicey (Edward), *Mr. Cecil Rhodes as Premier*, 176-185
 — *Is Central Africa worth Having?* 488-500
 'Dictionary of National Biography,' the, noticed, 1008-1011
 Diestel (Professor) on the Deluge, quoted, 14
Domestic Service, 286-296
 — — *in Defence of*, 616-626

EAGLES, social combination among, 348

- Egyptian Monuments, the Destruction of*, 720-732
Elgin Marbles, give back the, 980-987
England, the Trade League against, 901-913
 Evolution, the doctrine of, 245-246
 Ewart (Dr. C. Theodore), *The Power of Suggestion*, 252-259

FARMERS, British, American Railways and, 392-409

- Fetishism, 209
 Flood, the story of the, a fiction, 11-18
 Florence, ancient guild of painters at, 793
 France, travelling in, 1001-1002
 — rules for tourists in, 1008
French, Dahomey and the, 601-615
French Boycotting and its Cure, 778-785
 — *Opera, the*, 39-53

INDEX TO VOL. XXVIII.

FRO

JOH

Frude (J. A.), his 'Lord Beaconsfield,' noticed, 988-992
Fullerton (W. Morton), *Bion of Smyrna*, 410-424

GAMBIA, our colony of the, 171
Gekinnom, the Hebrew bell, 272-273

Genesis and the geological record, 206-268

Gerald the Great, 733-749

Giffen (Robert), *The American Silver Bubble*, 309-324

Gladstone (W. E.), *Mr. Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth'*, 677-693

— attitude of, on the Temperance question, 32-35

Gluck and the French Opéra, 46-47

Gold Coast colony, 172

Goodwin (Bishop), *Bees and Darwinism*, 588-600

Gore-Browne (Rev. Wilfrid), *Life in a Cavalry Regiment*, 840-853

Government, the Press and, 108-118

Government Office, A Model, 648-659

Grahame (R. B. Cunninghame), *Idealism and the Masses*, 945-949

Greece, ancient, art-critics in, 127-134

Greek language, the, 247

Greenwood (Frederick), *The Press and Government*, 108-118

Grey (Earl), *The Irish Land Purchase Bill*, 157-168

— *In Peril from Parliament*, 694-698, 1012-1030

Guilds, the, of the Early Italian Painters, 786-800

HAMILTON (Sir Robert G. C.), *Ruin of the Civil Service*, 460-470

Hare (A. J. C.), his 'France,' noticed, 1001-1003

Harem, a Voice from a, 186-190

— *Life in the*, 950-966

Harrison (Frederic), *A Pompeii for the Twenty-ninth Century*, 381-391

— *Give back the Elgin Marbles*, 980-987

Hebrews, the tithe system of the, 886-887

Heil, the Hebrew, 209-285

Hennessy (Sir John Pope), *The African Bubble*, 1-4

— — Reply to, 169-175

— *Is Central Africa worth Having?* 478-487

Hewlett (Henry G.), *Charles the First as a Picture Collector*, 201-217

Hewlett (Maurice), *A Medieval Popular Preacher*, 471-477

Hindu Marriages, Meddling with, 660-676

History, the fictitious element in, 5-7

Houghton (Lord), Mr. Wemyss Reid's life of, noticed, 993-1000

Hughes (Rev. Hugh Price), *Irresponsible Wealth*, 890-900

Hutton (R. H.), *Noticeable Book: Lilly's 'On Right and Wrong'*, 1004-1007

Huxley (Professor), *The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science*, 5-22

— *The Aryan Question and Pre-historic Man*, 750-777

— *The Keepers of the Herd of Swine*, 967-979

Hypnotism, 252-259

IDEALISM and the Masses, 945-949

Ireland, the licensing system in, 28-30
Irish Chronicles: Gerald the Great, 733-749

— *Land Purchase Bill, the*, 167-168

Italian Painters, Early, the Guilds of the, 786-800

JAMAICA, the Awakening of, 534-544

Jeans (J. Stephen), *American Railways and British Farmers*, 392-409

Jennings (Louis J.), *A Model Government Office*, 648-659

— *The Trade League against England*, 901-918

Jessopp (Rev. Dr.), *Noticeable Books: Mr. Clark's 'Life of Professor Sedgwick'*, 238-241

The 'Dictionary of National Biography,' 1008-1011

INDEX TO VOL. XXVIII.

JOH

Johnston (H. H.), *The Value of Africa : a Reply to Sir John Pope Hennessy*, 169-175

Jusserand (J. J.), his 'English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare,' noticed, 242-244

KASSASSIN, the march to, 149-150

Kavanagh, Art, how he fought Richard the King, 355-368

Kebbel (T. E.), *Noticeable Book*: Mr. Froude's 'Lord Beaconsfield,' 988-902

Kestrel, the, 918

Kimberley diamond mines, 180

Knowles (James), *The Threatened Disfigurement of Westminster Abbey*, 54-58

Kropotkin (Prince), *Mutual Aid among Animals*, 337-354, 699-719

LABOUR Revolution, the, 501-533

Lagos, value of, to England, 172

Land Purchase Bill, the Irish, 157-168

Landownership in England, 877

Lauzun (Duc de), 49-50

Lawless (Hon. Emily), her book 'With Essex in Ireland,' noticed, 236-238

— *How Art Kavanagh fought Richard the King*, 335-368

— *Irish Chronicles: Gerald the Great*, 733-749

Lecky (W. E. H.), *Noticeable Book*: Miss Lawless's 'With Essex in Ireland,' 236-238

Leferre (G. Shaw), *Constantinople Revisited*, 927-944

Licensing Reform Bill of 1871, 24-26

Liddon (Canon), on the worth of the Old Testament, quoted, 8

Lilly (W. S.), *Noticeable Book*: Mr Symonds's 'Essays Speculative and Suggestive,' 244-248

— his book 'On Right and Wrong,' noticed, 1004-1007

Linacre (Thomas), 821-822

Lord (Mrs. Frewen), *Noticeable Book*: Daudet's 'Trente Ans de Paris,' 248-251

Lyall (Sir Alfred), *Official Polytheism in China*, 89-107

PAI

MCHARDY (Lieutenant-Colonel A. B.), *The Soldier's Barrack Room*, 260-268

McKinley Tariff Bill, how it was passed, 867-869

Mahon (J. L.), *The Crisis in the Post Office*, 119-122

Malcolm (J. Aratoon), *An Armenian's Cry for Armenia*, 640-647

Manning (Cardinal), *Irresponsible Wealth*, 876-885

Maxwell (Sir Herbert), *Birds*, 914-926
Meat, Tuberculous, and its Consequences, 545-562

Mesmer, experiments of, 253

Mew (James), *The Hebrew Hell*, 260-285

Midlothian Campaign, the Latest, 854-860

NATURAL History, Primitive, 297-308

Nervous system, influence of the, in the causation of cancer, 84-88

Newfoundland and our African policy, 3-4, 171-174

Neuman (B. Paul), *The Weaknesses of Congregationalism*, 627-635

Newman's Influence, some Aspects of, 563, 574

Newspapers, party, 109-110

Niger Protectorate, the, 172-173

Night-jar, the, 919

Noah's ark, the table of, 11-17

OBSTRUCTION, Parliamentary, the American method of dealing with, 863-871

— in the House of Commons, 871-875

Old Testament, fictitious narratives in the, 11-22

Opera, the French, 39-53

Oscar II. (King), *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*, 59-79

Oxford Movement, the, of the Fifteenth Century, 812-830

PADUA, ancient guild of painters at, 790-800

Painters, Early Italian, the Guilds of the, 786-800

